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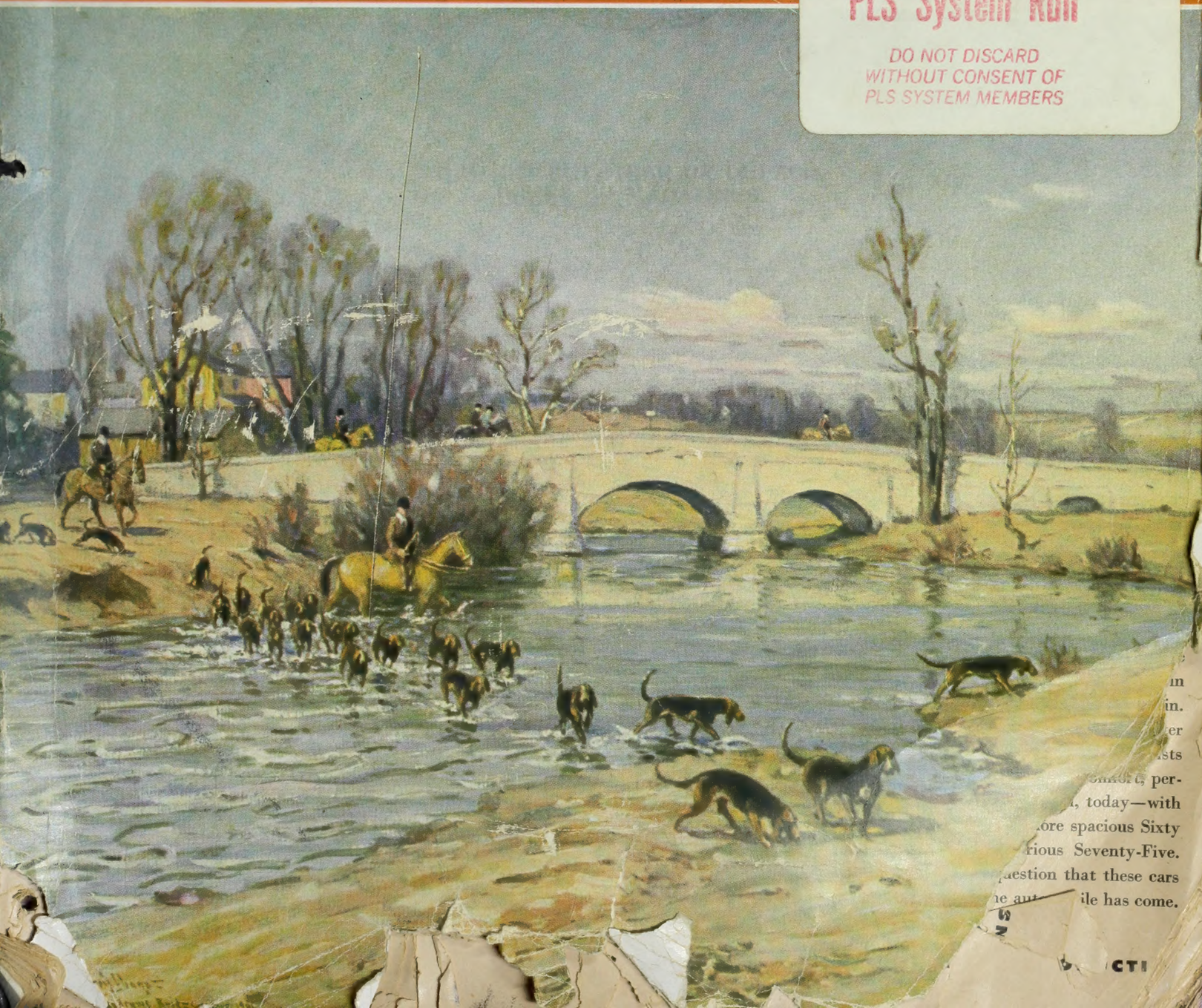

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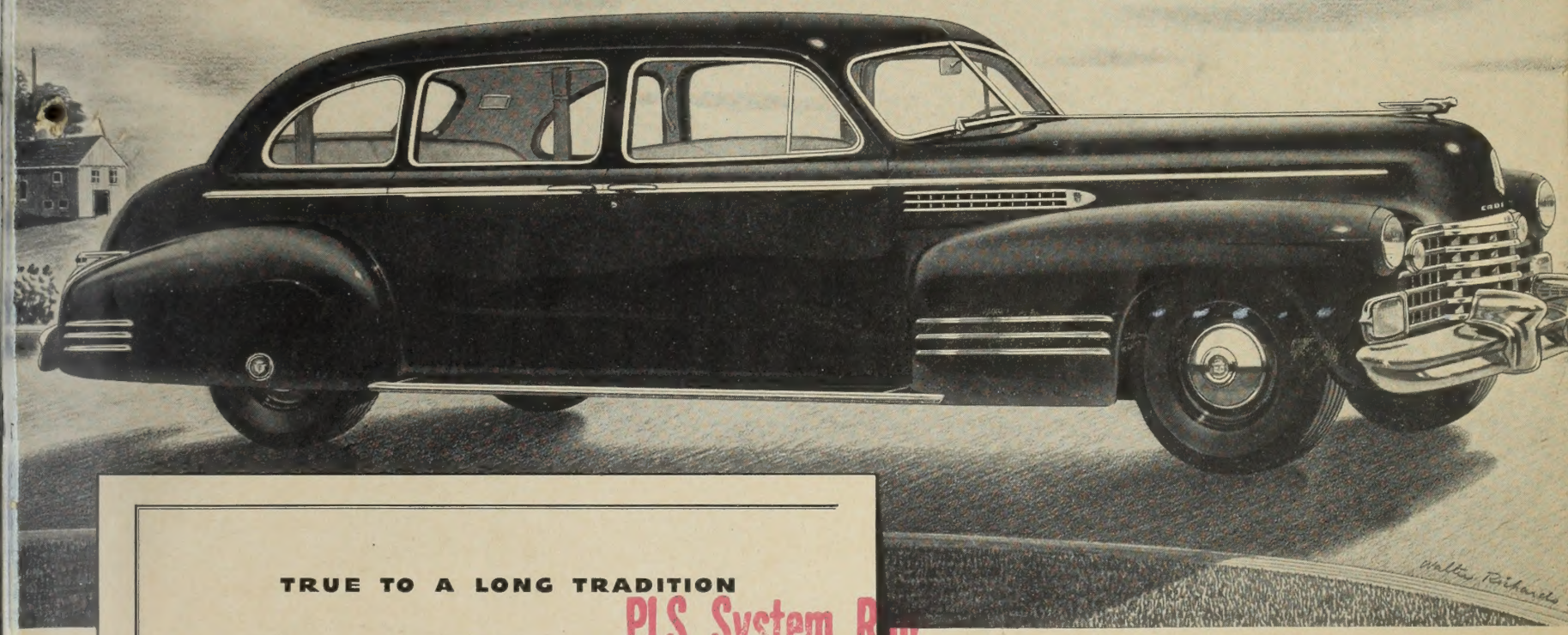

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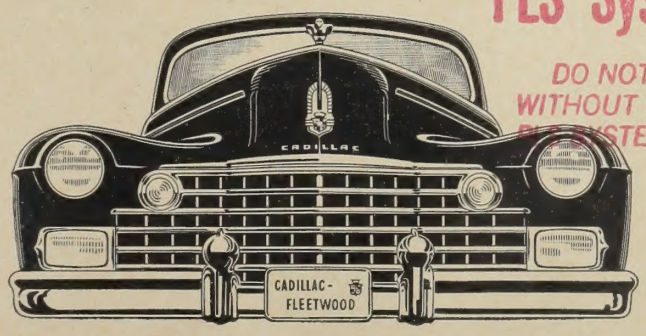

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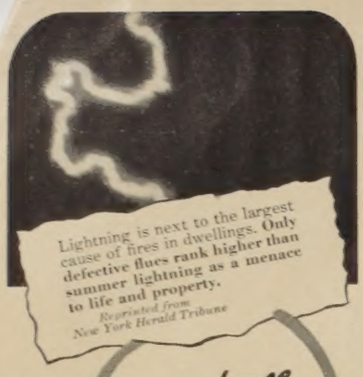
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VOL. LXXXI NOVEMBER, 1941 No. 1

THE COVER

Charles Morris Young, the renowned artist, painted the canvas entitled, "Mr. Jeffords' Hounds" which is reproduced as the cover of this issue, courtesy of McClees Galleries.

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Published monthly by POLO MAGAZINE, INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.
EDITORIAL OFFICES: 1270 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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COUNTRY LIFE is obtainable in the United States and all other countries in the Pan-American Postal Union, at $5 for one year, $8 for two years. In Canada, $6 for one year, $10 for two years. In all other countries, $7 for one year, $12 for two years. Entered as second-class mail matter at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879.

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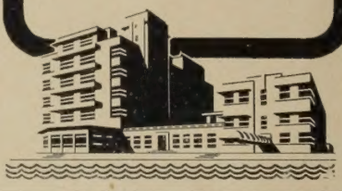

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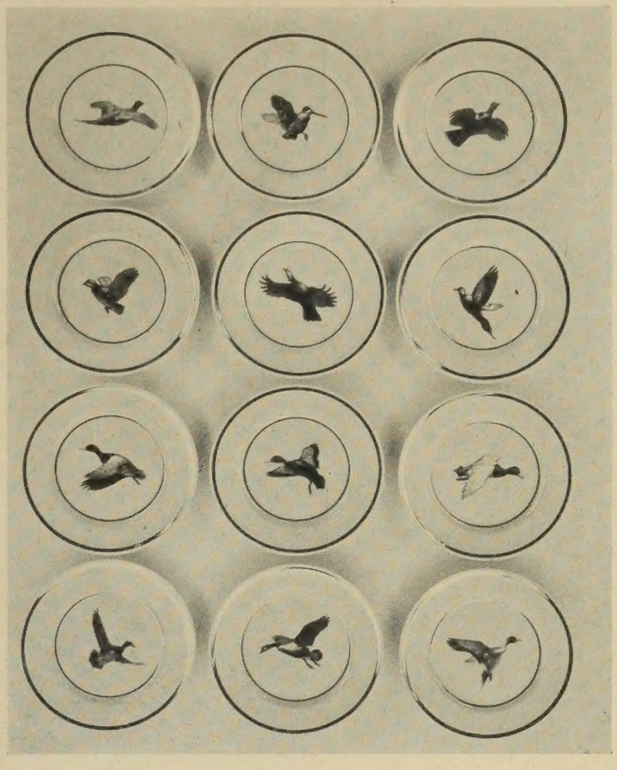

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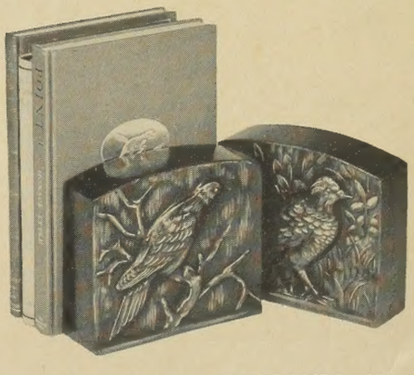

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3,000,000	228,140	1,057,920	1,288,300
5,000,000	490,140	2,151,080	2,541,700

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LETTERS

DOGS' EARS

To the Editor:

To be brief—I prefer your magazine to any other and always have. The editorial page is one of the most interesting parts of your magazine. How do you ever achieve that informal style, "Can't put it down until it is finished" type, and still say something?

Country Life is more now as it used to be, thank goodness. The feature articles are splendid. Of course to me the Kennel Department is of special interest. I am hoping that some day a magazine of the caliber of Country Life will take up the issue of cropping dogs' ears, needless cruelty practiced by a supposedly enlightened country, and now we are popularizing another cropped breed, the Boxer, incidentally from Germany, where most of the cropped breeds originated.

Verna M. Carlisle,
Hartford, Conn.

BOY TRAINER

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find a picture of a boy and his pony. The boy is six and the pony is three years, Shetland and Welsh. After having given the pony a preliminary schooling in harness and a very few rides with an adult on his back, the boy is carrying on the task of training his own mount. We purchased a

This six-year-old boy has trained his own pony

saddle suitable for a small person, and the new equipment helped to inspire a future horseman.

I wish to state that the book on horse training, by E. Bendant, has stood us in good stead; and that I have yet to find anyone's writing on the subject to be so exact and true—this without exception; for when you can take a small child with very little knowledge of the principles and art of training rules, and actually establish a sure confidence and steadiness by putting him on a green pony—and the boy does the job!—you have something.

The other day some visitors came by just as I was about to take the young Arab stallion out. Although I had sent him over some jumps in our training corral, I had not ridden him, so as an experiment and showoff, I set up a low jump and put him over. Contrary to general opinion, I rode him with stirrups *well let down!* Imagine! Well, it seems to me that there is a great deal of discussion on the subject of "how to sit, where to sit, placement of weight" and so on. For the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity to read the above-mentioned book, I shall here state that a good seat should be maintained by sitting *up*, straight and steady, with stirrups just *long* enough and *short* enough for comfort, so that the feet should have just enough support to give the rider proper balance. The feet should not lose the stirrups if a good position is maintained. We ride our fine, quick-moving Arabs in this manner. We do not resort to the use of martingales but try to keep steady heads by good hand control on the reins. Naturally, this takes time, but is well worth the effort.

Upon closing this piece of writing I should like to refer the readers of Captain E. Bendant's book to page 76 for a description of a good seat and legs.

Mrs. H. A. Vicars,
Red Bluff, Calif.

DRESSAGE

To the Editor:

Just a word of appreciation of your wonderful magazine. It is certainly better than it ever has been and that is saying much. You are covering all the ground of interest to the horse-lover and the sports and pleasures of the great outdoors.

I am anxious to see someone do an article on dressage training. There is an army officer (you perhaps know his name), who is stationed at Ft. Riley, Kan., who goes all over the country giving exhibitions. He has three wonderful horses. Maybe he might do it, or you might know a better person. It would be different and a great interest to your readers.

Max J. Kennedy,
San Antonio, Texas

PAYING FARMS

To the Editor:

I have cut out and saved every story you have printed over the last few years on farms that have been started up with the intention of making them pay. It is all very nice to see the nice "farms" some wealthy idle rich have built, but they are of no practical value to your readers.

Why don't you have more of these farms that mean something? There are plenty of them throughout the

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country, we all know that. You can do good by printing the stories of these fellows and this will help stop so damn many people saying—"well, you will be the first that ever made it pay."

Maybe you don't know the hundreds of people who are buying land as a hedge against inflation or just buying country places, and I don't mean places with tile swimming pools.

You have quite a list of farms in your editorial—why not show us the "beautiful set of barns" Col. A. E. Peirce of Virginia has and what feeding rations he uses for his Angus.

He may be a rich farmer who doesn't mind losing a little money, but not all are that way surely?

With my farm I will be perfectly satisfied if the place pays for itself because if I can make it do this I know I will make it pay me a profit somehow.

People think negatively about farming and this prevents many trying it. They hear only of the failures. I consider it your duty to sell these people the idea it can be done and, incidentally, you will sell more magazines.

I know many people who are prospective subscribers, but they say there is nothing in your magazine on anything but million dollar farming and by God they are right up to this point.

For a starter answer this one. On a small farm in Massachusetts of 150 acres, would I do better financially to have milking shorthorns (for beef and milk) instead of Guernseys and Angus?

I would not hold you to your recommendation, but if you researched this (which I cannot do right now) it would be of invaluable importance to a number of people and could start an interesting correspondence between your readers.

ALLTON DUNSFORD,
Winchester, Mass.

How about some opinions on this? Any readers want to put in a plug for Shorthorns instead of Guernseys and Angus?

GARDEN PLANS

TO THE EDITOR:

I am always interested in the way others handle the matter of planting details, and I have been following Dorothy Nicholas' articles and plans with a great deal of interest. I sent for a plan because I thought it unusually interesting in its general idea, but with no thought of executing it at any time. I wanted it purely for reference, and have entered it in my files as such.

I like the idea of those plans very much, and think they should be of considerable help to the average amateur gardener who can read plans. I should like to see more and more of that practical kind of material in our gardening magazines, as I consider help such as that one of the most important functions of that type of magazine. Theoretically, it should cut into my field, but actually I find no such conflict, as it seems to open a new field of planting to these receptive amateurs, and promotes a considerable increase in interest in the design angle of gardening. And that, I consider very much as it should be!

VIRGINIA G. CAVENDISH,
Huntington, W. Va.

SUFFOLKS

TO THE EDITOR:

As you will doubtless gather from the heading, I am a member of the Royal Air Force, as a matter of fact I am one of the very lucky cadets who have been selected to do their flying training in the United States.

On the ship in which we crossed the Atlantic I happened to pick up a copy of your magazine, in which there was an account of a show in which Suffolk horses had appeared. There was also an advertisement describing a sale in Chicago in which they had figured prominently.

Before I go any further I think I should explain that I belong to a family that is very well known to anyone interested in Suffolk horses in England. My maternal grandfather (and I believe his father before him), the late A. T. Pratt, Esq., bred and showed Suffolks all his life. His son, F. N. Pratt, is now carrying on the tradition, and had made quite a name for himself when the outbreak of war finished all agricultural shows in England.

Before I joined up I myself was a student at an Agricultural College in Suffolk, and when the war caused this to close, became a pupil on a farm in the same county. So I have a considerable interest in the horses, and my real purpose in writing to you now is to find out if you can let me have any information concerning Suffolk horse breeders in America.

If possible I should like to obtain the address of owners of horses which originally belonged to my uncle. Unfortunately I know very little about them except that quite a few have been purchased by Americans in recent years. I don't know the names of any particular horses that came over here, but the majority of the stud have the word Morston either in front or behind the name. Notable examples of this being Morston Gold King, one of my grandfather's most famous animals, and Monarch of Morston probably the best horse my uncle owned up to the outbreak of war.

I hope you will forgive me if my request causes you any inconvenience, but you will appreciate that my uncle would be very disappointed if I returned to England without troubling to find out how Suffolk horses in general, and his own in particular, are faring in the United States.

C. J. CROSKELL,
Ottawa, Canada

If anyone who has Suffolks which originally belonged to F. N. Pratt will write COUNTRY LIFE *their com-*

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FRIENDS OF THE LAND TOUR

To the Editor:

"In the article "Soil and Man" in the September issue of Country Life, it states that a more complete account of the meeting and tour of the Society of Friends of the Land would be furnished upon request. Will you kindly send me a copy.

On October 4 through the 19 our State Fair opens here, and there will be held the largest Aberdeen-Angus show ever held, at least the fair people say that. You probably know of it but I thought I would mention it. There will also be other live stock shows.

R. A. Bartley,
Dallas, Texas

RIDING IN THE LIMELIGHT

To the Editor:

To those of your readers interested in the progress of riding as a recognized sport in schools and colleges, it might be gratifying to know that, since the formation in 1937 of the Riding Committee of the National Section on Women's Athletics, riding is being increasingly considered as part of the Physical Education System.

At the Eastern District Convention held in Boston last spring, riding was for the first time officially listed among "Individual Sports." To those of us who consider riding as valuable an activity as hockey or basketball, this was quite an advance. A lecture was given to the Physical Educationalists at Wellesley by Miss Phyllis Linington of Milton, Mass.—representative of the Riding Committee—on "Safety in Riding," in which she stressed the need for properly equipped stables and competent instruction for all riders. At the close of the lecture a questionnaire was passed around as to the advisability of certification of instructors, the results of which showed only one dissenter to this much-to-be-desired objective of the committee.

At the close of the convention, Miss Linington held open house for the members at her Stable in Milton. A demonstration was planned to show what an interesting variety of activities can be done on a riding program without requiring special horses or equipment. Members of the staff, resident students and young pupils gave an exhibition of drills, jumping, exercises, lunging, schooling and special features—including stunt-jumping and comic sketches; guests were shown about the Stable and given more practical demonstrations.

After the performance, Miss Linington showed a number of riding films, among which was one loaned for the occasion by Miss Harriet Brown of Skidmore College; this film was of particular interest as it showed the activities of the Skidmore riding department and included an exhibition of tandem riding.

It is one of the aims of the committee to set a sharper definition of good riding before all students of horsemanship and to raise the standard of instruction in the schools and colleges. If this can be achieved, riding will perhaps again struggle back to its rightful place in the sun.

I hope that you will see fit to pass along these "impressions of an interested bystander" as I believe that the riding public would be most liable to see them in the pages of your magazine.

A. W. Griffith,
Babylon, L. I.

EQUITATION

To the Editor:

Having subscribed to your magazine for several years, I feel as if I owe a letter of comment. Beginning with "Polo," passing through "Horse & Horseman," and continuing with Country Life, I almost think of being an "old" member.

The first change, from the article standpoint and my own interests, was most acceptable. Your articles on advanced equitation were particularly unusual as you would print directly from the writer both sides of the numerous questions and arguments that rose during such situations that presented themselves. I am referring to the questions that rose during the Olympic Games in 1936 and your delicate handling of the situation.

Sympathy to the change to Country Life, overran disappointment; therefore,I remain an ardent supporter. But where are the fine articles on advanced jumping and equitation? Can't these be continued without help from abroad? Are there no authorities on the different systems in this country? Surely there are some students of equitation. What about Haute Ecole? Could we have an article on that method of teaching in the Spanish Riding School? After all there are six or seven Lippizans in this country, and the traditional training ought to be continued.

What is happening to the intricate systems of training abroad? I miss Gustav Rau's concise articles on training and riding. Is it possible to contact any of these persons of influence on the equitation of France and Germany? I should think Sweden would be a good substitute.

Would it be possible to list the teachers of dressage and jumping, of note, in the United States? I am sure some of the students who had intended to study abroad can find excellent teachers, and among them, some who have studied with Fillis, Gerhard and others. For instance, to learn advanced dressage, where would I go? People like Tuttle, Babcock, and Kitts are amateurs and can't accept pupils, as I understand it.

These questions seem numerous and scattered but are directed to the betterment of equitation in the United States and the influencing of persons who are not acquainted with the *best* to be aware of it.

Patricia Mauser,
Mills College, Calif.

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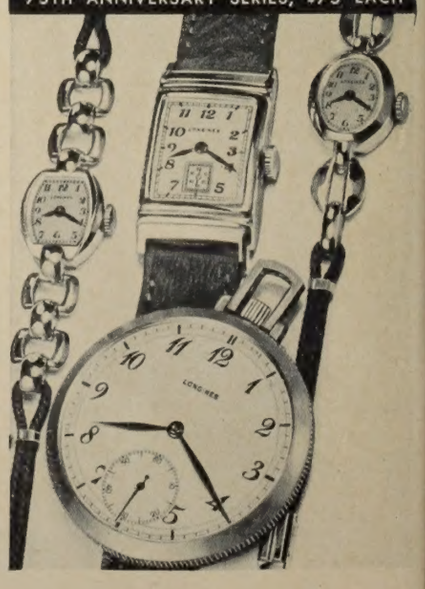

THE CALENDAR

RACING

To Nov. 1	Empire City, Yonkers, N. Y.
To Nov. 8	Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.
To Nov. 13	Pimlico, Md.
To Nov. 15	Tanforan, San Bruno, Calif.
To Nov. 15	Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H.
Nov. 14-29	Bowie, Md.
Nov. 18-Dec. 13	Golden Gate, Albany, Calif.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

Nov. 1	Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa.
Nov. 4	United Hunts, Belmont Park, L. I.
Nov. 8	Middleburg Hunt, Midldeburg, Va.
Nov. 15	Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va.

HORSE SHOWS

To Nov. 1	Harrisburg, Pa.
Nov. 5-12	The National, New York, N. Y.
Nov. 13-15	McNair Show & Sale, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 20-23	Harnet, Calif.
Nov. 29-Dec. 6	International Show, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 29	Scarsdale, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS

Nov. 1	Johnstown Kennel Club, Johnstown, Pa.
Nov. 1	Rock River Valley Kennel Club, Rockford, Ill.
Nov. 1-2	St. Joseph Kennel Club, St. Joseph, Mo.
Nov. 2	Worcester Kennel Club, Worcester, Mass.
Nov. 2	Shore Land Kennel Club, Lake Forest, Ill.
Nov. 4-5	Nebraska Kennel Assn., Lincoln, Neb.
Nov. 8	Grand Valley Kennel Club, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 8-9	Des Moines Kennel Club, Des Moines, Ia.
Nov. 8-9	Los Angeles Kennel Club, Los Angeles, Calif.
Nov. 9	Ingham County Kennel Club, Lansing, Mich.
Nov. 22	Kennel Club of Philadelphia, Phila., Pa.
Nov. 23	Camden County Kennel Club, Camden, N. J.
Nov. 23	LaPorte County Kennel Club, LaPorte, Ind.
Nov. 29-30	Dog Fanciers' Club of Oregon, Portland, Ore.

FIELD TRIALS (Pointers and Setters)

Nov. 1	Central States Field Trial Assn., Winamac, Ind.
Nov. 1	St. Louis Pointer & Setter Club, Troy, Mo.
Nov. 1	Middle Atlantic States Championship, Petersburg, Del.
Nov. 1	East Ohio Field Trial Assn., Youngstown, O.
Nov. 2	Ada Field Trial Assn., Ada, Okla.
Nov. 2	Out-Our-Way Field Trial Assn., Independence, Kan.
Nov. 3	Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Assn., Leedstown, Va.
Nov. 4	Ohio Valley & Ohio Championship Dog Clubs, Jackson, O.
Nov. 7	Cumberland Field Trial Club, Fayetteville, N. C.
Nov. 7	Delaware Setter & Pointer Club, Newark, Del.
Nov. 8	Saginaw Field & Stream Club, Gladwin, Mich.
Nov. 8	Sacramento Bird Dog Club, Sacramento, Calif.
Nov. 8	Assn. of Connecticut Field Trial Clubs, Enfield, Conn.
Nov. 9	Western Illinois Field Trial Club, Macomb, Ill.
Nov. 10	U. S. Grouse Dog Championship, Gladwin, Mich.
Nov. 10	Southwestern Field Trial Assn., Vinita, Okla.
Nov. 10	Virginia Amateur Field Trial Assn., Orange, Va.
Nov. 11	Kentucky Consolidated Field Trial Club, Glasgow, Ky.
Nov. 15	Central Illinois Field Trial Club, Springfield, Ill.
Nov. 16	Setter Club of New England, Carlisle, Mass.
Nov. 17	Tenneva Field Club, Bristol, Va.
Nov. 24	American Field Trial Futurity, Brownsville, Tenn.
Nov. 30	Midwestern Field Trial Assn., Ada, Okla.

FIELD TRIALS (Retrievers)

Nov. 7-9	American Chesapeake Club, East Hampton, L. I.
Nov. 10-12	Labrador Retriever Club, Arden, N. Y.
Nov. 14-16	Women's Field Trial Club, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
Nov. 22-23	Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club, Huntington, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS (Spaniels)

Nov. 1	Connecticut Spaniel Field Trial Assn., Saybrook, Conn.
Nov. 1-2	Cocker Spaniel Club of the Middle West, Northbrook, Ill.
Nov. 7-9	Cocker Spaniel Club of America, Verbank, N. Y.
Nov. 8-9	English Springer Spaniel Club of Michigan, Farmington, Mich.
Nov. 14-15	Monmouth County Spaniel Club, Vanderburg, N. J.
Nov. 17-19	Valley Forge Field Trial Assn., Fort Washington, Pa.
Nov. 22-23	San Joaquin Valley Spaniel Club, Fresno, Calif.
Nov. 29-30	Northern California Field Trial Club, Woodland, Calif.

THOROUGHBRED SALES

Nov. 10-13	Maryland Fall Sales, Timonium Fair Grounds and Pimlico.
Nov. 10	Thomas Hitchcock Dispersal Sale, Pimlico Paddock.

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ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

Nov. 5	J. Garrett Tolan Consignment, Pleasant Plains, Ill.
Nov. 6	Arkansas Breeders Assn., Tuckerman, Ark.

HEREFORD SALES

Nov. 7	Bea-Mar Farms, Washington Court House, O.
Nov. 8	Morlunda Farm, Lewisburg, W. Va.
Nov. 13	J. C. Andras & Sons, Manchester, Ill.
Nov. 24	Iowa Hereford Assn., Des Moines, Ia.

SHORTHORN SALES

Nov. 1	C. B. Teegardin & Sons, Asheville, O.
Nov. 3	C. W. Middleton, Granville, O.
Nov. 11	Jos. Miller & Sons, Springfield, Ill.
Nov. 11	Mathers Bros., Mason City, Ill.
Nov. 15	Tomson Bros., Wakarusa, Kans.
Nov. 25	L. W. Thieman, Concordia, Mo.
Nov. 26	Iowa Shorthorn Assn., Des Moines, Ia.

BROWN SWISS SALES

Nov. 14	Royal Brown Swiss Sale, Waukesha, Wis.
Nov. 24	J. Ray Parrott Dispersal, Richwood, O.

GUERNSEY SALES

Nov. 3	Fairwold Dispersal, Columbia, S. C.
Nov. 13	Pleasant Ridge Farm, Wellman, O.
Nov. 19	LaCrosse County Breeders Assn., West Salem, Wis.

HOLSTEIN SALES

Nov. 5	Michigan State Fall Sale, East Lansing, Mich.
Nov. 8	Stanislaus County Breeders Sale, Modesto, Calif.
Nov. 10	The U. S. Blue Ribbon Sale, Waukesha, Wis.
Nov. 11	The U. S. National Sale, Waukesha, Wis.
Nov. 14	Ohio Breeders Fall Sale, Wooster, O.
Nov. 17	Iowa Breeders Assn., Waterloo, Ia.
Nov. 20	Guy B. Robinson Dispersal, Montrose, Pa.
Nov. 24	The Show-Window Sale, Chicago, Ill.

JERSEY SALES

Nov. 1	Ohio Jersey Cattle Club Consignment, Columbus, O.
Nov. 3	L. W. Chandler, Waynesville, O.
Nov. 11	Jones Bros. Dispersal, Iowa City, Ia.

BELGIAN HORSE SHOWS & SALES

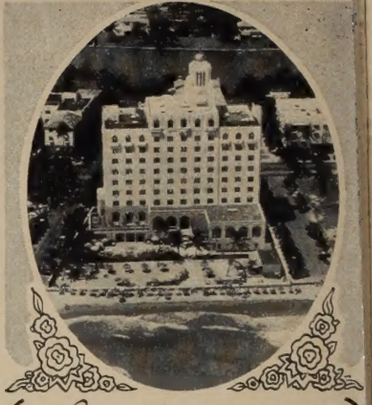
Nov. 25	Harry McNair (Rolling Rock Dispersal), Chicago, Ill.

FLOWER SHOWS

Nov. 1-2	Annual Chrysanthemum Show, Sacramento, Calif.
Nov. 1-2	Southern California Fall Show, Pasadena, Calif.
Nov. 6-9	Annual Fall Flower Show, Boston, Mass.
Nov. 6-9	Chrysanthemum Exhibition, Worcester, Mass.
Nov. 7-9	Annual Autumn Exhibition, New York, N. Y.
Nov. 7-9	Fall Fantasy of Fruit & Flowers, Sacramento, Calif.
Nov. 7-9	Chrsanthemum Show, Swarthmore, Pa.
Nov. 8-9	Annual Chrysanthemum Show, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

ART EXHIBITIONS

Nov. 1-15	Allied Artists Exhibition, Fine Arts Gallery, N. Y.
Nov. 1-16	Georgian England, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
Nov. 1-20	Rouault, Picasso, Utrillo & Duffy, Perls Galleries, N. Y.
Nov. 1-20	Annual Exhibition, New York Society of Ceramic Arts, Barbizon Plaza Art Galleries, N. Y.
Nov. 1-25	American Glass, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.
Nov. 1-30	Paintings by Local Artists; Popular Photography; Works of Philip Hicken, The Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass.
Nov. 1-30	Annual Missouri Exhibition; Work by Members of the St. Louis Weavers Guild; Prints by Jacques Gallot, City Art Museum of St. Louis, Mo.
Nov. 1-30	Oil Paintings by Erwin G. Kummer, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.
Nov. 1-Dec. 7	Exhibition by Masson, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
To Nov. 2	Rae Koch & Sidney Levyne, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
Nov. 3-16	Watercolors by Joseph W. Golinkin, Ferargil Galleries, N. Y.
Nov. 7-Dec. 14	Ecclesiastical Art, Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, Mass.
To Nov. 15	Watercolors by George Grosz; Paintings by Richard Munsell & Aaron Bohrod; Sculpture by An American Group, Associated American Artists Gallery, N. Y.
To Nov. 16	Western Hemisphere Ceramics Exhibition, Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse, N. Y.
To Nov. 16	Paintings of the Goldrush; Sculpture by Mary Erckenbrack; Annual West of the Rockies Photography Exhibition; Gouaches by Mine Okubo; Upper Mississippi Artists Exhibition, San Francisco Museum of Art, Calif.
Nov. 17-29	Paintings by Joseph Raskin, Schneider-Gabriel Galleries, N. Y.
To Nov. 23	"Printed Art"; "How Prints Are Made"; "Portraiture in Modern Prints"; Salon Photographs, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
Nov. 24-Dec. 6	Soap Sculpture, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.
Nov.-Dec. 7	Latin America Art; Recent Accessions, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
Nov.-Dec. 14	Watercolors by Winslow Homer; Memorial Exhibition-Works of William McGregor Paxton; Paintings of India & Ceylon, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
Nov.-Dec. 21	Paintings by Phil Paradise, Los Angeles County Museum, Calif.



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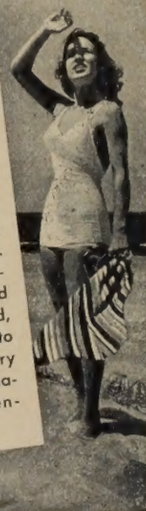

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THE HOUSE, approached over a long, winding, maple-lined drive, stands on high ground, facing, in one direction, a fine apple orchard, in the other, a sweeping outlook over its own meadows, more orchards and woodlands, with no other habitation in sight, to the Sound in the distance and Long Island beyond. The immediate setting is a blend of shade trees, evergreens, lovely white birches, dogwoods, great lilac bushes, even holly. Splendidly constructed of whitewashed stone masonry, with slate roof, it has been continuously improved and kept up-to-the-minute in its appointments and equipment, which include insulation, air conditioning, and oil burners for both heating and hot water supply.

THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT is equally appealing, with central hallway leading, on one side, to a well-proportioned living room with fireplace and, beyond, a restful library, also with fireplace; on the other to the pleasant dining room, with a third fireplace, glassed-in flower room, or conservatory, and all the service features—model kitchen and pantry with 2 electric refrigerators, large electric range with exhaust fan, servants' dining room, etc.; also powder room, coat closets, lavatory, and electric elevator. Living room, hall and dining room open onto a brick terrace commanding the Sound view, also overlooking a walled garden and affording ideal facilities for outdoor meals in season. Above are 4 large and one smaller master bedrooms, 2 with fireplaces, and 3 master baths, 2 with showers; many closets, pressing room and, in service wing, 3 maids' rooms and bath; on 3rd floor, 2 master bedrooms, bath and abundant storage space.

THE ACCESSORIES include a good-sized cottage of 8 rooms and 2 baths, a smaller cottage, stone garage for 4 cars with cow barn beneath, milk house, stable for 3-4 horses, poultry house, kennel, piggery, and various tool houses, sheds, etc., for all the needs of a gentleman's farm; also extensive flower and vegetable gardens, peaches, grapes and other fruit.

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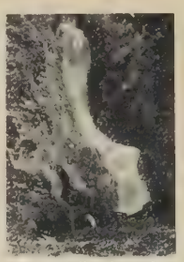

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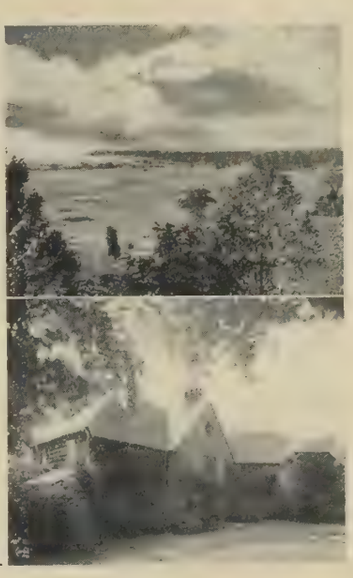

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Sept.11,1941.

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C. L.

The Editor's Cornucopia

We had some mighty good sauerkraut the other day, and it reminded us that it was about time we got that silo. Sauerkraut, or Liberty Cabbage as it was known during our earlier efforts to bring Democracy to an adoring world, is a sort of ensilage, you know, developed by Central European peasants for their own empty bellies (served generally with pigs' knuckles and a schooner of suds) before they got around to thinking about their stock.

Now, getting a silo isn't quite as simple as you'd imagine. It takes effort and thought and money. Indeed, it's almost as important as a major operation, requiring the presence and advice of specialists, a considerable amount of time, patience, and a bankroll about the size of a high-class appendectomy.

We thought it would be easy. We figured that all we had to do was thumb through COUNTRY LIFE, answer the silo advertisements, and, presto, there it would be glistening in the fall sunshine! But it was nothing like that.

First, what kind of a silo should it be? Shall we make it out of wood? Or concrete? Blocks or staves? Metal? Or out of that wonderful new tile material that we saw at the World's Fair? Should we, on the other hand, keep our hands out of our pocketbooks and simply dig a deep hole in the ground, as some of the wiser ranchers do out West? Or should we improvise a silo (without ever confessing same to the manufacturers) out of bits of snow fence?

These were not easy questions to answer, I can tell you from recent experience. There is a lot to be said for an old-fashioned wood silo; I was almost sold when one of my friends asked me if I were the sort of fellow who'd age wine in charred concrete. But there are reasons for concrete silos, too. And the efficient and attentive salesman who arrived on behalf of the metal silo manufacturer had a thoroughly persuasive and obviously sound story to tell on behalf of his good product.

Several weeks elapse while these discussions are taking place. Indeed, the summer is getting toward the

WE WHIP UP A BATCH OF LUSCIOUS SAUERKRAUT FOR THE CATTLE

yard-arm and you begin to realize that if you don't make a decision pretty soon, it won't make much difference (at least this year) which sort of material you do select.

So a decision is finally reached. Pen is put to paper. A payment is made. You even reach the point where you know just where you want the silo placed, and that's no

small accomplishment. More than that, you strip to the waist yourself for a couple of days and work like a hunkie helping to put in the concrete base for the thing, hurrying like a Greyhound after a rabbit because you expect the silo men to show up the next morning with materials and tools in their hot little hands.

And then you wait.

Several weeks you wait.

And these are horrid weeks. The corn begins to dry out. The soybeans take on an ochre hue. The hay you have carefully set aside turns to barbed wire. It stops raining for a month—and don't think I'm fooling, for New Jersey had less rain this past September than in all recorded history. Fretfully you scan the horizon, hoping and praying by this time for *either* a cloud or a silo man.

And then, suddenly and unannounced, a carload of materials shows up with the elusive silo men warm on its trail. They couldn't help being late; everybody wants a silo this year, apparently, and everybody wants it in a hurry. Everybody is suddenly concerned over the future of their livestock—and why not, with prices getting sharper and sharper, like the tremulo of an ambitious coloratura.

We all pitch in with a vengeance and in two days, if you please, the job is done. In not so many more, the silo is filled. Filled to the roof with succulent feed, corn and clover and timothy and soybeans and a dab of molasses to make it the more tasty. You just never saw such a beautiful sight. Or one that's going to grow lovelier, like the work of an Old Master, with the passage of the years.

I don't know when we've gotten such a kick out of an inanimate object. I'm here to tell you that a silo is something beautiful.

During the anguished weeks in which I had plenty of time to look up information on silos, I discovered somewhat to my surprise that this useful and economical storehouse is almost entirely an American development.

True, it had its beginnings apparently in Central Europe (along with the sauerkraut) and a Frenchman named Auguste Goffart first drew public attention to it in 1877. But since then, beginning with a translation of Goffart's book by one J. B. Brown in 1879, the development of the silo has been almost entirely in American hands.

New York and Wisconsin share honors in this matter, the first experimental silos having been constructed in 1881 by I. P. Roberts at Cornell University and by W. A. Henry at the University of Wisconsin. Through their pioneering, and that of F. H. King, also at the University of Wisconsin, the silo has become a boon to agriculture everywhere in the world where labor is costly.

It is interesting to note that New York and Wisconsin still lead the agricultural procession in the number of silos they possess. A toast, let us say then—and of sauerkraut juice—to these fine states of our great Union.

•

I went to the station in the Ford truck the other day to get what I thought was a pretty cute birthday present: unusual, imaginative (it wasn't entirely my idea), romantic, charming, thoughtful, and . . . shall I say quizzical?

It was a lovely bit of ironwork made after my own design by one of our own advertisers, the Cincinnati Iron Fence Company. It was about five feet high, with a spike to go into the ground and a base to rest on it. Its top was circular. It was . . . well, it looked more or less like the little sketch that Gordon Ross has done for this column.

I thought it pretty fine and was quite proud of it. I put it into the ground myself opposite the front door so that if you looked out of the living room it would make a lovely vista, appearing staunch and firm before a field of (soon, we hope) waving alfalfa. I painted it the conventional iron black myself, getting a very fair percentage of the paint where it was intended to go. I put a little note on it, saying "Happy Birthday!"

It's lovely, said practically all our friends . . . but what is it?

A waste-basket for unprinted Cornucopias? A new kind of incinerator? A monster bird-cage? Something for Japanese beetles? Or could it be a wife-trap?

Nonsense. It's a symbolic wine glass, of course, a particularly delightful type of arbor so designed that its luscious grapes grow and ripen right in front of your nose, lovely to look at and easy to pick. Why, anybody could tell that at a glance.

Gosh all hemlock, ain't there no romance left in the world?

•

The character of the presents given in our family—birthdays, Christmas and wedding anniversaries are the occasions we recognize—has changed entirely since we bought the farm.

Whereas formerly we might have given each other little personal gifts or trinkets of no particular significance, or at best a new set of Bezique cards, now everything must have a utilitarian purpose. (Like the aforementioned grape arbor, huh?)

SKETCHES BY GORDON ROSS

We give each other lawn mowers or garden tools or a set of harness. Once it was a fireplace of Dutch tiles illustrating scenes on the farm, which I shall describe in some detail later because it apparently gives a lot of folks, including ourselves, considerable pleasure.

Trees are great favorites of ours and we now have quite a set for our old age. Shrubs and bushes and seeds make good presents. So do bulbs, but I consider these a nuisance because they generally mean a rearrangement of our whole garden.

"Let's put these bulbs in the place from where we moved the peonies," said the Madam to the muscular gent who does a little digging for us on Saturdays and Sundays, when he isn't driving his truck. "Surely you remember the things we moved the other week."

"Lady," he said, plaintively, "we've moved *everything* on this farm—twice already."

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War and Agriculture

by JOHN R. FLEMING **Bureau of Agricultural Economics**

THIS war has been beer and skittles for agriculture so far. Prices are up, so are incomes. Makers of farm machinery have not yet begun to turn plowshares into swords. Some farm boys have been drafted, but only a handful in any given township. If farm labor in one spot is short, elsewhere there are still surplus thousands to draw upon. The verb "to sacrifice" seems to have only a future tense.

It may be that few farmers will agree with this rosy view of things as they are. Farmers have an occupational skepticism. A fellow has to get *used* to $10 hogs. But a year or two from now, most farmers will look back on 1941 as a comfortable year.

I am not thinking of a price collapse after 1941. That is hardly in the cards. The huge demand for most farm products will continue for at least another couple of years, even if peace suddenly and unexpectedly comes.

No, the reason farmers will look back on 1941 as a comfortable year is that they will appreciate it as a year in which farm prices increased faster than farm costs, a year in which labor shortages and seed shortages and delays in getting farm equipment and material were more talked about than felt.

In the last war the wheat farmers got the expansion fever first; this time the greatest demand is for livestock

You run out of almost everything in wartime. Prices go up, all right, and so do incomes, but still you run out of goods and services and the human energy which creates them.

We are consuming some 84,000,000 tons of iron and steel this year, and that is 50 per cent above 1937, a peak year; but we still aren't producing enough for wartime and peacetime needs both. So automobile production is to be cut in half, and refrigerators, and air-conditioning apparatus, and steel pipelines, and even that contemporary indispensable, the zipper.

Copper is short and so is zinc (for fencing and roofing material) and nickel (for milking machines, for instance). Bags and packages for farm products will feel the pinch soon. Burlap from Indian jute is short, and the cotton substitute takes more processing capacity than we now have.

Certain kinds of wood and paper for packaging are no longer lying around loose. Shipments in bulk, buying and selling in bulk, will have to become more in vogue. Even the lowly feed bag, used to cushion the hard metal seat of many a mower, will acquire new and loftier value.

The paper which provides background for the elegance of this magazine will have an intricate story of its own to tell. As the publisher can testify, it is already becoming difficult to get the kind of paper you want when you want it. Usually you can still get it, but the uncertainty and the delays are hard on the delicate constitution of a publisher.

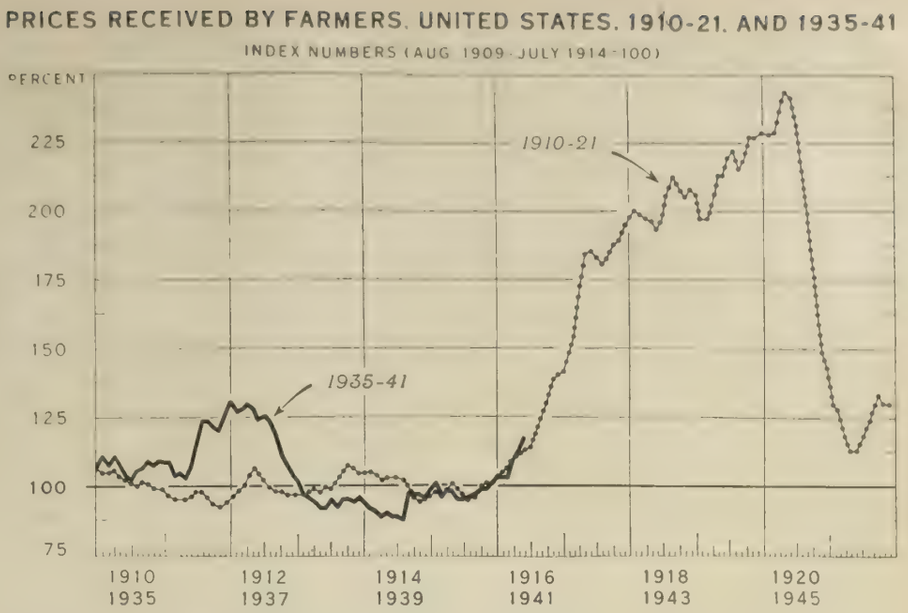
It is not so much a shortage of paper as of the materials used in coating it. Lest any one doubt we live in a madly complicated world, consider the fact that one ingredient of most coated papers, casein, has shot up in price to record levels because steel production has been vastly increased.

It's this way:

Casein, as you know, comes from milk. Two non-food uses for casein, aside from its use in plastics, are for coating paper and for making certain kinds of glue. In making steel, as you also know, coke is burned. When coke is burned, a by-product is phenol, used in glues which compete with casein glue.

To increase steel production, it is necessary to use more coke, and to get more coke the ovens are operated at higher temperatures. The result is less phenol—and a greater demand for casein for glue. Since we normally have to import much of our casein, and since the demand for dried skim-milk for Britain has diverted so much of our normal domestic production, the price has gone through the roof.

Economic interdependence, the experts call it, and confusing, too.



The price line of World War II is superimposed on that of World War I; so far they are almost identical—will they stay together from here on?

THE question is not so much what War with a capital W does to agriculture, as what this particular war will do to it. Because most of us lived through World War I, we remember what happened to agriculture then, and we impose that pattern on World War II. The period 1914-18 becomes 1939-43, and the depression of 1921 becomes that of 1946, if not earlier and worse. Psychologically prepared for World War I, we expect World War II to conform.

This is not one man's opinion. It is the overwhelming conclusion of thousands of interviews by field men of the Department of Agriculture with farmers in every part of the country. The interviews have been analyzed by competent scientists with a care and thoroughness Dr. George Gallup might envy, and they point to this dominant attitude among farmers:

We are *uncertain* about the present, whether we'll get into the war, whether farm prices will stay relatively high, whether we can get help at harvest, etc., but we are *certain* that after the war we'll have a depression that will make 1932 look like prosperity.

Both the certainty and the uncertainty are rooted in experience, the experience of twenty years ago, unmodified by what has happened since. If you fall on the ice and break a leg, it is natural to expect to break a leg every time you step on the ice. Maybe you won't, but (*Continued on page* 46)

Millions of acres of wheat were seeded in the virgin sod of the plains country—now famous as the Dustbowl

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND MCMANIGUL PHOTOS

reading, writing... and SPORTSMANSHIP

by JACK BAIRD

WHAT would you give to turn back the hands of time to your high school days, if in so doing you might have the chance to be admitted to a club that included a program of field trial, bench show and obedience training activity, fly-tying and casting classes and contests, as well as Skeet shooting and the maintenance of a game preserve? How many boys and girls would appreciate such a program in their schools?

The story of the Fur, Fin and Feather Conservation Club of the Farmington, Connecticut, High School is a prime example of what may be accomplished by understanding and cooperation between adults and children. It is the tale of a small group of boys with an idea and a man who had the imagination to see that proper harnessing of the dreams and hopes of these youngsters would generate untold benefits to the boys, to their associates and to the community at large.

It is the tale of parents who could be sold an idea, and of the unselfish cooperation of men and women whose hearts held a mutual love for children and dogs and the great outdoors. It is the story of five years' progressive work which has, step by step, moulded this club into the finest bit of extra-curricular activity connected with any educational system. The net results have been a sterling foundation in the principles of good citizenship and sportsmanship and a well-rounded program that might well be envied by any adult sporting club.

The club had its birth in the interest of a few of the boys in sporting dogs and field trials and their desire for the use of the natural grounds around the high school to stage a field trial of their own. Five years ago they took the matter up with Eugene W. Ellis, superintendent of schools for Farmington, and found a responsive audience, for Mr. Ellis had been actively interested in sporting and hound breeds from boyhood and had competed in field trials and bench shows.

Believing that education was more than a matter of books and school rooms, Mr. Ellis was enthusiastically in back of the project and enlisted the aid of the State Department of Fish and Game, which supplied birds that fall for the first field trial, which was open only to enthusiasts of the community, mainly the boys and their fathers. Needless to say, the event was a success. A banquet for the fathers followed, at which Mr. Ellis sketched the possibilities of carrying the program further and full support was pledged. Interest in the yearly trials spread rapidly and they have been expanded, attracting an excellent entry and always judged by outstanding arbiters.

The boys have enjoyed their contacts with the experienced men who have given freely of their time to help the youngsters with the schooling and handling of their dogs. Dr. John Flaherty of Rockville, Conn., noted field trial enthusiast, and one of the Fish and Game Commissioners, and John McKee, president of the New Britain, Conn., Field Trial Club, have provided good stock for the boys, and Mr. Ellis has bred field trial specimens and given them to club members and others.

WITH the full cooperation of the Fish and Game Department of the State, a game preserve has been established on the natural cover of 150 acres that surrounds the school. The club members maintain eleven feeding stations and raise their own pheasants under the supervision of the state department.

Having firmly established its field trials, the club was next introduced to proper fishing methods, with a course in fly-tying under J. P. Leonard, an expert. Mr. Ellis gave instruction in casting, and as the members showed proficiency in both lines, contests were held and suitable prizes given.

The boys and girls are taught the right way to cast with fly and bait rod

It is little wonder, with this sound basic training which equips the members to hunt and fish properly, that on graduation from school, the majority join the Farmington Game Club, a progressive group organized to promote better hunting and fishing—and successful in its purpose.

The Fur, Fin and Feather Conservation Club started with seven members and by the time the field trial and fishing programs were established, demand for membership was so strong that it was decided to limit the club to 25 boys and girls to keep it from becoming unwieldy, and to leave members for other extra-curricular clubs. However, the entire student body can take part in and benefit from the club program.

Expanding its activities step by step, in 1938 the club took over the local match show which previous sponsors had dropped and made it an American Kennel Club sanctioned affair. There was a three-fold purpose in taking up the bench show angle of the dog world. Primarily the move was made to give the community a chance to see a dog show and the members the opportunity to learn how to show a dog properly. In this they were aided by veteran exhibitors who gave freely of their time to teach the youngsters the proper posing of their breeds and the best ways of bringing out the dogs' qualities. Professional handlers who acted as judges or who attended the shows have been most helpful in this regard.

The secondary purpose of the show was to acquaint the club members with the points sought in dogs by the judges, in order that they might have a better appreciation of dogs in general and not rely merely on personal prejudice, a failing of many adult exhibitors. All judges were very gracious in pointing out to the youngsters their reasons for putting certain dogs up and other dogs down.

The third reason for taking over the bench show was to make money for the club's treasury and for the fund which was used to send seniors to Washington. For the benefit of those adult clubs which are usually in the red, let it be said that each of the four February shows have netted a profit. (*Continued on page* 62)

P. T. JONES PHOTOS

Novice trainers and novice bird dogs get their first look at game together; pigeons suffice for this early training

And they are taught how to shoot too; here some of the girls are learning how to break clay pigeons

Obedience training, in which a variety of breeds work together, is one of the most popular activities

How to groom and show a bench dog as the experts do it; these youngsters quickly become adept

The dogs' minor illnesses and injuries receive expert attention; this Beagle is a bored but willing model

Alta Crest Farms

Arthur H. Sagendorph

America's Largest Ayrshire Herd Has

M. S. REED & STROHMEYER PHOTOS

A view of the main group at Alta Crest: at the left is the calf barn, next come the attractive milking barns and dairy, with Richard Sagendorph's house right foreground and the dormitory far right

The dairy and main Certified milk plant; the cobblestones for the exteriors came from the farm fields, roofs are of slate, interiors are attractively tiled

Made This Farm Big Business

by GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

DOMINATING the lesser hills, farmland, woods, and valleys stretching away to the Berkshires, purple in the distance, a bold, round hill commands the countryside around the little town of Spencer, Mass. From this hill even Mt. Monadnock in far-off New Hampshire looms on the horizon on clear days; all New England seems to be spread in panorama at your feet.

Yes, it is a grand spot and a grand view, a place to live on top of the world. Still, for many years this hill was land no one wanted. Exposed to the whim of the four winds, left bare to the bite of eroding rains, it was worn out land indeed, the sort of soil a farmer avoided—until Arthur Sagendorph came along. Now, covered with lush pasture, hay and corn; crowned with attractive farm buildings it is Alta Crest, one of the most productive dairy farms in the country.

It was shortly after the turn of the century that Arthur H. Sagendorph bought the 1,000 acres of this barren hill. A few years afterwards he bought his first Ayrshires and began distributing milk on a small scale. Then, in 1922, the town fathers of nearby Worcester asked him if he would produce certified milk for the babies of the town. Alta Crest began to grow.

Now, several generations of Worcester and Springfield babies have been raised on the good Ayrshire milk, 2,000 quarts of it come out of the Alta Crest Dairy each day—to the tune of a gross business of $100,000 a year. No wonder Mr. Sagendorph has been called America's No. 1 dairyman!

The story of Alta Crest is not merely that of a successful dairy, however. It is the story of the sound farming principles, far seeing policies and meticulous attention to detail of its founder. It is the story of a man who has known how to develop a fine product, and also knows how to merchandise it; and it is in the latter that so many farmers fall down.

THE Alta Crest Ayrshires, the largest purebred Ayrshire herd in America, have served their master well. Throughout the years they have produced copious quantities of four percent milk over long individual lifetimes, but they are more than just good average producers, the selection of the best bloodlines and individuals from Scotland, Canada and the United States and the careful blending of these bloodlines has resulted in cattle of excellent Ayrshire type. The combined results being that this herd's show ring, Roll of Honor and Advanced Registry records have never been approached. It is no wonder that cows of Alta Crest breeding carry on in other herds.

The last two grand champion females of the breed at the National Dairy Show were descendants of Alta Crest Cattle. The grand champion bull at the Eastern States Exposition in '38, '39, '40, was Lippitt August Douglas, a son of Alta Crest Rockabye. The grand champion cow at the Dairy Cattle Congress and the National Dairy Shows of '37, '38, '39 was a double grand-daughter of Alta Crest Happy Days . . . and his record could go on for pages. This is the reason for the great demand for Alta Crest stock. This is the reason these fine cattle go out to the four points of the compass as breeding and show stock to the tune of nearly $50,000 a year.

Your first impression of Alta Crest is that, beside being a farm, it is a business —the two are not synonymous by any means. The neat cobblestone buildings well-planned in a compact group; the system by which crops and pasture are rotated; the attractive and extensive advertising and publicizing of the farm; the office force at work down in the town; the big plate glass window through which spectators watch the certified milk factory at work. All these things bespeak businesslike and level-headed management.

Alta Crest is a "show place." It is an impressive sight to see the white and brown cows dotting the green pastures. To see the attractive cow barns, dairy, superintendent's cottage, dormitory and other buildings, all of them designed by Mr. Sagendorph and constructed of cobblestones and other materials native to the farm. Yes, it is a show place but it is also intensely practical and complete.

The buildings, besides their neat and attractive appearance are strictly utilitarian. Designed for the particular problems at hand, the barns are equipped by Louden in the most modern manner. The dairy has been acclaimed by dairymen as

E. B. LUCE AND R. F. HILDEBRAND PHOTOS

The Scotch Highland sheep, a rare breed in this country, are a picturesque part of Alta Crest; their fleeces of long, rather straight wool are made into warm blankets for home use at Alta Crest

the most perfect of its kind. The calf barn has been copied to the last detail by other progressive breeders.

Alta Crest is largely mechanized; International machinery and Ford trucks doing most of the heavy work, only one team of work horses being kept. However, the 200 milk cows, each of which produce nearly 1000 lbs. of milk a month, are all milked by hand.

Of particular interest is the pasturage system. There are nine plots of about five acres, each with a plentiful supply of fresh water and shade, which are used in rotation by different groups of cows. This assures a continuous supply of fresh pasture as none of the plots are used too heavily and none of them are allowed to grow too high.

All the hay used on the farm, about 500 tons a year, is home grown and this is also true of all the ensilage, which totals about 1,000 tons, but grain is purchased from the Delaware Mills. Sometimes grass silage is used, sometimes corn, depending on the quantity and quality of the crop of each. This year the bumper corn crop filled the big silos.

Principal products of the farm are Certified milk, Grade A milk and Special Vitamin D milk which is produced by feeding the cows irradiated yeast. Recently, Homogenized milk has been added to the list. This milk, in which the fat globules have been broken down by agitation, is processed in the Alta Crest Dairy and is now selling like hotcakes. The present production is about 500 quarts a day but Mr. Sagendorph expects it to reach 1,000 a day by the first of the year.

All the milk is cooled, bottled and sealed right on the farm. They do not deliver the milk themselves but furnish it properly bottled and sealed to distributors in nearby Worcester and Springfield.

The cows are barn-fed the year around with high quality feed. Physicians make weekly medical examinations of all employes handling the cows. The barns are cleaned and the cows washed with soap and a disinfected solution before each of the three daily milkings. Uniforms are laundered daily and milkers must carefully scrub before an udder may be touched.

It has often been said that the best fertilizer for a farm is the owner's shoeleather. Curiously enough, however, the owner of Alta Crest does not live on his farm but in the town of Spencer several miles away. There, in his home, is the farm office staff which attends to the many clerical details of running this organization—Alta Crest is big business.

But the farm has known plenty of the owner's shoeleather throughout the years and still does. Now, his son, Richard S. Sagendorph, who went into the family business after graduating from Dartmouth, is the farm superintendent and dwells in the attractive cottage on the hill above the barns. Also, the skilled and trusted workers

These are the shaggy Highland cattle which are a sideline at Alta Crest, and which find a good living in a rocky, hillside pasture

who have done so much to make this enterprise successful live on the farm. The married ones have their own cottages. The single men live in the handsome dormitory which is presided over by one of the married couples.

There are, including office staff, 30 people employed on the farm, or rather, farms, for Alta Crest is really two farms; the big one on the hill where the Certified Milk herd, breeding cattle and most of the other livestock are kept and a smaller tributary farm of about 300 acres on the outskirts of the town where the Grade A milk is produced.

Here as on many farms these days, labor is a problem in spite of the pleasant surroundings and accommodations for the workers. The nearby manufacturing towns, glutted with defense work, are a strong lure for labor; nevertheless everything on the farm from crops to cattle is kept in apple pie order even though they have been short handed at times.

Ayrshires, obviously are the backbone of the enterprise, but they are not all of Alta Crest by any means. Apparently Mr. Sagendorph, who is of Holland-Dutch descent, has a deep seated admiration for Scottish animals, for it seems as if everywhere you turn you see animals which originated in the Highlands.

A HERD of Scotch Highland cattle add a picturesque note to one of the pastures. These shaggy-coated little beasts with long curving horns are quite rare except in their craggy native homes. They are beef cattle, and while they do not mature as early as other beef breeds they are extremely hardy, can rustle a living in the scantiest rocky pasture and their long hair is a protection against even extreme cold.

Though probably not practical for large scale beef production, they should be a valuable breed in exposed, cold areas where other cattle would find lean picking. Moreover their unique appearance and gentleness should make them an attractive addition to any country place.

The coats of long, silken hair common to these cattle once caused Mr. Sagendorph to wonder if it couldn't be woven into a "camel's hair" type of yarn, but it is an idea he never tried. He wisely decided that if this hair could be put to any such use the canny Scots herdsmen would have made kilts out of it centuries ago.

However, his flock of Highland sheep have fleeces which can be used. Primarily a mutton type, these wiry, rugged little fellows have long, thick, rather straight wool which are woven into warm blankets for home use. These sheep by the way are also rather rare, most of the few flocks in this country stemming from Alta Crest stock. One time Mr. Sagendorph sold his whole flock, but missed the little fellows on his pastures, so the next time he brought over an importation of Ayrshires a new batch of Highland sheep came with them.

Then there are the donkeys, and here for the first time we get away from animals of Scottish de- (*Continued on page* 66)

Part of the Certified herd in their sparkling, sanitary barn; chromium stanchions and other equipment are by Louden; sawdust makes excellent bedding

The pride of the farm are these three heavily-producing Ayrshires; Alta Crest Crag, the cow in the center, holds five world's records

The processing room with bottles of Alta Crest milk being capped and prepared for distribution; notice the wall tiles with Ayrshire motif

Alsab in the Champagne, winning so easily his opposition doesn't even show in the picture

The Two-Year-Olds

Alsab Seems to be a Colt to Whom Generalities Do Not Apply

by SALVATOR

ALFRED Gwynne Vanderbilt has invited Alsab to participate in the Pimlico Special this year. The question now is, will he be started in it? And if he is, are they going to beat him?

To clarify, it may be added that the Pimlico Special is the annual stake event which Mr. Vanderbilt originated four years ago for the purpose of deciding the season's championship, then disputed by Seabiscuit and War Admiral, the latter starting favorite and the former winning.

When it was first proposed by him, there was much criticism by the self-appointed censors and critics whose function—in their own opinion—it is to decide what should and should not be done in the conduct of racing. According to them the proposition was a mistake and the race, if it went through, bound to be a failure.

But Mr. Vanderbilt went imperturbably upon his way, the race was run and proved one of the most successful turf events of recent years. Since then it has been annually renewed and doubtless will be as long as Mr. Vanderbilt controls the policies of the famous old Maryland course.

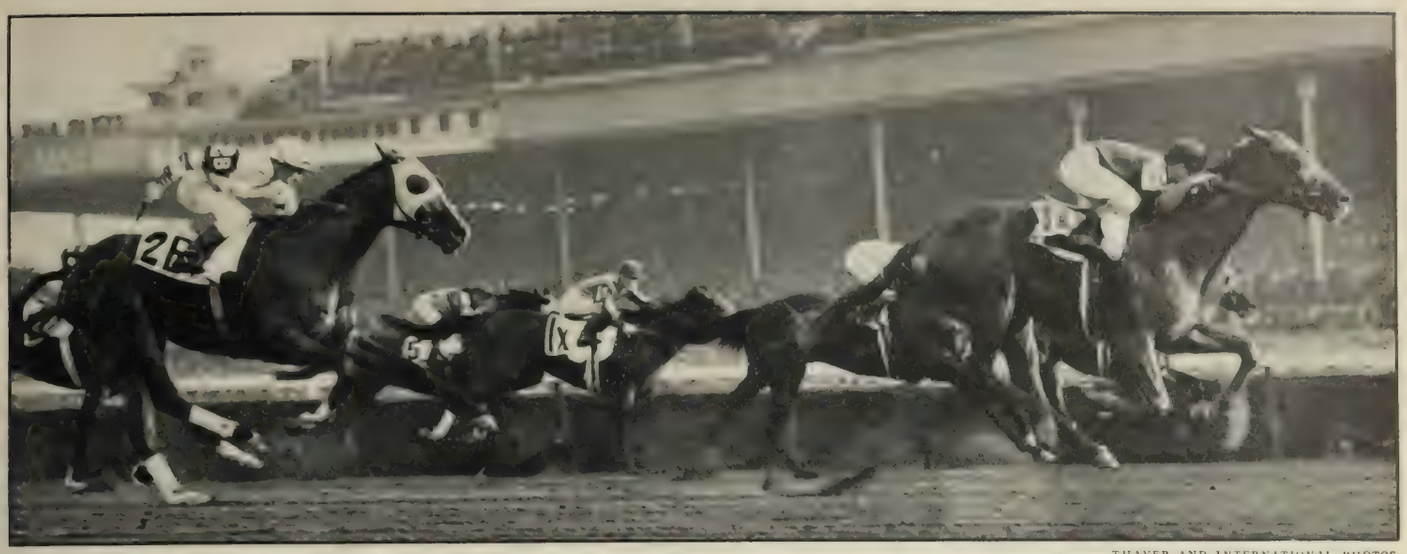
As originally conceived, it was for two horses only—in effect a match between Seabiscuit and War Admiral. But the next season brought forth no two champions so outstanding, so Mr. Vanderbilt changed the conditions and made it an "invitational" event; so called because he issued invitations to a group of Thoroughbreds, including all those which, in his judgment, were entitled to contend in such a race.

This policy he has adopted uniformly since, though of the group which he invited in 1939 only three, Challedon, Kayak 2nd and Cravat took the word, while in 1940 only Challedon and Can't Wait came forth.

The prospects for this year's Pimlico Special are, at this writing, peculiarly alluring, as we have a whole cluster of horses which seem well suited to play the parts of "invitees" (to coin another lingual barbarism such as is now the fashion).

Conspicuous among them, of course, is the three-year-old champion, Whirlaway; the two others that have recently lowered his colors, War Relic and Market Wise: the four-year-old winner of the $50,000 New

Monarch of the two-year-olds of 1941: Alsab, son of Good Goods and Winds Chant, who rose from rags to riches



THAYER AND INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

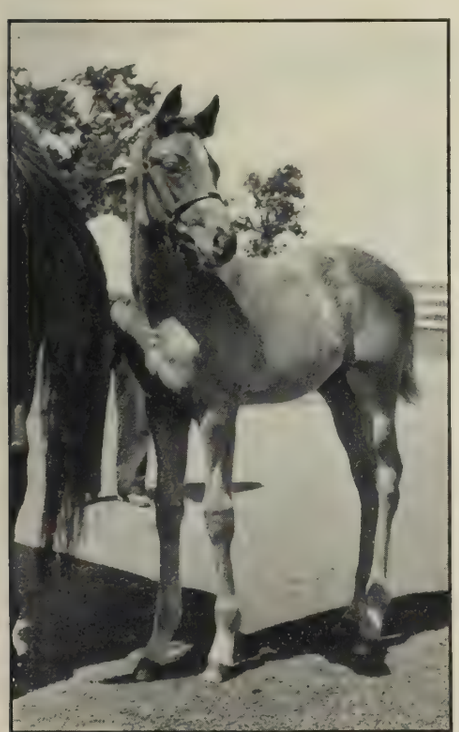
The Futurity of 1941 was not for the champion two-year-olds but for lesser fry: Some Chance is shown winning

York Handicap, Fenelon; the handicap stars Big Pebble, Mioland, etc.—and now, the two-year-old champion, Alsab.

The presence of a two-year-old in such a race, originated for three-year-olds and upwards and over such a distance as a mile and three-sixteenths, would seem at first thought anomalous—if not ridiculous. "Juniors" have never been considered material for events of that character. Nor, speaking generally, are they.

But Alsab happens to be a colt to whom generalities do not apply.

Bought a year ago last August at the Saratoga yearling sales for the paltry amount of $700, the son of Good Goods and Winds Chant, by Wildair, bred and sold by the Lexington, Ky., breeder, Thomas Piatt. a veteran in his field. has to this writing (October 10) started in 20 races since last February, of which he has won 13 (including one for which he dead-heated), while defeat has not been his portion since July 5, on which occasion he ran second in a stake at Boston that, it was agreed at the time, was not a true bill. His performances have been the most sensational any American two-year-old has recorded for many years—if, in fact, they have ever been equaled.



An unusual picture of a Futurity winner: Some Chance as a foal

These came to a climax in the Champagne Stakes, run at Belmont Park on the closing day of the great fall meeting, October 6. This famous fixture, one of the oldest stake events on the American calendar, having been first run in 1867 at old Jerome Park, then the premier metropolitan race course, had latterly been staged just prior to the Futurity and was regarded as a semi-official dress-rehearsal for it.

But among the rearrangements of the program for this meeting which Mr. Vanderbilt has effected since assuming the Belmont management one has been to make the Champagne follow, instead of precede, the Futurity, and act not as a preliminary of it, but its retrial and verification. While, in order to clinch its claim to be considered the grand finale of the New York season for the juniors, its distance was increased from 6½ furlongs (that of the Futurity) to a full mile.

So, in Tennysonian phrase, "the old order changes, giving place to new." For many years the result of the Belmont Park Futurity has been tacitly accepted as deciding the two-year-old championship for the season. It now no longer does so. And, most particularly, it did not for 1941.

The Futurity, which was run just one week preceding the Champagne, was considered in advance a race that would decide nothing except those matters pertaining strictly to itself. A situation precipitated by the fact that the two outstanding colts of the season, Alsab and Requested, were neither of them eligible, their dams not having been entered when the nominations closed, nor were substitute nominations secured for them later on.

It was this fact which, indeed, precipitated the match between the two, sponsored by Mr. Vanderbilt and run at Belmont only four days before the Futurity itself.

As Alsab's chain of victories had all been won over non-metropolitan tracks, most of them in the Mid-West, while Requested's chain of nine had all been run up over them, the New York "fans" just couldn't see the Chicago colt—he is owned by Mrs. Albert Sabath, of that city, it having been her husband who picked him up at The Spa, as above noted, in his yearling form, for $700.

So Requested was made the favorite only to have Alsab make what is technically known as holy show of him, carrying him the first six furlongs in 1:09 4-5, and then coming away to complete the six and a half in 1:16; which lowered the track record from 1:17 1-5 and was only a fifth-second off the American record of 1:15 4-5.

This exhibition had a profound effect. Those who had sneered at Alsab as "just another of those western wonders," climbed aboard his band-wagon *en masse*. When the Champagne Stake came along, the Futurity winner, Some Chance, refused to take a chance, like Achilles, remaining in his tent. Devil Diver, who had run second to him, followed suit. Likewise Caduceus, who had run third, and Ramillies, who had run fourth.

None of them cared to quaff from the beaker which Alsab held up; thereby acknowledging that so far as they were concerned, he might drain it and welcome. Requested, despite his distaste in the match, again came bravely forth; of the Futurity flock Amphitheatre was the only one to dare the combat.

At the break Robertson took that colt at once to the front, but Alsab, though not usually a brash beginner, went right with him, only to be blocked by Flaught when starting his run after passing the half, so had to take back and come out around, but circling the (*Continued on page* 60)

Author's

The Graham house before it was remodelled showing typical semi-Victorian style

Remnant of the Gay Nineties Delightfully

THERE'S a theme popular with the more casual (though certainly not less articulate) of our armchair philosophers today to the effect that the good old life is gone, generous living is a thing of the past, wealth is doomed, leisure is something for the WPA . . . and the homes in which our grandparents lived (that is, those that had money in their day) are closed forevermore.

That final sentence is often the clinching argument: "I have driven down the tree-lined roads of Lenox," or Newport or Bar Harbor or, for that matter, Hyde Park, these cynics say, "and I have seen the old houses boarded up, never to be reopened."

And, of course, actually having seen with their own eyes some of the monstrous old houses fairly locked and nailed they are saying something that contains truth. Some truth. But not all the truth. Here and there, thanks to American imagination and American energy quite as lively as it was a couple of generations ago, the old places are being replaced, rebuilt, and reopened—in the modern manner.

Here is an old place of a thousand acres divided among five grandchildren (or strangers, for that matter) into five places of two hundred acres each, which is more than enough for most folks. There is an old house being torn down because its usefulness as a setting for modern living is gone. And occasionally, you even see one of the old places being remodelled by an owner with fond memories and brains more agile than most, assisted, of course, by an

The new entrance and portico of the Graham house which replaced the porte cochere: here the new profile of the house can be seen with its lowered roof which adds much to the appearance and eliminated several unnecessary third floor rooms

Alterations

Modernized by Our Own Bradley Delehanty

architect who really knows how to do it.

Because a number of COUNTRY LIFE subscribers have white elephants on their hands in the form of homes no longer suited to comfortable country living (not to mention the problem of getting and paying for the servants necessary to keep up such a hollow barn) we are pleased to tell here the story of the Samuel Graham house, in Greenwich, Conn. We are particularly pleased because the inspired architect of this economical remodelling was COUNTRY LIFE'S own contributing editor, Bradley Delehanty.

Here is a house built in 1886 by the father of the present owner. It was not quite Victorian, but very much in the manner of that extraordinary period: immense in scope, with towers, covered verandas, a porte-cochere, and trimmings in the style so well known today to our most avid collectors. It was, in brief, just exactly the sort of house a modern family would not want to live in.

On the other hand, the construction of the place was of the finest; obviously, neither talent nor means had been spared in its erection. And its location was not only as good as it ever was but, considering what had happened to the rest of the community, better by comparison. Mr. Graham would have left it with great reluctance.

True, Greenwich had ceased to be a quaint little New England town and had become a bustling modern city, with office buildings, stores, huge hotels, inns, imposing banks, shops, and all that goes to make up such a place.

But Belle Haven, where the property Mr. Graham had inherited was located, and the adjoining waterfront properties along Long Island Sound, were just as desirable as they ever had been. In the early Eighties property in this section was much sought after and many New Yorkers developed beautiful estates there; today it is just as difficult to buy.

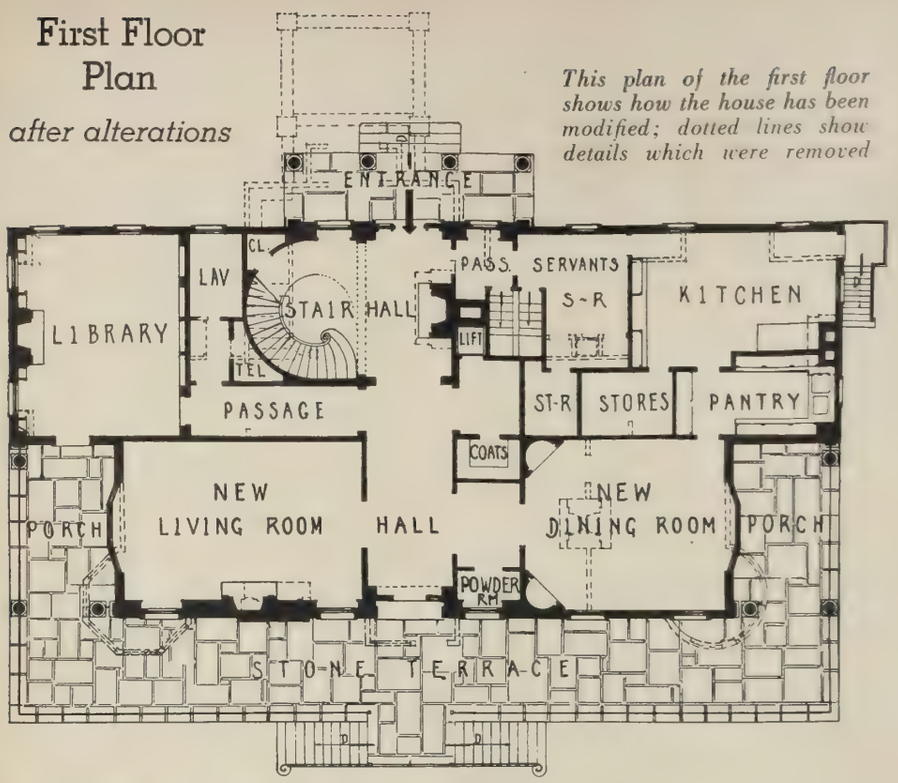
Some of the old places remain as originally built; Mr. Graham's was one of them until he turned Mr. Delehanty loose on it. A boat ride along the picturesque and rugged Connecticut shore shows them, many grotesque from the modern point of view, but nearly all of them beautifully situated nevertheless. Say what you will about the architects and the styles of the Nineties, it must be admitted in their behalf that they had the taste to take full advantage of the natural physical possibilities of the sites available.

F. S. LINCOLN PHOTOS

The Graham house is well placed on the property and has breath-taking water vistas to the south, east and west, making the site desirable indeed; this porch, on one end of the house, has a view far across Long Island Sound

First Floor Plan

after alterations



This plan of the first floor shows how the house has been modified; dotted lines show details which were removed

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham

Mr. Graham, then, satisfied that he wanted something better than he had inherited, was faced with a problem:

(*a*) His property was as beautiful in topography, rocky shore front, breathtaking water views in three directions, south, east and west, country atmosphere, sloping lawns, shade trees, as could be found in a section of the country which he loved; the site was perfect;

(*b*) His house was far too big for his use, too clumsy, too Victorian for his more modern taste; yet its construction was all that one could ask for;

(*c*) Should he, then, tear the house down and start over again from the beginning, or should he attempt to salvage what he could and turn his liability into an asset?

Mr. Delehanty found this not an easy question to answer quickly. He realized it would be doubly expensive to tear down the well-built structure already in existence, yet he felt that radical changes might be necessary and, possibly, might not give the result desired.

A considerable amount of thought on the part of both owner and architect ensued. Mr. Delehanty provided sketches developing his studies and a model showing what could be done and, after a number of conferences, was authorized to proceed. It was an evidence of what can be accomplished when complete sympathy and understanding between owner and architect exist.

As to a few details:

In the original house, the kitchen was in the basement and meals had to be brought up to the pantry and dining room on the first floor by means of a dumb-waiter. Fortunately, the elimination of this inconvenience was easy: there were too many rooms on the main floor of the original building and a new kitchen and pantry could easily be put in the space occupied by the old dining room, leaving space with a magnificent view for a new dining room.

The porte-cochere was removed and a new entrance and portico built, centered on a handsome wide hall between the new dining room and the living room. It made a very satisfactory first floor in smaller space than had been occupied by the old house.

Portions of the exterior were veneered with brick and whitewashed and the roof was shingled with Ludowici-Celadon flat shingle tiles having the appearance of an old wooden roof but enjoying the advantage of being fireproof.

The old-fashioned carved staircase which had dominated the first floor of the old house was replaced by a graceful circular staircase of simple Georgian character. The old library was repanelled in the same style. Plank floors, cornices, trim, etc., were added or redesigned in the Georgian character.

The old-fashioned verandahs were replaced with flagstone terraces, which gave added light and a view to all the principal rooms. Incidentally, a considerable economy was effected in this operation, by simply using the old floors as a base for the concrete on which the new flagstone was laid.

The roof of the house was now lowered eight feet, which resulted in a more balanced exterior and at the same time made the house considerably smaller, in that it brought about the elimination of several third floor rooms.

The second floor bedrooms and baths, with their dressing rooms, were now redone and equipped with modern mechanical installations, to the end that the house became as livable as it was now handsome.

Mr. Graham was so pleased with the re-

The living room, furnished in graceful Georgian style, is shown after it had been remodelled as part of the new plan

F. S. LINCOLN PHOTOS

The back of the house, showing one of the flagstone terraces which have replaced the old-fashioned verandas and which besides simplifying the exterior lines of the house have the advantage of giving added light and view to all the principal rooms

sult that he had other buildings on the place redone too, to make a harmonious whole. The stable, for example, was remodelled into a garage by lowering its roof lines to make it suggestive of a New England cottage.

And, let it not be forgotten, the result achieved cost approximately one-half of what it would have cost to tear down the old place and put up a new one.

Mr. Delehanty believes that there are many houses, in many parts of the country which occupy delightful sites worthy of better architecture than is now imposed on them. Indeed there is scarcely a town or city in the northeastern part of the country which doesn't have many such houses. They were originally built by prosperous, solid citizens and they were built to last; the materials of which they are constructed are frequently of the very best and will be sound many, many years from now. They are worthy of a better fate than that of merely being torn down.

The library, situated next to the living room, with its simple Georgian paneling and other features which have modernized the old room

In the enthusiasm aroused in his mind over the successful result of the Samuel Graham house in Connecticut Mr. Delehanty further believes that many of these "heartbreak" houses could be remodelled by good architects so well that they might rival the best designs seen along the James River and in other historical sections of the country.

Moreover, the remodelling of these houses goes far beyond the mere superficial appearance. Lowering roofs, lopping off wings, and otherwise eliminating the many superficial rooms which these houses always contain, is no small item when fuel bills are considered. It also makes for more efficient heating or air conditioning of the remaining rooms as well as simplifying the decorating and servant problem.

It is indeed interesting to see what imagination, courage, and the enterprise to tackle difficult problems can do, once given the chance to try adventure—even in the field of architecture.

WOODCOCK but no dog

ETCHING BY W. J. SCHALDACH
COURTESY THE CROSSROADS OF SPORT

by P. P. PITKIN

WE are led to believe that shooting woodcock without a dog is like eating parsnips without butter; very uninspiring. The recent abbreviated seasons make us wonder, however, whether this form of sport is not bound to increase whether we like it or not.

We have had a good many years now wherein the dog has had but one month out of twelve in which to learn and practice his pleasant trade. The rest of the year he has spent in kennels, with what exercise he was given or could wangle. In spite of this there have been, and are, many very fine performers on woodcock.

At least one legislature is now in the throes of birthing a law which will prohibit the shooting man from giving his dog any pre-season training. Then, with a total of only fifteen (or is it sixteen?) working days out of 365, what will become of the woodcock dog? Will he go the way of the grouse dog?

Within easy remembering-distance there were fine grouse-dogs—plenty of them—when the open season lasted from September first to January first. But the dogs now living cannot remember seasons of more than 30 to 45 days, and do not get the experience in a lifetime that the old dogs got in their first three years.

Fortunately, woodcock shooting does not depend on dogs nearly so much as many believe. Most bird-shooters are dog-lovers —who isn't?— and many of them are dog-men first and bird-men second. The former get more kick from seeing a fine dog, or a brace of them, find and point their game in style than they get from seeing the game itself, be it in the air, in the bag or on the table. To the bird-man, on the contrary, the game is the thing and he can hunt and find his woodcock without a dog nearly as well as he can with one, but he must surely work a whole lot harder by himself.

Dogless woodcock hunting is a game for the young, the lean and the wiry: not for the old, the fat, the wheezy.

For the woodcock, as we all know, normally inhabits the thickets of black alders where the branches meet and cross and twine, and where the creepers grow crosswise to a height just above the shooter's head. To make progress in such a place a man must hold his gun in one hand and sweep things aside with the other. He must hold his gun vertically to get it through the alders and horizontally to get it past the creepers. (A compromise position is a splendid mental exercise.)

TO work in such a tangle with a dog is no great exertion. One can battle brush, then rest a little, listening to the merry tinkle of the dog bell; when it stops he can make as bee a line as conditions permit toward the place where he last heard it and take his shot.

That's one way to work out a cover. The other way, the way of the dogless gunner, is to quarter the ground in much the same way the dog does, only the gunner can get no help from his nose—in fact, the damned thing is a hindrance, and so are spectacles.

We will assume that the gunner could find no inexperienced person as companion, and to do the dirty work, so he is alone; and that you are the gunner. You will, then, do an easy and pleasant piece of work first. If the cover has one open edge—that is, if it ends abruptly at a fence, or a path, or an open field—you will walk slowly along outside that edge, very close to the thicket.

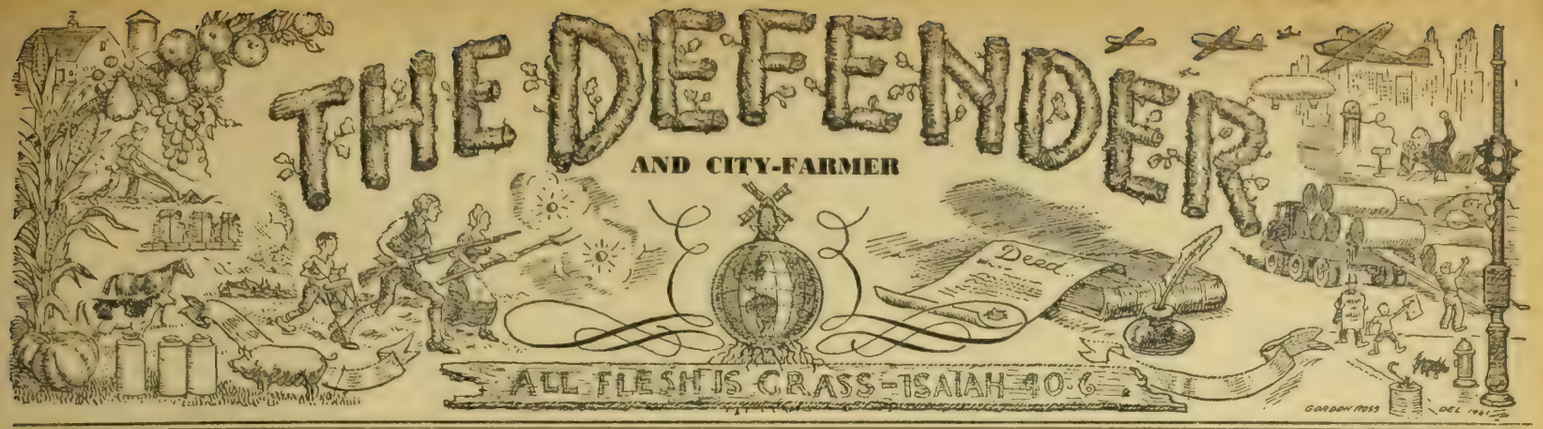
If there is a bird there he will probably fly along the edge in the open, either before or behind the shooter, offering about the easiest shot in woodcockdom. (If you were five yards, or even three, inside the cover the bird would do the same thing, offering plenty of twitter but no glimpse.) If he gets up within the cover your chances are at least as good as if you were in there with him.

If you have not secured your limit—and you won't have—by the time you have travelled the length of the thicket, go inside about 25 yards and go back parallel to your first stroll but in a zig-zag course, about twenty yards to the tack. In this way cover the entire alder patch, and, if there are any woodcock there you have probably flushed them and had some shots—and know you've been somewhere.

At this point it is well to mention the matter of speed. If you crash and tear along as fast as you possibly can it is doubtful if you flush any birds. They can stand a lot of disturbance without batting an eye. I have seen a wild, racing pointer run right over one without causing it to flush. So don't be in a hurry. Stop every little while and stand still and get your wind.

Watch the ground! Try to see fresh borings or chalking and if you do see them, *stop!* Stand still for a minute or more. If a bird doesn't flush within that time take a couple of steps. For the woodcock is so constituted that he can't stand being stood beside: his nerve gives way and he is in a jitter, and with the first move you make he is up and off.

And if you don't flush him at first, poke and loiter right around the signs, say in a ten-yard circle, and if he doesn't get up and give you a shot you will have good cause for surprise. If one does get up look out for another, and don't be caught napping. (*Continued on page* 54)



NOVEMBER, 1941 *A special feature of* COUNTRY LIFE

PERSONALS

J. Carroll Molloy, the Doylestown real estater, has sold so many Pennsylvania farms to folks he finally sold himself. Bought a place in Bucks County.

*** Willis Blodgett, prexy of the Farm Club of New York, is getting up a special train to take folks to the International in Chicago.

Robert W. Woodruff, chairman of the outfit that makes all that Coca-Cola stuff, has bought Buffalo Bill's 4,600-acre ranch outside of Cody, Wyoming, to raise cattle and horses. Great place! Been there myself.

Nate Crabtree is beating a path from his Minneapolis advertising office to ten acres sixteen miles out of town.

☞ Seymour H. Knox, who likes to divide his time between East Aurora, up in New York, and Aiken, down in South Carolina, has to give a thought now and then to Louisiana, where he is interested in 6,000 acres full of tung trees.

Stewart Wark, another advertising feller, is one of the rapidly growing family of city-farmers; his eyes light up when you mention Vermont.

* F. Ambrose Clark, America's greatest exponent of the pearl derby, had some of the New York Farmers to lunch at his little place in Westbury, "Longuyland," the other day; they took a gander at his spotless stable and then went to see the running of the Charlie Appleton Memorial Steeplechase at Belmont Park. A good time, etc.

EXTRA! Ladd Haystead, who claims to have something to do with Art Kudner's farms down in Maryland, took a 3,000-mile swing around the circle last month. Says he learned something, even if it was only verification of what he thought before.

Arthur Ball has 13 Kerry cows for sale, thus putting Ireland back in the spotlight.

** E. B. Elliott, an advertising birdie in Miami, Florida, is starting a new American industry growing something called ramie, from which the Pharoahs made their linen shirts. Egyptian mummies used to be embalmed in this stuff, which gives you a rough idea what it can do for Florida's waste acres.

Arthur Forester, advertising's gift to W. & J. Sloane, is a city-farmer now, with a magnet that draws him upstate from New York, almost to Albany.

☞ Good God, are all city-farmers advertising men???

Which reminds us that Lucian King has given up going to a gymnasium noontimes and has bought three acres in Westchester. Sore about it, too. "You have pushed another man," he writes angrily, "one who has for twelve years lived with the greatest pleasure and comfort in the city, toward the trials of country life."

Anson C. Miller, who pastes books together in Long Island City, is giving the Government 100% coöperation even before it asks for it. They've announced a 33% reduction on soybeans in New Jersey and Bud beat 'em to it on his farm near New Brunswick. His soybeans didn't show up at all, except maybe here and there.

** C. F. Cusack, and dare we mention he runs an advertising agency, has nailed down ten acres in the Cherry Hills district outside of Denver, Colorado, for himself. Says Colorado has gone in for small farms in a big way.

M. H. Woody, owner of Clear Creek Farms at Greentown, Indiana, had a swell time at the State Fair. And why not? He came home with a hatful of ribbons won by his good Percherons.

H. H. Hampton, who has something to do with running a railroad, is on the job getting things ready for a second Mid-American Chemurgic Conference bringing together agriculture, industry, and science, to be held one of these weeks in Cleveland.

*** Lieut. Frank A. Flower has been doin' some thinkin' while flying around among those clouds. He's written friends in Ohio that he wants to buy a farm around Cleveland. Must have a decent, clean, liveable house, shady trees, good soil, in general a place where a gentleman might live. Size unimportant.

The place that belongs to D. L. Noyes, the hello man who lives outside of Newtown, Pennsylvania, is called Nitchevo Farm. Russian for "Who the hell cares?"

Albert Tilt, Jr., who works in New York, is getting experts to help him pick out a farm in Connecticut. Needless to say, another advertising man gone right.

*** James W. Gerard, our Ambassador to Germany during the unpleasantness of twenty-odd years ago, is thinking of buying a big farm "somewhere in the United States." His wife already has six or seven thousand acres in the Bitter Root section of Montana.

Whitney Warren, Jr., has given up Park Avenue and Palm Beach in order to grow peaches on his Bear River Ranch, in Wheatland, Cal.

NOTICE

Members of city-farmer clubs throughout the country are cordially invited to send news of their activities monthly to "The Defender."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

In "The Defender," several months ago, we reported on the possibility that a national association of farmers' and agricultural clubs was something that secretaries of city-farmer clubs were mulling over in their minds.

The advantages and disadvantages of having a national association made a subject which was discussed in many quarters with considerable interest and no small amount of energy.

Those in favor of the plan thought of the great value that a central clearing house would have for secretaries of city-farmer clubs, particularly in the exchange of information. Those opposed feared that the spontaneity of the city-farmer movement, to say nothing of its distinctly local usefulness, might be endangered if a national office, and particularly a paid secretariat, be set up.

At any rate, the whole matter was to be thrashed out at a meeting at the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago on October 29, unfortunately too late to be reported on in this issue. A. E. Albaugh, secretary of the Agricultural Club, Chicago, did yeoman's work in getting the meeting organized.

MILWAUKEE

The Milwaukee Farmers are enjoying a program of monthly dinner meetings with outstanding agricultural speakers. The Wisconsin College of Agriculture has contributed much to interesting programs on crops, livestock and general farm management.

The Milwaukee Farmers have a membership of 50 and have made an effort to accept only interested members so that they might have a high percentage of attendance at each meeting.

The summer get-together of the Milwaukee Farmers is usually a picnic at one of the member's farms. The year 1941 took the group to Dr. Hansen's farm to see his Brown Swiss herd, his riding horses, and his beautiful farm layout. Dr. Hansen is an enthusiastic member as well as a good farmer.

Fall and winter meetings are arranged as dinner meetings at the City Club. Directors hold a short session before each regular meeting to save time.

The winter of 1941-1942 will bring speakers on farm buildings, general farm management, raising beef, sheep and crop rotations, as well as a meeting to which the wives of the Milwaukee Farmers will be invited.

The Milwaukee Farmers have their headquarters of 622 North Water Street. Robert Elsner is their president, R. C. Swanson their secretary.

PHILADELPHIA

"The Defender" permitted himself a luxury last month. He mused. He mused as to why he hadn't heard of or from a city-farmer in Philadelphia. A city almost encircled by rich farmlands, a happy blending of the beautiful and the utilitarian, a rare tradition in agriculture, business, sport . . . And no city-farmer doings?

It seemed impossible. As indeed it was, for no sooner had he translated these random thoughts into cold type, than he was all but washed away in a flood of enlightening mail from the Quaker City. It turned out that Philadelphia has not only city-farmer doings but *more than any other city in the United States!*

Let us doff our hats, gentlemen, in honor of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture. Oldest city-farmer club in the nation, its seal proudly bears the date 1785.

Some 115 gentlemen of Philadelphia belong, most owning and operating farms, all earnestly interested in the betterment of agricultural conditions. Their proudest possession is a collection of manuscripts dating from 1785.

Let us pay our respects now to the Farmers Club of Pennsylvania, a club of well known Philadelphians interested in business, the professions, agriculture. A mere stripling compared with the one afore-mentioned, this club was founded only 94 years ago, in 1847.

There are a dozen members and George Wharton Pepper is secretary.

Now, one might be pardoned for thinking two city-farmer clubs enough for one city, but that is not the case. A third was in process of organization last month.

Thanks to the energy of Oilman V. L. Elliott, who has only lived in Philadelphia 21 years and must therefore still be considered an Oklahoman, a hundred-odd Philadelphians who own and operate farms were invited to the dignified Union League Club on October 8 to see if they too wished to promote good fellowship and better farming practices.

A banquet room full of interested Philadelphians showed up, looked each other in the eyes, shook hands, ate an excellent lunch, and listened to speeches by Wayne Dinsmore, president of The Chicago Farmers, biggest farm club in the country, and Peter Vischer, editor and publisher of "Country Life."

After the speeches, Mr. Elliott rapped sharply for order, asked a show of hands to determine how many present wanted a third Philadelphia city-farmer club to be formed. Undismayed by the words that had been hurled at them, every man jack present voted yes. It was so ordered.

THE DEFENDER
and
CITY-FARMER

A Gazette of Rural and City Life for the Modern American

There is nothing better than farming, nothing more fruitful, nothing more delightful, nothing more worthy of a free man.—*Cicero.* The profit of the earth is for all.—*Ecclesiastes.* The best citizens spring from the cultivators.—*Cato.* The value of farm property in the United States, 1940, is $33,641,738,726. — *U. S. Census.* Millions for defense . . .

PATRICK Q. HENRY, *Editor*

NOVEMBER, 1941

AN IDEA

They make use of a good idea in New Jersey that we should like to recommend to our city-farmer friends and their organizations. It's a very simple idea designed to bring city and country people together, to make farmers and manufacturers understand each other better.

Once a year, the Agricultural and Industrial Development Committee of the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce get together and plan a little tour. Either they take industrialists out to see some farms, or, unless we're mistaken, they get farmers to come into town and see some of the big factories.

This year they went on a trip through luscious Monmouth County, visiting typical agricultural establishments. They started at P. D. Van Mater's Joceda Farm at Marlboro at 1:30, where they saw the highest producing Jersey herd of forty cows or more in the whole gosh-darned United States! To say nothing of some pretty modern equipment, including a silage harvester, combine and pick-up baler.

Then they went to Laird's Distillery, at Scobeyville, where applejack (Jersey Lightning to the cognoscenti) has been made since 1780; mind you, 25,000,000 pounds of apples go through this place in a year.

Dr. Robert A. Cooke's Hockshockson Farm was next on the program and what a sight this was! An abandoned farm in 1936, this is now in such a state of fertility that fifty head of beef cattle —purebred Aberdeen-Angus—and 1,400 Barred Plymouth Rocks are fed from it. Dr. Cooke gets 100 bushels of corn from his acres, as against the New Jersey average of 38 and a national average of 30.

Rapp's Leghorn Poultry Farm at Farmingdale provided the next stop and here they saw what twenty years in the poultry business can do. The guests—those still able to stand—saw 4,500 White Leghorns, an incubator system capable of 83,000 eggs that turns out 200,000 chicks a year.

The tour ended at C. R. Applegate's Wemrock Apple Orchards at Freehold, where 200 acres of bearing apples meet the eye, from which some 40,000 bushels are taken every year.

Mind you, 138 people—including a representative of "The Defender" and some other members of the press—went on this tour, mostly in cars provided by the Chamber of Commerce. With a motorcycle police escort, they just sizzled from place to place.

The party ended up at a nice old inn called Buttonwood Manor, at Matawan. And, believe it or not, there wasn't a speech. *Not a single sales talk!* Just good fellowship, a lot of college songs on which to yell yourself hoarse, and some . . . ah . . . applejack.

Did this party make friends for New Jersey from the outsiders that were allowed to come along? Do you imagine the representatives of Anheuser-Busch, General Motors, John A. Roebling's Sons Company, the A & P, and all the others, didn't tell the boys back home what a good time they'd had? And what a great place New Jersey is? And did the industrialists catch on to what the farmers are trying to do?

Man, oh man, you should have heard what a nuisance the glowing representative of "The Defender" made of himself when he came back to the office.

STATISTICS

We know a fellow named Ben Parsons, who comes from Missouri, now lives in Chicago, and travels all over the country talking to farmers, city-farmers, and those closely related by business or marriage. He says he peddles space for a magazine named "Country Life," but so far as we can tell from actual first-hand knowledge he just keeps sticking his nose in places and making pointed remarks.

For instance, he's been writing us ever since "The Defender" first appeared, complaining that it's all very well for this sheet to boast of its Colonial ancestry but that that isn't reason enough why its statistics should be far behind the times.

You can tell what he's talking about by looking at the upper left-hand corner on this page, where it tells what the value of all farm property in the United States is. Up until this month we quoted the "World Almanac" as saying that the figure, in 1935, amounted to $57,245,544,269—and Ben didn't like it.

What are you doing with a 1935 figure, he kept jabbing away, when you can get the 1940 figures by simply asking the Government for them? And what we were doing with those old figures, of course, was that we don't keep the census on the tip of our tongue or the top of our desk. We have Cato and a Bible and Cicero, sure—and a "World Almanac" dated 1935. So there.

This man Parsons didn't write the Government to send us the census; he wrote us to write the Government to send us one. And we finally did.

The Government shows a much lower figure than the "World Almanac," to wit $33,641,738,726 for 1940. As against $32,858,844,012 for 1935; $47,-879,838,358 for 1930—and an all-time high in 1920 of $66,316,002,602.

And if you don't like this decrease in the value of our farms (land and buildings) over the past twenty-odd years just give a thought to the money this nation is spending today. Thirty billion dollars may have seemed like an awful lot of jack a few years ago but today it's only something to toss gaily over the fence to Russia, once you're dead certain that things are going bad and they're sure going to need it.

So we say in the immortal words of the radio announcer, thank you Ben Parsons, for drawing our attention to a bit of truth. We're all for the truth and facing it, like men.

FARM CLUB OF NEW YORK

They put on a brother act, a sort of Alphonse and Gaston, at the October meeting of the Farm Club of New York, held at the Hotel Roosevelt on October 8, with some sixty-odd goggle-eyed members in attendance. Prof. Carl Bender and Dr. Firman Bear from the college-farmer outfit the State of New Jersey runs at New Brunswick did the mental tap-dancing.

First Prof. Bender would tell you that the Government wants milk production in the Northeast increased about 3 per cent., and the split-second he caught some hungry member's eyes wandering off in search of a waiter or a cigar, Dr. Bear would butt in and tell you how to do it.

And the moment that Dr. Bear would find himself running out of breath from explaining how this could be done without buying a single cow or a wisp of hay, simply by putting into effect a better program of hayland and pasture management, Prof. Bender would jump back into action and demonstrate how easy it all is.

Take advantage of the soil-testing service provided by New Jersey's Agricultural Extension Service and Experiment Station, he said, and see if your place doesn't need lime. Almost certainly you do, here in the Northeast, if you want to grow alfalfa. Indeed, you ought to get the lime down where the long taproots of this digger (probably the nicest borer we have) can get at it.

Yes indeed, Dr. Bear would butt in, you've got to have a pH around 6.5 if you want alfalfa. If you've only got 6.0, it might make more sense to put in ladino clover and if your pH value is lower give a thought to some other clovers and grasses. In other words, don't be a jackass and insist on growing alfalfa at an outrageous cost to yourself if other grasses will grow cheaper and better.

Certainly, interrupted Prof. Bender, and what's the matter with timothy anyway? By the time he got through talking about timothy—holding Dr. Bear on the two-yard line all the while—the members were virtually rolling the stuff around their palates and getting a mighty fine flow of saliva, too.

It wasn't long before Dr. Bear broke through. Lime is something you can put on any time, he said, fall, winter, spring. Put on any kind of lime that's handy, meaning the least expensive in your neighborhood, remembering that a ton of ordinary limestone is equivalent to 1,480 pounds of the dehydrated stuff.

Don't forget to take care of your permanent pastures, said Prof. Bender changing the subject ever so slightly just to make the members forget Dr. Bear for a moment. Put 500 pounds of a 5-10-10 fertilizer in the late fall, November or December, or early in the spring, in March. You might give consideration, too, interpolated Dr. Bear, for an additional 200 pounds of one of the standard carriers of nitrogen on a limited acreage of pasture land for special early grazing . . .

Well, boys, it was like a tennis match with the heads all bobbing first this way, then that. But it was good, mighty good, and the folks so quiet and attentive you could have heard a cow drop.

Membership in the Farm Club of New York seems to be growing by leaps and bounds. Saw quite a few new faces at the Hotel Roosevelt luncheon held in October.

R. F. D.

SOME SPUDS

To the Editor:

"The Defender" and the Editor's Cornucopia in "Country Life" were both very kind to Buckstone Farm through a happy combination of potatoes and Belgians (a touch of cabbages and kings). With this note comes a sample of the former, and I hope you will agree that our city-farmers can grow potatoes in our own defense.

It seems that this year's crop on our light river land at Washington Crossing will bake and fry with the offerings from Maine and Long Island. And right here let me tie in with the leading article and the cartoon in "The Defender." We prepared the ground for these spuds with a heavy tractor, but we planted, cultivated, dusted, and dug them with our Belgians. To watch the production of a crop such as this, or many other jobs on a medium-sized farm, would convince anyone of the desirability of both horses and tractor.

But argument aside, what the hell is a farm without a horse?

Our mares would not let their love of exhibition interfere with their real love, work: back from Trenton Sunday and out digging potatoes Monday. I think they really prefer the so-called humdrum life of a farmer.

GEORGE R. KENT,
Washington Crossing, Pa.

Pretty soft, this graft, for ye ed. Some spuds!

FOREIGNERS

To the Editor:

I saw a letter about moles, the elimination of moles, in the last issue of "The Defender" signed by J. A. P. Beetle. Some foreigner, obviously.

What interests me is how to get rid of these J. A. P. Beetle chaps. Why don't they go back to where they came from.

U. S. MOLE,
Paradise, Pa.

FARM BUG

To the Editor:

I see by "The Defender" that a lot of these city fellows are getting the farm bug. Now, I get around a lot in New England, doing my quiet peddling, and I think maybe you'd be interested to hear about some of the city-farmers that I come across.

F'r instance, up in Meriden I hear about one Bert Tilt and how he had gone to the County Agents and the Agricultural College boys, in addition to the real estate folks, and how he had them all on their toes trying to find him just the layout he ought to have to run a dairy. Lives in New York but somehow yearns (and I can't blame him) for the hills of Connecticut.

Met up with him the other day and I says to him, how come all this investigation? Well, says he, if I'm going to be a farmer I aim to get all the advance dope I can, duck all the mistakes I can, and get set up as right as I can. Just didn't like unnecessary headaches.

Then he rushed off, saying he was headed for the Fairchild Camera people to get a bird's eye picture of a farm he was getting kinda sot on . . .

Bet he'll be a sure enough Connecticutter inside of six months.

R. W. WEEKS,
New Canaan, Conn.

CINCINNATI

The City Farmers Club of Cincinnati, active in Ohio, is by now happily settled in its new quarters in the Hotel Metropole. Its first meeting was held there under the aegis of President Homer S. Toms on October 7, to hear Carl Bibbee, County Agent for Hamilton County, speak on agriculture today and tomorrow as it stands right at home.

It is interesting that "land in farms" has decreased in Hamilton County during the past sixty years and things, largely due to the current defense effort, are getting worse. In 1880 there were 215,914 acres in farmland; according to the census figures of 1940 there were only 136,157.

Nor is this all. The change has been paralleled by a corresponding decrease in the size of Hamilton County's farms, from an average of 53.1 acres in 1880 to 47.5 in 1940. Farms of this size indicate, of course, an intensive agriculture.

The farmers of Hamilton County do better, though, than their neighbors. Its farms are smaller than the eight counties closest but its estimated gross cash income per acre from the sale of agricultural products and AAA payments in 1939 is the biggest: $28.77 for Hamilton against the low of $9.77 for Brown.

The late October meeting was scheduled to hear W. E. Weaver, Director of the Hamilton County Experiment Farm. He was to speak principally on fertilizing, seeding and harvesting practices.

TULSA

This is the story of one of the most enthusiastic and effective farm clubs in the country, the Tulsa Farm Club, of Oklahoma, as told by its president, Charles D. Thomas, of the Thomas Land Company, with the thought that it might help others to get organized:

The Tulsa Farm Club was organized in July of 1939. Some fifteen Tulsa business and professional men who own or operate farms and ranch properties met at my country home and organized it after discussing the organization and success of the Chicago Farm Club.

The original membership was limited to fifty. However it was soon learned that there were many more than this number interested in becoming members of such an organization. As a result the membership was raised to 100. Last year, due to having so many prospective members' applications on file, we decided to increase the membership to 125.

The object of our club is stated as follows: "To advance the general agricultural pursuits of the Tulsa trade area and promote the farming interests of our members."

Roster: For the benefit of our members we have compiled a loose leaf Roster. Each member of the club on the payment of his dues is entitled to a full page in this Roster on which he gives the following information: Name, business connection, business address, business and resident telephone, name of farm, location of farm, type of farming, his birthplace, and when he moved to Tulsa.

This Roster, loose leaf, permits us to take pages out and insert new ones as our membership changes. We have found that a large number of our members carry their copy of the Roster in the pocket of their car so that they can refer to it in locating farm properties of members.

We have found this Roster to be of great value to our members and a large number of outside interests have asked for copies of this Roster for various purposes. However, we have restricted its distribution to those people through whom the membership will be benefited the most.

Management: The management of our club is controlled entirely by the board of directors and its officers, while a great deal of the work is done by committees. We have a secret membership committee, a Roster committee, and a program committee. The duties of these committees are obvious. We have an annual election of the board of directors who in turn name the officers. Annual membership dues, $10.

Programs: We have tried to make our programs varied in nature in order that they will be of interest to all of the members. Our meetings in the summer months are usually held on the farms and ranches of some of the members while the meetings in the winter time are held indoors; usually at one of the local hotels.

Last year we had several good scientific talks on the management of pastures; the need and requirements of minerals for livestock; one on the care and management of hogs; and one meeting for new developments in the field of farm chemurgy. We had several social gatherings to which the members' wives and other members of the family were invited. At most of these mixed parties we have an orchestra and the old-time square dance.

We have made several farm tours. One on the inspection of tame grasses and another on the study of fertilizer and soil erosion control practices. Our meetings are usually attended by 60 to 75 per cent. of the membership, even though our membership is made up of busy men who have business interests all over the United States.

Accomplishments: We believe through the organization of the Tulsa Farm Club that we have accomplished many worthwhile things. We have developed new agricultural leadership from farm-minded men and women who were previously almost unknown in agricultural circles. At the Tulsa State Fair this year about 30 per cent. of the club membership volunteered to be hosts for one or more days during the fair.

The Farm Club has been a means of bringing together the leading agriculturally-minded and progressive farm property owners of this community. There appears to be nothing that a busy man has time to talk about any more than his farm and farm experiences.

We have decidedly caused an increased interest in better farming methods and better types of livestock. In short, the Tulsa Farm Club was needed and we feel that it has proved to be a success.

We believe that any city of considerable size, possibly 25,000 to 30,000 people or more, could do well to organize a farm club. We assisted in organizing the Okmulgee, Oklahoma, Farm Club. We have had requests for our organization set-up from Wichita, Kansas. We shall be glad to assist the organization of other farm clubs in the Southwest.

KARL MARX WANTS ANOTHER FIVE OR SIX BILLION AID FOR RUSSIA

CARTOON BY THE CELEBRATED CESARE

CLEVELAND

Perhaps the best introduction to a high-spot review of the whys and wherefores of the Cleveland Farmers' Club of The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce would be to state its four principal objectives, which are:

To promote the general knowledge of and interest in farm life.

To interpret agriculture to industry and industry to agriculture.

To aid the members in producing and marketing the yield of their farms.

To advance the coöperation between Cleveland distributors, processors and consumers, and Ohio farmers.

Cleveland's club is perhaps unique in that it aims to embrace in its membership both the city man who owns and operates a farm or farms, and the actual country farmer who derives his living from the soil. Also in the membership of the club are embraced those persons connected with agricultural industry who in many cities belong to organizations known as agricultural clubs.

The Cleveland Farmers' Club was called into being about twenty-one months ago by The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce to serve the additional purpose of being the official liason between agriculture and industry as part of its Trade Expansion Program, and the success of the club in this direction has now become history.

Among the activities which the club has engaged in other than its regular meetings and farm tours have been the promotion of the Cuyahoga Metropolitan County Fair for two years, the sponsorship of the Mid-American Farm Chemurgic Conference in September of 1940, the Sixteenth Annual Cleveland Live Stock Banquet, etc.

Its programs have been shaped to bring first-hand, practical information to members on a wide variety of everyday, current farm problems, and the frequent tours during the spring, summer and fall seasons have been varied and warmly welcomed by the membership. These tours include the hothouse vegetable growing area, dairy farms, Wooster Agricultural Experiment Station, forestry, fruit farming, etc.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the club's regular monthly meetings is the question period. The Program Committee is contemplating additional round table meetings during the 1941-42 season.

Farm ownership as represented by the club's membership covers a wide area, embracing sixteen counties of Ohio and seven other states. The total acreage represented is tremendous, and the products of the members' farms varied.

City and country men, who less than two years ago did not know one another, now through membership in the club call one another by their first names, which fact in itself is best evidence that the club has broken down a lot of the unjustifiable suspicion between the city and the country.

The club's Board of Directors is so constituted as to give city and country members equitable representation, as are the various standing and special committees. While no membership effort has been put forth, it is gratifying to note that the growth of the club has been spontaneous and steady. Incidentally, and particularly for the benefit of the country man, membership in The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce is not obligatory.

CHICAGO

The Chicago Farmers opened their fall sessions on September 18 with an address on "Black Sheep and Otherwise" by Prof. William G. Kammlade, Chief in Sheep Husbandry at the University of Illinois. This was followed on October 7 by an address by Prof. A. L. Anderson, head of the swine work at the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, who addressed The Chicago Farmers on "How Many and What Kind of Sows Shall I Breed? When?"

Anderson forecast a moderate increase in production, probably 10 per cent., which most farmers could take care of without building any extra buildings or pens or pastures, provided rigid sanitary precautions were observed. He emphasized the importance of selecting medium type sows from prolific strains that had established their ability to make rapid gains. He stressed that they should be bred only to purebred boars of accepted type that likewise had made rapid gains during their growing period.

"Cross breeding," he said, "is accepted for the production of commercial hogs—market hogs. Care must be exercised to breed only pure-bred boars."

He reported that where cross breeding was properly carried out fewer pigs are born dead—6 to 10 per cent. against 15 to 17 per cent. for purebreds. Slightly more of the cross-breds are alive at weaning time—68 to 74 per cent. against 55 to 61 per cent. for the purebreds.

At weaning time, Prof. Anderson said, the Ames figures show that cross-bred pigs averaged nearly four pounds heavier. Crossbreds outgained the purebreds in the feedlot and reached 225 pounds weight from ten days to two weeks ahead of the average for the purebreds. The more rapid gains resulted in 25 to 30 pounds less feed required to get the pigs to marketable weight.

Crossbred sows are reasonably good pig producers, the ten-year test at Ames shows, either mated back to a boar of one of the parent breeds or to a third breed. When sired by a purebred boar, said the speaker, the pigs from the crossbred sows, either back-cross or three-breed cross, compare favorably with those from the first cross.

Of the more than five hundred Chicago Farmers only 15 per cent. are interested in sheep production, but nearly half of them are interested in breeding and raising hogs. About one-third of the members are interested in dairying in some manner and approximately half are interested in beef cattle, either in breeding stock or in feeders.

Questionnaires handed out to 107 Chicago Farmers who were present at the meeting on October 7 brought some interesting information on the relative yield of crops this year and last. Fifty-three per cent. of those reporting said their small grain crops were better this year than last. Thirty-two per cent. said, "Not so good," and 15 per cent. reported the yield was approximately the same.

Hay was a little better. Fifty-eight per cent. of those reporting said their hay crop was better, 22 per cent. said it was not as good and 20 percent. reported that it was about the same.

The report on corn was still better. Eighty-one per cent. of those reporting said that corn promised to yield better than last year, 11 per cent. said it would not be as good and 8 per cent. reported that it would be about the same as last year.

The sowing of legumes, either clovers or alfalfa, and its progress constituted another question. Seventy-one per cent. of those reporting had planted clovers in the spring of 1941 and 55 per cent. had planted alfalfa either in the spring or this fall, but most of those who had planted alfalfa had also planted clover.

Comparatively few reported having purchased stockers or feeders since July 1, but a good many indicated that they would buy feeders between now and January 1 if the price was right. General opinion seemed to be that prices on beef calves or yearlings were too high. Purchases made thus far have ranged from 9 to 12½ cents per pound, the latter price being paid for extra choice well-bred steer calves weighing 450 pounds per head.

Prospective purchasers indicated they did not intend to go over 10 or 11 cents per pound for feeders bought between now and January 1, which would indicate that the majority of Chicago Farmers have no intention of "bidding up" prices on calves or yearlings.

KALAMAZOO

The Kalamazoo Farmers Club is comparatively new, having been organized in February of 1940, but for enthusiasm and interest it ranks with the best in Michigan. It could be said with truth that it has not only provided pleasure and food for thought for its 68 members, but it has as well begun to exercise a useful influence on its community.

Monthly meetings have been held at which well known agricultural authorities—so far mostly from the great nearby Michigan State College—have appeared to speak. Among them have been Prof. George Brown and Prof. C. L. Cole of the Department of Animal Husbandry; A. A. Johnson, specialist in hybrid corn; Dr. Carter Harrison, expert in pasture management; Prof. C. E. Huffman, student of feeding; Paul Rood, specialist in soils; E. C. Scheidenhelm, judge of dairy cattle; George Wenner, expert in crop improvement.

Other speakers have been Russell Hill, whose subject was "Game and Game Refuge on Farmlands;" Merle E. Drake, Federal Milk Administrator, who appeared with a motion picture; Dr. C. H. Hays, chairman of the United States Animal Disease Control Project.

The first meeting of the fall was held on September 4 at the fabulous W. K. Kellogg Farms, where methods of corn breeding, rotation of pastures, experiments in grass mixtures were seen at first hand. Prof. Harrison came along and gave some useful explanation as to the value of pasture care and rotation.

The president of the Kalamazoo Farmers Club is William J. Lawrence, of the Bryant Paper Company. Vice-president is Charles H. Schutz; secretary-treasurer, William J. Fitzgerald. There are four directors: Charles B. Knappen, J. J. Murray, Dr. C. L. Bennett, and M. D. Ellis.

The original incorporators of the club included most of those above named and also Harry C. Bradford and A. B. Read.

ALSO WORTH READING

While the city-farmer can get practically all the information he needs for a well-ordered life from "The Defender," occasionally articles of value do appear in other publications. We intend here, from time to time, to bring them to our readers' attention.

"All Flesh Is Grass"—an unsigned editorial in the "New York Herald-Tribune," an urban newspaper, October 6, 1941:

The greatest agricultural resource of the State of New York is its ability to grow grass. The importance of this potentiality is made manifest every morning as the pastures of the state, so to speak, are delivered on every door step in the highly concentrated form of milk. If all flesh is grass—beef, lamb and mutton, anyway—then milk is even more so; containing as it does timothy, ryegrass, trefoil, clover and many another fragrant maker of pasture herbage. Holsteins, Guernseys, Jerseys by the hundreds of thousands stood in uplands or in meadows along the Delaware, the Unadilla, the Susquehanna, the Chenango, the Genesee and other rivers with Indian sweetgrass in their manes, ruminating profoundly so that city folks might have cream in their coffee, milk on their cereal. Pastures, moreover, are a gift of nature that needs attention and renewal. The cows work over the grass and so must the farmer in the long run. Research commenced ten years ago at Ithaca resulted in 1938 in Bulletin No. 393 on pasture improvement and management, something that is very much to the fore now not only in New York but throughout the Northeast. With this extension bulletin in hand many farmers are losing their innocent belief that there is nothing to be done about a pasture. War conditions are bringing back the sheep and the beef cattle that were New York's pride many years ago. They, too, as is well known, eat quite a lot of grass; in a punishing degree to pastures sometimes. Even poultry are pastured in their growing season on range. Virtually all our animal intermediaries eat grass and until, like Nebuchadnezzar, we ourselves browse directly on it, up-state pastures are a most important indirect concern of the city.

"Disadvantages of Being a Baronet"—by an unnamed gentleman neither a peer nor, strictly speaking, a commoner in "The Countryman" for October. We quote: "In fact the only hope for a young unmarried baronet after the war will be to go and live in the United States, where they treat titles with the respect due to them. Once installed there he may one day aspire to the hand of some American beauty whose 'pop' has not made enough millions for his daughter to marry into the British peerage. If 'pop' does not buy back, as a wedding present, the family acres for them to struggle to live on, his translation later to a land where he cannot take his dollars will at least allow them to do the place up, add one or two extra bathrooms, and put the drainage into a sanitary condition."

ST. LOUIS

The Farmers' Club of St. Louis resumed its schedule of regular monthly meetings on September 18, following its usual adjournment in July and August.

The fall season was inaugurated with one of the most interesting and informative meetings of the year. Discussing "Trends in Livestock Marketing," Prof. R. C. Ashby, Chief of Livestock Marketing, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, gave his audience a complete picture of this important phase of farm management. His talk featured what he termed the five most important problems in livestock marketing: (1) Lack of understanding on the part of livestock producers; (2) Effective selling; (3) Livestock marketing costs; (4) Excess markets and surplus marketing machinery, and (5) Identifying quality meats and meat quality products to the consumer.

The second of the fall series of Farmers' Club meetings was scheduled for October 13. The speaker, Gerald B. Thorne, of Wilson and Company, Chicago, with the subject "Effects of the War and National Defense Program on the Livestock and Meat Industry."

Now an organization of 155 members, the Farmers' Club of St. Louis was formed on June 16, 1937. Affiliated with the Agricultural Bureau of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, where its offices are maintained, its growth has been continuous, and plans are now under way for a further increase in membership. The club is headed by Walter W. Head, President of the General American Life Insurance Company.

SPOKANE

We haven't heard yet of a city-farmer club in the State of Washington but this item sent to "The Defender" from Spokane isn't far from it:

The first annual Little Spokane Amateur Fair was held on September 13 in Barn No. 3 at the old Glen Tana place. Under the able direction of Warren Russell, Bill Berry, and Harry Calkins vittles, livestock, and handicraft were exhibited and ribbons awarded to outstanding displays. Sarah Cowles, Smith '37 wowed 'em as the bearded lady in the side show. Dr. Mel Aspray was the barker.

Ted Crosby (his kinfolk are all in Hollywood) provided the outstanding flower display and was awarded two blue ribbons for his effort by umpire Aubery White. Mrs. Alan Paine's surrealistic arrangement of fly swatters, plumber's friend, etc., entitled "Spirit of Fall" attracted much attention.

Following the examination and judging of exhibits, box lunches provided by the ladies were offered at auction and snapped up by willing buyers. The supper was enjoyed with all gathering around a huge bonfire. Group singing and dancing kept the farm animals awake long after their customary retiring time.

The evening ended with the auctioning of the exhibits (except livestock), giving the few city slickers who begged their way in a chance to buy and enjoy a few of the vegetables, home canning, etc., common to the life of the farmer.

The fair netted a century note, which was slipped to the Red Cross.

P. T. JONES

"...for an Irish Setter"

by J. HORACE LYTLE

ALMOST without exception, if an Irish Setter today makes any sort of a showing in a field trial—whether he happens to be among the winners, or merely attracts some attention—the report of his performance will not laud him as good beyond this qualification: "For an Irish Setter." Which is damning with faint praise indeed! It means that the dog is outstanding only so far as his great misfortune of breed could even hope to permit.

Any consideration of the welfare of the red dogs is misguided if it is blind to the foregoing fact. Equally so if it does not admit the justification that goes with it. Only by facing the facts—and by knowing their truth—can anyone be in a position to try and help do anything about it.

It would be more entertaining for the writer (even if for no one else) to write in a happy vein, praising the few really good Irish Setters I have known—and telling of their exploits. That could, if done in the right way, be interesting for many readers, too. But it would not of itself shed light on how to find and/or breed more such dogs. And this latter fact is the important thing! Nothing but entertainment can come of mere performance stories of good dogs that are dead. A great good could come from practical suggestions on how to develop red dogs of ability to go out and win today, and do it again tomorrow—without asking any favors.

The first fact to be faced is the very magnitude of the job. If unwilling to do that unswayed by sentiment, the sooner the whole matter of the breed is forgotten, from a field dog standpoint, the better for all concerned. And the first job is to try and *stop the slippage*. Laverack wrote of Irish Setter slippage as long ago as 1872! Yet Dr. Bruette has written rather recently of a red dog he once saw compete on the prairies that "outranged and outbirded, though he did not defeat, the great English Setter, Cowley's Rodfield's Pride." (I shall refer to this again a little later on.)

The veteran professional handler, George Gray, wrote me most entertainingly some few years ago of good (and winning) red dogs that he had both seen and handled in his youth. The late Samuel A. Derieux described an Irish Setter as having had the greatest passion for hunting of any dog he'd known. Not so many years ago my Smada Byrd and McKerry's Pat were winning field trials against some of the best dogs of their day—Smada Byrd once defeated Phil Essig; and once ran second to him. I do not believe there is a living Irish Setter that could even hope to defeat McKerry's Pat. And that's the unfortunate premise with which we must start.

Every Irish Setter fancier, I think, should own a copy of Colonel J. K. Millner's little book on the breed. From it you will read and note pictures of the red and white—or white and red dogs. I'll startle you now with this statement: I think it may well be that the time has come to breed back some of that *white!* Certainly it cannot well be contested that it's long past time to forget color, shape, head, (*Continued on page* 66)

AUTHOR'S PHOTO

The author's well-known Irish Setter Smada Byrd's King on a stylish point; dogs such as this one are all too rare in the breed these days

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

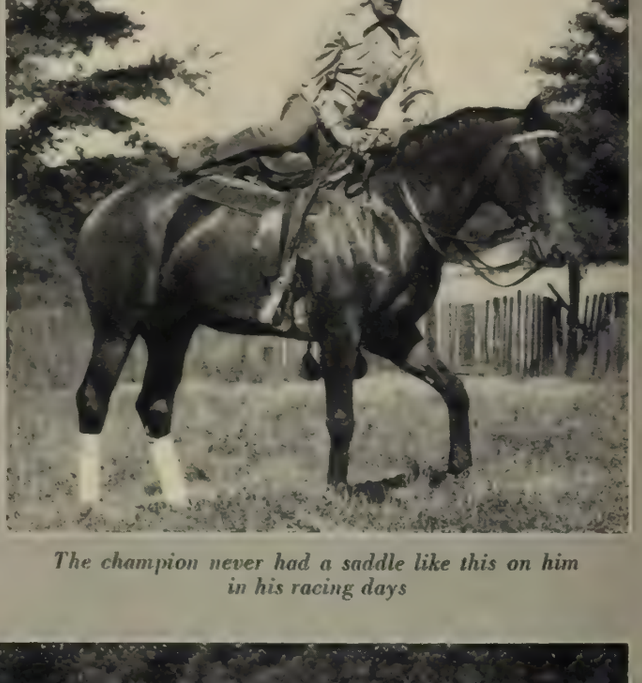
October 2, 1941

Thursday

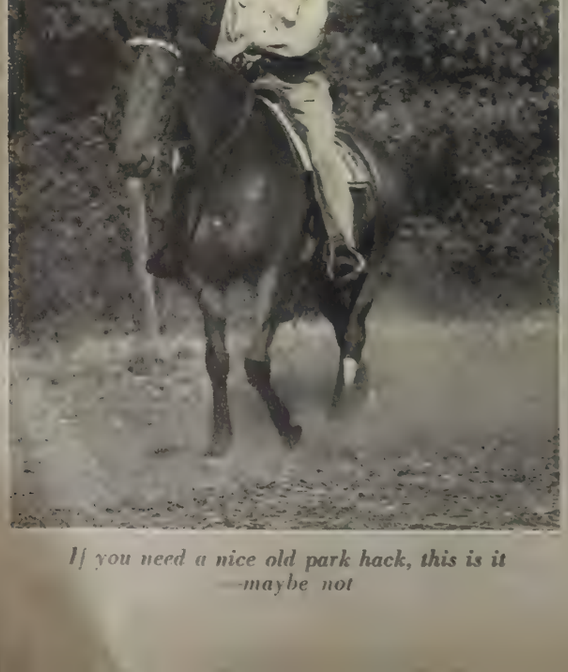
The opportunity to ride a great Thoroughbred stallion is one that few of our modern owners of horses would be likely to seize with relish. For that reason, if for no other, the cordial relationship between Charles S. Howard and his great horse, Seabiscuit, winner of more money ($437,740) than any horse in the history of the world, is particularly pleasing. Every morning when Mr. Howard is at Ridgewood Ranch, his place in Mendocino County, California, he puts an old Western saddle on Seabiscuit and rides the champ for the hour from 8 to 9. We just thought you'd like to see the fun these two have together.

Charles S. Howard's beautiful Ridgewood Ranch, in California, where the mighty Seabiscuit is retired

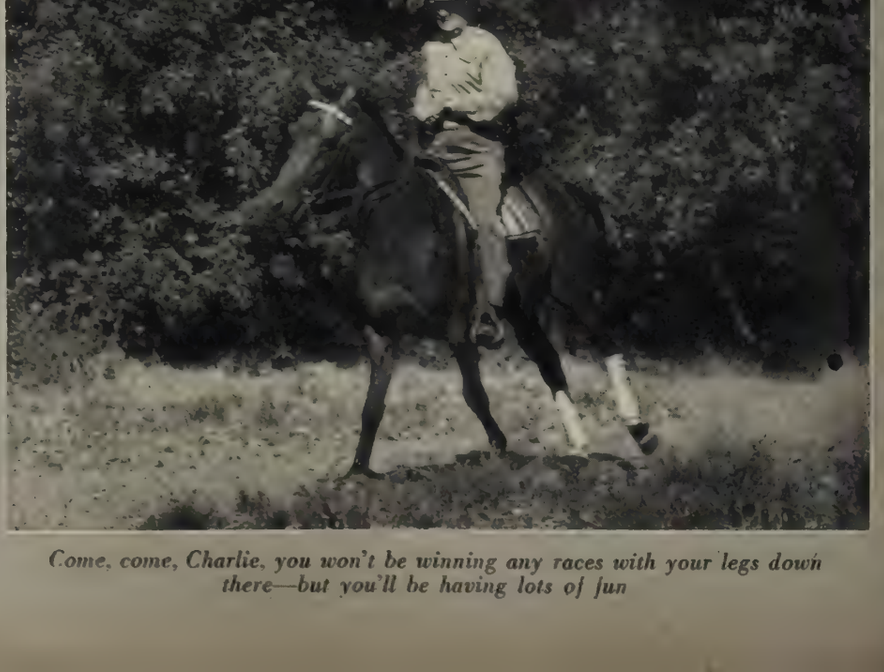
The world's greatest money-winner and his owner start out from his stable for a morning's exercise



The champion never had a saddle like this on him in his racing days



If you need a nice old park hack, this is it —maybe not



Come, come, Charlie, you won't be winning any races with your legs down there—but you'll be having lots of fun

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

Saturday — October 4, 1941

One of the first signs of fall is the start of the field trial season throughout the land. Pointers, Setters, Spaniels, and Retrievers are once more competing in the autumn-painted uplands and along the shores of creeks and bays. Today the scene of activity was the first fall trial of the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club, held near Babylon, L. I. Though not as important as events which will follow, it is at these informal, early fall trials that you first get a line on the coming performers; young dogs and new ones which are going to make names for themselves—perhaps pushing some of the old heroes off their thrones.

Here is some of the gallery watching the water test; as the costumes indicate, it was a day of record heat for October .

Hi-Wood Tossa of Wingan, Labrador Retriever, brings a duck to his owner-handler, Mrs. Allan P. Carlisle; the water must have felt good that day!

The winner of the members' stake was Mrs. Howes Burton's Shadow

Bright Top of Marvidel is seen retrieving a duck to his owner-handler, Mrs. Gilbert Chapman

Mrs. W. H. Howell with Pintail, and Mrs. Howes Barton with Shadow, the members' stake winner

Polo's "War Year"

by ROBERT F. KELLEY

THOUGH, in a sense, polo's season never ends, it might be said that the game's first "war year" came to its close with the special match played for the Polo Writers' Cup at Meadow Brook on October 5. Texas, California and other places where the weather is inclined to be more gentle during the year make it possible to find polo games in almost any of the twelve months somewhere in the nation.

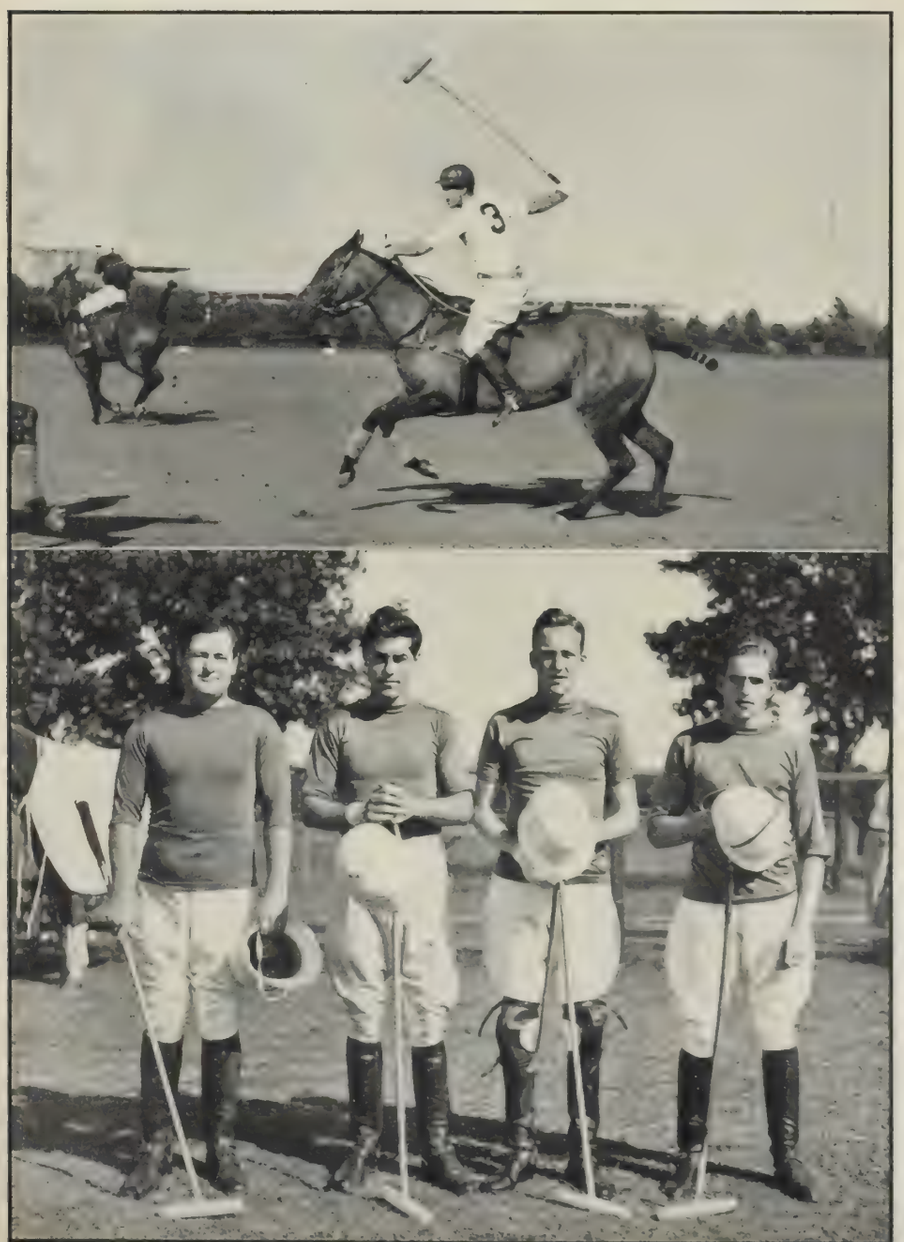
But for years, it has been generally agreed that, when the Open Championship and the Waterbury Cup tournaments, and, for the past two years, the Writers' Cup, have been contested at Meadow Brook, another season is at its close.

Looking back over the months that have intervened since the annual meeting of delegates gave to Elbridge T. Gerry the chairmanship of the association, it must be said that a feeling of some satisfaction should be felt over the year. Entering the new year in the same cloud of uncertainty that had affected all walks of life, polo didn't know whether it would continue or not.

In the end, it had a season marked with steady and real action. True, 30-goal teams appeared only once or twice during the season, where in the past they had been more or less commonplace, but it will be some time before 30-goal teams are commonplace again. What was offered was some excellent competition—and a good deal of it for those who found it possible to continue in action.

The year's National Championship went to a good polo team. When Mike Phipps and his brother Ben put together the Gulf Stream team, it was the lowest handicapped team in the tournament, but it never played that way. All four of the players moved through most of their games at least a goal higher than their rating, and they fused together into an excellent combination.

J. H. A. (Ben) Phipps, the elder brother of Mike, rode at No. 1; Mike was at No. 2, Charley von Stade at No. 3 and Alan Corey, Jr., at back. Ben Phipps has not played much top-flight polo, though he has long been active in medium polo. He has aggressive, hard-working speed, though his hitting has not always been as accurate as it might have been. In this tournament, he played at times the best polo he has shown.



FREUDY PHOTOS

Stewart Iglehart demonstrated, in the Open, that he is the greatest player in the world today; below, Gulf Stream, the team that won the Open Championship, J. H. A. Phipps, Michael Phipps, Charles von Stade, Alan Corey, Jr.

AT No. 3, Charley von Stade moved with astonishing aplomb. It had been obvious for some time that he was an excellent horseman and a good hitter. But he is young, having just turned his twenty-first birthday, and there have been times when his hitting has been a bit wild. In this championship, after the first two periods of his opening game and, except for a lapse of a couple of periods in the middle of the Waterbury Cup final, von Stade moved with the instinctive rightness of a far more seasoned player and hit superbly. He was a very fine No. 3, and Corey worked perfectly with him.

Corey was at all times an excellent back, choosing wisely the times when he went through and it is difficult to remember a time during the tournament when he left the door wide open through any mistake of his own.

This recital has, so far, failed to mention Mike Phipps. Mike was the real reason for the success of his team. About two weeks before the start of the championships, Mike began to play the sort of polo which has made him in the past one of the game's greatest players and one of the most interesting to watch in any sport.

His ponies were going well for him and he was as quick as a cat, turning sometimes in impossible fashion, constantly trying and hitting with the crisp accuracy of a machine gun. The four together made a really first-rate polo team and clearly and distinctly earned their laurels.

As the tournaments developed, it was the Aknusti team that furnished the real threat to Gulf (*Continued on page* 51)

The National Carries On

EACH year for more than a half-century New York City has celebrated the festival of The Horse. This is a spectacle which horse lovers gather from the four corners of the earth to witness and it is more than a mere obeisance to their favorite animal. Traditionally it is one of the really big social and sporting events of the year; it is the National Horse Show.

Of its social aspects little need be said. Its background of Parisian gowns, New York's first families impeccably attired in their ringside boxes is world famous. Though the season has pivoted upon this event for what is left of New York's social life all this is a side issue . . . the big thing is the show.

A show is a public spectacle, an exhibition—the word connotes pageantry, suspense, sparkling performances, *showmanship*. And it is these qualities which cause the crowds to struggle through the gates and swarm into the tiers of seats surrounding the ring on each of the nights and days that the National "plays" New York.

The National is not the circus. There is nothing tawdry or brazen about it. Intrinsically it is an exhibition of the most magnificent horseflesh which this country possesses. The hunters, the hackneys, the gaited saddle horses and jumpers—the cream of those which have competed in the circuit throughout the year naturally gravitate to the National, for a win here brings immortality in the minds of horse lovers.

And these horse lovers, whether they have horses to exhibit or not, make this the big event of their year. They come to see the finest in the world compete, to be with thousands of kindred spirits and, for a week, give themselves over to looking at and talking about horses.

Yes, the National is the big event of the year for these people, but the wise men who run it have made this far more than just another horse show. They have not forgotten that Broadway with its glittering attractions is only two blocks away. That this is New York and to get the crowds you have to have a *show*.

Showmanship is why the crowds come, myriads of them who have never seen anything but a cart horse before. It is why they quickly become enthusiastic and partisan, immediately finding favorites among the heroes in the ring. And that is why they come back year after year making each successive National not only possible but successful. Best of all, these newcomers go away with a new appreciation and understanding of horses; indeed, by thus swelling the ranks of America's horse lovers the National performs its most important function of all.

THAYER

The National Horse Show is an exhibition of America's finest horseflesh

Last year when the last jumper had thundered around the military course; when the National had ended with a fanfare making way for a hockey game, or a prizefight, many melancholy souls said we had seen it for the last time; that the old order had changed and the war would bring a summary end to such traditions as this.

BUT when autumn came there was evidence that the National was very much alive. Eight days instead of the accustomed seven were announced. There was talk of the famous horses which would compete, the expert judges who would officiate, the fat prizes to be offered. Yes, the National was, and is, once more with us, proving that it is too important a part of our sporting life merely to die out with changing times.

Needless to say great difficulties were weathered in assembling the show this year, owing to the uncertainty as to whether or not there would be international competition, and to a far less degree as it does not affect the box office so crucially, what attitude the A.S.P.C.A. intended to take towards the showing of saddle horses with set tails.

The outlay is so tremendous, approximately $150,000, that the committee's anxiety can easily be understood especially since the public has been led to expect, during the last few years, not only an interesting, well-rounded show of the top horses showing today but also a series of colorful and interesting exhibitions.

The first anxiety has been quelled by the almost certain knowledge, at the time this goes to press, that Peru and Cuba are on the water. Mexico also seems certain that it will compete, and, of course, our own team is in training.

General Irving K. Phillipson, Commander of the Second Corps Area, has been most helpful in offering the facilities from his command in arranging a successful and popular military exhibition, which will be a feature of the show.

This Pan-American competition should, as always, prove keen and exciting, and the friendly sportsmanlike rivalry among the officers of these neighbor nations should be most helpful in cementing Pan-American understanding and good will.

Incidentally, there is much interest manifested in the newcomer, Peru. The United States military attache at Lima reports that they have an excellent team which will make things hot indeed for the other teams.

If Mexico comes it will mean that one of last year's hit attractions will be back, Lieut. Gabriel Gracida and his magnificently trained dressage horse Pavo. If they don't, there will still be a thrill for the crowds in the form of Major Hiram Tuttle's world-famous dressage horses. Good as they were when they last appeared in the Garden, they have had several years more training now, and are said to be tremendously improved.

The second misgiving, regarding the saddle horses, has also been quelled. A fuller understanding and interpretation of the New York State laws regarding set tails has brought forth a banner entry in this division.

Saddle Horse entries will include Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Schiffer's Kilkare Farm entries; the horses shown for Commander Edward Luckenbach; those of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Batchelder, Middletown, N. Y.; the Fair City Stables horses which are owned by Mr. and Mrs. L. Victor Weil; Mr. and Mrs. W. Walter Martin's horses, and the stables of Mr. and Mrs. Reed Albee, including the aptly named mare, Sensation, winner of the $10,000 five-gaited saddle horse stake at the Kentucky State Fair.

Hunting people should be most enthusiastic about the increase in the classes for hunters, and the show should be especially attractive to owners of hunters five years old and under as the new classes in this category make it most worthwhile to bring such a horse to the Garden.

There will be a $250 stake for the young hunters and an individual championship, and in the older division, the Thoroughbred class has been divided for the first time into one for (*Continued on page* 62)

Old English Silver

Among the exceptionally fine examples of Old English Silver recently acquired by the Peter Guille Collection is this Monteith Bowl made during the reign of Queen Anne in 1706 by Joseph Readshaw.

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SOIL & MAN

THE GROUND THAT SUPPORTS THEM: ANOTHER VISIT IN OHIO

Until 1924 Cosmos Blubaugh was a commercial salesman, a traveling man. But he had always wanted to be a farmer and live in the country quietly on a place of his own. So seventeen years ago he started to try it on 140 acres of rather sorry land on the rolling hills of Knox County in northeastern Ohio.

The family had a fairly hard time of it at first. "We farmed just about like we saw other people farming," says Mr. Blubaugh. "We planted corn right up the hill and down the other side. But we did take care of this land of ours the best we knew how and we could see improvement.

"I suppose it must be in my blood —wanting to take good care of the land. It's showing up now in my boys' blood too. They're even crankier about it than I am."

The family grew. They did a good, thorough job of mixed farming the best they knew. As the children grew there was always something new that they found to do on the place, and they stayed there, because they liked it. "This 140 acres is furnishing an income for three families today, and we are making a mighty good living," says the father.

Of the three boys at home, two, Gus and Ed, have married. Joe, the youngest son, is developing a flock of 2200 White Leghorns, so he will have a business there on the home place too. A married daughter lives right over the hill and the Blubaughs have taken their son-in-law, J. L. Finan, into business. Already there are three grandchildren on the place, and, "This ground can support them," the Blubaughs say.

In 1933 when Cosmos Blubaugh was shown the contour principle of field design and cultivation, he started to make his place entirely over into banded and crescent fields and meadows. Since then the farm has become a conservation showplace in that part of the world.

So many people have come to see it, especially since Gene Charles wrote a piece about it in "Successful Farming," that the family is used to having lots of company. But on this particular Saturday, late last summer, when a motorcade of around seventy-five cars, headed and paced by a State trooper, turned into the Blubaugh's place and began parking in their lower meadow, "Well, this beats all," he said. And those two stenographers following him everywhere, up to the cornfield, up to the raspberry patch, and taking down, everything he said, that was a new experience too.

In all ways the weather favored that first summer pilgrimage of Friends of the Land. On Friday afternoon, with our meeting underway indoors at Columbus, the skies opened, lightning cracked and a protracted June and July drought broke up fairly widely with a two and a half inch rain. A cloudburst, all over in a few hours, the storm reached more than fifty miles north to smash and soak the Blubaugh acres along with all the other country roundabout. In many places that we saw along the road, traveling, this rain so sorely needed had done a great deal more harm than good. We saw some raw new rills and fresh sediment where crop-rows dipped down hillsides. But the Blubaughs' farm was in shape to take the rain and use it.

It was a sunny Saturday morning, clear and breezy. Everything looked clean and dancing in the light, warming air. Cosmos Blubaugh and his entire family, down to the last grandchild, stood waiting to greet us under a great walnut tree, with a farm bell on it, in the pleasant houseyard of their farm's main house.

We three hundred or so visitors gathered around Mr. Blubaugh in a wide semicircle. This is what he said:

"Sixteen years ago when we started here this farm was furnishing very

Cosmos Blubaugh, who has worked such wonders with contour planting, is seen with his thrifty flock of sheep

little income. We have made our living here without any outside income or support. We have made a much better living since we learned about good land use and conservation practices.

"I want to say a word about where we got our inspiration to follow such practices. Six years ago a group of men organized by our agricultural teacher at the high school, along with a group Tommy Wheeler organized from Danville, went up to Zanesville to see what the Government SCS men were doing there. I saw right away what could be done toward making hilly land about as good for crops as level land.

"That very week we were to make a new planting. We heard there was some chance of getting a 3C's camp

Blubaugh takes a little time off for rabbit hunting

in our county to help us. They came here first because I was the most enthusiastic man in the county to start this type of conservation."

Question (from the crowd): "Who planned this? Did you have to have an engineer to do the surveying?"

A: "Mr. Earl Shade did it with a little hand-sight he had. We stuck corn cobs in the ground and followed through by that. We did not have it surveyed. It was hand-levelled."

At this point David Warner, in the crowd, handed round a level that he carries whenever he goes out into the country. He said he had paid $8 for it but that most hardware dealers sold others that are just about as good for as little as $1 now. Then the crowd left the houseyard, with Mr. Blubaugh leading, and climbed a steep hill with strips of corn around it, up from the main house. Now Louis Bromfield, led the talk.

Bromfield: "Your corn looks as well on a hillside as it does in the valley."

Blubaugh: "Yes, and this land here was as poor as you could find. You realize, of course, that you must have water for a nice field of corn. Now just notice this ground after that two and a half inch rain yesterday. No cuts, no washing; the water's here, in the ground. We used to use horses to work our corn. Now we use a tractor and it works around the grades just as easy as on level land. We have had an increase in the corn yield from 25 to 100 bushels to the acre since we switched to the contour plan and we haven't used a great deal of lime or fertilizer."

Bromfield: "It is wonderful what you have done here. And you didn't have to have an author's money to help you do it."

Blubaugh: "That's right. Thank you, Mr. Bromfield. The most outstanding thing we notice here, as you do at your place, is not only increased crop yields but an increased water supply. There were four or five springs when we came that were barely trickling. The main stream was running a half-inch of water. About nine years ago we drilled a well back of the house. The water table in this locality is about 20 to 25 feet down. We drilled our well at 25 feet and found water. The driller went on down to about 52 feet and began to strike shale and stopped so as not to lose what he had. We put in an electric pump. At that time the pump would exhaust the well in about five minutes. That, as I say, was nine years ago. We started contour farming. That pump today can run 24 hours and not exhaust the well! And all the springs show an outstanding increase in flow."

We moved along to another and even steeper hillside, up from the orchard. You could see the whole farm and all of the buildings from there. The barns are stout, with more silos rising around them every year. The Blubaughs are growing more grass now, especially alfalfa. By feeding ensiled alfalfa to their sheep, hogs and cattle they plan to cut corn acreage still further.

Q: "Is that your woods?"

A: "Yes, 35 acres of it. See the boys' houses, the new ones there? We built them ourselves from our own timber. It cost approximately $2,000 to $2,500 apiece. They would have cost $4,000 to $6,000 hiring the work done.

"I want you to notice this two-acre strip of raspberries. We have a local demand for the berries. They make a nice paying crop. Some friends told me not to plant berries here. They said it would be too steep and dry. But not if you plant on the contour.

"Notice these weeds between the rows. They help to hold the water and don't hurt the raspberries. I cultivate between these rows only when I have to bury my new stocks for the next year. But not just to remove the weeds. They help cover the land and that don't hurt a bit."

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WAR AND AGRICULTURE

(*Continued from page* 21)

being a gloomy, fatalistic cuss, you are prepared.

World War I was something to remember, something for a farmer, as well as a soldier, to live through. Few farmers were psychologically prepared for what it did to agriculture.

The years before the war, on the whole, had been prosperous for farming. If exports of some products had begun to decline, it was a slow decline, and domestic consuming power was growing steadily.

For some time wheat had been selling close to a dollar, hogs above $7, butterfat above 25 cents, potatoes around 70 cents, apples above 90 cents. In a day when a farmer's fixed charges were relatively low, when his cash outlay for city goods and services was not large, when he grew much of his own living, those prices gave him what seemed a reasonable equality with city folk.

There had been no prolonged economic depression since the Nineties. Land values, especially in the Middle West, had not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant done anything but go up. The oldest inhabitant in Iowa, for instance, might in 1914 have gathered his brood about him to recite that the average value of an acre of improved land in that State rose from $6.09 in 1850 to $11.91 in 1860, to $20.21 in 1870, to $43.31 in 1900, to $96 in 1910.

It is a fair guess that most farmers in 1914, or at least by 1917, expected prices and land values and incomes to go up and stay up. True, there were a few warning voices (Henry A. Wallace was one, in "Wallace's Farmer"), just as there were a few sour prophets for businessmen in 1929, but they were a small minority. There was, then, every reason to expand, go into debt, build castles in the air.

The wheat farmer got the fever first and probably worst. The Allies needed our wheat. Land in wheat averaged 48,000,000 acres before the war, spread out to 74,000,000 acres by 1919. The price went from below a dollar in 1914 to above $2 in 1917, so the Food Control Board slapped a ceiling on it.

Some of the wheat land had been in oats or barley or corn, but millions of acres of wheat were seeded in what until then had been virgin sod, precious grass in the semi-arid plains country more recently famous as the Dustbowl.

By the fall of 1916 corn prices started up, and by midsummer of 1917 had hit $1.75 a bushel. Corn acreage didn't change much, however, nor did cotton or tobacco. Regardless of acreage, prices went on up. Wheat poured across the sea, but cotton and tobacco stayed home. Still, prices went up, cotton to 25 cents or better.

As for livestock, hog prices skyrocketed from $6 in 1915 to $15 by late 1917, and beef cattle went from $6.25 in 1914 to $9.50 in 1919, with the top stuff getting $17.50. Butter, of course, kept up with the procession, going from a farm price of 25 cents in 1914 to 54 cents in 1920. The poultry industry didn't do so well because of feed prices.

Horses and mules, curiously, even though 1,500,000 head were exported, brought little more than usual on the farm and felt no stimulus for bigger crops of colts.

Costs went up, too. Between 1914 and 1919 or 1920, agriculture's total bill for hired help more than doubled, as it almost did for fertilizer. Expenditures for autos, trucks, and tractors trebled. By 1921, the taxes paid by farmers were about 2½ times what they were in 1914, interest payments on mortgages were double, and, in the Northeast, so were freight rates.

But up to 1920, you could still subtract costs from receipts and report some income—more income, in fact, than agriculture has been able to report before or since. From a gross income of about $7,000,000,000 in 1914, it went to 17 billion in 1919. (Gross farm income for 1941 will probably be about 12.5 billion. In 1932 it was down to 6.4 billion.)

So, between 1914 and 1920, farm land values went up 70 per cent on the average (in Iowa, where the law of averages was repealed, land went from $96 in 1910 to $255 in 1920), and gross cash rent per acre nearly doubled.

This was pleasant, but not out of line with the increase in earnings and values in the city. While the annual earnings of the average farmer were increasing from $320 to $590, between 1914 and 1918, the earnings of the average industrial worker were stepping from $675 to $1,095.

As the demand for farm production increased, and as prices jumped, the farm labor supply began to dwindle, lured by high wages in defense plants. The net migration from country to city by 1918 reached the sensational mark of 1,350,000 persons. Some, of course, went into the military services.

For the war period as a whole, 1,100,000 rural boys entered the armed services. That was roughly a fourth of the total enlisted or drafted. Other farm boys and girls, and often their parents as well, slammed a rickety front door shut and made for city gold.

They came from the East, the Midwest, and the South, especially. Among them were no less than 300,000 Negroes, swelling Detroit's Negro population by 600 per cent, not to mention Cleveland and Chicago and Harlem.

Tenants moved about a good bit, in such times, for it was a renter's and a laborer's market, for a change. Country schools shortened their sessions, to help with the farm work. And every one recalls with a sigh, the farmerettes. Exciting days, but exasperating ones.

Then came armistice, demobilization, back to the land, contraction of

exports and of credit, and the price collapse of 1921, percursor and harbinger of long, hard years for agriculture.

That is the way it happened last time. Every farmer over 40 remembers it, and the younger ones have heard about it often enough. What is to prevent history repeating itself?

Let the question dangle a moment, and assume that history will repeat itself, year for year. Before me as I write is a simple chart showing prices received by farmers. On the chart are two lines. One traces the course of farm prices from 1914 to 1921. The other line traces the course of farm prices from 1939 on, but, of course, stops in 1941.

The price line for World War II is placed on top of and parallel with the price line for World War I. From 1914 and 1939 on, the two lines are almost identical twins. Both in the first two years of the two wars, go up about 20 points. Question: Will they stay together from here on?

IF they do, we should look for a sharp rise of more than 100 points or almost double the present price level, by the summer of 1944. And if history repeated itself in detail, year by year, we should see farm costs following, a little behind, gross and net farm income almost doubling by 1944; land values up 70 per cent, feed and fertilizer expenditures about double; expenditures for farm equipment trebling; net migration of nearly 1,500,000 souls from country to city in 1943 (the hypothetical 1918 of World War II); tenants hard to find and harder to keep.

Again Detroit and Chicago would be spilling over with dusky humanity, farm labor harder and harder to get at double past wages, country schools shortening sessions to help with the farm work, and, if we insist on having history repeat itself verbatim, farmerettes would reappear.

The sequence could be much longer, if we included such items as wheatless and meatless and sugarless days, food administrators and war industries boards, the silk shirts on shipyard workers and the bloomers on suffragettes. And I haven't even mentioned taxes.

The 1921 of World War II, according to schedule, should be 1946. If the fears of the more fatalistic farmers are to be realized, however, this year would be no mere 1921. They speak of it as a merger of the worst features of 1921 and 1932. The description can rest at that.

I suppose history can repeat itself, at least in broad outline. Certainly the shape of agriculture, and of the world, will be different after this war. Doubtless the shape of things to come will be different for different producing areas and commodities, as it will for different industries. Any war, all wars, will compel sudden, painful adjustments, during the war and after it.

But it is possible to argue, and there is evidence to support the argument, that World War II need not and probably will not do to agriculture what World War I did to it. It will take more than the memory of what happened twenty-odd years ago, to call forth the identical pattern and sequence of events.

The truth is, farmers' memories of 1921 are operating to prevent a repetition. Demand is pulling some farm prices up, yes, but farmers are not reacting to price increases as they did once before. They are expanding production, and are being asked by the Government to expand production largely by increased efficiency rather than by expansion of plant and debt.

Physically, there are profound agricultural differences between the two periods. Our war exports this time go mainly to the United Kingdom, instead of to the United Kingdom and much of the Continent. The call this time is not for wheat, but for livestock products, in the main.

We began this war with many farm surpluses, rather than shortages, and if we have not learned to love surpluses, we have at least begun to learn how to live with them.

If our present surpluses of wheat and cotton disappear two or three years hence, the wheat and cotton growers and the Federal Government could inure themselves to that change, too.

But if the surpluses of wheat and cotton don't miraculously melt away, and if in time surpluses of other things accumulate, we have had some experience in recent years to permit us to face that uncomfortable fact, too, and without too much wailing and weeping.

This is no argument that the farm programs of the past eight or nine years are any final answer to the farm problem, or to the impact of war on agriculture. It is an argument that the farm programs have demonstrated that farmers can use the power of government to avoid the full pain of depression and to speed adjustments which have somehow or other to be made.

The details of these farm programs, and the controversy inherent in them, are outside the scope of this article. The essential fact is that agriculture has learned to use the power of government to protect itself from complete collapse, and has the political power and wisdom, one would guess, to continue the application.

Combine this governmental experience and power with a profound awareness of what happened in World War I, and it seems at least a reasonable chance that history will not be permitted to repeat itself. Among some farmers, if not a majority, the suspicion seems to be dawning that economic depressions are the work of man, aided and abetted by that collective creation of man known as government.

If that is so, if a depression is not simply an exercise in black magic, there may be some hope for the future. If it is production, and not money, that makes the world go, as war demonstrates to the hilt, the idea may this time take hold that production of goods and services had better be continued after the war.

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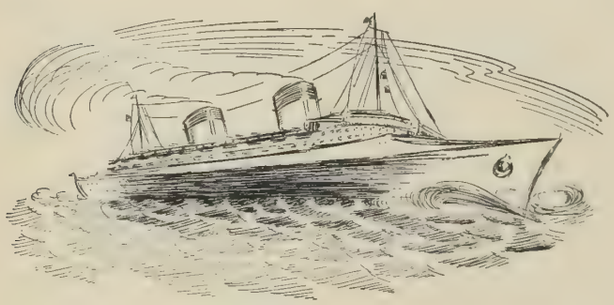

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Cellar and Pantry

IN WHICH THE EDITOR AND M. F. K. FISHER EULOGIZE THE OYSTER

DEFINITELY the nights are turning chilly and the fallen leaves from ash and oak and maple drift with sibilant complaint across the terrace to their ultimate destiny in the compost heap. I became conscious of this inevitable manifestation of nature as I sat out this evening, sat out alone for no one else in the family was hardy enough to join me, and sipped my gin and bitters in that half hour before Sarah announces dinner.

The sun was in a hurry to be gone and went swiftly elsewhere about his business. Katydids, hundreds of them, began to massage themselves vociferously to keep up their circulation, although entomologists hold that they make their strange noises to attract the opposite sex—almost anything attracts the opposite sex.

My cat, Mr. Smith, came mumbling in from a day of bad hunting in the fields, jumped up in my lap, stretched his seven-toed paws up to my shoulder, rubbed his cold, brick-red nose against mine and said, "Listen, Puss, if you had as much hair as I have this *al fresco* mischief of yours would be all right, but you have very little hair, so before you catch your death of damned foolishness let's go indoors, for if my olfactories do not betray me, we are having grilled salmon."

Well, I'll always listen to reason and as the dog, a trusty terrier named Buddy, leaving his patrol duty, joined us at that moment, the three of us scuffling noisily through the leaves, went to candle light, to soup and sure enough, grilled salmon and camembert and coffee.

After dinner the rest of the family were movie-minded, so cat, dog and editor took themselves to the library, lighted a small fire on the hearth, and began to discuss the affairs of the day.

Smith, who has a sharply observant eye, made himself at ease on my work-table and politely stifling a yawn to conceal his eagerness, said, "I see you have brought home a new book tonight, 'Consider the Oyster,' by M. F. K. Fisher. Who is M. F. K. Fisher?"

Now I am supposed, in my own household at least, to know all the answers. I heartily dislike being asked a question to which I can not reply promptly, profusely and profoundly, and when such a contretemps occurs I usually baffle the questioner by starting a discussion supposed to lead to a solution, but which leads no place at all, and so I started in.

"Smith, I'm surprised at you. I do not believe you have even opened the copy of Peter Arno's American Cat's Handy Book which I gave you.

"If you had you would have noticed the propensity of writers, mostly female, for proliferation of nomenclature. It's a curious trait and one that the three of us, as we are alone, might toy with for a moment. You perhaps remember Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, from reading 'The Curse of Clifton.' 'The Bridal Eve' and 'How He Won Her.' She was born Emma D. E. Nevitte (what the D. E. stood for is not now known). She married a certain Mr. Southworth in 1841 and, in 1843, according to the record, 'she was thrown upon her own resources.' Her prompt challenge to this catastrophe were novels variously entitled 'The Fatal Marriage,' 'The Mother-in-Law' and 'The Deserted Wife,' which made her a fortune.

"And then there was Harriet Beecher Stowe who made three men immortal—her father, The Rev. Lyman Beecher, Uncle Tom and her husband, The Rev. Calvin Stowe, who translated The History of the Hebrew Commonwealth from the German, of all things. Harriet, however, was the only hot spot in this highly respectable *coterie*.

"THUS do lavish literary ladies embalm in the amber of their love obscure and adumbrated gentlemen who might otherwise have been completely forgotten.

"I am no lady, literary or otherwise, Mr. Cat, but I now with this deathless English prose perform a similar service for you because I like the spread of your whiskers, the majestic sweep of your tail and the glint in your jade-green eyes.

"Your only faults are your persistent habit of ratiocination and your passion for long words in which I foolishly indulge you at the expense of simplicity of style. Since you ask me about M. F. K. Fisher I for once am going to be frank with you, now that Buddy is asleep, and tell you that I do not know whether this author is a man or a woman. I am told by Sam Sloan that she is a woman, but she writes like a man, like Montaigne might have written if he had been a traveling salesman for Johnny Walker whiskey.

"She has been in more saloons than I ever knew existed and she describes her various flagrantly open affairs with food and drink with a gargantuan gusto, an epicurean elan that puts to shame all present narrators of nourishment.

"Well, well, Pussy Cat, how I do run on, but I run no farther without

BY CROSBY GAIGE

HURRELL

M. F. K. Fisher represents Crosby Gaige's idea of what a home economist should look like after a hard day in the kitchen

advising you to purchase with your own pocket-money this classic *in parvo*, 'Consider the Oyster.' It tells you how mother makes oyster stew, and at Thanksgiving time stuffs turkeys with oyster dressing, how the Alciatores down in New Orleans foment Oysters Rockefeller and how a real oyster addict like myself performs his rites—the bivalve freshly opened, a touch from the hand-mill of black pepper, a drop of lemon juice and a thin slice of pumpernickel anointed with sweet butter.

"Interspersed with real gastronomic wisdom and household prudence one finds precious and literate pearls like the following which I am privileged to quote:

" 'Oysters are healthful and nourishing, full of all the chemical elements such as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and on and on, which occur regularly in your own body and are necessary to it. They keep you fit, do oysters, with vitamins and such, for energy and what is lightly called 'fuel value.' They prevent goiter. They build up your teeth. They keep your children's legs straight, and when Junior reaches puberty they make his skin clear and beautiful as a soap-opera announcer's dream. They add years to your life. . . .

" 'And . . .

" 'They contain more phosphorus than any other food!

" 'Phosphorus is a brain food, the most important one, according to popular belief for centuries and publicity men for oyster companies and even a few reputable scientists. It has been called that for a long time! Cicero ate oysters to nourish his eloquence, and the ancients used them with a startlingly cold-blooded combination of gastronomy and pure hygiene.

" 'Long before the fifteenth century of our era, people ate them and other fish to aid their intellects. Somewhere after 1461, indeed, Louis XI made it obligatory, at least for the group of great men he gathered to him in his fabulous reign, to swallow a certain amount of such easy phosphorus each day.

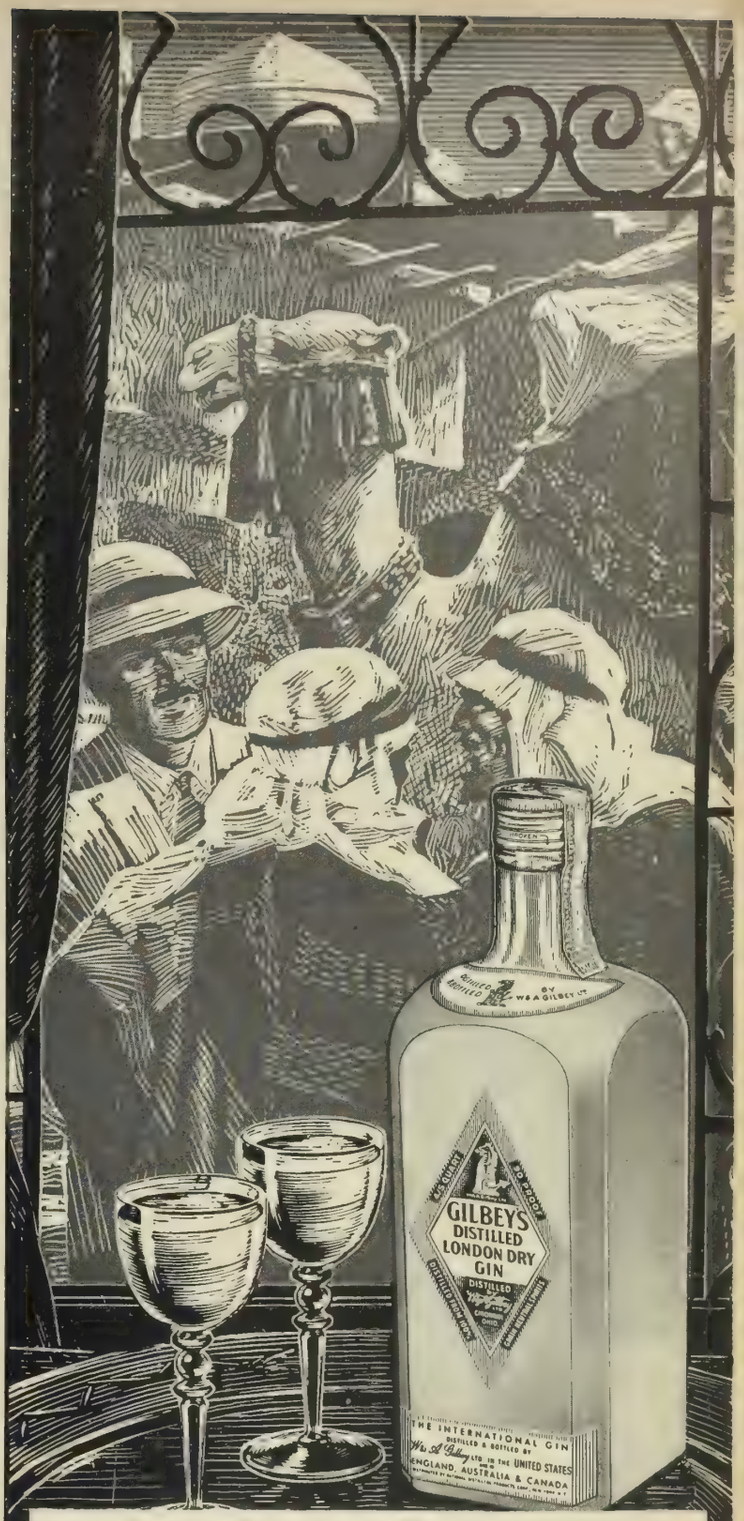
" 'A little later, in the times of Voltaire and Pope and Swift, oysters were considered less as a food than as an *apéritif*, so that it was quite usual to serve ten or twelve dozen to each guest as a 'starter' for a banquet. An old recipe begins: 'Take 300 clean oysters and throw into a pot filled with nice butter. . . .' One man, old Marshal Turgot, who knew almost too much about famines, was able in fatter days to eat 100 oysters before breakfast just to whet his appetite.

" 'Since then, really, almost any western man with a few cents in his pocket and a little time on his hands can swallow a certain amount of phosphorus, and it is still good as long as the oysters are fresh and clean, whether it goes to nourish his brain, his belly, or his most private parts.' "

"As Thanksgiving dinner is not far away I will quote a recipe that M. F. K. Fisher takes from Merle Armitage's book 'Fit For A King' for an oyster stuffing for a turkey.

Oyster Stuffing

Toast some thin slices of bread until brown and butter them. Lay 2 slices flat inside the turkey and over them put a good layer of raw oysters seasoned with salt and pepper, lemon juice and a few pieces of butter. Over this lay two more slices of toast and then a layer of oysters as before. The resulting flavor is delicious.



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• *"I've tasted some very fine California wines."*
— Crosby Gaige

• *"California is sending us some great wines these days."*
— Lucius Beebe

Here is an old fashioned dish of scalloped oysters that I served as a main course at a dinner party the other night at Watch Hill Farm. The variations and additions to the ancient formula made it a real party dish and the guests did not leave even a crumb for the cat.

1 quart medium oysters
1 cup oyster liquor
2 cups coarsely broken saltine crackers
½ cup melted butter
1½ cup thin cream
2 tablespoons finely chopped celery

A touch of white pepper, paprika and cayenne and nutmeg.

Take a deep casserole, of about two quart capacity, butter its inside, put in a layer of oysters, add the chopped celery, and part of the cream and oyster liquor, and a touch of the spices. Mix broken crackers with melted butter and spread a layer over the oysters. Repeat the process until the casserole is filled. Put a few dabs of butter on top and bake in a medium hot oven about 425 degrees for about 50 minutes. A glass of dry white California wine is a pleasant companion to this dish.

"Hector Bolitho once said that the oyster is the loveliest of all foods, raw or cooked, and I am inclined to agree with him. I would be willing to take my chances in a world populated by oysters in spite of the terrific picture painted by that high authority William K. Brooks, Ph.D., LL.D. of Johns Hopkins University —I am certain that M. F. K. Fisher had in mind the following passage as an inspiration to women everywhere when she told them to 'Consider The Oyster.'

"An average Maryland oyster of good size lays about sixteen million eggs, and if half of these were to develop into female oysters, we should have, from a single female, eight million descendants in the first generation, and in the second eight million times eight million or 64,000,000,000,000.

"If each oyster fills eight cubic inches of space, it would take 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 to make a mass as large as the earth, and the fifth generation of descendants from a single female oyster would make more than eight worlds, even if each female laid only one brood of eggs. One sound reason why this has never happened and never will happen is that the oyster has too many friends for its own good. Mankind universally pursues it with relentless craft. Marine creatures bore into its shell and suck its life blood. Ducks dive for it, carry it on high, and drop it upon a rock to crack it open and have a Sunday supper.

"Here is a message of cheer for oyster lovers that has just come to my desk from J. and J. W. Elsworth, 92 Fulton Market, New York City, who will ship to you on request and for two dollars in current coin a properly iced tub of Gardiners Island Salts, just about ostrean tops, containing a full quart (about 60 oysters) freshly shucked and four dozen in their shells."

"And I also have high regard for the oysters of Long Island Sound." said Smith. "They, along with some varieties from New England, represent the very best among the *ostrea virginica*, all of which are infinitely superior to the *ostrea edulis* of Europe.

"It's time we both went to bed. Someday I would like to meet M. F. K. Fisher. She seems to be a woman whose mouse problems any right-minded cat would be glad to solve."

HAM RECIPE

I have before me a slender quarto volume entitled "*De Puello Germanica, Quae Fere Biennium Vixerat Sine Cibo Potuque.*" It is the work of Simon Portius and was printed in Florence in 1551.

For the benefit of those readers who studied the Scandinavian languages instead of the classics this title may literally be translated as "The Story of a German Girl Who Lived for Two Years Without Food or Drink" Her name was Margarete Weiss and perhaps she was in training for Nazi home life, as practiced at present.

Here is a recipe for a ham, cooked in good old German fashion, that little Miss Weiss might have had for her New Year's dinner, 1550, if she had not been so intent upon fasting. The recipe is slightly adapted for modern consumption.

Procure from your butcher one of Swift's nice plump tenderized premium hams. Remove the skin or rind. Rub the whole ham with a mixture of the following powdered spices and herbs: pepper, cloves, tarragon, bay leaves, basil and thyme. If fresh herbs are available use them in place of the dry herbs. Chop them finely and rub into the surface of the ham. Prepare a bread dough as follows:

2 cups scalded milk
2 tsps. salt
1 tablsp. sugar
8 tablsp. shortening
1-2 cake compressed yeast
5 cups whole wheat flour

Place scalded milk in large bowl and add salt, sugar and 2 tablespoons of shortening. Let cool and when lukewarm add yeastcake and 8 cups of flour. Beat thoroughly. Gradually add the remaining flour until a dough is made that can be easily handled. Turn out on a well floured board and knead until smooth, adding flour if necessary. Put dough in greased bowl and brush with 1 tablespoon of melted shortening. Cover and leave in a warm place for two to four hours or until the dough has doubled in bulk. Place on a floured board and knead again. Roll out dough to a finger-thick blanket and wrap blanket around seasoned ham. Be sure to close the end tightly, so that none of the juice will escape. Place in a floured pan and bake in a moderate oven, 325°, for 3½ hours. When ready to serve, crack open the hard shell and remove ham or cut directly from the pan.

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(*Continued from page 42*)

Stream. Aknusti brought to the championship Ebby Gerry, who was fully worthy of his 9-goal rating throughout, his brothers, the twins, Edward at No. 1 and Henry at back, and Pete Bostwick at No. 2. It was a well mounted team and, as it played, well balanced.

Texas became the hard luck team of the year. When Charley Wrightsman's doctor ordered him out of polo, Cecil Smith was left without a team. Then Henry Lewis and Jay Secor, both with a fine enthusiasm, joined together, took Smith and got Harry Evinger to come up from Texas to play with them. At times they rolled very well. Then, on the eve of the opening match in which they were to play The Pelicans, Henry Lewis was forced out of action with a bad back and it became necessary to put young Walter Hayden, completely inexperienced in games of this importance, in his place.

They faced a veteran team that had a world of possibilities which it never quite realized on. This team lined up with Laddie Sanford, Winston Guest, George Oliver and Cocie Rathborne. Hayden played well, but Texas was never able to get together and The Pelicans, with Guest turning in the best game he was to show during the year, came through the opening round nicely. The score was 9 to 7.

That was the only first round match of the tournament. In the first of the semi-finals, Gulf Stream went into action against the Westbury team which Stewart Iglehart organized for the tournament. The game's greatest player, which is what he is most of the time, had hard luck with his organization. He had planned a team with Peter Grace, but that young player was called away on business to South America and it required some scurrying for Iglehart to get together the team and the pony strength needed for this tournament. He went into action finally with Gerald Dempsey, Earle Hopping and W. H. (Mike) White at back.

This game produced some excellent polo on the part of Iglehart, but the losers were unable to stand together as a team against the beginning of the fine cohesion which Gulf Stream was to attain in its final match. The score was 7 to 4, so that the first two games failed to produce tight matches, though both were interesting.

The next of the semi-finals also failed to produce a tight game. Aknusti came to action against The Pelicans and Aknusti had too much polo for them. The losers, who were defeated 9 to 7, never began clicking until the late periods and by that time they were well out of it.

The final, at times, was the most interesting and fastest final that has been seen on the big field at Meadow Brook in a good many years. The first period went at a blistering pace and all eight players throughout the match contributed their full share. In the end, Gulf Stream was the winner at 10 to 6, but it wasn't until the fifth period was well under way that either team managed to get more than a goal away from the others and the score was tied five times during the course of the match.

In the end, it was a shade more team strength, with the very excellent backfield play of the two youngsters, von Stade and Corey, that turned the tide. Gulf Stream throughout was able to apply just a shade more pressure, and it finally cracked through in the last two periods as Aknusti, behind, began to gamble a trifle and the gambles failed to come off well.

That Open final was matched, for excitement, if not for skill, in the final of the Monty. That tournament started with Westbury against The Pelicans and it was a smashing fight all the way, with Westbury finally coming through in an extra period. Then Aknusti found Westbury's pony strength completely gone and won as it pleased to reach the final round.

TEXAS came to the tournament against Gulf Stream and had their second bad break of the year. Henry Lewis was back and for three periods they made things very interesting for the new national champions. Then Jay Secor, coming down the boards, collided with Mike Phipps. The latter's pony's head caught him in the midriff. The game young Ohioan stayed up for about a minute, then came down from his pony in great pain. At Nassau Hospital it was discovered he had been injured internally and he had to undergo an operation. That was successful and there is every hope he will be back in action another season.

But, of course, he was out of the game. Shaw Robinson was called hastily from the sideboards, but the team couldn't get together and Gulf Stream moved ahead to face Aknusti once more. That final round was wildly exciting, with play swinging back and forth and both sides facing numerous chances to clinch things. It went to an extra period, and Gulf Stream launched an attack after about a minute of play that carried over when Ben Phipps had Henry Gerry too closely engaged for the latter to save on Mike Phipps's shot and the winning goal was scored as a pony goal. It had been clean, hard hitting and hard riding polo, and was a great finish to the tournament season.

There followed the Writers' Cup, with two picked teams turning in a spotty game that wasn't excellent technical polo, but very exciting. Finally the Meadow Brook team of Eddie and Ebby Gerry, Iglehart and von Stade nosed out the Bostwick Field team of Pete Bostwick, Mike Phipps, Winston Guest and Corey by a single goal.

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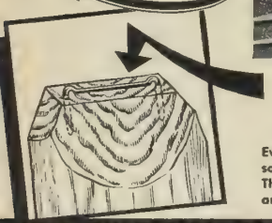

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GUNS & GAME

A DEFINITION OF A DUFFER, AND THE VAGARIES OF DUFFERS' LUCK

"I OBSERVE," remarked the Judge, blandly, laying aside a copy of the 'Tranquillity Gazette,' "that Ellison B. Wattles, the famous sportsman, has returned to our midst after a brilliant campaign among the Skeet shooters. He lets it be known that he intends to devote himself to the grouse and woodcock of the vicinity."

"Not with me, he ain't," said the Sniper. "Ellison B. has many characteristics, but he has failed signally to take advantage of endless opportunities to endear himself to me."

The Judge seemed to be surprised.

"He's a good shot, ain't he?"

"He is that—too damned good. He has extraordinarily good vision, too. Last year at Winship when he got—I won't say won—the Great Eastern Trophy, shooting his last event in a dim light he saw himself break two or three targets that I couldn't see—or the referee, either. He claimed 'em and, by George, he got 'em, although there was no applause from the spectators."

"You're in an extremely cynical frame of mind tonight, my lad," observed the pudgy sportsman, "but maybe if you'll add a couple of fingers of this to what you have left in your glass you'll feel more charitably inclined toward Ellison B."

"I'll add, but I won't feel," his friend replied. "Ellison B. can go to hell, for all of me. He is a fat conceited ass and I ought to know for I went gunning with him one day when he first came here. He's a darned good shot and didn't need to claim two of my birds to make up his bag that day, as he did. Furthermore, he wanted to go on shooting after he had his limit.

"He said nobody could tell how long the woodcock would stay and that we ought to get 'em while the getting was good. We were in the Grapevine Cover and whenever you came to a little clearing you could look out through the pines and birches clear down across the Lake to the Adirondacks.

"I don't think Mr. Wattles saw a damned thing all day long except the birds he shot at and the lunch we ate at noon. He might as well have been shooting in the Yankee Stadium. No, your Honor, Ellison B. Wattles can take his exquisite perfection elsewhere. As for me I prefer to shoot, fish and hobnob with duffers like yourself."

"Now! Now!" protested the Judge indignantly. "On a day when I'm going right I can lick Ellison all hollow and you know it!"

"You can, indeed, but on the next day you're likely to make a holy mess of everything you try to do. That's why you're a duffer and have many warm friends and admirers."

The Judge lifted a book from a row of volumes on his reading table and for a brief time the silence was unbroken save for the low-voiced song of the fire and the rustle of pages as the jurist turned them.

"Duffer," said he, reading, "'a dull-witted fellow: one who is incompetent in the discharge of his duties.' H'm! Well! Well!"

The Sniper held up a hand. "No. I wouldn't put it that way exactly, despite the fact that you *are* a bit dim-witted at times. Like when you took up 'coon hunting, for instance." He paused to consider the matter. "My notion of a duffer is not at all like that. I'd say that a duffer is somebody who knows his stuff inside out.

"If he's an angler he probably can tell you the name of every fly in the book and he can cast forty feet up wind and lay a Number 12 dry on a quarter. In the winter when he can't fish you'll probably find him shut up in the one little room his wife lets him have for his very own, tying flies or winding a rod. After one look at a stream he'll know more about what's in it and where than a mink who's lived there all his life.

"If he's a gunner it's the same way. He'll be considerably more than a good shot. When he walks into the gun room at McCombers and Stitch the President, the Vice President, the Secretary and the Treasurer drop whatever they happen to be doing and swarm out to give him greeting.

"As a general thing the President unlocks a bottom drawer of his desk and takes out a bottle. And I want to tell you that the stuff in that bottle was old when William the Conqueror was too young to eat with a knife."

"How do you know?" asked the Judge.

"I have ways of finding out," was the reply.

"And whilst the lot of 'em are sipping and jabbering, the boys in the shop come in, each with a gun case in his arms like an infant. The talk stops and in complete silence the cases are opened, the guns set up and one by one handed over to the duffer for examination. Now these weapons are noble weapons. They were not taken from the show cabinets. They have been tucked away in back corners and under shelves out of sight of the great commonality of customers who have never tasted the President's Scotch."

"I wish you'd leave the Scotch out

BY COL. H. P. SHELDON

of it," said the Judge in wistful tones, "but rum is not a bad thing on a frosty evening like this."

"I'd be the last to say it wasn't. Would you kindly pass the bottle?"

"Now after the guns, they show the good duffer the latest in duck decoys. His advice is asked on shooting boots and jackets and in each instance his words are received with deference and respect."

"Doesn't he buy anything?" asked the Judge. "After all, he's drunk a lot of Scotch by that time and has had the exclusive attention of a dozen high-salaried executives."

"He may, or he may not," explained his friend. "He may purchase a new crow call or a Purdey double, but it makes no difference. I don't know whether John Jacob Astor has a Titian, but if he has I'll bet he'd be glad to let another connoisseur look at it without charging him an admission fee. It's the same with McComber and Stitch.

"What I'm trying to show is the fundamental difference between the duffer, like yourself, who will probably miss a dozen easy shots tomorrow, and Ellison B. Wattles, who won't, but who will never sample the President's Scotch, either."

"I thought what you said about the duffer in McComber and Stitch's had a ring of unexpected realism in it—as if you knew the lad," remarked the Judge.

"Indeed. I do know him." said the other. "And what I've said of him is true. A better man never fell into a muskrat hole.

"His name is John Henry Gibbs and he lives out in western Kansas. He's a fine all around sportsman but he kind of specializes on duck-shooting.

"About once in 75 or 80 years a little rain falls on western Kansas forming pot holes and shallow sloughs on the prairies. To these places the ducks come in millions. This was the situation last season and John was making his duffer best of it.

"He is a rattling good shot but his luck is duffer luck. This time it gave him a surfeit of teal. I like teal shooting myself and can't imagine ever getting tired of it. Probably John didn't, not really, but he resented having to shoot teal all the time with a million big ducks all around and other gunners getting 'em. No matter where he went or what he did teal and only teal came to his blind.

"He shifted the blind; he changed the pitch of his duck call; he prayed. The big ducks stayed away. Finally one evening in a box that contained many of the strange relics of boyhood John Henry found his lucky stone. The lucky stone, as you may know, is a small pebble-like bone found in the head of the fish called the sheephead or fresh water drum.

"The physiological purpose of the bone is rather obscure. No other fish has it. It is well known, however, that the possessor of a lucky stone is entitled to special services

GROUSE SHOOTING BY A. LASSELL RIPLEY

A duffer can be a fine sportsman and know his subject inside out—but his luck is apt to be a funny, perverse kind

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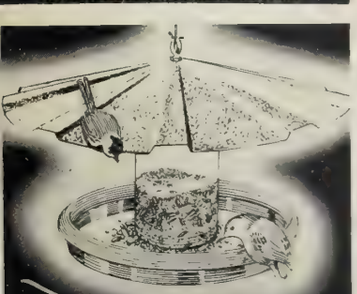

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COUNTRY LIFE

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from fortune. All that he needs to do is to rub the amulet and make his wants known to the genii of the sheepshead.

"The following day in his blind, scanning the expanse of gray water and frost-stricken sedge, John Henry espied a flock of ducks afar off. He knew from their way of flight that they were mallards—hundreds of 'em. He rubbed his lucky stone and wished. Instantly the flock changed direction and headed straight for John Henry's blind.

"Nearer and nearer they came, drawn unerringly by the invisible threads of John's luck.

"As the fowl crossed the decoys John Henry rose to his feet, aimed and fired and aimed and fired again. Two ducks pitched down and fell lifeless among the decoys.

"Heck!" said John Henry, or so I am told.

"It seems that in that great flock of mallards there were two little bluewing teal—and John Henry had killed them both."

WOODCOCK BUT NO DOG

(*Continued from page* 34)

It is entirely possible to flush and kill a day's limit of four birds from a ten-foot circle of ground, but there the man without a dog runs up against something. Not every man is good at marking down one fallen woodcock, let alone two or more of them; and marking is a very important part of the technique of the lone gunner. If you are a good wing shot you already know how to take a mental photograph of the kill—if you didn't know how, you could never have learned the difference between the hold that kills and the hold that misses.

What you must do is to keep that mental plate exposed so that you not only have a picture of the kill, but also the course of its fall—what leaves it fell through, what branches it wiggled, what tree-trunk it fell beside, what bush it fell behind: then hie for that spot just as fast as you possibly can. Do it before your picture fades!

Failure to pay full attention to the art of marking and retrieving game is responsible for a great deal of the feeling that it is impossible to hunt woodcock successfully without a dog.

But when the bird flushes possibly he will not offer a shot, or, perish the thought, possibly you miss: what then? Well, if you cannot follow his flight with your eye, try to follow it with your ear. Woodcock, especially early in the season, do not fly very far, often alighting within 30 yards; so peer through the branches and listen. Rarely will he alight without curving somewhat, and then he will run a little before he sits down, and you may hear a flap or a scurry. Go to the spot where you think he is and stand still. Several to one he flies; but if he doesn't, hunt around and hunt close, just as you did before. You'll flush him.

If a woodcock flushes more than 40 yards from an open field and flies toward it, it is a pretty safe bet that he did not cross it. Look for him right at the edge of the brush, both to right and left of the spot you think he alighted. If there are a few little sprangling bushes outside the main thicket kick around among all of them, no matter how small. You'll be surprised at the insignificant cover a woodcock may choose, and how well it covers him.

So far we have considered hunting only in the alder covers. Of course that is entirely proper, for alders are the best bet always, even in flight time. But the birds are not always there; sometimes they have been disturbed and move out for the moment. If you find plenty of fresh sign in the alders, and maybe a spent shell or two, go into the nearest hardwood or pine, or cedar; you probably will run into some top-notch shooting.

When you shoot over a dog the birds themselves are no easier than when you shoot without benefit of dog. When the dog points you find him and approach with gun at ready. In most cases you can even choose your ground—step into a place where you have plenty of room to swing your gun. When the bird goes up you are temporarily startled but you are not at all surprised.

When you have no dog, however, you are handicapped in that you start from scratch. Even when you are among abundant sign you do not *know* the bird is there. That means that you are probably fending off branches with your left hand and carrying the gun in your right when the bird twitters into flight. Now you must start the gun with your right hand, let go of the branches with your left and transfer the left to your gun. Now, and not until now, you are ready to shoot and that is why the dogless hunter must be a very fast gun-handler, if he is to score often in close cover.

Over against these difficulties there are some advantages to weigh. In heavy cover the birds rarely flush unless you get within ten yeards of them—usually within five yards—so they are to be considered well within range if they are within sight, and a great many birds are shot and bagged when they have passed from sight.

In flight time things are not all so difficult for the man without a dog. Then the birds use many open covers, the going is easier and so is the shooting. You can find woodcock in thin growth of young birch and poplar where their flight is hardly screened, and you can find them in pastures dotted with low clumps of hardhack where their flight is not screened at all. Abandoned orchards —good grouse ground—are very apt to harbor woodcock too. But you will have to walk, and walk a lot. And if you mess things up on occasion there is no one to swear at, to beat or to blame—but yourself.

PLANNING AN EXPERIMENTAL GARDEN FOR BEGINNERS — AND EXPERTS

I HAVE a friend who retired from business, bought a place in Connecticut and took to gardening. At the time I asked him if he knew anything about flowers. "No, not a thing," he answered, "but I am going to learn. I have bought 500 packages of different kinds of seeds and by the time I get through with them I will either know something or will quit altogether!"

It was a drastic beginning but proved a complete success. He worked like a beaver and soon became acquainted with all the ins and outs of many of his 500 experiments. He found out first handed that some seeds were good natured and prolific and others were sulky or temperamental. He found out that many flowers, described in catalogues as "graceful flowers of gentian blue" turned out to be magenta nobodies.

He made up his mind what he liked and wanted to cultivate, and what he didn't like he discarded. He learned what bloomed the very earliest in the spring and the latest in the fall—what throve in his climate and what had to be humored and coaxed. In fact he taught himself flower and garden lore and in doing so became a devoted and happy addict.

Certainly the way to learn anything thoroughly is to work at it oneself and this is relentlessly true of gardening. A certain philosophy has to be developed also if one is to become a success—a philosophy that prepares you to have patience and courage. "But that is silly," I can hear some one say, "patience and courage to grow a few flowers —fiddlesticks!"

Alright! Go ahead and try without these two attributes and I'll endeavor not to say, "I told you so" if I come around the corner some day and find you with your head buried in your hands and tears coursing down your face because you haven't the philosophy of a gardener—i.e., the patience and the bravery to take it on the chin and try again after some shattering defeats.

Thank heaven, however, defeats are nothing compared to the triumphs—especially if you have worked out those triumphs for yourself. I read somewhere that probably the only time a human felt a little like God was after a long day's work in the garden—and that garden was looking particularly lovely.

BUT now I shall become practical and make suggestions how one can be thorough about learning the garden game without using quite such a drastic method as planting 500 packages of unknown seeds!

Here is the idea. Build a fence or use an old hedge (anything for a background) and dig a good rich garden bed[1] about six feet wide. Divide this border into five sections. Do this by either bringing a section of fence "around the corner" or using a shrub to act as a dividing line. Then plan each section as a seasonable, individual experimental garden. Divide your seasons any way you choose.

Go through your catalogues and try everything that sounds appealing. If your sections are small, only put in two plants of each variety—like the animals in Noah's ark. Be sure and label every plant so you will know which is which, and also be sure and keep a list of everything in some sort of a garden ledger. This will "educate" you and it is good fun too.

There cannot be any hit or miss in doing things this way. You will probably either never forget the plants so carefully tabulated—or if you should become confused you could always turn to the ledger for confirmation.

It is a grand way also to try new and daring color schemes, because if they don't "come off" well—who cares? If you are a very knowledgable gardener, an expert in fact, these sectional gardens will give you a comprehensive way of trying new and rare plants and watching their habits and ways of life. In fact I believe these sectional gardens would be interesting and quite thrilling to all kinds of gardeners.

I have in mind only the use of biennials, perennials and bulbs. If annuals were used in these sections it would tend to muss things up, but if they are desired, I would suggest adding another section and have nothing but annuals in it.[2]

When I said look through the catalogues and "cut loose"—I naturally did not mean to be thoughtless about it. There would be little use in planting tropical plants in the North or vice versa. What I mean is to try plants you *think* you have seen in other gardens and think you like. Or to try something because you vaguely remember someone telling you about it—or trying a variety to see if it is hardy under your climatic conditions—or, for the plain ordinary reason that you like its looks on the cover of a catalogue, and are intrigued with the glowing description!

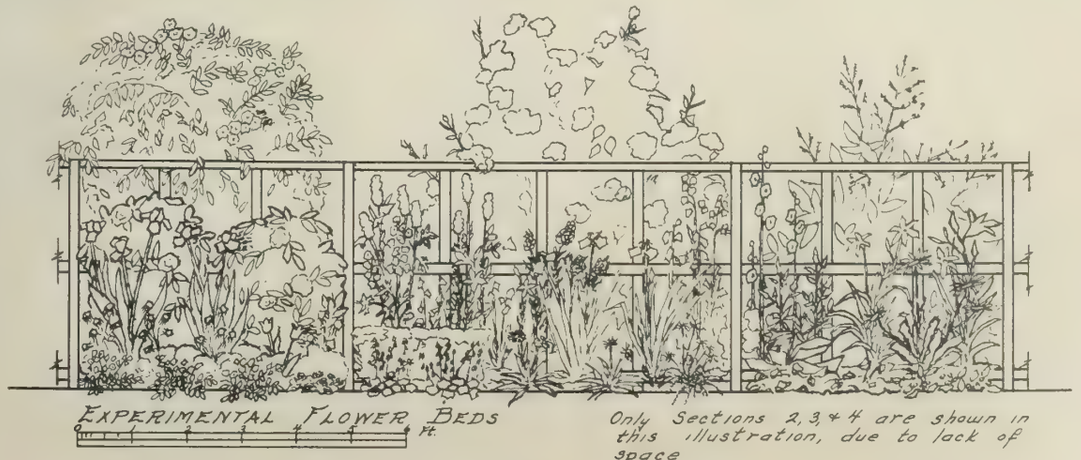
If you embark on a long border with big sections and have room to plant, say six plants of each variety, you will probably be surprised and enchanted to find some lovely gay effects. If, of course, you have to confine your scope to two of a kind it will probably look a bit spotty—but gay and exciting just the same.

The chart on this page shows my suggestions for a beginner's five sections with suggested seasonal divisions. I have also placed in each section one or two shrubs which will bloom at the appointed time.

If you are not familiar with all the names look them up in a catalogue (get yourself a nice big one —full of pictures and descriptions). Or look back over my articles especially for the months of September, 1939, and November, 1939. They will give you a short synopsis of most of the plants listed below.

Please bear in mind all dates of the sections are approximate—also that some plants will run through from one (season) section to the other. I beg of you not to be disappointed if a variety does not bloom through the entire period of a section, because, unfortunately, few plants will bloom for a very long time.

SECTION 1 *Early Spring* (April 1st about May 8th)	SECTION 2 *Spring* (from about May 8th to June 8th)	SECTION 3 *Early Summer* (from about June 8th to July 8th)	SECTION 4 *Late Summer* (from about July 8th to September 1st)	SECTION 5 *Autumn* (from about September 1st through October)
Shrubs: Japanese Quince *Bulbs:* Snowdrops Winter Aconite (*Eranthis*) Crocuses Scillas Muscari Early Narcissus Early Tulips *Plants:* Pulmonaria Phlox *subulata* Corydalis Primroses Arabis Iberis Claytonia Doronicum Pansies *Anemone sylvestris*	*Shrubs:* Azaleas and *Rosa hugonis* *Bulbs:* Late Narcissus Tulips Mertensia *Scilla campanulata* Leucojum Dutch Iris *Plants:* Early Aquilegia Bellis For-get-me-nots Iceland Poppies Early German Iris Violas Tree Peonies Phlox *divaricata* Polemonium Ajuga *Primula Japonica*	*Shrub:* Syringa (make this section larger than others, due to having so many delectable plants to try). *Bulbs:* Candidum Lilies Regal Lilies *Plants:* Foxgloves (biennial) Delphinium hybrid Delphinium *chinense* Heuchera *Hemerocallis flava* Thermopsis *Anchusa Italica* Dropmore Peonies Pyrethrum Late German Iris Aquilegia Japanese Iris *Campanula persicifolia* Sweet William Stokesia Lupines Phlox Miss Lingard Gypsophila Oriental Poppies	*Shrub:* Vitex *Bulbs:* Speciosum Lilies: *rubrum* and *alba* Henryi Lilies *Plants:* Phlox *paniculata* Shasta Daisies *Campanula carpatica* *Hemerocallis Thunbergi* Mallows Funkia Platycodons Plumbago *Veronica longifolia subsessilis* Hollyhocks	*Shrub:* *Euonymus alatus* *Tubers:* Dahlias: tall, dwarf, single and double. *Plants:* Boltonia Helenium Eupatorium Asters - Michaelmas Daisies, tall and dwarf. *Salvia pitcheri* Hardy Chrysanthemums



[1] (See COUNTRY LIFE, July, 1939).

[2] (See COUNTRY LIFE, February, 1940).

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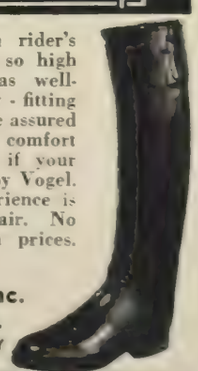

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November

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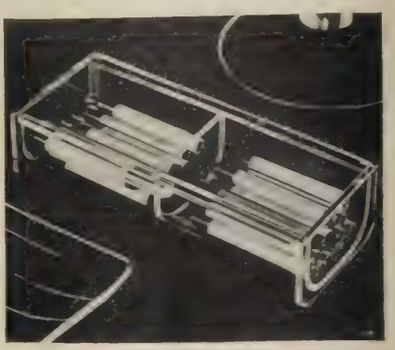
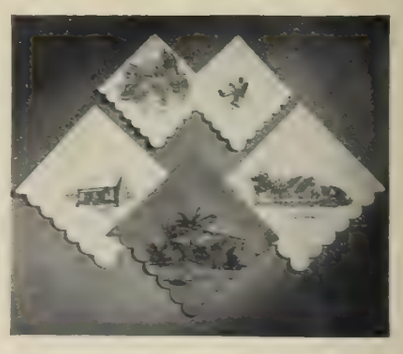


REYNARD THE FOX is entirely applied by hand on Royal Doulton bone china, outlined in an embossment moulded with the body of the pieces. The handles are in the form of the English hunting crop with lash encircling the base of the object. The coffee pot is $16; cup and saucer, $6. The Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, 38 East 52 St.

A BOON TO TWIN bed sleepers is this twin face clock. Just one mechanism, but two dials and two sets of hands. Its modern beveled case is completely covered with genuine pigskin, or hand-tooled Florentine or ivory colored leather. The dials are leather-covered and have gold-tooled numerals. Ovington's, Fifth Avenue at 39 Street. $17.50.

YOUR HOUSE, YOUR dog, your doorway, anything of which you send a snapshot or drawing will be reproduced on fine die press paper napkins, in black on blue, yellow, green or white napkins, with any one-line name or address. Cocktail or luncheon size. 100 for $2.50. Robert W. Kellogg Co., 43 Hillman St., Springfield, Mass.



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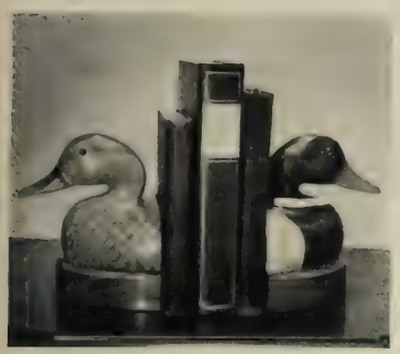
in the Shops



YOU MAY ENTRUST your favorite sporting books to this careful couple. These bookends are beautifully hand carved, and come in the natural colors of the male and female Mallard or Canvasback. They are six and a half inches high and are $15 a pair. Scully and Scully have them in their interesting shop at 506 Park Avenue.

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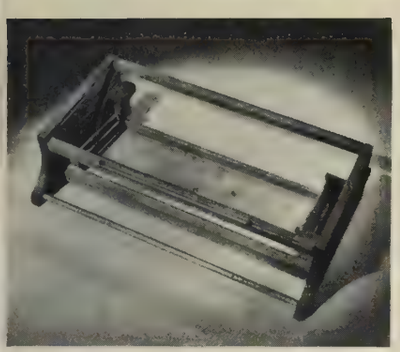

EVEN BIRDS WILL find the pickings lean this winter so get them a cafe which will fit into your window. It has a double thick glass top and will remain dry inside despite rain and snow. It includes a cake holder and seed hopper. 25″ long, $4.95. Also available in 14″ and 19″. Breck's, 133 Breck Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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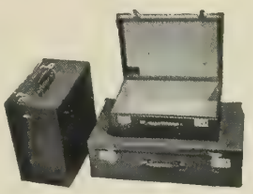

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NOTES ON HORSES

RACING

The year 1942 will be looked upon, in due course, as one of considerable interest and importance in racing. Many have been its developments and it is a reasonable guess that they will have a far-reaching effect upon the sport.

First and foremost—and this has always been a good starting-point, we have had good horses. And to call horses like Whirlaway and Alsab "good" is probably only a horseman's conservatism; they undoubtedly deserve the description "great."

Whirlaway's record this year, despite the defeats suffered from time to time, is a remarkable one. He has been hard at it from the earliest days of the year and, once he reached form, performed marvelously. Indeed, if there is anything wrong with him at all, it is simply that he has been campaigned so hard that he has gone a little stale. Sound he is, though, and he may yet turn out to be the greatest of our modern horses.

What can one say regarding Alsab? Probably we have never seen another like him. By a horse virtually unknown as yet as a stallion. Good Goods, he was so ugly a duckling that he went for $700 over the bargain counter. He made his debut at Hialeah last February and was so little regarded that he was held at 73 to 1—and finished dead last. He seemed to be nothing in his training works and less in his races.

And then, all of a sudden, the youngster circled a field to tie a track record at Chicago. He became the wonder of the West. Then beat Requested in a sensational match race, running six and a half furlongs in 1:16, a fifth of a second behind the American record. And then, in the Champagne, carrying 122 lbs., ran the fastest mile ever run by a two-year-old: 1:35 2 5.

It will be interesting to see what effect this phenomenal two-year-old record will have on him next year. Needless to say, even though he wasn't in our greatest race for two-year-olds, the Futurity, his breeding not having been considered good enough to warrant his entry, he will be the favorite for the Kentucky Derby, first of the great three-year-old events. Let's hope he won't be burned out.

Important among the year's developments is the great interest that tracks all over the country are taking in distance racing. It just goes to show what can be done if someone with energy and will makes an honest attempt.

Two years ago, the cynics of American racing were saying that distance racing couldn't be had in this country; there was no interest in it, racing secretaries wouldn't try it, the public liked the more crowded sprints, betting was the most important thing about racing, we didn't have distance horses, etc., etc.

Alfred Vanderbilt paid no attention to these summaries of the situation, scheduled some distance races, highlighted by the New York Handicap with $50,000 added—and now they all want distance racing. Including the dear $2 public. Can you beat it?

Another development of importance is the interest we now find in races for fillies. This, too, should have its effect on the breed and the sport, even if it isn't immediately pleasing to the $2 bettor. It is a step in the right direction.

RACING AND MONEY

The emphasis in racing is still on money: money and the public. The tracks are making phenomenal sums. The public is crazy about racing. New tracks are still being promoted, as in New Jersey, and some old ones are getting into the hands of new managers, as in Louisiana and in Florida, perhaps in California.

It is interesting to note that Tropical Park in Florida has been bought by a syndicate composed mostly of men who own the Totalizator, that complicated machine which has come into its fruitful own with the legalization of pari-mutuel betting. A new board of directors, including two of New York's able commissioners, is going to run this.

Yes, tracks are making money, promoters find the sport more than interesting, the public likes racing better and better—but the brunt of it all still falls on the breeder and the owner. The breeder is supposed to keep on supplying horses for the sport of it, even if he loses his shirt, and the owner is supposed to be satisfied with his end of it when he sees his colors on the track, even if they're finishing last.

Those who are making money out of racing will be well advised if they take prompt and sympathetic steps calculated to keep breeders and owners interested in the sport. Should these two groups decide to take a walk, then racing will be in rather a bad way.

STEEPLECHASING

That steeplechasing will face its most critical year in 1942 is now evident. The death last month of the elder Thomas Hitchcock, for so many years the bulwark of steeple-

chasing in this country, creates a situation that will deeply affect the cross country sport.

The string of horses that Mr. Hitchcock was training will be sold this month. They present an opportunity for those who love racing between the flags; particularly those who have been wearing the buttons of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association for some years without bothering to own a 'chaser.

Should the Hitchcock horses get into enthusiastic hands, then steeplechasing will be saved. Should they get into lackadaisical hands, or disappear from the scene for some other reason, then steeplechasing will be hard put to it to find the necessary actors for its shows. With fewer and fewer horses going to the post year after year, to say nothing of decreasing purses and public apathy, steeplechasing really faces a crisis.

There were some who felt that Mr. Hitchcock's supremacy at steeplechasing, his almost complete domination of the sport because he was so good at it, discouraged some from competing against him. We always thought this was too easy an excuse for people who weren't really determined to get into it anyway, but here is the chance to try steeplechasing with less competition than has been offered in years—and with horses trained by the Master!

We hope that the Hitchcock horses will be well sold, that steeplechasing prospers as it deserves to, and that other sportsmen of the character of Thomas Hitchcock develop from its ranks.

POLO

In his interesting story on the season's greatest polo tournaments in this issue, Robert F. Kelley makes it clear that the galloping game has not suffered too severely from the pressure of the times at Meadow Brook, the world's center of the game. All who saw those games thrilled to some play that deserved to rank with the best.

Even more encouraging, however, are the reports that we get that the game is being played with pleasure and some success in many different parts of the country. The Dakotas are enjoying polo and so is the Northwest. And Colorado Springs. Kansas. And Oklahoma. And the Carolinas. And many different parts of Ohio.

Some one of these days we are going to get together all the random notes we can on polo and see just how much vitality the game has among lesser horsemen—not men who get their pictures in the rotogravures, but the fellows who get out evenings and Saturdays and Sundays to try their skill at what will ever be the greatest of games played with stick and ball.

Such a report will do much to offset, we hope, the disappearance from the polo scene of such a place as the Midwick Country Club, once the most important center of the game in the West, recently sold in bankruptcy proceedings to a gentleman, so the papers said, who was at one time pretty annoyed because he couldn't get past the membership committee.

SHOWS

The National Horse Show to be held in New York this month brings a curiously mixed year, so far as shows are concerned, close to its end. It will undoubtedly be the most important National held in some years and upon its vitality will depend, in our opinion, a great deal.

Actually, most shows held this year were successful beyond their fondest hopes. Yet it cannot be denied that many were undertaken with some misgivings, especially as some of the outstanding figures in the show game—exhibitors like Mrs. Cary Jackson and Miss Deborah Rood—held dispersal sales during the course of the year.

One very encouraging sign was the tendency of local shows to become more important than ever before. We believe that local shows should really be the backbone of all horse shows, in that they develop the interest—and the horses, too, let's not forget—which make the greater shows possible.

HARRY McNAIR

As these paragraphs about the shows are being written, word comes that Harry McNair has died, died while in Portland, Oregon, attending and judging one of the great shows held on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. McNair was a figure of first-rate importance in the horse world, who introduced many to the pleasures and satisfactions to be gotten from the noble animal. He will be sorely missed by many friends.

The sale planned by the late Mr. McNair for November 13, 14 and 15 in the International Amphitheater at Chicago will be held as scheduled, with the Estate of Harry McNair in charge.

For the benefit of owners, consignors and buyers, Mr. McNair's estate announces that the public auction will be run without delay in payment or delivery; in other words, on the same basis as if he himself were conducting it. This announcement has been made in response to inquiries on that point.

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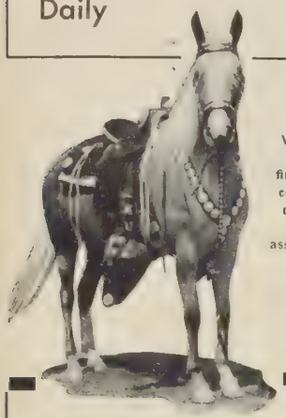

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The sale will be one of the largest ever held in the United States, with a total in excess of 300 saddlers, hunters, jumpers and show prospects up for the highest bidders. They will be shipped to Chicago from most parts of the nation.

Mr. McNair was the antithesis of the "David Harum" conception of a horse trader. During sales, he always told the condition of all horses as reported by the veterinarian, and sharp practices were not in his makeup. Hence, he won and held the confidence of buyers and sellers alike, as attested by the fact they were "regulars" in sale after sale, year after year.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS

(*Continued from page* 29)

upper turn raced the other pair into submission. Once in the home stretch he came away from them as if they were platers and, leaving them at every stride, romped under the wire a winner by seven lengths, not ridden out.

The mile was completed in the unprecedented time of 1:35 2-5; which is (1) the fastest ever run by a two-year-old, displacing the 1:36 of Twenty Grand, chalked up eleven years ago and ever since held apt never to be beaten, and (2) the fastest run by a Thoroughbred of any age anywhere this season.

To cap the climax, had he been ridden out it was the critical opinion that Alsab could have run in 1:35 or better. This despite his carrying the heavy impost of 122 lbs.

So dazzling were these two exhibitions that they left the talent—not "speechless with admiration" but, on the contrary, unable to restrain the torrent of superlatives that spouted from their lips. The consensus of opinion, uncensored, seemed to be:

"*The greatest two-year-old that ever lived!*"

That is a large order.

It is also an example of the untrammelled frenzy which the modern turf idol excites when his admirers turn loose. And in this instance the said admirers but a short time before were contemptuous of their now-worshiped divinity, regarding him as a pretender audaciously attempting to crash the gates.

The present writer first saw Alsab early last summer. At that time he conceived the opinion that he was a remarkable colt. After witnessing two exhibitions of his powers this opinion deepened into a conviction—the conviction that nothing like him had been seen since the days of his paternal ancestor, the unbeaten Colin. Whether he is "the greatest two-year-old that ever lived" is a statement unsusceptible of proof. That he is one of the greatest he has already proved.

His manner of finishing his 1:35 2-5 mile made immediate the outburst of clamor that he be invited for the Pimlico Special. As above-said, he was carrying 122 lbs. In the Special he would be called upon, as a two-year-old meeting older horses, to shoulder but 100 lbs. Still he would have three-sixteenths of a mile farther to go that day. The effort he would be called upon to make would be a great one.

I rather hope that he will not start. His future possibilities are too splendid to be gambled with, howsoever tempting the opportunity may be.

Alsab is deeply bred in established American blood-lines. His top-line reads Good Goods—Neddie—Colin—Commando—Domino: his dam, Winds Chant, a young and hitherto undistinguished matron, is by Wildair, who was a son of Broomstick, of the Ben Brush line, and whose dam was Verdure, by Peter Pan, son of Commando. Alsab's grandam was Eulogy, by Fair Play and she won 14 races, including a stake.

Thus he represents a combination of the great domestic dynasties which our importers have been trying so zealously to extirpate but which won't take it and keep "giving them the works" in the most pugnacious style.

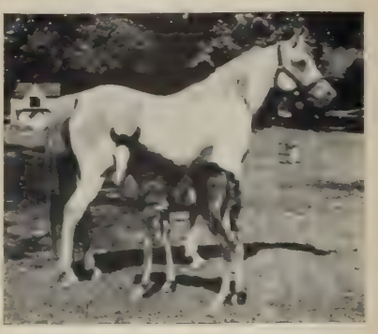
On public form Requested is almost as much superior to the rest of the season's juniors as Alsab is to him. He has won 9 of his 16 starts and just under $50,000. In four of the races he has lost he has been second. He is owned by the Texas sportsman Ben Whitaker and is another bargain-counter colt, having been picked up by him at Saratoga as a yearling for but $1,300. Also he is another one deep in the American lines, being by Questionnaire—Fair Perdita, by Eternal.

On the money-winning side, Some Chance, surprise winner of the Futurity, ranks next to Alsab, he having gathered in $77,990. He has won but four times in 12 starts, but one of the other three was the rich National Stallion Stakes, at the Belmont Spring meeting. He also ran second to his stable companion, Sun Again, at the same meeting in the rich Juvenile Stakes, likewise third to him in the Arlington Park Futurity, in which the Calumet Farm Stable (Warren Wright) made its unequaled sweep of the first three moneys.

He is a chestnut colt by Chance Play, of the Fair Play line, and from Some Pomp, a good race mare, by Pompey. As for Sun Again, who is a chestnut by Sun Teddy (son of Teddy)—Hug Again, by Stimulus, he has won 4 out of 7 starts and $45,455.

Previous to the Futurity it was the supposition that the two-year-old situation was dominated by the Whitney interests, as in the Hopeful Stakes, at Saratoga, Mrs. Payne Whitney's St. Germans colt Devil Diver ran first; her Equipoise colt

Travelers Rest



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There are more outstanding horses offered for this sale than ever before at Public Auction. We will have large consignments from many of the most prominent breeders and exhibitors in the United States. The following are just a few of the many consignors already reported.

PLAINVIEW SILVER STAR, owned by The Druce Lake Stables, Libertyville, Ill. A coming Champion, five-gaited mare.

RED TOP FARM, Libertyville, Illinois, ten head, including the two great five gaited geldings, CAPTAIN BILL, and CALL TO COLORS, as well as a number of other top horses.

COMPLETE DISPERSAL SALE of all the show horses, owned by Mr. H. Leslie Atlass, Sunny Ridge Farm, Wheaton, Illinois, which will include the great five gaited gelding, HIGH TIDE, also BRILLIANT FLASH, who has been a consistent winner this year, the good three gaited horse ROYAL JESTER, the three gaited horse STERLING SILVER, the good road horse SENATOR MARTIN, also SUE BELWIN.

COMPLETE DISPERSAL SALE of all horses owned by The Estate of Harry McNair.

DISPERSAL SALE of horses owned by Mr. W. D. Alexander, Bloomington, Illinois, including all of his show horses, a grand consignment.

PRIEBE FARMS, Rochester, Minn., also have a Complete Dispersal Sale of all their show horses, including that great five-gaited gelding, THE WIZARD, which has been one of the outstanding five gaited horses showing this year.

DRUCE LAKE STABLES, Libertyville, Illinois, sending a consignment of which there will be many outstanding horses.

MR. G. A. SCHILLING, LaFayette, Indiana, sending a large consignment. Many of these are brood mares that he has spent a great deal of money and time selecting, also colts of the very best blood lines.

JOHN T. HOOK & SON, Mexico, Missouri, will have several nice horses.

HAWTHORN FARMS, Libertyville, Illinois, Grand Hackney Consignment.

DIXFIELD FARMS, Gurnee, Illinois, another great consignment of hackneys.

WILLIAMSDALE FARM, Erlanger, Ky., offering Play Boy, Champion Single roadster of America, also the Champion roadster pair.

MR. E. H. KRUEGER, Cleveland, Ohio, several outstanding horses.

CEDARBROOK FARM, Spring Lake, N. J., great consignment.

MRS. REED ALBEE, Larchmont, New York, two great geldings consigned.

MR. ROBERT H. SKILLMAN, Detroit, Michigan, sending great offering. *There are many other consignors.*

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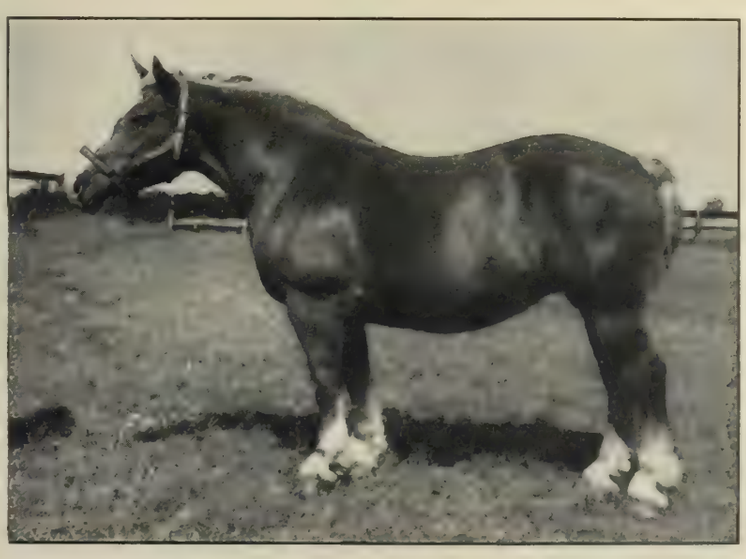
CORA DE LISSEWEGHE 21265 was foaled in Belgium on June 12, 1934. She was bought by Pleasant Valley Farm on May 3, 1938. From that day on she has participated in all the farm work at Pleasant Valley: plowing, discing, drilling, liming, cultivating, mowing, etc., including pulling automobiles out of snowdrifts. Also, she carried two foals.



In September, along with another mare and foal from Pleasant Valley Farm, she was taken to the Flemington Fair. Though over seven years of age, and the oldest Belgian at this good show, she was judged the champion aged mare and the grand champion mare, beating among others the mare that had been junior champion the year before at the National Belgian Show, Waterloo, Iowa.

The mare and foal taken to Flemington with her from Pleasant Valley Farm—Alice de Jabbeke with foal by Hercule de Quevy II—won the blue ribbon in their class.

Taken out of harness on a Thursday, Cora de Lisseweghe was shipped next day to the Trenton Fair, considered the best Belgian show this year in the East. Against some of the country's top *show* strings, this *work* horse—again the oldest mare in the show—finished third in a tremendous class of 12, leaving some of the best mares in the East behind her.

Cora de Lisseweghe represents the type of *work mare* at Pleasant Valley Farm. She is not for sale.

FOR SALE

Filly foal out of Alice de Jabbeke by Hercule de Quevy II, top stallion. This mare and foal won the blue at the 1941 Flemington Fair, where Hercule had been champion before them. We consider her the type of young mare ideal for work and breeding, and an outstanding show prospect. . . $300

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Shut Out second; and Amphitheatre, from the Manhasset Stable of which her daughter Mrs. Charles S. Payson is one of the owners, third— the last-named colt having also just before won the coveted Saratoga Special and Shut Out the Grand Union Hotel Stakes. But after descending from the Adirondacks their flags began to droop. Whether during the late fall campaign they will again float over the field remains to be developed.

After the colts that have been passed in review, Colchis is generally rated the most capable. Since making the dead heat with Alsab (who was giving him 9 lbs.) in the Eastern Shore Handicap, he has won the valuable Richard Johnson Stakes at Laurel and his score reads: 12 races, 5 wins, 3 seconds, 4 thirds and never back of that, with earnings comparatively modest—less than $20,000 which do not indicate his powers. He is a chestnut by Happy Argo—Ancona, by Toro, is owned by R. Sterling Clark and was also bred by him.

Among the fillies one is almost as outstanding as is Alsab among the colts. This is Mr. Vanderbilt's homebred Petrify, a daughter of Identify (by Man o' War) and Sag Rock, by Rock Man. In 8 starts she has been 6 times first, once second, and once third. Two of her victories were in two of the most important of the season's fixtures for her age and sex, the Arlington Park Lassie and the Belmont Park Matron Stakes, bringing her winnings up to $40,335, a sum unapproached by any other member of her division.

Moreover, she won both the events named going away from supposedly select fields. While the Calumet Farm's Mar-Kell, Arnold Hanger's Light Lady and Greentree Stable's (Mrs. Payne Whitney) Spanish Moss have shown well at times, their form, beside hers, is but moderate. In her last start, the $5,000 special event for her sex and age at Keeneland, she was unexpectedly beaten by Miss Dogwood, a very smart daughter of the famous mare Myrtlewood, so brilliant a performer a few seasons ago; but in this race she did not seem so sharp as usual.

There are still two important two-year-old stakes to be decided ere the "regular" season ends, both in Maryland; the Pimlico Futurity and the Selima, at Laurel. Alsab is ineligible to both, from the first because his dam was not nominated, from the second because it is for fillies only. He has several late engagements in which he may or may not start, depending upon his assignments—but as in one he was given 135 lbs. he was promptly declared. He has already gone to the post 20 times.

"Enough is enough"—even for a champion—to say nothing of that Pimlico Special.

(The trainers of the colts and fillies above-named are as follows: Alsab—A. ("Sarge") Swenke—hitherto unknown to the headlines: Some Chance, Sun Again and Mar-Kell—Ben Jones; Devil Diver, Amphitheatre, Shut Out—James E. Fitzsimmons; Requested—J. H. McCoole; Colchis—V. Mara; Petrify—Lee McCoy. In almost all his races Alsab has been ridden by R. L. Vedder, but in the Champagne Stakes, owing to Vedder's being grounded for misconduct, Carroll Bierman had the mount.)

THE NATIONAL CARRIES ON

(*Continued from page* 43)

lightweights and one for middle and heavy. Judges in the hunter division will be Lt.-Col. Sloan Doak, H. S. Ladew, and G. S. Smith.

It will be interesting to see which young hunters accept, and I also hope that it will be a cross-section of our top young horses showing today. It will be all the more interesting if the classes include Mrs. Prime's champion of Virginia, Pappy, Miss Rood's smooth three-year-old Carrighater, an almost invincible colt at Sewickley; the four-year-old mare that has brought such success to the Bryn Du Stables, Runancarry, and their excellent type colt Jitney Jingle; Mrs. Howard Hanna's Chagrin Valley Champion Grand Illusion; Rolling Rock's Spanish Spear; Mrs. Lee's excellent Glamour Man.

It is a shame that, though still eligible to show as a green horse, the meteoric Cornish Hills owing to his age is not eligible for this division. It is fitting that a horse that has made as great a reputation as he has during the past season should be able to culminate it by competing at Madison Square Garden.

It is rare that a horse over five years of age is still green, especially if he is a top horse; but this is one that disproves the rule, as, owing to his former owner's change of interest he was shown only lightly as a four-, five-, and six-year-old.

Another horse I believe ineligible for this young division and one that is also worthy of mentioning is Jo Hale's six-year-old imported Heman.

The hackney division to be judged by Charles J. Barrie and Carleton L. Elmes, is expected to be full of quality as well as quantity. Several stables which have been in temporary retirement have again come out, among them the stables of Alfred B. Maclay which has been missed from the heavy harness divisions during the past two years. Other stables well-known by hackney breeders, exhibitors, and enthusiasts that will be there include Mrs. Lulu Long Combs, whose Captivation won the stake at the recent St. Louis Show. Mrs. Combs also has the outstanding pony, Stonehenge Crusader, recently purchased from Mr. and Mrs. William B. MacColl. This pony has greatly improved under Mrs. Comb's handling and has accounted for harness pony stakes at the Indianapolis and St. Louis Horse Shows.

A large string of horses and ponies is expected from Mrs. James B. Johnson, Jr. (the former Frances Dodge), which will include the sensational-moving Highland Cora and many other winners.

The above may be expected to meet the successful stable of Adrian Van Sinderen fresh from victories at all the Pacific Coast shows last summer, and the strong entry of John F. Cuneo, Libertyville, Ill.

A brand new division this year will be a class for ponies to be ridden by juniors who have not yet reached their seventeenth birthdays and judged over jumps. Because of the great variance in the size of ponies, ranging from tiny Shetlands to those which might be called small horses, the height of the jumps in this handicap class will be varied according to the size of the ponies. The very small ones will jump two feet, those of medium size two feet six inches and the biggest ones three feet. The hunter judges will also judge this class.

Also new and important is the National Horse Show Equitation Championship Trophy for which many young riders have gained eligibility. This is for amateurs who have not reached their seventh birthday; horsemanship only to count. Competitors will be judged on hands and seat, general management and control of the horse. The winner of this event will receive a silver trophy on which will be engraved the names of the winners of qualifying events leading up to the championship. This trophy will become the permanent property of the winner at the National.

And so with all its features, both the old and the new. Classes and events to interest horsemen and non-horsemen, children and their parents, the National Horse Show will swing into Madison Square Garden again on November fifth to twelfth, patriotically donating the proceeds to the United Service Organizations. It is to be hoped that the determination to carry on this great undertaking meets with the success it deserves.

READING, WRITING...AND SPORTSMANSHIP

(*Continued from page* 22)

The events have been run by the members under the direction of Mr. Ellis, Theodore H. Young and the writer, with the latter charged with the selection of judges and the handling of publicity. The interest in the club has been such that it was an easy matter to obtain the best of the country's bench show judges.

While exhibitors have come to the show to help the grand cause for which it is held, they have also been interested in the opinions of the excellent judges and in the chance for the grand array of trophies donated by merchants of the town and

surrounding communities and by other enthusiasts. The best in show trophy, donated by Charles Michaels, would be worthy of a major show.

Thus the show end of the program has filled the purpose of earning money, teaching the club and the community what to look for in a dog and how to show one, providing a community entertainment, and developing executive ability by running the event under competent direction. Each year the club has presented a token of appreciation to those adults who have steered the show to success, and this year gave a dinner for judges, stewards, and press.

The club has annually taken money from its treasury to put a special in a dog show, generally the April Hartford event. One year it went in Old English Sheepdogs in appreciation of Mrs. Helen M. Lewis's support, and in 1940 it went into English Springer Spaniels because Joseph C. Quirk, well-known Springer breeder, judged best in match.

This year the club still further showed its appreciation by giving its special for the best junior handler in the Obedience Trials of the Hartford Obedience Training Club at Katonah, N. Y. This was done in gratitude for the obedience demonstrations given at the past two shows by members of the H.O. T.C., under the direction of Joseph W. Beatman and Capt. Herman O. Schendel, both of whom are judges, trainers and handlers of note. It was felt that the club would like to do something to encourage other juniors.

Few, if any clubs, junior or adult, have been able to boast of as well-rounded a program as Fur, Fin and Feather has had this year under the leadership of the following officers: John Foryan, president, Joseph Flynn, vice-president, Donald Langlois, treasurer, and Alice Green, secretary. Besides the activities of the past, Skeet shooting and obedience training have been added, and both are very popular.

Skeet shooting was introduced with Mr. Ellis taking the role of teacher again. It has not only familiarized the members with the safe and proper use of firearms but has developed them into better shots for the fall hunting season.

The weekly obedience training sessions were established at the request of the boys and girls of the club who became intrigued by the exhibitions of the Hartford Obedience Training Club, the latter having taken a fatherly interest in Fur, Fin and Feather for the past two years, backing it with entries and prizes. The classes take place in the auditorium-gymnasium, which is also the scene of the bench show, and are well attended each week. In addition to the club members, Supt. Ellis, one of the members of the school board, and Bob Saunders, a teacher, are among the trainees.

The breeds represented in the training class are English Setters, Pointers, Cocker Spaniels, English Springer Spaniels, German Shorthaired Pointers, Beagles, Basset Hounds and one Terrier. From the first it clicked as has no adult training class locally; possibly the answer to this is the fact that the members had field trial and bench show schooling behind them as well as the fact that nearly all members of the group are athletes and accustomed to taking direction.

Obedience has made a hit with these youngsters, who got their start under the writer, assisted by another key member of the H.O.T.C., Miss Frances J. Peirce, who took over direction of the class for the balance of the school year. Miss Peirce will back her charges against any group with as little training and predicts great success for those who went into open competition when classes were resumed at the opening of the new school year this fall. It is planned to have an obedience program in the junior schools of Farmington, directed by Miss Peirce, Doberman exhibitor, a director of the Hartford O.T.C., and its reception chairman.

THE club members have profited well by the instruction in the care of their dogs and can manage anything that doesn't come in the direct field of veterinary practice. This loving care is reflected in the attitude of the dogs toward the youngsters, accounting in part for their good performances in the field and in obedience. The opening of school this fall brought a new course of instruction, for Emery L. Wolfe of the Tailwaggers Country Club, has been so interested by the earnestness of the youngsters that he offers regular class sessions in the preparation of dogs for bench show competition.

The club holds weekly meetings on Fridays with movies of hunting and fishing for further education. Last year, as all others, closed with a weekend party the last of May, chaperoned by Supt. and Mrs. Ellis. All agreed it wound up the most varied and successful year in the history of the club. The graduates look forward to continued sporting activity with the Farmington Game Club and those returning to school eagerly got back on their interesting program.

Eugene W. Ellis, sponsor of the Fur, Fin and Feather Conservation Club, has stated that the club has heightened student morale as has no other activity, and believes firmly that student bodies elsewhere would be immeasurably benefited by copying the program, step by step, establishing each phase firmly before tackling another.

The writer, having seen the club progress and having aided it somewhat, believes that groups in all sections of the United States can well follow the Farmington setup, as sketched above, in most, if not all of its details. All that is needed is an understanding of the dreams and hopes of youngsters, an ability to plan wisely and a willingness to work. Mr. Ellis, Miss Peirce and the writer have agreed to aid in the formation of similar groups throughout the United States.

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ANGUS SALES: NATIONAL BELGIAN SHOW: EASTERN STATES

It just isn't possible to get them all in this month. Since this department last appeared there have been so many sales and shows, and other items worthy of comment in the world of dairy cattle, the beef breeds, draft horses, sheep, goats, or what have you that to include them all in this limited space would be simply out of the question. However, we will do the best we can and those which are squeezed out this time will come up for discussion next issue.

A couple of issues ago we told you that the Dutchess County Angus Breeders Sale was going to be something to make beef cattle breeders sit up and take notice. It was too. The breeders in that neck of the woods really took some of the top young cattle out of their herds to make a showing that caused a great flurry among Angus fans. The result of this sale, and the fine breeding and type which made this result inevitable, is something for Dutchess County to be proud of.

It was, as a matter of fact, one of the best Angus consignment sales to be held in this country in years. Forty-five head of females—there wasn't a bull in the lot—went for an average of $713.89 and a total of $32,125! A top price of $1,600 was reached twice! That was the story of this sale, and what made it of even more interest was the fact that all but two of the animals were calved on the farms of the breeders who consigned them, and these two were out of Dutchess County bred cows and raised within twenty miles of the county limits.

In addition, 80 percent of the cattle were from the 1940 calf crop and the other 20 percent from the 1939 crop. This is a truly remarkable breeding record and is evidence that Dutchess County is one of the leading breeding centers of Aberdeen Angus in the United States.

The two top females were Bethel Georgianna, consigned by Bethel Farms, Pine Plains, N. Y., and bought by Harmony Farms, Douglasville, Pa., and Cannon's Blackcap consigned by Rally Farms, Millbrook, N. Y., and purchased by Dr. C. B. Esselsyne, Claverack, N. Y. The sale was held at Briarcliff Farms, Pine Plains, N. Y.

CREMONA-ANDELOT

Also of great Angus importance was the Cremona-Andelot sale which came to pass at Frederick, Md., just before the Dutchess County event. This too was a tremendous success, breeders from ten states putting the bids up by hundreds, selling the sons and daughters of Cremona's International grand champion Glencarnock Eric of Cremona, and Andelot's outstanding senior herd sire Andelot Edictor, at top prices.

The total was $41,730 with an average of $671 for the 62 head. Four good bulls going for $4,900, and the 58 females for a total of $3,675.

The high selling bull was Eventuation of Cremona 9th, a thick, goodheaded son of Glencarnock Eric of Cremona which went to head a new herd established by Daniel L. Volker of Buffalo for $2,300. The top female was one of two heifers imported from Scotland especially for this sale. She was Jewess of Ballintomb, sired by Permo of Kinermony, the sire of three grand champion females at Perth, Scotland.

This imported heifer went for $1,350 to another new herd. Larry McPhail, Manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, purchased fifteen herd of females for his Glen Angus Farm at Bel Air, Md., and Jewess was among them. The other imported heifer, Pride of Aberdeen 858th, in calf to Edictor, sold to Highlands of Round Hill, Va., for $1,150.

Jay Walker came all the way from Oklahoma to buy five females for his Angus Valley Farm, Tulsa, Okla.; Daniel L. Volker bought five females besides the top bull; H. D. Fox, Penn Yan, N. Y., bought four females; Hockhockson Farm, Eatontown, N. J., also bought four females.

There were bidders from Oklahoma, Iowa, Illinois, North Dakota, Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida.

BELGIANS

A very representative exhibit of good quality Belgians made the twenty-third annual National Belgian Show at Waterloo, Iowa, an event of unusual interest. Belgian breeders came from Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Oklahoma. Prof. E. A. Trowbridge, Columbia, Missouri, was called on to make the official placings on a total of 122 purebred Belgians representing the ownership of 30 breeders. A number of them were making their first exhibit at the National. It is significant to note that all but two of the horses winning the champion ribbons were bred and raised by the men who showed them.

The close competition was indica-

ted by the fact that nine stables shared in the first prizes and championship awards with five others breaking into the bracket of second prizes. The two-year-old mare class, with sixteen head shown, was the largest class.

Harvey Hoewischer, Sidney, O., making his first show at Waterloo, was the leading winner of firsts with three in the stallion classes, one in mares and five in groups. He carried home the banners for premier breeder and premier exhibitor and the silver trophy for grand champion stallion won by his six-year-old Don de Saintes. His three-year-old mare, Don's Lady, sired by the grand champion, topped a strong class of fourteen and went on to win reserve senior and reserve grand champion awards. He also had firsts, on three-year-old stallion and stallion foal, also by the grand champion of the show.

Julius Porath and Son, Detroit, Mich., had the grand champion mare with Matilda, the great five-year-old daughter of Progress out of a daughter of Elegant du Marais. This mare won the Hynderick Cup at Waterloo as a three-year-old and last year was grand champion of the International. Porath also had reserve senior champion stallion on the five-year-old Elegant du Marais II. This stallion also came to the front as a sire when his yearling daughter, Castillo du Marais, won first in a strong class of ten. Porath also won first in the three mare class and second in four animals bred by exhibitor.

A note of tragedy entered the showing when news of the death of Julius Porath, Senior member of this firm, came just a few minutes after Don McKarns, superintendent of the Porath farm, had led Matilda out of the crowded hippodrome with the grand champion ribbon pinned to her bridle.

C. G. Good & Son, Ogden, Iowa, had the junior and reserve grand champion stallion on the two-year-old Resque's Buddy, by Farceur's Resque. A daughter of Farceur's Resque won the yearling filly class for J. P. Clingan of Perry, Iowa, and went on eventually to become the junior champion.

EASTERN STATES

Of course it happened a while back, but the Eastern States Exposition is too big an event to be passed over without a few words of comment, especially since this was one of its most successful years with huge crowds cramming the grounds and buildings. Here are a few of the most important awards:

First of all Woodlawn Farms, another institution famous for its Angus should be mentioned, because they were one of the farms which cleaned up, winning both grand champion bull and cow. The bull was Blendmere Woodlawn and the cow Blackcap Effie R 4th.

In the dairy breeds the senior and grand champion Brown Swiss bull was Royal's Best Man of Lee's Hill owned by Lee's Hill Farm. They also had grand champion cow with Jane of Vernon II. Best Holstein bull was F. W. Griswold's King Bessie Korndyke Ormsby 14th, and the best cow was Griswold's Rawleigh Canary Homestead. The Jersey senior and grand champion was Twin Oaks' Les Geonnais Volunteer and the best cow was George F. Ryan's Cutie of La Vignette.

The Ayrshire breed was still another in which one owner won both top awards: Shirley-Ayr Farms had senior and grand champion bull on their Shirley-Ayr Gay Jester and the same in the female division with their Annandale Buntie. Guernseys produced Argilla Farms' Alfalfa Farm Philosopher best bull, and McDonald Farms scored with their Smuggler Farms Reward's Lass.

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Cannon's Blackcap, consigned by Rally Farms and purchased by Dr. C. B. Esselsyne, sold for $1600 at the Dutchess County Sale

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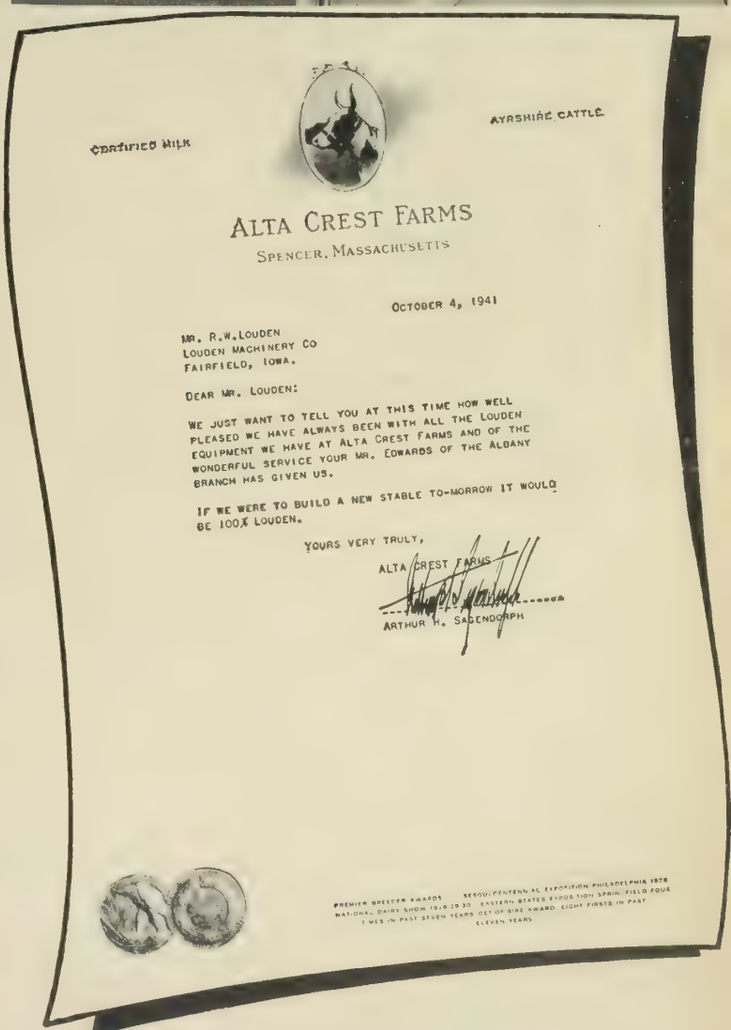
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ALTA CREST FARMS

(*Continued from page* 27)

scent. The donkey experiment started when Mr. Sagendorph bought one of these diminutive natives of Sicily as a pet for his granddaughter. This little jennet had a foal and both were exhibited at the Eastern States Exposition.

He had no thought of selling the foal, but finding an eager buyer, he named a fairly stiff price, deciding to see what the market might be. The buyer, who had fallen in love with the comical long eared little

R. F. HILDEBRAND

One of the Sicilian donkeys which are an Alta Crest feature

creature turned not a hair and the foal went to a new home riding from the exhibition with its new mistress in the back of a shiny Packard.

Since then the Alta Crest donkey herd has grown considerably and now produces a half-dozen or more foals yearly which are eagerly bought at fine prices. Their chief demand, of course is for children's pets and they are ideal for this, being entirely gentle and trustworthy as well as tough and strong.

The Ayrshires are not the only milk producers on the farm. Mr. Sagendorph's daughter, Janet, has become interested in Toggenburg goats and has built up quite a sizeable milking herd. As she does all of the work herself, these goats and her Morgan saddle mare take up a great deal of her time. She scarcely gets home even for meals.

Last but not least come the Alta Crest poultry, and here again Scotland has been ignored, for the principals of the poultry department are Rouen ducks and Toulouse geese. However these web-footed denizens of the farm pond uphold the Alta Crest tradition in proper fashion by gathering all the blue ribbons in sight at the poultry shows.

It is apparent, then that Alta Crest is not just another farm, but a practical demonstration of farming as a business. A farm with a schedule so carefully worked out that there isn't a lean month in the year, not a season that doesn't contribute to the total profit.

There are many lessons to be learned at Alta Crest. Perhaps the most important is that breeding tells; that a purebred herd, carefully developed and true to breed type is always the soundest investment, even on a strictly commercial farm.

". . . FOR AN IRISH SETTER"

(*Continued from page* 39)

ears or tail—for more hunting heart. Those who don't believe that won't be interested in reading further—or anything else I write.

Smada Byrd's head was "snipy" and there was just a tiny white blaze on the top of it. A firm breed fancier once "regretted" this, and her smallish ears. I'd not have changed a hair of her head—unless it might have been to ask for a bit more white! I don't know—but just maybe that very tiny little white blaze signified the something within her that accounted for beating the boys so badly twelve times.

What do Irish Setters most lack in the field? The answer is *class*—or style. This lack comes from too little heart for the hunt. That is why the Irish Setter of which Dr. Bruette wrote did not defeat Cowley's Rodfield's Pride. But the dog must have been one that would look awfully good today "for an Irish Setter." Else he'd never have been started in a great open stake on the prairies.

Oh, I know what the sticklers will say: "I want to hunt over a dog that looks good, too." What they miss is an appreciation of how awfully good class can look! For class is the prettiest thing a dog can show. It's a beauty that's more than skin deep. It comes from within. It is but spontaneous outward expression of an insatiable passion to find birds—and a buoyant joy in accomplishment. It accounts for vivacious eagerness to get there and puts class into the search—and equal class (often even more) into the point itself. In which statement you have just about the whole story.

Another thing I believe is that far too few Irish Setters are hunted enough. Too seldom are they in the hands of men who do the most hunting. Irish Setters full of heart for the hunt cannot be bred except from parents which *both* know what it means to hunt long, hard and often—with experience on different species of game, in various types of cover.

Smada Byrd often ranged the sedge fields of Alabama and Mississippi, where red dogs are seldom seen. Which brings up this belief of mine: that a dog (even an Irish Setter) can learn to like something (hunting) if he gets to taste its sweets to the point of increasing desire. You have to start anything somewhere—which is an encouraging angle. For it means that I believe even the dogs of today could

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be built up if they might taste the sweets more often. And this developed interest could breed on—if kept up. This suggestion is the easiest one I'll be telling you.

I have visited recently with several members of The Irish Setter Club—and finer fellows than some of these I never hope to meet. They are most earnestly devoted to a cause. One of them said to me one evening: "You believe in some outcrossing, don't you?" The truth is that I don't know but I do.

It has been done with other breeds. There is Bulldog blood way back in the Greyhounds. And Bloodhounds have helped put more nose in several breeds—even in the early Gordon Setters, so 'tis said. Certainly no breed needs touching up more than the Irish Setter. Why not? I simply ask the question. You answer it.

Years ago I thought seriously of mating a son of Smada Byrd with a daughter of Jersey Prince. I'm sorrier all the time that I didn't. The offspring would be full Irish Setters again by now—and infinitely better field dogs, I believe, than any other representatives of the breed. The breed's sadly the loser because I did not do it. One word of caution: Before anyone might do this he should know from long experience what he's about.

But, if the breed's to be built up within itself, it must be done by forgetting fads for class. I'd sacrifice almost anything for class. Get heart and running eagerness and pointing style—not just good "for an Irish Setter"—but good enough for anybody's dog. Then you'll really be somewhere—and be proud of it.

I predict that the first Irish Setter to win and show class will start a fad—and the boys will want more of it so much that they'll start forgetting the "trimmings." I think it's somewhat this lack of the real thing that makes them hold so hard now to the mere gloss—the one thing they have and so hate to lose.

I helped judge the Irish Setter field trials at Clinton, N. J., a few years ago. Three dogs at that event impressed me—one more than the others. His coat was somewhat lighter than the rest, as I recall it, but I interpreted him as having really much more on the ball than all the rest. His name, if memory serves me fairly, was Uncle Ned R. And if I were today breeding Irish Setters, he's the sort of dog I'd want to use. Others *should*. Of course I only saw him once—but he looked like something then, which made him stand out.

I know one man breeding Irish Setters who should be sought out by those interested in the breed. His name is Ollie Neimeyer and he is with the Ohio State Conservation Department. He can look at his dogs with a detached viewpoint because of his early experience as a professional handler. In his work, his dogs are constantly with him—getting long and regular experience afield.

Those who have hunted with him, as I have, know the sort of canine quality he demands and gets in Irish Setters that hunt, and from hunting stock. If the breed is ever built up within itself, it must be from dogs such as these. And when a man of Neimeyer's experience (he's an expert judge) sees worth in the breed, there seems a sound basis for hope.

Make one aim the ultimate objective: to strive for such style as other Setters and Pointers possess. Not just "for an Irish Setter." Forget all else—and set that one standard high. It is enough in itself.

But though I've just said that there seems a sound basis for hope, is that too optimistic? Possibly it is. Yet *if* it is, it will be as much the fault of the men behind them as of the dogs themselves. For, coldly as we may look at it, the Pointers seem to prove our point. Until 1909 no Pointer had ever beaten a Setter for the National Championship. In regular trials, separate stakes were run for them (as for the Irish today) simply because they had such small hope of beating the English (or "Llewellin") Setters.

Now come up-to-date—and contemplate the Pointers of today. They're making it just too tough—too often. Whether the Irish dogs can ever match Pointer progress, I don't know. But I do know that it can never be done *except as the Pointers did it*. What, then, did they (I mean, of course, their breeders) do?

Well, they had their Alford's John—and did not pass him up. Later 'twas found that his daughters mated to Fishel's Frank did the trick—here was the nick! And right there I give you the basis of the great Pointers of today. If Irish Setter men don't care to take the hint, no man—and no dog or dogs—can help the cause.

Can a red dog ever hope—I mean a *long* ways off—to win a National Championship? That all depends—but there's only one answer I can give you: No Pointer of his day could have defeated Gladstone. Yet this great English Setter *was* defeated, in a direct match, by Joe Jr. And Joe Jr's. sire was a full blooded, imported Irish Setter. Does that say anything?

So the whole story, I think, nets down pretty much to just two main factors: (1) Whether the Irish Setter fanciers can somewhere, some day, find their "Alford's John"; and (2) whether or not they then use him—or pass him up. And may God forbid the "pass up"—if there's to be hope for the breed!

DO NOT READ NOW

ANSWER

to question on page 70

The second girl has jumped directly behind the girl in front. She has no control of her horse because her reins are too long.

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NEWS OF AFGHANS AND OTHER BREEDS: COMPETITION FOR JUNIOR JUDGES

THIS is the time of year when field trial people come into their own, and as this goes to press dozens of events are being held or about to appear on the horizon. Retrievers, Spaniels, Pointers, Setters —name your favorite breed and we can name you an important field event in which it will feature.

Nostalgic names in the field trial world are now in the public eye: Fisher's Island, Hot Springs, Saybrook, Verbank will bring a glint to the eye of those who follow Cockers and Springers. They will remember past performances at these famous spots, a gallery held tense as a pair of merry little dogs bustle through brush and briar sending pheasants cackling into the air — the crack of a shotgun and the proud retrieve. Yes the spaniel people will be thinking of these things and will plan to be on hand for more this year.

And so will it be with the retriever fans. They will turn their minds to Long Island, Arden, the big trials of the Middle-West. They will think of the great Labradors, and Chesapeakes and Goldens which have worked on the uplands and in the waters of these famous grounds, and they too will go off to see new champions crowned.

Setter and Pointer people will have the whole country to choose from. There will be local trials too numerous to mention. There will be events for grouse dogs and pheasant dogs as well as those trained for quail. There will be dozens of trails on the horseshoe courses of the North. But above all they will be thinking of Southern piney woods and ragged fields, of stretches of open prairie, of bob white and prairie chicken, days ahorseback with bold Pointers nailing covies out on the horizon; the flash of a gaily carried Setter's tail in the broom straw.

Yes, this is a big time for field trialers and plenty of big things are going to be happening for them this next month. Next issue, after they have happened, we'll tell you about them.

JUNIOR JUDGES

One of the best things about the International Kennel Club of Chicago's annual show has been their attitude toward young fanciers and the helpful and interesting forms of competition they have evolved for these youngsters—the exhibitors of the future.

Here is some news of what they are going to do at their next show, and while March 28 and 29 seems a long way off now, those youngsters who intend to compete shouldn't waste any time brushing up on their knowledge of the standards of the various breeds. March will be here before you know it and there will be some real competition in these juvenile classes.

The contest in question is for amateurs between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years of age. It is open to any boy or girl within this age range and entries can be made any time up to the time of the contest, which is scheduled as a pre-opening event on Friday afternoon, March 27.

P. T. JONES PHOTOS

Boarzell Brightest Star won best at the recent Berks County Show; owner-handler Thomas Gately is receiving the award

Miss Kaisley Hoyt with Rudika of Blakeen, Afghan winner

Ch. Captain Bob, Pointer, was best sporting dog at Devon

Officials of the International Kennel Club announce that the breeds which will be used in the 1942 contest are English Springer Spaniels, Chow Chows, Pomeranians, and Beagles.

Cash prizes will be awarded to the six highest scoring contestants and the winner will also receive the C. Groverman Ellis sterling silver trophy to be held for one year. The winner's name is engraved on this cup annually.

The contest will be judged by a committee of all-arounder judges from the International Kennel Club's 1942 show list. Participants in the contest will be scored on how closely they place the four breed classes to the placements of each class made by the all-arounder judges of the contest. There will be four dogs to a class.

Scores will also include the reasons a contestant gives for his placing of each class, which will be given orally before the judges' committee. Ratings and reasons will be given equal value in computing the various individual scores.

Entry cards will be sent to any boy or girl who wishes to take part in this contest, together with standards of the breeds to be judged, on request by prospective participants addressed to the International Kennel Club at its headquarters, 840 Exchange Avenue, Union Stock Yards, Chicago. No entry fee is required.

AFGHANS

Of particular interest, recently, was the excellent all-Afghan show held under the sponsorship of the Afghan Hound Club of America. This event is said to be the first of its kind ever to be held in this country or Europe. The scene was the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Florsheim at Darien, Conn.

This show attracted attendance from all parts of the country with a fine assortment of guests arriving from as far away as Denver and California. Charles C. Hopton, well-known all-rounder judge and

Tybbo of Romanoff, best American-bred at Berks County

steward at the match, spoke on the antiquity of the breed and commented on the unusual quality of the competition, particularly the fine lot of promising puppies. The guests were entertained at an exceedingly pleasant supper following the show.

In the open classes, all Afghan Hounds except champions were eligible and a parade of champions took place after the general events. Trophies and ribbons were also given in various puppy classes as well as the usual novice, limit, American-bred and open classes. There was also an exhibition of stud dogs and brood bitches and their get.

The selection of Rudika of Blakeen as best-in-match met with popular approval as this fine performer was in excellent form and coat, under the ownership and handling of Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt. Second place in the open class was taken by Iskandar of Kandahar, an excellent hound bred by Mrs. Jack Oakie and owned and handled by Robert Thomas of New York.

Other winners were Mrs. Margaret Holmes' Monte in the novice class; Robert Thomas's Iskandar of Kandahar, best American-bred; in the limit class Mrs. Gladys Wisotzkey's Zandu of Arthen was the winner. In the puppy classes, Mrs. D. R. Holmes of Cos Cob took first place with the dog, Reddy, in the two to six months group, and Dr. Kenneth Grevatt's Eve was judged best bitch. Far Away Gingi, belong-

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STATE OF NEW YORK . . . . . } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK . . . } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Peter Vischer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of Country Life, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Peter Vischer, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York; Editor, Peter Vischer, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York; Managing Editor, George B. Turrell, Jr., 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are: Charles B. Parker, Chaska Beach, Huron, Ohio; Pleasant Valley Farm, Lambertville, N. J.; M. du Pont Scott, Montpelier Station, Orange County, Va.; Alfred G. Vanderbilt, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; R. G. Vischer, Lambertville, N. J.; Peter Vischer, Lambertville, N. J.; W. Holden White, 711 Union Commerce Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; John Hay Whitney, 2 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, as given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

PETER VISCHER, *Publisher.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1941.

(SEAL) PAULA BATES,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

ing to Miss Marjorie Walker, took first place in the nine to twelve months class for dogs, and Tobah Kanult of Blakeen, Mrs. Hoyt's bitch, was the best in the nine to twelve months division for her sex.

Marion Foster Florsheim, hostess for the event, is the owner of the famous Ch. Rana of Chaman of Royal Irish, and recently imported another fine Afghan, Tajana, from the Chaman Kennels of Mrs. Molly Sharpe in Northern Ireland.

Mrs. Phyllis Robson of Toronto, Canada, chairman of the British Afghan Hound Association and editor of "The Dog World," represented England and Canada at the show. The interest of those countries in American Afghan activity is particularly high because most of the breeding outside of the Afghan's native Afghanistan and Egypt has been in the British Isles. The effort to bring more Afghans to this country and encourage breeding here, has been due to apprehension for the future of the strain in the warring nations.

NEW ECZEMA TREATMENT

That versatile drug sulfanilamide has found another effective use—the best treatment yet known for moist eczema in dogs.

Announced by Dr. C. G. Harrel, director of the Pillsbury Flour Mills Research Department, the new method of treatment was adapted to this malady in dogs recently by Dr. F. W. Gehrman, Pillsbury veterinarian, through experiments following inquiries from dog owners.

"The most satisfactory method of treatment," according to Dr. Gehrman, "is to clip the hair away around the affected area, wash with soap and water, follow up with an alcohol wash, then apply powdered sulfanilamide by means of a shaker-top can."

"Precautionary measures should then be taken following this basic treatment," Dr. Gehrman reports, "to prevent the animal from licking the wounds and obtaining a toxic amount of sulfanilamide. This may best be done by not too heavy and repeated applications of the powder.

"In treatment with the various ointments and outright preparations used in the past, recovery has always been slow, with marked suppuration, erosion, pain, and thickening of the skin of the affected area upon final healing.

"Through the use of powdered sulfanilamide, early termination of the condition results," Dr. Gehrman states, "without the usual suppuration and skin thickening in the affected area which was always found in the past in the healing of moist eczema."

This treatment has also been found to be effective in treatment of ear cankers in cats and dogs, Dr. Gehrman reports.

Use of sulfanilamide in ointment form has not been found to produce results as satisfactory as treatment with powdered sulfanilamide.

Because of the nature of sulfanilamide, treatment should be administered by a competent, licensed veterinarian, Dr. Gehrman advises.

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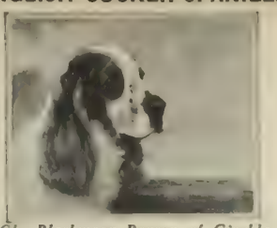

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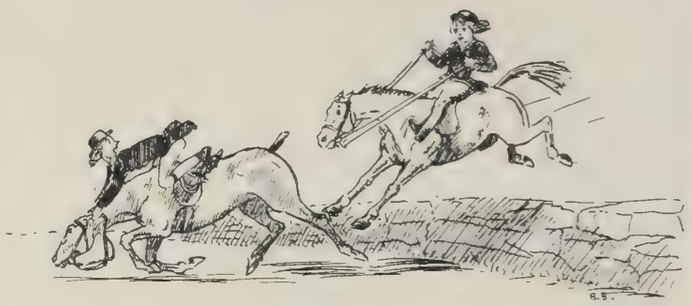
The Young Sportsman

NICHOLAS Solovioff wins the five dollar prize for his wash drawing entitled The Storm. His composition is good and his use of black and white in differing shades is well done. Donald Johnson uses black and white very effectively but his style is so like that found in a comic sheet that I wish he would develop a style of his own. Donald Blome has an effective style of his own and Betty Rogers draws courageously for an eleven-year-old.

For next month will you artists, authors and photographers consider the following subjects, "Gunning," "Thanksgiving," "A Frisky Morning," "The Touchdown."

Remember all contestants must be under 18 years of age and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent or guardian that it is your own original work, neither copied nor traced.

WHAT IS WRONG AND WHY?



Answer will be found on page 67

Drawn by Marilyn Waddell, Quincy, Fla.; aged 10

Drawn by Robin Callery, Capecod, Mass.; aged 13

Drawn by Diane E. Steadman, Mansfield, Pa.; aged 11

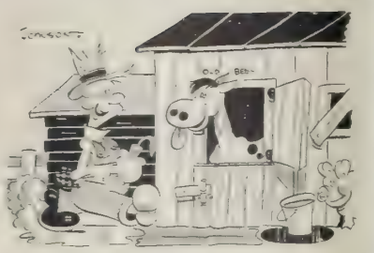
Drawn by Mina Bergdoll, Downington, Pa.; aged 11

Drawn by Bambi Merck, West Orange, N. J.; aged 13

Drawn by Betty Miracle, Chicago, Ill.; aged 14

Drawn by Donald Blome, Rochester, Mich.; aged 11

Drawn by Nicholas N. Solovioff, Kingston, N. Y.; aged 14



Drawn by Donald Johnson, Kansas City, Mo.; aged 17

Drawn by Jinxie Ingels, Centreville, Md.; aged 14

Drawn by Pahl Morlang, Los Angeles, Calif.; aged 14

Drawn by Cy. Wilson, Cooper, Wyo.; aged 13

Drawn by Betty Rogers, Glencoe, Ill.; aged 11

Drawn by Cody Lee Davis, Craan, Texas; aged 14

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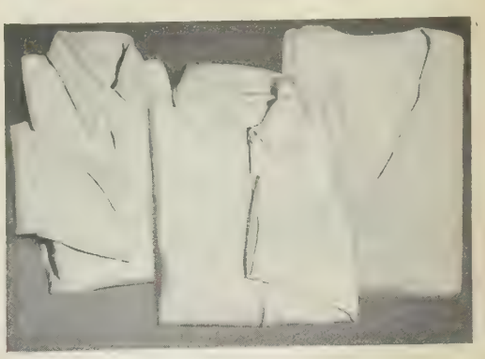

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THEODORE MISERENDINO, *Art Editor*

VOL. LXXXI DECEMBER, 1941 No. 2

OUR COVER

"Mountain Town," nestled under its winter blanket of snow, as depicted so ably by Aldro T. Hibbard. Reproduced through the courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries.

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Published monthly by POLO MAGAZINE, INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.
EDITORIAL OFFICES: 1270 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

COUNTRY LIFE is obtainable in the United States and all other countries in the Pan-American Postal Union, at $5 for one year, $8 for two years. In Canada, $6 for one year, $10 for two years. In all other countries, $7 for one year, $12 for two years.
Entered as second-class mail matter November 3, 1941, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers are requested to send notice of change of address five weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notice will result in an incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must be given. *Please report all changes direct to us.*
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THE CALENDAR

RACING

To Dec. 13	Golden Gate, Albany, Calif.
Dec. 20-Jan. 13	Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.
Dec. 25-Feb. 17	Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La.
Dec. 31-Mar. 16	Santa Anita Park, Arcadia, Calif.
Jan. 14-Mar. 7	Hialeah Park, Hialeah, Fla.

HORSE SHOWS

To Dec. 6	International Show, Chicago, Ill.
Dec. 7-15	Houston, Tex.
Dec. 13	Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS

Dec. 6	Kennel Club of Central Pennsylvania, Altoona, Pa.
Dec. 7	Palm Springs Kennel Club, Palm Springs, Calif.
Jan. 11	Newark Kennel Club, Newark, N. J.
Jan. 20-21	Sarasota Dog Club, Sarasota, Fla
Jan. 24-25	Golden Gate Kennel Club, San Francisco, Calif.
Feb. 11-12	Westminster Kennel Club, New York, N. Y.
Feb. 14	Elm City Kennel Club, New Haven, Conn.
Feb. 15	Muncie Kennel Club, Muncie, Ind.
Feb. 21-22	Dayton Kennel Club, Dayton, O.
Feb. 22-23	Eastern Dog Club, Boston, Mass.
Feb. 26	Genesee County Kennel Club, Flint, Mich.
Feb. 28	Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.
Mar. 1	San Bernardino Valley Kennel Club, San Bernardino, Calif.
Mar. 4-5	Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mar. 7-8	Oakland Kennel Club, Oakland, Calif.
Mar. 7-8	Western Reserve Kennel Club, Cleveland, O.
Mar. 8	Providence County Kennel Club, Providence, R. I.
Mar. 14-15	Cincinnati Kennel Club, Cincinnati, O.
Mar. 14-15	Tucson Kennel Club, Tucson, Ariz.
Mar. 21-22	Mahoning-Shenango Kennel Club, Youngstown, O.
Mar. 21-22	Mississippi Valley Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo.
Mar. 21-22	Santa Anita Kennel Club, Santa Anita, Calif.
Mar. 22	Saw Mill River Kennel Club, White Plains, N. Y.
Mar. 28	Kennel Club of Atlantic City, Atlantic City, N. J.
Mar. 28-29	International Kennel Club of Chicago, Ill.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

Feb. 1	North Shore Dog Training Club, Chicago, Ill.
Feb. 22-23	New England Dog Training Club, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS (Pointers and Setters)

Dec. 1	Coastal Plain Field Trial Club, Wallace, N. C.
Dec. 2	Texas Open Championship Field Trial Assn., Malakoff, Tex.
Dec. 5	Merced County Fish & Game Assn., Merced, Calif.
Dec. 6	Rice Belt Amateur Field Trial Assn., Crowley, La.
Dec. 7	Warrick County Shooting Dog Club, Boonville, Ind.
Dec. 8	South Carolina Field Trial Assn., Sumter, S. C.
Dec. 9	Tennessee Field Trial Club, Jackson, Tenn.
Dec. 15	Florida Field Trial Assn., Orlando, Fla.
Jan. 2	Louisiana Field Trial Assn., Baton Rouge, La.
Jan. 5	All-America Field Trial Club, Brownsville, Tenn.
Jan. 5	Pinehurst Field Trial Club, Pinehurst, N. C.
Jan. 10	Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, Banning, Calif.
Jan. 12	Georgia Field Trial Assn., Waynesboro, Ga.
Jan. 12	Plantation Owners Bird Dog Assn., Estill, S. C.
Jan. 19	Continental Field Trial Club, Quitman, Ga.
Jan. 24	Setter & Pointer Club of California, Sacramento, Calif.
Jan. 26	Florida Pointer & Setter Club, Jacksonville, Fla.
Jan. 26	Southeastern States Amateur Championship, Orlando, Fla.
Jan. 26	National Field Trial Club, Shuqualak, Miss.
Feb. 2	Southern States Amateur Championship, Hernando, Miss.
Feb. 2	The Quail Championship, Albany, Ga.
Feb. 7	California Quail Championship, Los Angeles, Calif.
Feb. 9	United States Field Trial Assn., Holly Springs, Miss.
Feb. 15	Ada Field Trial Assn., Ada, Okla.
Feb. 16	National Amateur Quail Championship, Holly Springs, Miss
Feb. 23	Memphis Amateur Field Trial Assn., Memphis, Tenn.
Feb. 23	National Field Trial Champion Assn., Grand Junction, Tenn
Mar. 28	Sewickley Kennel Club, Sewickley, Pa.
Mar. 28	Central Ohio Field Trial Club, Mt. Victory, O.

FIELD TRIALS (Spaniels)

Dec. 6-7	Stockton English Springer Spaniel Club, Stockton, Calif.

SKEET TOURNAMENTS

Dec. 14	Austin Skeet Club, Austin, Tex.
Dec. 19	Jacksonville Gun Club, Jacksonville, Fla.
Dec. 29	Bluff & Grey Skeet Club, Montgomery, Ala.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

Dec. 4	International Sale, Chicago, Ill.

(*Continued on page 8*)

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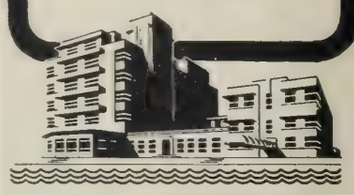

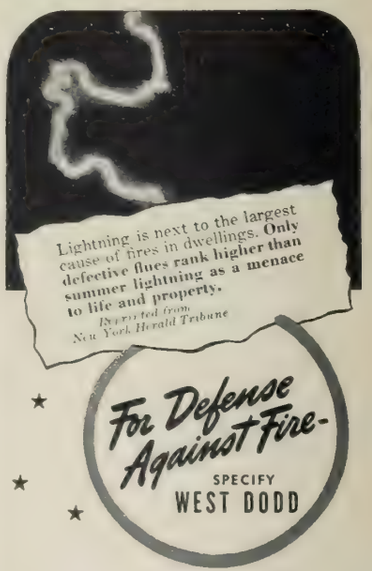
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THE CALENDAR

(*Continued from page 6*)

SHORTHORN & POLLED SHORTHORN SALES

Dec. 3	International Sale, Chicago, Ill.

BROWN SWISS SALES

Dec. 8	Andrew Martin Estate Dispersal, West Salem, Wis.

HOLSTEIN SALES

Dec. 1	Nebraska State Sale, Lincoln, Neb.
Dec. 3	Rockyford Dispersal, Amboy, Ill.
Dec. 10-11	138th Earlville Sale, Earlville, N. Y.
Dec. 12	Watertown Breeders' Sale, Watertown, Wis.
Dec. 15	W. D. Mitchell Dispersal, Waterloo, Ia.
Mar. 30	The Capitol Sale, Harrisburg, Pa.
Mar. 30-31	28th Anniversary Sale, Waukesha, Wis. & Watertown, Wis.

JERSEY SALES

Dec. 10	Holiday Dairy, Henryetta, Okla.

BELGIAN HORSE SHOWS & SALES

Dec. 2-4	International Show, Chicago, Ill.

LIVESTOCK SHOWS

To Dec. 6	International Show, Chicago, Ill.
Dec. 8-9	Annual State Meeting, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
Jan. 10-17	National Western Stock Show, Denver, Colo.
Feb. 6-15	Fat Stock Show, Houston, Tex.
Mar. 5-9	San Angelo Fat Stock Show, San Angelo, Tex.
Mar. 13-22	Southwest Exposition & Fat Stock Show, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mar. 26-29	Southwest Louisiana Fat Stock Show, Lake Charles, La.

FLOWER SHOWS

Dec. 1-31	Winter Blossom Show, Pacific Palisades, Calif.
Dec. 17	Horticulture Society of New York, New York, N. Y.
Dec. 25	Hollywood Flower Show, Hollywood, Calif.

ART EXHIBITIONS

Dec. 1-20	Exhibition of Paintings Chosen by Royal Cortissoz, Knoedler Galleries, N. Y.
Dec. 1-27	Paintings by Jay Connaway & Edith Blum, Milch Galleries, N. Y.
Dec. 1-28	Watercolors & Prints by John E. Costigan & Minna Citron, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
Dec. 1-31	The Art of Australia, Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.
Dec. 1-31	Metal Work by Samuel Yellin; Photographs by Katherine Young; Drawings by Rhoda Friedlander, Architectural League, N. Y.
Dec. 1-31	Paintings by Sueo Serisawa, Los Angeles County Museum, Calif.
Dec. 1-31	Paintings by Artists under Forty; Works of Emil Ganso, Whitney Museum, N. Y.
Dec. 1-31	Latin American Art; Original Etchings, Woodcuts and Prints from the Museum's Collection; Photographs from Austin Collection, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
Dec. 1-Jan. 4	"American Rooms in Miniature," Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
Dec. 1-Jan. 25	"Mary Cassatt"; Selections from Mrs. Sadie May's Collection; "The Development of the Portrait"; "Dance Photographs" by Barbara Morgan, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
Dec. 1-Jan. 26	Art in Life Exhibition, Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
Dec. 3-31	Paintings by Thomas R. Curtin & Paul Wieghardt; Sculpture by Nelle Bar, Sculpture of the 13th to 20th Century, Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass.
Dec. 4-Jan. 8	Works of Jerome Myers, Ross Moffett & Lamar Dodd, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
To Dec. 6	Paintings by Robert Philipp, Associated American Artists Galleries, N. Y.
To Dec. 6	Exhibition of American Sculpture, Clay Club Gallery, N. Y.
To Dec. 6	Paintings by Bernard Karfiol, The Downtown Gallery, N. Y.
To Dec. 6	Oriental Paintings by Hovsep Pushman, Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.
To Dec. 6	Exhibition of Renoir, Duveen Brothers Galleries, N. Y.
To Dec. 7	Miniature Rooms by Mrs. Thorne; Paintings of Van Gogh; Work by Louis Hughes, William Cumming, Giovanni Piranesi & Eustace Zeigler, Seattle Art Museum, Wash.
To Dec. 7	Models of Historic Theatres, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.
Dec. 8-31	Exhibition of Western Hemisphere Ceramics, W. & J. Sloane Company Galleries, N. Y.
To Dec. 9	16th Annual Exhibition, San Francisco Women Artists; California Watercolor Society, Annual Exhibition, San Francisco Museum of Art, Calif.
To Dec. 13	Paintings by Marc Chagall, Pierre Matisse Gallery, N. Y.
To Dec. 14	Works of William McGregor Paxton; Paintings of India & Ceylon; Watercolors by Winslow Homer, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
To Dec. 19	Exhibition of Italian Drawings, Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass.
To Dec. 20	Exhibition of Modern Mexican Painters, The Institute of Modern Art, Boston, Mass.
To Dec. 30	Exhibition of Soap Sculpture, The Silk Screen Group, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.

THIS YEAR more people will receive Longines Watches for Christmas than ever before. And this year, many who want them will be disappointed. We are sorry, there will not be enough Longines Watches to go around. Longines, the world's most honored watch, has won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

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THE LAND

A Quarterly Magazine

Here are some samples, much condensed, from the contents of Vol. I, No. 1 (Review of Winter) and Vol. I, No. 2, (Review of the Spring):

THE LAND of this ranch has a happy confident look and produces abundantly as if it enjoyed rewarding us for the love and care we are expending.—*M. S. Oneal, Montana.*

"THOSE WHO LIVE by the side of the cotton fields have for them that deep affection which makes the rustling of corn a merry sound to the Iowan," Hugh Bennett told me. Obviously such talk is poetry. But he knew better than the rest of us that the soil was being sold with the cotton.—*From Countrymen, a department of Rural Profiles, by Jonathan Daniels.*

IF YOU GET an absorption of water you prevent the erosion of soil. *From a practical Field Note by J. E. Noll, Missouri.*

An INTELLIGENT conservation policy is more important than the political bickerings of either major party. The best of theories break down when natural resources are exhausted and pull the standards of living down with them.—*J. N. ("Ding") Darling, Iowa.*

WE HAVE ALLOWED British agriculture to get into a bad state. Our new agricultural policy must look beyond the present war and aim at a permanent reorganization of our land use.—*Dr. Gilbert W. Robinson, North Wales.*

"BEAUTIFUL little brooks, so clear . . . The fisherman's heart seemed to shake the neighborhood."—*Marked While Reading in Herbert Quick's autobiography, One Man's Life, 1925.*

"MY SON," UNCLE KOLIA BEGAN, "don't believe merchants; never believe them; they don't understand anything. For the sake of a good killing they ruin the land for themselves and for everyone else. The land is not interested in making you rich. It wants to feed you, and it will take care of you if you take care of it."—*From a Memoir, 'My Grandmother's Battlefield' in Old Russia, Alef de Ghize.*

ISAAC PHILLIPS ROBERTS, born of upstate New York soil, never went to college. But he dedicated Cornell's agricultural college as its first Dean: "That it may be developed by skill and cherished by instructed intelligence." They asked him to conduct a Farmers' Institute and the Church was the only place open. Boldly he mounted the pulpit, opened the Book, found his text: Luke 13:8—"Dig about it and dung it." *From the first of a series of historical pieces sketching powerful American Countrymen, not long dead.*

FIELD COVER and its food for game animals were destroyed on top of the destruction of the forest. Frantically our sportsmen spend nearly a million dollars a year, much of it in the forlorn hope that our excellent state Conservation Department can conjure game birds and animals back on to a landscape which will not support them.—*Paul V. Sears, Ohio Landscape.*

RIME FOR THE NEW DEFENDERS: We took an old neglected farm to free it from time's nagging harm; to give it back its lost estate. That is its right. That is its fate. We dig the acres, give them seed, uproot the all pervading weed, and vines and orchards plant again to drink the fructifying rain . . . The ancient people whose long toil from wilderness reclaimed this soil, with voices vibrant in the air, are thanking us for all our care. And some past owner long reborn blows lustily on plenty's horn to quicken to its teeming birth the life still dormant in this earth.—*Caroline Hogue, Virginia.*

IN THE COMING ISSUE (REVIEW OF THE SUMMER), OUT OCTOBER 1, we shall have The New Patriotism, a stirring article by Stuart Chase; A Piece of Land by Louis Bromfield, the autobiography of a successful part-time farmer; and further Footnotes on The Holy Land by Walter Lowdermilk. Field Notes will cover practical findings on farm refrigeration in the South, power tillage in the West, grass culture everywhere. Foreign Correspondence from Canada, South America, the Caribbean and a special dispatch from England telling what farmers say of a war regime which dispossesses sloppy farmers. *Notes & Letters, Countrymen, Marked While Reading and all the usual departments.*

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RUSSELL LORD, *Editor*

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NOTE: Individual memberships cost $5 a year. A number of persons have been moved, however, to take out gift memberships for friends, or for other members of the family.

I enclose $.....

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CHRISTMAS 1941

Those fortunate people—healthy and wise, at least—who are moving into the country today would find a subscription to "Country Life" just about the most delightful Christmas present imaginable.

Not only that, but those who are still city-locked, might get an idea or two of value and importance for their future happiness from a subscription to "Country Life."

Nor is that all . . . there is no quicker or easier way of solving your personal Christmas problem.

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LETTERS

PAYING FARMS

To the Editor:

I was interested in the letter published in your November, 1941, issue from Allton Dunsford, Winchester, Mass., on the subject of "Paying Farms."

I happen to be among the many who operate a paying farm. It has shown a profit each year for a number of years; accomplished with Angus cattle, and you may consider this a plug for Angus.

I plead guilty to having no elaborate barns, silos, or decorative fences, no elaborate gardens or landscaping. Many of my cattle sheds are made of home-sawed lumber erected at small cost but they do keep cattle out of the worst weather. My fences are serviceable, of good wire and posts and comply with the old requirement, "hog tight, bull strong, and horse high."

I use many temporary silos and corn cribs to augment the permanent silos and corn cribs and these along with the cattle sheds and fences are "not so pretty for nice but hell for stout." Gen. H. C. Davidson of Cremona Farms, Maryland, once visited me here and his first comment was that mine must be one of the paying farms as he did not see any white fences on the place.

The Chicago Farmers, of which I have been a member since it was organized a number of years ago, had the same idea as Mr. Dunsford has about making their farms pay and held several meetings at which this phase of farming was discussed. I have no doubt that many of these gentlemen are operating at a profit where they did not do so several years ago.

From my observation the average city-farmer overbuilds his property. He goes in for high-powered managers or overseers who farm from behind a windshield. He charges to the farm operation the maintenance of elaborate and expensive fences, roads, landscaping, and other items, farms cannot carry these excessive charges.

I recall a very fine productive farm operated near Chicago. The owner lived on the farm and surrounding his home were about fifty acres of elaborate gardens, the inevitable swimming pool, and other recreational facilities. He eventually separated the expense of maintaining these grounds from the actual farm operation, and the operation looked a lot better.

Rather recently a very productive and nationally known farm in my county was sold after the death of the owner. The farm sold for less than the land alone was worth due to the very elaborate improvements. No practical farmer wanted to go to the expense of maintaining or wrecking the buildings.

Getting back to Mr. Dunsford's question "On a small farm in Massachusetts of 150 acres, would I do better financially to have Milking Shorthorns for beef and milk instead of Guernseys and Angus?" Without knowing any of the details I feel sure that a program could be laid out for such a farm after the facts are known. I have no doubt that there are any number of farms in Massachusetts, of the approximate size he mentions, that could be profitably studied with a view to increasing the income of the farmer whose farm doesn't pay. I know many such farms in the Middle West.

I know one thing, the breed of livestock maintained on the farm is not necessarily going to solve the problem. The beef breeds all have certain merits (I am an Angus breeder), the various dairy breeds each have their particular merits. Personally I don't happen to know of any profitable dairy farm except where the owner actually milks and cares for the herd along with his farm hands.

W. A. Rafferty,
Morocco, Ind.

JUSTICE TO GAVER

To the Editor:

In trying to do too much and do it all at one gulp, it is impossible not to fall upstairs—or down, or both, once in a while.

How I came to make Fitzsimmons the trainer of Devil Diver, Shut Out and Amphitheatre in Country Life—well, I just don't know—except that the story was written under stress after beginning work on "American Race Horses" and the one-man organization that I belong to got its wires crossed. Will you kindly publish a note next month explaining the unintentional injustice to Gaver? For which I am truly sorry. Of course I saw it the moment I looked at the magazine—after not seeing it beforehand!

Salvator,
Chicago, Ill.

How we at the office missed it no one can explain either. Our apologies and respects to J. M. Gaver, competent trainer of the Greentree and Manhasset Stables.

FIELD SPANIELS

To the Editor:

I was interested in your article about Border Collies (Kennel and Bench Dept.) and have sent it to a friend on Martha's Vineyard who owns two. They are lovely dogs and true to the breed as you describe it. I love to see "Sheila" and "Shep" run.

We have Field Spaniels in our house. How about writing something about them? As I take ours to nearby shows I never get news of any others except now and again some one has had one imported from

land—like ours—or used one in field twenty years ago. The rting Group judge at Farming- last summer admired our bitch much, but said she was the first d she had seen in eighteen years! the same time I get about four ers a year from people who want buy a puppy and have either id my name in a show catalogue written the Kennel Club. We not in the dog business and t pups we get we spread around family or sell to friends. Our e is not so good—but our bitch really beautiful and two pups n to be developing into very ish dogs.

SARAH MORTON,
Fall River, Mass.

GOATS

THE EDITOR:

We are happy readers of your lication from time to time and needless to say we enjoy it very ch. Some time ago you had a plete article on Togenburg Milk ts, which was a story of some nan breeder in New York, as I ll. If you would be good ugh to furnish us the name of breeder or any other breeder of breed of goats, it would be ap- iated very much indeed.

J. IVAN CLENDENIN,
Raleigh, N. C.

goat breeders will send in their es and addresses COUNTRY LIFE *be glad to forward them to Mr. ndenin.*

RTRIDGE PLYMOUTH ROCKS

THE EDITOR:

njoyed reading about Mr. Law- e C. Allen's Partridge Plymouth ks.

Would like to know if you can me where I can buy some of e chicks.

FRED C. ISELEY,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

LABRADORS

THE EDITOR:

bout a year ago I wrote you mending the plan to have a more plete dog column, "Kennel & ch," and complaining that too e sports material was included COUNTRY LIFE.

should like to take this oppor- ty to say that, since we have ntly added a large farm to our perty, the contents of and arti- in COUNTRY LIFE are of tremen- sly increased interest.

We were particularly interested in article in a recent issue describ- the work of the combined dairy association. Would it not be ible to follow this general article separate articles featuring the vidual breeds, their characteris- merits and faults? Similar ar- s on the chief beef breeds would be interesting, particularly to layman who does not have so d a knowledge as he would like. ow that we are would-be "city ers" we of course like your De- er and City Farmer section and are very much interested in anything on the fundamental farm practices. We have ahead of us a long program of building construction, land improvement and stock purchasing and are eager for information on practices in like situations, for we have a great deal to learn.

To go back to "Kennel & Bench" and your request for suggestions as to individual breed write-ups: we would like to see an article on Labrador Retrievers as soon as it can be worked into the program you have outlined. We note a gap between the smaller bench Labrador and the heavier field dog and would welcome information on the present trend in breeding, the outstanding characteristics of the breed, its history, and accomplishments under field trial and actual hunting conditions. As I wrote before, it was through COUNTRY LIFE that we purchased our Labrador over two years ago and of course we are very much satisfied with our choice.

MRS. RUSSELL G. MERRIMAN,
Montpelier, Vt.

RIDING CLUB

TO THE EDITOR:

Would your magazine be interested in a story about nine fellows who had the nerve to start a riding club on ten dollars apiece? This happened two years ago and today we have a barn, our own land and 17 fine saddle horses. Believe it or not but we are beginning to make this thing a self-supporting proposition. Enclosing a snapshot of the barn which we built ourselves on Sundays and holidays.

The barn which members of the riding club built themselves

If you would be interested in this little story, the details of the whole thing are yours for the asking.

JOSEPH K. MCNALLY,
Pontiac, Mich.

NEW MAKEUP

TO THE EDITOR:

This is the kind of letter I do not like to write and certainly you do not like to receive one.

Frankly, I think the change in the makeup of your magazine is a mistake. As it is now you compete with many other publications that print the same kind of articles and do it just as well.

I have been a subscriber since it was "Polo" but you have gotten a long ways away from what that was.

Country Life

takes pride in announcing a series of articles to appear during 1942 on

FARM PROBLEMS

by

Louis Bromfield

Louis Bromfield came from a family of farmers. It is in his blood. He wanted to be a farmer from childhood, but his father disagreed; his father wanted him to be a writer, so that he could some day be a farmer on his own terms.

He became a writer—and a good one. ("The Rains Came," "Night in Bombay," "Wild is the River," his latest; "The Song," "The Strange Case of Annie Sprague.") But in becoming a writer he left his native land for fifteen years. He traveled across the world. He lived in France, on a farm. He went to India, Africa, Sweden, Germany—everywhere—because he wanted to see what was being done with the earth. The first place he always visited in any country in which he happened to be traveling was the agricultural station.

"I saw," he says, "that the prosperity and civilization of any country I visited depended upon the condition of the soil."

When the lunatics began emerging in the Old World, Louis Bromfield came back to America; his wife, his children and he. They went back to his native soil, Ohio. The day after he got off the boat he selected the farm he has today, a poor run-down farm in Richland County. He could have bought the best farm in the Black Swamp Region, but he knew it would have bored him to death. He wanted a place where he could do something for the poor hills which had been treated badly and were in need of help.

What he has done and what he has learned at Malabar Farm will become apparent to our readers through his writings. We believe they will form some of the most important pages yet printed in this magazine. . . . Yet printed in any magazine that reflects the American way of life.

Santa Fe

This winter

Relax at a Dude Ranch in the sunny southwest

Along the Santa Fe are scores of friendly dude ranches basking in the warm Southwestern sun all winter long . . .

Some of them are small and modest ranches, with rates that appeal to those with average incomes . . . some are "fancy outfits" catering to the more discriminating clientele . . . and some are real working cattle ranches, with accommodations for a few guests.

The big Santa Fe Dude Ranch booklet will give you a world of help in selecting THE ranch that will fit ideally into your winter vacation plans.

● Like to have us send you a copy? Write to address below:

T. B. GALLAHER
Passenger Traffic Manager
1009 Railway Exchange Bldg.
Chicago

I believe that there is a need of a high class magazine devoted to all breeds of horses that would be different from magazines that are only interested in one breed of horses.

LELAND R. FISHER,
Rochester, N. Y.

IDEAS ON HORSES

TO THE EDITOR:

Most of the horse publications are way above me. The saddle horse business has sort of grown out of the scope of the average person. I happen to have been a farmer—that is, during my school vacations. For the past 20 years I've been a salesman. I've always liked horses and could drive them since I was five years old. I recall at 11 years old I would drive a very fine driving horse anywhere in the city, and at 13 years old was driving teams to mowing machines, binders, and any kind of work that was done with horses. Naturally, you'll see, my idea of horses is much different from that of the average reader of your publication.

I use the farm now to keep my horses on. They are liable to be most any collection from Shetland ponies up. Just now I happen to have two saddle horses and one that looks to me like a well-bred saddle horse that I got off some jockies who had used him on a farm.

I have one horse that can jump pretty well. I wouldn't let a horse jump a plow furrow, but I notice the way he jumps fences, when he gets loose and by himself. To me, jumping horses are for folks with little respect for life and with more money than brains. I've seen some fine horses jump and go off limping thereafter. To me it's pretty bad when a fellow can't appreciate a horse without jumping him over some obstacles that aren't even real, but have to be made with hammers and nails.

One of Mr. Slykhouse's Shetland ponies ready for a ride!

I enjoy my horses. But, there's no pleasure in horses for me unless I can take care of them.

During the week I don't touch the horses except as I go by the farm and likely feed them an apple, look them over and some times, just for the fun of seeing them play, turn them out in the yard. For instance, we have one that is worth his keep just to see him play when you let him loose—that's the jumper. Yet, when you get on him, he has lots of life but wouldn't hurt a child. Our 8-year-old boy rides him, and he never moves out of his tracks until you tell him to go.

When I ride them, I clean them and saddle them, or there'd be no pleasure in it for me. I pull off their shoes when I feel that they can go barefooted, and do it myself. I trim their feet, doctor them up when they need it, clip their manes and legs, etc.

To me the real horseman and rider is the old cowboy. While he is often pictured as rough with his horses—just go into a wild west horse show tent, and see the way these boys handle their horses—you don't see their horses throwing their heads back, never knowing when they'll be kicked in the nose or hit over the head for no reason at all.

I have a good English saddle, but prefer to ride a sort of plantation saddle that I picked up. I find that a horse will carry me for a fifteen mile ride much easier with a saddle that distributes the weight well, than one that puts all the weight on a few square inches of his back.

Now, maybe you can imagine the kind of publication that I'd like. I don't know that there is one like it. I want a publication for the average man, horses for the average man, and I don't mean that the average man must have cripples. To me it's a joke when folks think that they must pay $1.000 for a horse to ride, there are plenty of fine horses for riding that can be had for $200 and less.

A $90 horse which John Slykhouse trained to do tricks

I think there should be a law against keeping horses as I've seen them in these liveries in summer resorts over the country. I've seen some horses here in our Michigan resort towns that were a disgrace to the state of Michigan. They were poor—stood around to be eaten up by the flies; ridden with saddles that took the hide and hair right off their backbones. The resorters from Chicago ride them, and instead of building up the riding customer desires of folks, to me it is killing the desire.

I believe you'll see how just one fellow feels about horses. I don't expect other folks to feel the same, as my best friends often refer to me as the "one and only Slykhouse."

JOHN SLYKHOUSE,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ranch Vacations

whether in winter or summer, have grown enormously in popularity during recent years.

A typical American institution, few types of vacations offer so great a change for the average individual at so small an outlay.

Whether it is in Texas, Arizona or New Mexico in winter, or Wyoming, Montana or Colorado in summer, a ranch vacation spells complete escape from the bustle and noise of the business world and the humdrum of everyday life.

At a ranch you ride; you go camping; you make pack trips; you fish; you learn to twirl a rope; you sit on the corral fence and watch the ranch hands work, or even lend a hand. You enjoy magnificent scenery; you experience a marvellous contentment.

COUNTRY LIFE prides itself on having had a hand in this development. It believes wholeheartedly in dude vacations. It believes Americans can profit immeasurably from a stay at a hospitable, well-run ranch.

In keeping with its efforts to promote the interests of both ranchers and vacationers, the April, May and June issues of COUNTRY LIFE will carry special articles, pictures and news of the summer ranches, together with the announcements of the leading ranches.

Make a note of these three issues for ranch information.

COUNTRY LIFE

COUNTRY LIFE'S REAL ESTATE DIRECTORY

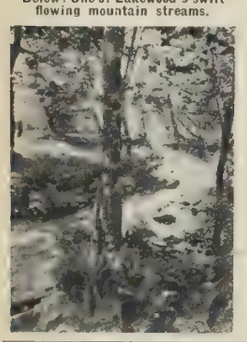
SINCE 1899, when the magazine was founded by the great Liberty Hyde Bailey, Professor Emeritus of Agriculture at Cornell University, "Country Life" has provided the nation's outstanding market place for country properties. . . . In 1940 again and as usual, "Country Life" led *all* magazines, of all kinds, in country real estate advertising, with 47% more advertising of this type than its nearest competitor. . . . *Advertising in COUNTRY LIFE'S REAL ESTATE DIRECTORY makes for sales!*

CHRISTIAN KIRCHER, *Manager*

1270 Sixth Avenue, New York — Telephone: CIrcle 6-1550

The lakeshore home, picturesquely situated in the midst of natural beauty.

Above: Towering evergreens add to the beauty of Lakewood.
Below: One of Lakewood's swift flowing mountain streams.



Lakewood

A Nature Paradise in the Evergreen State of Washington

FIFTY miles up the Columbia River from Portland, in Skamania county, Washington, lies Lakewood, a natural gem of 430 acres of mountain lakes, streams and evergreen forests. This unique estate is now available, priced at less than $125 an acre, which nowhere near covers the actual development work which has been done to make its outstanding natural beauty accessible by good roads, trails, improvements and buildings. The water is well stocked with native cutthroat trout. Deer, bear and other game abound in its forest which are constantly replenished by the vast game refuge area of the Cascade Mountains, which form its hinterland.

Ideal for a hunting and fishing lodge, or year 'round home, Lakewood has a completely furnished house, with beamed ceilings in living and dining rooms, 5 bedrooms (3 with sleeping porches), 2 baths. Double garage, caretaker's quarters, small barns, tool shed. $50,000.

Commonwealth, Inc.

Specialists in the Administration of Land and Buildings

415 S. W. 6th Avenue **Portland, Oregon**

If you are interested in locating in the Northwest for residence, recreation, or business, Commonwealth invites your correspondence regarding estates, farms, homes, homesites and business properties.

PERFECT FOR THE WINTER

We are in the unique position of having two most desirable houses available for rent now and all during the winter season at peaceful

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES

(1) a house of five bedrooms, spacious living room, delightfully cool dining porch, three other porches, kitchen with electric refrigerator and other modern conveniences, laundry, servants' quarters, garage, gardens, completely and comfortably furnished, screened, in the quiet of the hills overlooking lovely Montego Bay, with an unparalleled view of the water;

(2) a cottage of three bedrooms, dining room, living room, enclosed porch, garage, right on the seashore with the wonderful white sands of the bay—the finest bathing in the world, bar none—not fifty feet away.

Write now to Box 711, Country Life, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York or telephone J. Kiely, Butterfield 8-6880, New York

FOR THE PERFECT WINTER

FLORIDA

Palm Beach
FLORIDA

FOR SALE

3 Ocean view — Ocean front homes. Near all activities. Suitable for owner occupancy or investment.

Ira L. NeSmith, Palm Beach, Fla.
Provident Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

2000 ACRE
Country Estate

In central Florida for sale reasonable. Several beautiful lakes. Also two small country building sites.

E. H. WILKERSON
EUSTIS FLORIDA

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WINTER HOLIDAYS SKIING
in the White Mountains

A house of your own, ready for occupancy; six bedrooms, bath, four fireplaces, furnaces, plenty of dry wood. Barn; 40 acres unsurpassed views. Near North Conway. Priced to sell.

E. C. BARBER
Greycote Tel. 159 Woodbury, Conn.

MASSACHUSETTS

PEACE AND SECURITY
IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

150 acre farm-estate in the picturesque Alford Valley, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. 10 room attractive home, all modern improvements. Barns and outbuildings. In A1 condition. Fine trout stream runs through property. Exceptional bargain $14,500 quick sale.

WHEELER and TAYLOR · INC.
Great Barrington, Mass.

ARIZONA

SOUTHERN ARIZONA
CATTLE RANCHES

We have complete information on all sizes and types of ranches and Desert Estates and a complete list of Rentals.

DRACHMAN-GRANT
Tucson REALTORS Arizona

ARIZONA

Ranch made famous by Zane Grey's writings. Read "The Call of the Canyon" for description. Now has 170 head cattle — will carry 278 year around. Good winter and summer range. Beautiful red rock country with deep canyons, high mountains, trout stream, large pine timber. Lots of deer, turkey, some lion and bear.

A bargain buy at $47,500.00

DICK W. MARTIN, Broker
Prescott, Arizona

ROBERT F. KNOTH
Estate Forester
Investment Appraising—Acquisition
Surveys & Management of
Timbered Estate Properties
Charleston South Carolina
"Reliable Timber Information"

CHARLESTON
Shooting Properties — Plantations
Town Houses
SALES AND RENTALS
Elliman & Mullally, Inc.
24 Broad St. Phone 6521

Sell Your Country Place, Suburban Home, Ranch or Farm Through This Directory

FOR YEARS Country Life has specialized in advertising of country homes and farms, and for more than a quarter of a century influential families from all sections of the United States have looked to Country Life as their guide to fine properties.

Our real estate manager, who has been in charge of this directory for years, offers readers and advertisers the benefit of his experience. Write him frankly concerning your problem. A prompt reply is assured.

C. KIRCHER, *Manager*
Real Estate Directory
COUNTRY LIFE
1270 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y.

TWO RIDGE-TOP HOMES OF DISTINCTION

These houses were designed by an architect who is known for his skill in adapting houses to fit the topography of the land. The interiors are correspondingly planned for year-round living, with the maximum of modern comfort and a minimum upkeep. Both houses have libraries in addition to their spacious living rooms. One property also includes a studio-guest house and is for rent as well as for sale.

At the Parkway
Darien Road (Route No. 29)

MRS. PAUL LUNDY
Country Homes

New Canaan 9-1990
Darien 5-1451

CONNECTICUT
Country Properties
DAVID H. BATCHELDER
Wilton, Conn. Tel. 276-2

DARIEN
SHOREFRONT
and
INLAND PROPERTIES
WHEELER
. 5-1436 REAL ESTATE Darien

REDDING RIDGE
Pre-Revolutionary Manor House
lfully modernized into extremely attractive ntry home with about 24 acres bordering a am close to a millpond; beautiful shade s, gardens, etc.; large living room with 2 places, open and enclosed porches, 5 master rooms, 4 baths; service wing; large garage h studio and attached cottage; greenhouse. thouse.
KENNETH IVES & CO.
East 42nd Street New York

---

autiful acreage 1½ mi. from Milford, tween Bpt.-N. H. Fast growing sec- n. Near Post Road, convenient to Mer- t Pkwy. Overlooks L. I. Sound. 50% der cultivation. 2 houses, barn on 125 es. $25,000. Easy terms, low tax rate.
CLARK N. HOWLETT
lford Connecticut

STAMFORD

3 MILES from station—one delightful acre; Colonial farmhouse: pine-paneled library, 4 master bedrooms with 3 baths, servant's room and bath; oil burner; 2-car garage. Price $15,000; taxes $175.

SAMUEL N. PIERSON
65 Broad Street Stamford, Conn.
Tel. 4-1111

CONNECTICUT REAL ESTATE
Country Homes
Farms and Acreage
MOREAU STODDARD
FAIRFIELD LAND & TITLE COMPANY
Fairfield, Conn. Tel. 9-3361

FAIRFIELD—GREEN FIELD HILL
Charming and newly remodelled Colonial. 11 Rooms . . . 4 Baths . . . 4 family Bedrooms. Maid's Room. Fireplaces. 2 Car Garage. 22 beautiful Acres with 1 Acre Lake, Brook & private Road through property.
Priced for Immediate Sale
Fish & Marvin
521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City Tel. MU. 2-6525

GREENWICH
Fine English residence of stucco and half timber, in splendid condition, exquisite details, pine panelled library, panelled dining room, breakfast room to flagged terrace and garden pool, colorful marble mantels, pegged oak floors, passenger elevator. 6 master bedrooms, 5 baths, additional guest rooms, ample service quarters. 4-car garage with apartment. Garden playhouse. First time offered for $40,000, one-half its assessed value.
THE A. W. W. MARSHALL CO., INC.
80 West Putnam Ave. Greenwich, Conn.

RIDGEFIELD

8 acres beautiful rolling land, exquisite flower garden, expensive landscaping, apple orchard, attractive residence. First floor: glass and screen enclosed porch, fine entrance hall, dining room, living room, library, kitchen, butler's pantry, maids' quarters and dining room, lavatory. Second floor: suite of rooms consisting of dressing room, sitting room, bedroom, baths; also on the same floor 2 bedrooms, bath and foyer, sewing room. Third floor: 4 maids' rooms and baths, large studio; 4-car garage, modern apartment overhead.

Secluded restricted section, convenient to country club and town.

Asking $45,000. Send for illustrated circular. Brokers protected.

ARTHUR J. CARNALL
Tel. 101-2 Ridgefield, Conn.

GREENWICH, CONN.
Country homes for sale and lease.
Special offerings.
Thos. N. Cooke INCORPORATED
Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Tel. 263
7 East 42nd Street New York MU Hill 2-6561
(Offices open every day)

GREENWICH JUST OFF ROUND HILL ROAD
Near the Club, Brick house, perfectly set in a hilltop clearing with two acres of woodland privacy. A delightful home, economical for a family of 3 or 4 with 1 or 2 servants, 2 cars. Built for owner's use; now a sound buy. Liberal Terms.
EDSON & EDSON, Inc.
First National Bank Building
1 E. Putnam Ave. Greenwich, 222

Country Homes
in
Connecticut
JOHN B. BENSON
Westport, Conn. Telephone 2-5103

NEW MILFORD

This 30 acre farm speaks for itself and the following is a small part of what it has to say.

"They say I am old, but my land is the same and the large brook that flows through me has changed very little. My 2 fine barns are as square and plumb as when they were built. The Colonial house which has always been my crowning glory with its stately shade trees and attractive grounds is now a great joy to me, having lately been redecorated and modernized. If you should buy me, treat me kindly and remember a fellow of my age has a lot of dignity."

Price $15,000.
Pictures and detail upon request.
HOUSATONIC VALLEY AGENCY
Tel. 7770. New Milford, Litchfield County, Conn.

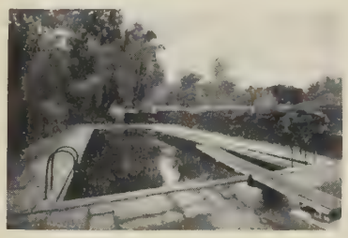
BETHEL AND VICINITY

Choice old New England farm house, first class condition, 8 rooms with 2 baths, all modern conveniences, original wide oak board floors, fireplaces, carved mantels, etc., large barns, other outbuildings, 44 acres good farming land, trout brook, lake site, located handy to shopping center, express station, 1 hour, 30 minutes New York City. $25,000.

HOWARD R. BRISCOE
Putnam Park Road Bethel, Conn.

WALD-ECK

A superb estate in one of the finest residential sections of Philadelphia's Main Line suburbs. While its location is only twenty minutes by motor from the center of the city, it enjoys an exceptional degree of seclusion. The house is the work of highly skilled artisans and was built by the present owner's Father without regard to cost. It is in the English Baronial style, with wide halls, deep windows, sunny rooms. It contains 7 master bedrooms and 4 completely modern baths—servants' wing is separate. There is ample garage space; gardener's cottage; green house; tennis court; an excellent swimming pool. The planting on the property alone is priceless.



This most unusual estate, comprising 20 acres, is offered at a fraction of its true value. There is nothing like it available. Your inquiry is invited.

McMULLIN & McMULLIN
1600 Walnut Street
Pennypacker 0495 Philadelphia *Ardmore 6300*

AT THE START OF THE HUNT

One Hundred Acres of high land; remodeled stone mansion house reached over a driveway lined with stately old maples, living room, den, dining room and service wing, five master bedrooms, dressing room, two tiled baths, servants' quarters, oil heat, several fine fireplaces and mantels; farm barn remodeled with boxes for hunters, tack room; tenant house, seven rooms, bath, heat, electricity; tennis court. This is truly a gentleman's country home in the finest fox hunting country and close to Paoli with excellent train service to Philadelphia and New York. $65,000.

J. M. FRONEFIELD
Phone 1500 **Wayne, Penna.**
"I have a farm for every buyer."

SITUATION WANTED

FARM or ESTATE SUPERINTENDENT

Married. Agricultural College graduate, experienced all branches estate work, general farming, livestock, gardening, etc. Best references ability and character.

Box 45 **Country Life**

FARM OR ESTATE MANAGER
of 20 years experience

Open for new connections, no family, fully conversed in every angle connected with the breeding of pure-bred Guernseys—Beef Cattle, Horses, Hogs, Poultry and all lines of modern farming. Have bred many good Guernseys—familiar with A.R. work disease control and calf raising. Capable of developing a new proposition or continuing established one. Unquestionable references. Have a wide experience among breeders. Present place 12 years. In no hurry. But could release in reasonable time. If you are desirous of getting started and wish success, this is your chance.

Box 200
c/o Country Life
1270 Sixth Ave. **New York**

MARYLAND

GLENELG *Manor*

FAMOUS MARYLAND ESTATE

Historic showplace. Will appeal to those who envision as their own a beautiful country home with satisfying architectural design, perfect appointments, beauty of landscaping, diversified recreation, productive agriculture. Midway between Baltimore and Washington, D. C., 585 acres, terraced gardens with 450' of century-old English boxwood, swimming pool, golf course, tenant houses, farm buildings, tiled meadow suitable for polo field, Howard County Hunt Club nearby, acreage for private airport. Built in 1700, one of the few really desirable historic properties in America.

Write for illustrated brochure.

BRECKINRIDGE & HANNA
Ellicott City Maryland

NEW YORK

PILLARED COLONIAL

Two and one half hours from New York City. Situated in the heart of the Berkshires. Ten rooms, three baths, fireplaces, tenant house, possible lake site; secluded on dead end road. 200 acres, used for hunting and farming. Taxes $175. $13,000. Easy terms.

IRENE RHEINSTROM
HILLSDALE **NEW YORK**

THERE IS AN UNMISTAKABLE TREND TO THE COUNTRY OF AMERICAN FAMILIES IN SEARCH OF PEACE, SECURITY AND THE RICHER LIFE.

IF YOU HAVE COUNTRY PROPERTY FOR SALE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF "COUNTRY LIFE'S" SPECIAL RATE

COUNTRY LIFE'S
Real Estate Directory

"I Like to Read Your Real Estate Advertisements"

The above was taken from a letter containing a subscription to Country Life. Another subscriber to Country Life writes, "I plan to purchase a place and find your real estate directory most informative." We could quote other letters similiar to the above from our subscribers.

You will also find the following interesting quotations from real estate advertisers' letters.

FROM THE SOUTH

"The results obtained from the use of your magazine during the past twelve months have been highly satisfactory."

"The house was sold within three weeks after the advertisement appeared in Country Life and I had three other interesting inquiries."

FROM THE EAST

"The property we advertised in Country Life brought more inquiries than any other property advertised in other papers and magazines this year."

"I sold my camp as the result of an advertisement in your publication. Received one inquiry which I turned into a satisfactory sale."

The above quotations are from both real estate brokers and owners' letters. They prove that attractive advertisements in Country Life produce very good results. Note the following impressive

Directory of Real Estate Brokers

Arizona

Drachman-Grant
Tucson, Arizona

Dick Martin
Prescott, Arizona

Connecticut

E. C. Barber
Greycote
Woodbury, Conn.

David H. Batchelder
Wilton, Conn.

John B. Benson
Westport, Conn.

Howard R. Briscoe
Putnam Park Road
Bethel, Conn.

Arthur J. Carnall
Ridgefield
Conn.

Thomas N. Cooke, Inc.
Post Road
Greenwich, Conn.

Edson & Edson
West Putnam Avenue
Greenwich, Conn.

Fairfield Land & Title Co.
Fairfield, Conn.

Housatonic Valley Agency
New Milford, Conn.

Clark N. Howlett
Milford, Conn.

Kenneth Ives & Co.
17 East 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Paul Lundy
New Canaan, Conn.

A. W. W. Marshall
80 West Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.

Samuel N. Pierson
65 Broad St.
Stamford, Conn.

Herbert Wheeler
Darien, Connecticut

Maryland

Breckinridge & Hanna
Ellicott City, Maryland

George R. Debnam, III
Driftwood Farm
Rock Hall, Md.

Eastern Shore Estates Co.
Queen Anne's County
Centerville, Maryland

W. Clarke Grieb
Chestertown, Maryland

Charles R. Rogers
Hampstead, Md.

Leonard Snider
La Plata, Md.

Hyland P. Stewart, Jr.
516 North Charles St.
Baltimore, Maryland

Massachusetts

Wheeler & Taylor
Great Barrington, Mass.

New York

Fish & Marvin
521 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Irene Rheinstrom
Hillsdale, N. Y.

Oregon

Commonwealth, Inc.
415 S. W. 6th Ave.
Portland, Oregon

Pennsylvania

Joseph M. Fronefield
Wayne, Pennsylvania

McMullin & McMullin
1600 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Provident Trust Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

South Carolina

Elliman & Mullally
24 Broad Street
Charleston, S. C.

Stoddard-Jenkins-Tift
Charleston
South Carolina

Virginia

Allison & Young
Fredericksburg, Virginia

J. Green Carter
Warrenton, Virginia

Henry E. Keeler
Orange, Virginia

G. B. Lorraine
510-511 Law Building
Richmond, Va.

Joseph M. Samuels
Orange, Virginia

The L. S. Scott, Corp.
Charlottesville
Virginia

F. W. Sharp & Son
The Plains
Fauquier County, Va.

Stevens & Barkley
Monticello Hotel Building
Charlottesville, Virginia

FOR LEASE NEAR WARRENTON

(Never Offered Before)

Unusually attractive country home with 6 master bedrooms, 4 baths, servants' quarters, garage, stable. Lovely garden and grounds maintained by owner. Inspection by appointment only.

Brokers Protected. *For Price and Details apply:*

J. GREEN CARTER

WARRENTON, VA. TEL. # 136

Old Virginia Plantation

acres, level, fertile land in high te of production. Charming old uthern house, 10 rooms, electric ht, bath. Complete complement m buildings—$26,500.00.

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The Editor's Cornucopia

THE FARMERS GET TO TALKING ABOUT "THOSE FELLOWS DOWN THERE"

So long as the farmers of New Jersey have something to say about the affairs of the nation, we should not be in too devastated a position. That's my considered opinion after attending a meeting called by our County Agent in the Grange Hall at Hopewell the other night to consider the Department of Agriculture's Triple A plans for 1942 and to hear "just what the defense program means."

About sixty farmers gathered in the basement of the hall, amid whitewash, furnace and pipes, on some of the most uncomfortable benches on which I have ever had the misfortune to be planted. They represented a fair cross-section of our township, I should say. They ranged from men in overalls to a tidy and sharp-eyed little chap in tweeds, from foreigners who spoke broken English to fellows who looked like old-time Americans who must have fought in the Revolution. One was a woman and one a grizzled old Negro.

"We might as well get started," said the chairman of the meeting after we had been shifting uncomfortably from cheek to cheek for half an hour after the time that the meeting had been called. "We've got quite a program to outline and there may be some discussion when we get through." He must have faced these people before.

He was a young man and had his father and his uncle in the audience, which you could tell at once for they all three looked alike, bald, gnarled, somewhat stooped, solid, determined men whom one would guess to have opinions of their own. He spoke quietly, easily, in a conversational manner, and with an occasional crinkle around his eyes. (I learned later that he used to be on the school board, before the labor problem got so pressing and farming began to take up virtually all his time.)

They want us to produce more milk, he said. And eggs. Poultry products generally. And hogs. They want more beef too, but that doesn't apply to New Jersey, which isn't considered a beef-producing state. They want us to cut down even more on wheat and you fellows want to answer your mail promptly if you aren't going to be satisfied to have your wheat allotments cut again.

Seems like we're going to have to feed a quarter of England, he said, in addition to ourselves, and the Government expects us to get the stuff produced next year to do that as well as having plenty for our own nutritional program.

"Who's going to pay for it?" one farmer interrupted.

"Well," said the chairman, "I was at a big regional conference the other day and they had all these fellows from Washington there and somebody asked that same question. The fellows from Washington said they didn't know who was going to pay for it but that we could rely on the Government's word that they want all this stuff and were going to see to it that the farmer didn't lose."

Now, continued the chairman, that opens up this whole subject. And I might as well admit that it gives us something to think about. There isn't a man here who doesn't remember the last war and what happened right after. We certainly don't want that to happen again.

We don't want to increase milk production by getting more cows. That would only tend to expand us to the point where we'd be back in the same jam we were in before. At a time when labor's going to be scarcer. Also, it wouldn't help the national program if we bought cows in Michigan and Wisconsin, for while it would raise production here it would lower production in the states where the cows come from.

"And don't forget," added the County Agent, "those fellows in Michigan and Wisconsin are as good dairymen as we are and any cow they want to sell now at a price we could afford is one we don't want."

Well, continued the chairman. I don't know how good they are as dairymen out in Wisconsin and Michigan but I do know that we here in New Jersey are about the best in the country and we here in

Hopewell Township are about the best in New Jersey. (This was stated factually, as though it were true, not boastfully as we say that America's military airplanes, still untried mind you, are the best in the world.) How in the world we're going to raise production by being more efficient I don't know, he said. But you fellows can try.

And about the poultry. They want more eggs and more chickens. But again I warn you, he said, don't go overexpanding. I saw a lumberman in the lower part of the state the other day and he told me he'd sold 168,000 board feet for new poultry houses. I don't know how many chickens that means, he said, but it gave me the shivers. Let's take better care of our chickens and get the added production they want that way.

"I'd like to ask a question," said another farmer. "How are we goin' to raise more chickens and more eggs when organized gangs are goin' around the countryside, backin' their trucks up to our places at night, and goin' off with those efficient chickens the Government is hollerin' about."

"That's what always happens when chicken farming gets good," said the County Agent, "only this time it's worse than ever because the state police have been withdrawn from the country districts to watch the factories and the defense projects.

The development of that little point held the meeting's attention for quite a few minutes, while the farmers debated whether to send a resolution to the responsible police officials or to take matters into their own hands; also whether buckshot was better for the purpose than a double-barreled shotgun filled with No. 10. The farmers liked this part of the discussion; you could feel their fingers itching for the trigger.

Of course, said the chairman, there's parts of this we don't quite understand ourselves. Like cutting down the soybeans 33%. I can only figure they don't mean that or they haven't been in New Jersey lately. My understanding is that there'll be more and more soybeans here in the next few years and I've even heard that two industrial plants are planning to send buyers around the state looking for soybeans with cash in their pants.

Anyway, it doesn't make any difference what you do with soybeans, he added, because there are no restrictions on soybeans as there are on wheat."

"I don't like the wheat restrictions," said another farmer. "I don't get the yield from my acres that I should and if I got the best in the state I still wouldn't have enough wheat to feed my own stock."

There's a lot of unfairness in the wheat allotments, the County Agent interpolated. But you fellows must remember that this is a national program and the wheat paragraphs were dictated by the representatives of the wheat-growing areas. They weren't worrying about New Jersey when they set up the wheat restrictions and there's certainly plenty of dissatisfaction around here because while everybody else has more wheat than they can use we haven't got enough. Why don't you draw up resolutions, he said, and send them to Washington; sometimes these fellows down there pay attention to such things.

Those fellows down there . . .

That was a phrase that kept recurring all through the meeting . . . "Those fellows down there," as you might speak of Indians from the Matto Grosso.

•

Well, when the meeting was over they showed a movie of "those fellows down there," Secretary of Agriculture Wickard and three other gentlemen of his department, two of them resplendent in white suits. They sat in front of microphones and gave long-winded answers that you couldn't hear very well (and out of synchronization, too) to a set of questions asked by a dimpled radio announcer. Occasionally two cuties

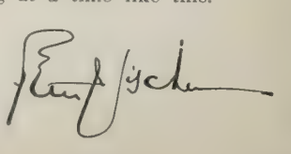
SKETCHES BY GORDON ROSS

would come into the picture carrying a ham or a bottle of milk. Once a soldier was shown with full equipment while the agricultural gentlemen guessed how much of what he was wearing had been provided by farmers . . . his cotton uniform, his gun-stock, his rubber poncho, his leather boots, and so forth.

"We've got another picture here, if you fellows want to see it," said a gentleman with a clipped moustache who apparently had been showing the pictures at lots of farmers' meetings.

It was half past ten by now and three-quarters of the people got up quietly, put on their hats, and walked out. I stayed to see the second picture with about a dozen others, but it wasn't any better than the first. By eleven thirty I was home too.

The solid conservatism of the American farmer is really most reassuring at a time like this.



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Shaping the Agriculture of Tomorrow

by J. DONNELL TILGHMAN

WHEN you go to the kitchen before breakfast the greeting is a commonplace "Merry Christmas" instead of "Chris'mus Gif'." But they still lay in wait for you and beat you to the draw with words almost shouted in the effort of getting the greeting said first. A couple of generations ago there was virtue in hurry. If you could "ketch the marstuh's 'Chris'mus Gif' " it meant good luck and many presents.

When everyone on the place, negro and white, children and grandparents, gather around the tree it is no longer spirituals that are sung but "Silent Night" or "Little Town of Bethlehem" subtly altered in melody and rhythm. But for the most part the customs have changed but little. The old portraits, alive in the wavering light of candles, look down on a plantation Christmas very like those the sitters presided at back in the days when these United States were colonies.

The rambling brick house faces west across an inlet from the Chesapeake. It does not look old, for each generation added or altered in the taste of its day. But at the core is the house built by the great-great-great-great-great grandfather of the youngest guest who rouses the household before sunrise with her first Christmas horn.

The branches of the maples and pecans reaching high above the roof are black against a pale sky. But nothing else suggests the cold white Christmas of tradition. Green lawns slope to shores where dark pyramids of cedar thrust up from a tangle of honeysuckle stiff from frost but still shiny and green. Under dead leaves blown in piles against the box hedges candytuft is still in bloom. Some years there is a rosebud or two and a mockingbird that sits on the top branch of the holly tree and sings on moonlight nights.

By lunch time on Christmas Eve members of four generations have assembled and the long top for the dining table is brought down from the loft over the carriage house. It will seat eighteen and there is still space in the dining room for a side table to seat the overflow. After lunch the younger people assume watch over tradition. In a world that changes too fast even for novelty loving youth, they grasp at the brief feeling of permanence given by repeating old customs.

Traditionally, the tree is cut in the woods and brought into the house at dusk on Christmas Eve. Though they insist on getting the tree at the proper hour, there is nothing antiquarian about this younger generation. They hitch up no teams but pile into the station wagon or farm truck, a confusion of long legs and restless arms, hunting boots and white saddle shoes, crew cuts and page boys, bickering and laughing.

Though the boys are six footers and quite able to cut down a tree, they take Harry with them to handle the ax. Harry has always cut down the Christmas tree. He may have inherited the job as substitute for his race's right to the vanished yuletide custom. Harry's forebears have worked for the forebears of his present employers for more generations than any living person can recall. Quite possibly, the unfortunate who was his immigrant ancestor was brought from the hold of some foul Mayflower, sold on deck and then taken ashore to hoe tobacco in the same fields that Harry always speaks of as "ours."

As tobacco and wealth edged pioneer simplicity aside, customs changed and the yule log of the English colonists came, in this locality, to be taken over by the servants (the word "slaves" was avoided). They brought in the biggest log that would go in the fireplace. As long as any of it was left unburned the master allowed holiday on the plantation. The vacation may well have lasted the full Christmas week that is given today for the log was usually a green one that had been buried a few months in the nearest salt marsh. The custom doubtless ended when the last of the vast kitchen fireplaces was cluttered with a cook stove.

At sunset the tree cutters are back, crushed in the truck with pine branches, sprays of holly, slabs of moss and a ball of mistletoe cut each year from the black gum in the wood field. The tree is straggling and uneven for the native spruce pine does not grow dense and neat. But it never lay on a flat car in a freight yard and its roots did not spread in the alien soil of some distant state. It was sought with excitement and carried home with importance, not casually bought on a sidewalk. Already it is an individual, gravely compared for shape and beauty with the tree of last year; or the year it was cut in the snow.

Evening brings the pause, going on in millions of homes, until excited children have gone to sleep. Then work—holly on all the mantels, mistletoe hung from the door lintel, the big red bell (*Continued on page* 54)

SCRATCH BOARD DRAWING BY RUEL R. APPLETON

FIRE IN THE NORTH WIND

by MEREDITH HAYES

"NO, SIR. Not for me," exclaimed my companion shaking his head. He breathed a sigh of relief. "Phew! Skiing? Not on your life."

Seated in a theatre in midtown New York we had, for a few moments, been watching a wild motion picture of ski jumping, downhill and slalom racing.

The picture was, I must admit, vivid and breathtaking. It was meant to be. The cameraman had done a good job from his standpoint. He had produced a real thriller for the edification of newsreel audiences.

Having just returned from four delightful days of skiing, the fire of the north wind still surging through me, my friend's terse comment came as a shock. Resentment flared for a moment before I realized that his reactions would probably be those common to the great majority of people after viewing a picture of that kind. Those who had no knowledge of skiing might naturally conclude that it belonged entirely to reckless and impetuous youth, to young men and women who drop down almost perpendicular declivities at the taking-off speed of an aeroplane, their sole purpose being to shatter some record, even at the risk of smashing their own limbs.

People who sit during winter in the overheated darkness of motion picture houses will gain little true enlightenment on the broader aspects of skiing if they take seriously that which is served to them by the thrill-mongers of the newsreels.

Competition undoubtedly contributes to the development of high technique in any field and in that respect has certain merit. Competitive ski racing and jumping have their place in the same way that automobile racing has its own small realm but they do not, by any means, represent the more comprehensive and adventurous delights of skiing.

With the ever increasing popularity of this glorious winter recreation more information is being sought by the uninitiated. They are being moved to find out what all the fuss is about, what the lure is which draws both old and young away from their firesides out into the winter scene.

Skiing offers healthful relaxation, sun-

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AND QUEBEC TOURIST BUREAU

Skiing offers healthful relaxation, sunlight and happiness during a season when most outdoor activities have ceased; it puts fresh resilience into nerves, muscles and mind

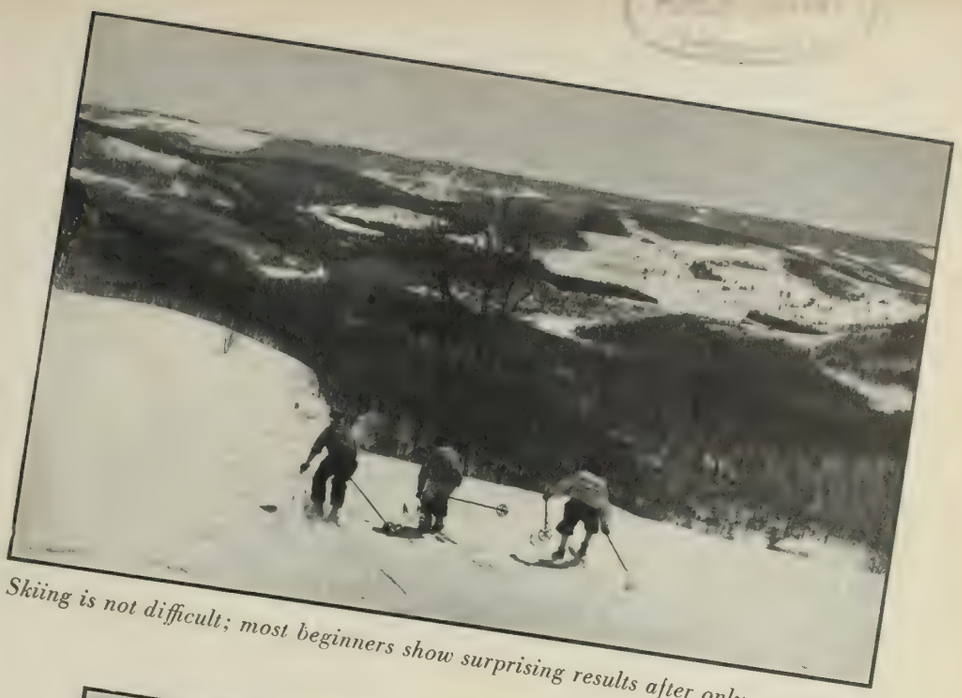
light and happiness during a season when most outside activities have ceased. You are not confined to a special area because, after a heavy snowfall, almost limitless space awaits to be explored. It strengthens, rejuvenates, puts fresh resilience into nerves, muscles and mind, while the beauty of the winter landscape broadens the soul. The thrill of motion is yours, without the encumbrance of complicated mechanism, and ever-varying snow conditions lend zest to this superb game of defying gravity.

WITH the craze for downhill racing, enjoyment, as the real spirit of this great sport, seems to be forgotten. Sooner or later, however, when the primitive passion for speed wanes, the young men and women who swoop down hills like demented grasshoppers wake up to the fact that too much of their time is being spent in a very limited sphere. They wonder where some of their companions have gone; where the older speed demons slide and what of the thousands who never will touch the racing field. Where do they go? Where are they? Why, out cross-country touring of course; following trails or blazing their own. Getting every variety of enjoyable skiing.

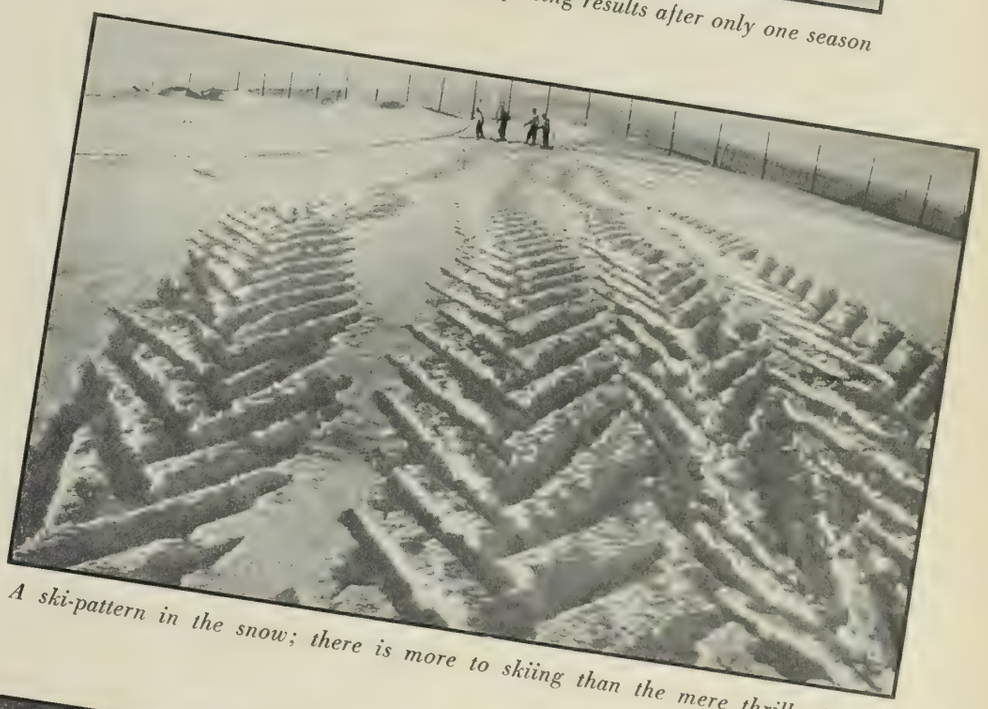
Skis are carefully matched, well-fashioned pieces of wood designed primarily for transportation over deep snow. They enable you to glide across country with comparatively little effort, to reach places otherwise inaccessible in winter.

Skiing is the art of using them and is the key to a glittering wonderland which, if you are not a skier, you probably have never seen.

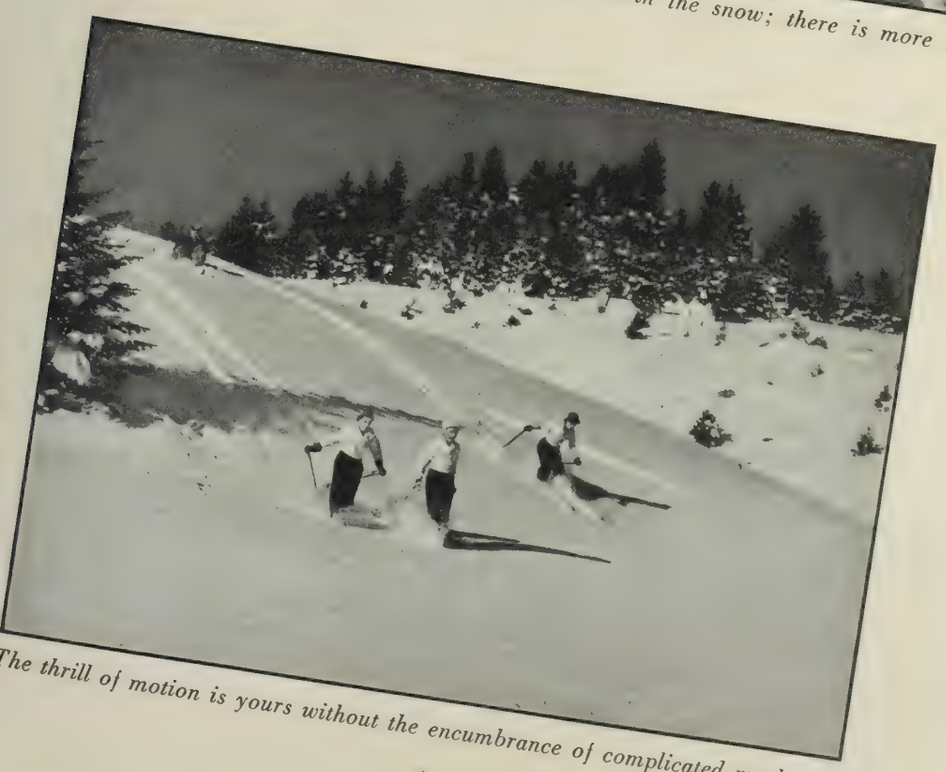
It is not difficult to ski. Most beginners show surprising results after just one season. High skill and super technique are not essential to the enjoyment of skiing. The novice may, at first, hesitatingly shuffle along while the expert glides swiftly past with confidence and ease. Nevertheless, they are both getting their own degree of pleasure.



Skiing is not difficult; most beginners show surprising results after only one season



A ski-pattern in the snow; there is more to skiing than the mere thrill of speed



The thrill of motion is yours without the encumbrance of complicated mechanism

At the present time of stress it is highly necessary that we divert ourselves. We must occasionally withdraw from the confusion of life. Is it irrelevant to be advocating healthy exercise in open natural space in which to draw closer to the Infinite? To re-establish contact with the primal forces of the universe in order to restore our equilibrium? We need balance now if we ever needed it.

There is something in the winter scene, the rhythmical gliding motion of skiing which blends so perfectly with it; that frees the mind and spirit. Out on the trail the cares of everyday life are soon lost as you become absorbed in the gleaming splendor. (*Continued on page* 49)

Hinchingham

A Historic Ancestral Home and Practical Modern Farm

by HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and CORTLANDT VAN DYKE HUBBARD

HINCHINGHAM, on Chesapeake Bay, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton M. Miller, is one of the original Kent County grants on Maryland's famous Eastern Shore. Unlike some of the other early grants, it has retained unimpaired its seventeenth-century identity to the present day and has likewise preserved the essential qualities of an old Maryland plantation.

This is doubtless in large measure the case because Hinchingham, save for a few years' interval, has always remained in the family of the grantee, Thomas Hynson, from whom the present mistress is the eighth in descent. While the leisurely atmosphere and restful poise of the ante-bellum era still persist, the economic life of the plantation has been successfully adjusted to the more strenuous pace of our own day and generation.

Hinchingham was not a manorial grant but its extent (2200 acres) was as great as many of the manorial holdings created by the Lords Baltimore. Parts of the tract surveyed for Thomas Hynson in 1654 and patented to him in 1659, it is true, have been alienated during the nearly three centuries of the plantation's history. However, a very substantial residue still bears the name given the estate when early Maryland law required every tract of land to have a name by which it was officially known in the civil records and entered in the Proprietary's rent-rolls, which constitute a veritable Maryland Domesday Book. The broad acres still called Hinchingham are scientifically farmed in a manner that would have amazed, and doubtless gratified, the grantee, who is justly reckoned one of Maryland's builders and makers.

Entrance to the 1774 addition; notice the luxuriant boxwood lining the path

Coming to the Eastern Shore in 1651, Thomas Hynson immediately became a conspicuous figure in the life of the community. In 1652 and 1653 he was Clerk of

the Kent County Court, and from 1654 until 1658 he sat in the County Court as a Justice of the Peace. He was, in fact, one of the four judges designated by the Commissioners without the presence of at least one of whom no Court could be held. In 1654 he sat for the County in the Provincial Assembly; in 1655-56 he was "high sheriffe for the Countie" of Kent; and in 1659-60 he sat again in the Provincial Legislature.

A corner of the garden with the "office" in the background; Mr. Miller uses this pleasant retreat for going over farm accounts

FOR a number of years, many of the Courts were "houlden at ye house of Mr. Thomas Hynson." Some of the old Court records make amusing reading. The cases were nearly all trivial—slander, brawling, trespass, hog-stealing, suits for petty debts and the like—but the naïve, and often acrimonious, testimony offered during the proceedings throws an intimate and diverting light on the local life of the time. Witnesses and plaintiffs frequently made mountains out of molehills, like Mary Baxter, who testified with rancorous ado and much show of importance that she had heard Mr. Hynson say, on coming into the Court room, "Now we are in his Majesty's Doog hous."

However much the said Mary Baxter may have chosen to construe this speech as contempt of Court, one can scarcely question that it was appropriate enough when we discover how, now and again, plaintiffs, defendants and witnesses all alike fell to clapperclawing and uproariously reviling one another in Court. Occasionally they even indulged in fisticuffs and earboxing, to the delight of spectators. In one instance, Mr. Justice Hynson had to threaten he would "turn them all out of doors" unless they kept quiet. The majesty of the Court in wig and ermine—the Maryland bench followed the Court usage of the Mother Country—had to be backed up by the prospect of prompt physical action.

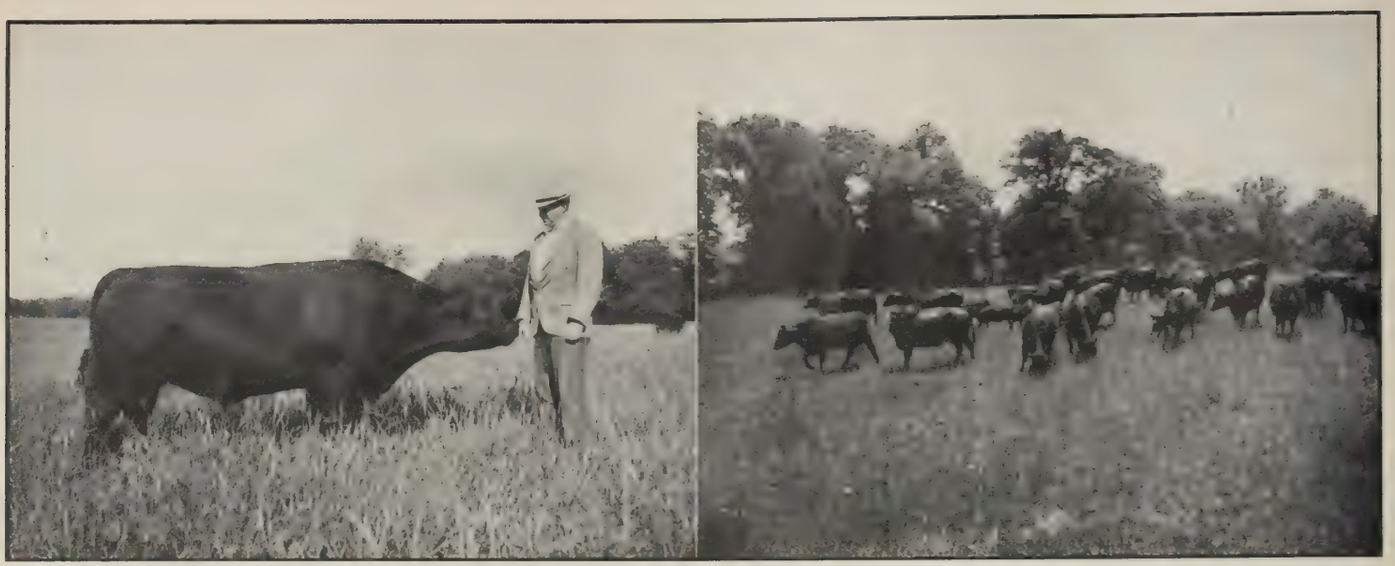
The larger part of the house at Hinchingham is a Georgian brick structure which immediately overlooks the Bay and dates from 1774—the figures appear in black headers in the upper part of the south wall. Adjoining it on the north end is the steep-roofed one-and-a-half story brick building occupied by the family until they made the eighteenth-century addition. Although this older and lower north end of the house is now taken up with the dining-room, kitchens and pantry on the ground floor, with guest rooms and bath above, it is the part which for years sufficed for the plantation life, and about which centered all of Hinchingham's early history.

When Thomas Hynson on September 23, 1659, received his patent for the large tract of land on the shore of the Bay, of which the present Hinchingham is a part, the yearly quit-rent to be paid the Lord Proprietary was set at 44 shillings and there was a stipulation that the grantee should maintain a boat with six rowers for the needs of occasional travelers who might have to cross the bay. Whether Judge Hynson himself built and occupied the older part of the house at Hinchingham, or whether it was the next generation, is not certainly known, but in the light of strong family tradition it seems likely that it was the Judge himself so that some of the Court proceedings alluded to may have taken place there before later generations played their part in making the history of Province and State.

In any event, the structure was built well before the end of the seventeenth century and bears every earmark of that period. Like the other early houses of this one-and-a-half story Maryland type, it has

C. V. HUBBARD PHOTOS

Above left, the parlor with its paneled walls and round-headed cupboards is in the 1774 enlargement; the library (right) is also in the more recent part of the house but connects with the original structure



Above, left, is Mr. Miller with Politician of Wickwire, the senior sire of the Hinchingham Angus herd; at the right is seen a good group of the cows and calves in one of the pastures

much more space within than is apparent from the outside. When we remember that the kitchen, meat-house, smoke-house, bake-house, servants' quarters and all the other dependencies were separate from the main dwelling. When we remember, too, that our seventeenth and eighteenth-century forebears were accustomed to "double up" in their sleeping arrangements to an extraordinary degree—according to our way of thinking—(and that there were no bath-rooms to be planned for), we can understand how the older part of the house so long answered all the needs and elegancies of polite living in an establishment where generous hospitality was the invariable rule.

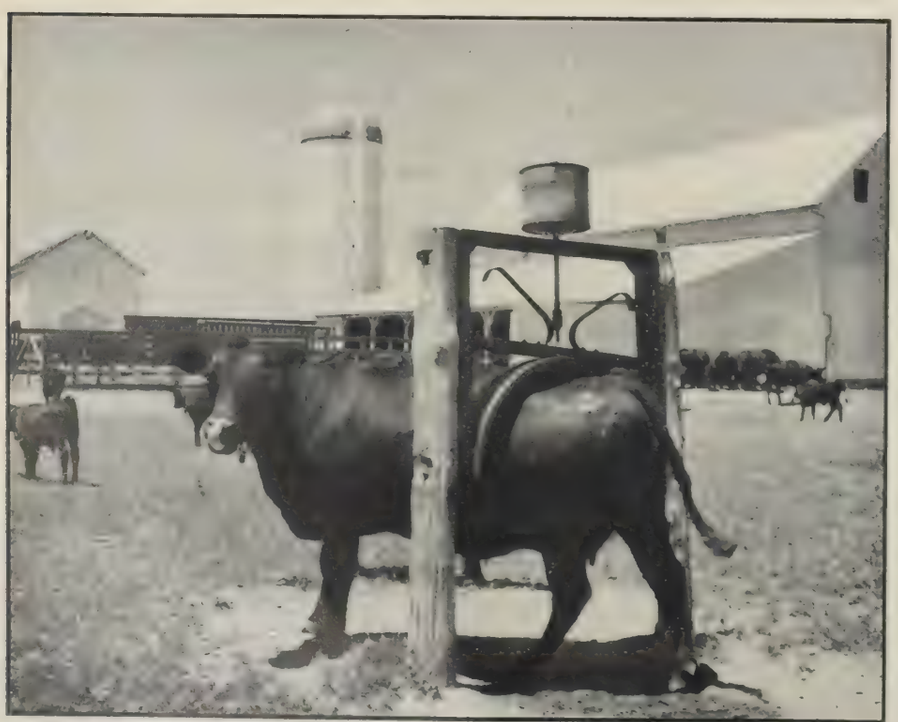
In the 1774 addition, there is fine paneling in both the downstairs and upstairs rooms. In the War of 1812, Hinchingham was the object of Sir Peter Parker's gunners as he sailed up the Chesapeake just before the nearby battle of Caulk's Field. A cannon ball which they fired embedded itself in the west wall and is still preserved in the house.

TODAY, an enduring symbol, as it were, of Hinchingham's traditional hospitality, little black Sambo stands opposite the box-bordered path to the door of the 1774 enlargement. Sambo is a cast-iron pickaninny, realistically painted; his erstwhile duty as hitching-post was to hold the horses of visitors. With his old job practically gone in our motoring age, his whimsical presence nevertheless mutely expresses the welcome which is more actively and noisily demonstrated by a happy family of friendly Cairn Terriers.

Life at Hinchingham is agreeably divided in just balance between diversion and the business of farming. The master finds keen enjoyment in the hunting field. Mr. Miller, indeed—along with Mr. Wilbur Ross Hubbard, of Chestertown—is joint M.F.H. of the Kent County Hounds and hunt meets frequently take place at Hinchingham. One cannot enter the gates at Hinchingham without being aware of some fine hunters, in paddock or stable, and though the Hunt's kennels are now in Chestertown—half of the pack used to be kept at Hinchingham — there are generally enough bitches and puppies in the "nursery" to make their presence audible.

Master and mistress have a common interest in gardening and arboriculture. Protected by a strip of woodland near the bay shore there is a small nursery for propagating box cuttings, dogwood, rhododendrons and the like to supply the desiderata of the place for permanent planting and replacements. To the south of the house is the walled garden, not large but choice and, at one corner of it, the master's little one-roomed office, a snug spot for going over farm accounts—also an inviting place in which to read, smoke or chat before the fire.

Quite apart from the purely business aspects of the plantation, Hinchingham is self-sustaining for virtually all the household needs from firewood to beans. It is literally "with milk and honey blest." The milk and cream—cream that has to be pushed and prodded out of the cream jug—are supplied by several Guernsey cows, who more or less aloofly look down their noses at the numerous black Angus cattle, while the latter ignore the Guernseys as mere dairy cows. It is pleasant to sit down to a meal and know that nearly everything on the table is a home product—vegetables, fruits, eggs, milk, poultry, beef, ham and sundry more delectable items of the bounteous fare, not forgetting wild ducks, terrapin, oysters and all the other salt-water



The Angus love this back scratcher which adjusts itself to the individual cow, oils, brushes and fly lotions their hides as it scratches

delicacies for which Chesapeake Bay has ever been renowned, to be had from the waters that form Hinchingham's western boundary.

The serious business of Hinchingham is the breeding and raising of Aberdeen-Angus cattle for the market, and to this main end all the farming activities are subservient. Black Angus cattle are exceedingly popular on the Eastern Shore and are constantly becoming more so. However, one Kent County cattle breeder pokes fun at them, calls them "society cows," and has staged an independent revolt to breed Herefords.

Whether he elects to have Herefords or Aberdeen-Angus, the raiser of beef cattle saves himself many of the headaches that beset the dairy farmer. There is no perishable product to be disposed of and rushed to market on scheduled time, with all the incident seasonal variations and the anxieties of avoiding wastage and loss when the market is temporarily glutted. And the labor involved in the care of beef cattle is infinitely less, and less exacting, than in the proper scientific care of a commercial dairy herd.

At Hinchingham the calves take all the milk and are allowed to suck until the cows are dried off. Occasionally a cow that is more prolific of her milk than is usual

Two of the hunters pose at the paddock fence with the stable-master

with her breed has to be finally dried off by a milker, but milking a black Angus cow is not always an unmitigated joy. They are gentle enough when let alone, but they resent being touched and even young calves can, and frequently do, kick like mules when handled.

The Angus is a hardy beast and has a tremendously thick coat so that it really seeks shelter only in severe or inclement weather. In the winter climate of the Eastern Shore, Mr. Miller has found that the most satisfactory method of housing is a shed, entirely open to the south, embracing an open paddock and built in the lee of the hay barn, which gives ample protection on the north, while the silo shields it on the west against the cold winter winds from the bay. Plenty of bedding is spread over the floor of the shed and paddock.

At one side of the shed, next to the wall of the hay barn, is a wide cement-paved feeding alley from which hay can readily be forked to the cattle; down this alley, too, the trucks are trundled from the silo chute and the ensilage is shoveled from the trucks into the cement feeding troughs that run the whole length of the interior of the shed.

Like most animals with thick, rough coats—and like all true Scots—the Aberdeen-Angus cattle like to have their backs scratched. Mr. Miller has installed several back scratchers in the pastures for summer use when flies are bothersome. These are so appreciated and in such constant use that oftentimes the animals stand in queues waiting their turns for a scratching. One can fancy them chanting the while, "God bless the Duke of Argyll." It was the Duke of Argyll, you (*Continued on page* 61)

C. V. HUBBARD PHOTOS

A view of the farm group which is situated about a half-mile from the main house; the paddock and shelter shed for the Angus herd is in the background to the right of the silo

Perfumes of Araby

by JOHN V. KLOCHKOV

THE people of the United States are the world's largest consumers of perfumes and cosmetics. Yet, paradoxically, though this vast land of ours is the best suited of all for the large-scale production of flowers, essential oils, extracts, essences, it actually produces only a negligible portion of what it needs.

Up to now, we simply have not been interested, the great majority of us, in the growing of flowers on a commercial scale. We have been too busy, during the past hundred and fifty years, clearing our forests, mining the gold, silver, coal that lie beneath our soil, extracting the priceless oil, starting a thousand and one new industries . . . to think much about flowers.

Yet, so great is the current interest in perfumes and cosmetics that their production could rank today as one of the fabulous major industries.

I know whereof I speak, for my family was for more than a century engaged in the production of flowers in Russia, and, after the Bolsheviks drove us out, I was an engineering chemist working on flower plantations in sixteen different countries.

Immediately upon landing in the United States I began extensive investigations and experimentations with soil, climate, electromagnetic currents and the other positive factors which have to do with flower culture and the capture of fragrance for essential oils. In Seattle, Washington, I helped start a perfume industry that is proceeding successfully.

I am convinced not only that the United States faces a great opportunity for the development of a valuable new industry, free from foreign control, but that we must do something promptly if we are not to lose the small nucleus that we already have. The European wars—the World War of 1914-1918 and the present one—have shut off products badly needed and all but exhausted stores and reserves and, of course, sent prices sky-rocketing.

America, the world's largest perfume and cosmetic consumer, normally imported most of the ingredients from Europe and Asia. Now, with this source paralyzed, many of the essential oils and essences are unavailable even at sky-high prices. With our varied soils and climates we can grow nearly all of the flowers which yield these products. The author feels that a golden opportunity awaits Americans who will attempt this industry.

Normally, the trade requires 292 ingredients for the production of perfumes and cosmetics. We in America produce 23 of these, and none in full quantity. France supplies us with 67, or did until the war shut her products off, Italy with 14, Germany 12, Belgium 5, the countries of Asia 41, while the rest of the world supplies the balance.

In the past, when we thought of lavender the mind went at once to Mitcham in England. When we thought of attar of roses, we turned to Karvolo and Kazinlick in Bulgaria. But today these markets are paralyzed. Adequate supplies that can be counted on are out of the question; prices cannot even be offered for things that do not exist.

Just look at these prices which have recently been quoted:

Orris root, absolute	$1,600	per lb.
Orris root, concrete	320	"
Jasmine, absolute	325	"
Tuberose, absolute	440	"
Cassia, absolute	275	"
Orange, absolute	250	"
Narcissus, absolute	350	"
Jonquil, absolute	300	"
Rose, Bulgaria	360	"

These essentials, at wholesale prices, are out of sight already and getting worse. Surely, there is opportunity here for the alert American farmer or businessman-farmer who wishes to engage in an occupation that is both lucrative and alluring.

There is no state in the union which cannot produce some of the ingredients required. Certain parts of the country, such as the Atlantic Seaboard, the Piedmont section of the South, the Mississippi Valley, and some parts of California are well-nigh perfect from every known angle of flower production on a commercial scale, such as a satisfactory soil, the slant of the sun's rays, electro-magnetic rolling, prevailing winds and their velocity, etc.

However, local conditions must be studied with care. It is quite possible, for example, that a flower grown in North Carolina may produce the very highest quality and quantity of oil, whereas the same flower grown in Oregon or Colorado might not give such a satisfactory result. Indeed, certain flowers are rich in yield when grown in one section and useless in another, though even this can be corrected in time by the proper selection of fertilizers.

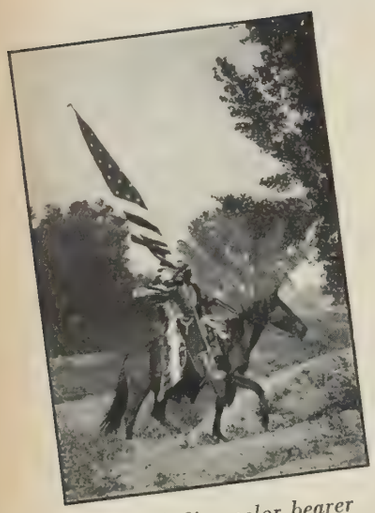
Copious quantity and essential quality are not entirely matters of soil and climate. That is where the agricultural chemist comes in, and fortunately there is now competent scientific guidance available all over the nation.

It is interesting to note that time is not a serious hurdle. Many of the essentials can be grown in a single season. Even tuberoses can be grown in profusion within two years. More important, I should say, is a study of markets and the preparation for market.

After an extensive survey of conditions in the United States, I have come to the following conclusion:

A twelve-acre farm can produce up to 20,000 lbs. of flowers, seeds, leaves of roses, violets, (*Continued on page* 63)

HERBERT STUDIOS



Crow Indian color bearer

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Yellowtail in ancestral costume; Mrs. Yellowtail is riding a Steeldust pinto

HORSE BREEDING O

by MARGARET PHIPP

UNDOUBTEDLY, in all the United States of America no other horse breeding project is being carried out over so vast an expanse of country as that centered at Crow Agency, Montana. Tribal Chief Robert Yellowtail, Superintendent of the Crow Indian Reservation, several years ago originated this extensive program, which includes five breeds of purebred horses —Percherons, Belgians, Shires, Morgans, Thoroughbreds.

The Crow Indian Reservation is in the south-central part of Montana and embraces 2,120,000 acres of well-watered land. To the east the Wolfe Mountain Range provides protection as well as good grazing for stock the year around. To the west the Big Horn River and Mountains cross the Reservation.

With the exception of the two mountain ranges, these Indian acres are gently rolling. Covering almost all of the Reservation is a thick stand of bluestem grass, so nutritious that stock needs no grain while feeding on it. Very wisely, it has never been over-grazed, so there is no danger of grass shortage.

Every Indian born before 1920 was allotted 1,080 acres of this fine land, thus there are many huge ranches on the Reservation, as well as thousands of acres of open range. Springs and streams are abundant; there are no rocks; one can drive a car for miles through fenced pastures or open range without a road—truly, a horse paradise!

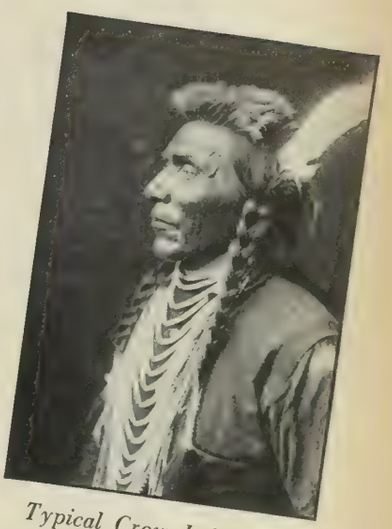
The administration of this vast domain is carried on by Mr. Yellowtail in "The Little White House" of Crow Agency, not far from the beautiful Custer Battlefield National Cemetery. It might be explained that "Crow" is the white man's misinterpretation of "Absaroka," a forked-tail bird found in Mexico, indicating that the Crow came from there. Never bitterly opposed to the white people, many Crow warriors served as scouts for the United States Army in campaigns against hostile tribes.

The high regard in which the Crow are held by other tribes is attested by the fact that at the dedication ceremony for the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, the then Crow Chief, Plenty Coups, was chosen to represent all tribes of American Indians.

In those early days when Crow warriors served as Army scouts, horse stealing was a highly honorable and advantageous practice among western Indians, and the Crow were accomplished along this line, always keeping themselves well provided with ponies. Horse stealing between tribes, then, probably was a sport, no doubt analagous to present-day competition of

Encampment of Crow Indians along the Little Horn River; note the many horses grazing in the background

One of the Crow Indians' herds of horses on the lush pasture of the Montana Reservation



Typical Crow Indian

E ABSAROKA RANGE

ARD

ool against school, state against state, or nation against on. Indians love fine horses and they seem to have an intui- knowledge of the fine points of any breed.

ut no longer do the Crow depend for their horses upon the ient and honorable art of horse stealing. Under the wise and ressive leadership of their chief, the Crow desire for fine ses is being satisfied. Mr. Yellowtail traveled thousands of es selecting horses of such quality as to delight the keen, cal eyes of his tribesmen.

RIBAL funds were used in buying purebred Percheron, Bel- gian, Shire, and Morgan sires, while individuals bought pure- l mares of these breeds. The mares of course, are located videly separated ranches on the Reservation, and in spring stallions are carried in trailers from ranch to ranch as they needed. However, for the greater part of the year these horses are all kept at Crow Agency.

Of the draft breeds, the Belgians are most popular with their Indian owners. Their Belgian sire is Carmen Farceur, grandson of the famous Farceur, a roan, foaled at Hal, Belgium, in 1910. He was imported as a two-year-old to William Crownover, of Hudson, Iowa.

Years later, when the Crownover Stud dispersal sale was held, agents came from Belgium to bid on Farceur, hoping to take him back to his native country, for in the intervening years he had won grand championships in all of the many shows in which he was entered. However, when the bidding on this famous horse went to $47,500 the Belgians gave up.

The very handsome gray Percheron horse at Crow Agency is Witch Hazel Olbert, grandson of Carnot. This horse is descended on the dam's side from the great Calypso, foaled in 1897, who became the leading Percheron sire in the United States. Scattered about over the Reservation on many ranches are 38 purebred Percheron mares, including Lee Belle, by Silver Bell, bought from the Montana Agricultural College, where she was considered the very embodiment of all the fine points of a Percheron.

We found her and her lovely black colt foal in a great pasture, where in an unguarded moment—while she forgot to walk with great dignity away from us—we snapped a few pictures. Many breeders take little pains to secure fine broodmares, believing that a foal inherits chiefly from the sire, but the Crow

Rounding up a herd of mares and foals on the range near the Wolf Mountains in Montana

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF DR. W. A. RANSIER, E. SPEAR, U. S. BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY AND U. S. INDIAN SERVICE

One of the elks which the Crow have established in the Big Horn Mountains

value quality in their mares as much as they do in stallions.

The Shire horse, Innisfail Nulli Secundis, is by both lineage and achievements a member of equine nobility. His sire came —by way of the Innisfail Shire Stud of Innisfail, Alberta, Canada —from the Stud Farm of England's King; his dam was by a horse of first class in the Shire Stud Book of England. A bushel basket could be filled with the blue ribbons this royally bred horse has won.

Mr. Yellowtail personally selected and bought for his tribesmen more than three hundred of the finest grade draft mares obtainable in the various horse markets, and they, as well as the purebred mares of each breed, are mated with these famous stallions.

Thus, in a few years there will be a large number of young purebred draft horses of such quality as to compete successfully with the best of any country; also of course, a much greater number of good grades. With the abundant grass available for both grazing and hay, horses are a very economical source of power for farming, and the Indians are looking forward to having fine horses for this work.

Though the three draft breeds indicate a great interest in the work type of horse, the 75 purebred Morgan mares owned by the Crow Indians assures us that they still need to express their innate love of fine saddle horses. A truly beautiful Morgan horse, Roosevelt, a chestnut, was at the Agency barn; we drove far out into an immense pasture to see another, a three-year-old colt, running with his small band of lovely Morgan mares. It brings a glow and a lift to the heart to let one's mind dwell upon the proud enjoyment these Indians will have a few years hence in riding pure and halfbred Morgan horses to round up their great herds of Hereford cattle!

Of Thoroughbreds, a number of purebred mares and two stallions, Strathman and Silver Lake, are owned personally by Mr. Yellowtail. Strathman is a splendid looking horse, a dark dappled gray, having a look of great vigor. He is imported.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF DR. W. A. RANSIER, E. SPEAR U. S. BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY AND U. S. INDIAN SERVICE

The Crow have done much conservation work, including the establishment of a buffalo herd which is rapidly multiplying on the vast range and promises to become the largest in the country

aising beef cattle is an important industry on the Reservation; the cattle flourish on the thick, nutritious grass

Ir. Yellowtail believes it invigorates a horse to return him to atural conditions for a few months each year; that is, to allow im to run freely with his mares in a pasture.

At that time Strathman seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his return to nature." He was in a large pasture with fifteen regis-ered Thoroughbred mares and a number of others, quite a few f which had foals at foot. Our coming disturbed their grazing, nd with a toss of his head and a quick turn he led his band way. An unforgettably beautiful picture they made, with heads p, long manes and tails flowing, leggy little foals running noothly at their mothers' sides, as he led them along the top f a low ridge.

Silver Lake, a handsome chestnut foaled in 1928, by Wise ounsellor-Lady Esterling, was also out on the range with seven ace mares that have been retired to the brood band. Through-ut the summer other purebred race mares from Pennsylvania, exas, Missouri, and Iowa were added to his herd.

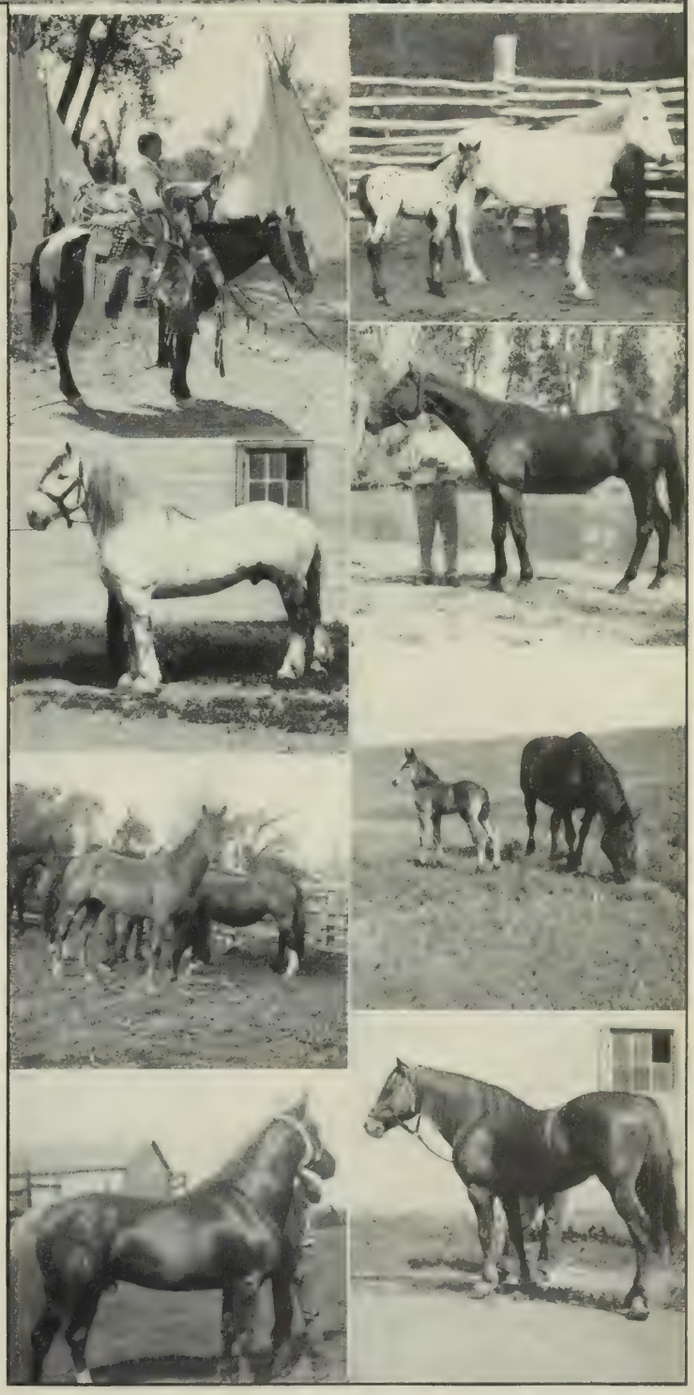
IN addition to these two horses, Mr. Yellowtail had arranged for delivery at his ranch a three-year-old colt by Display, and lso a horse by Flying Ebony, both of which will do their share n building up the Thoroughbred and range horses. Surely a horoughbred nursery is being established in the Crow country hich bids fair to compete with some of the best in the East nd South, as the altitude, climate, and nutritious grass of this ocation favor the development of strong, healthy horses.

In still another pasture we saw exceptionally attractive pintos, ne produce of Thoroughbred stallions and pinto mares. Com-ined in these youngsters are the gay coloring and unusual arkings of the mares with the fine conformation of the sires, aking readily marketable horses.

Not content with the various breeds mentioned, Mr. Yellow-il bought a Texas Steeldust horse and five mares to augment is personally owned herd. He explained that the Steeldust line generally considered the best of the Quarter Horses, developed n Texas mainly for rodeo and cow pony purposes.

They are rather blocky horses, heavily muscled in both front nd hind quarters; quick starters, and for a quarter of a mile ney literally fly, hence the name Texas Quarter Horse. This bility to start quickly and run fast makes them very desirable or calf-roping contests, which at present they dominate. De-very was also expected of a few three-quarter Arabian one-uarter Steeldust mares, whose foals should develop into un-sually clever cow horses.

Mr. Yellowtail modestly said he is, "Just a western man who kes good horses," after a slight pause adding, "and good ows." He is the only full-blooded Indian bearing the heavy esponsibilities of superintending a (*Continued on page* 70)



The Crow have an intuitive knowledge of fine horses and tribal funds have been used to buy purebred Percherons, Belgians, Shires and Morgans and to establish a Thoroughbred stud

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

November 13, 1941

day,

oing to the horse show was a real treat! Not only the famous old Garden look its best, with flags of nored nations hanging from the rafters and white irtfronts glistening from the boxes, but there were me wonderful horses to look at. Horses of all kinds: unters of breedy appearance, jumpers, the best in addle horses, harness horses, ponies! And some mighty fine riding too, much of it by young ladies. Of course, there was a military atmosphere to the show and honors enough to go around. But then there's a complete story on all this on page 68 of this month's COUNTRY LIFE.

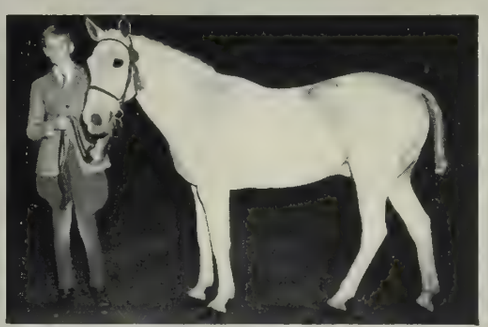
One prexy to another: Amory Haskell, Horse Show president, honors Adrian van Sinderen, Horse Shows Association head

icia Du Pont and her champion hunter, Woodfellow

Lieut. Carlos Alfaro, only military visitor to win a prize

Mrs. Reed Albee's A Sensation, the five-gaited champion

chanized units where cavalrymen should have been!



Francis Gibbs won The Whip with the famous Little Squire

The Keswick Team was the winner in the hunt team division

William Steinkraus, the best young rider in the East

EAVES ALLISON PHOTOS

Typical tarpon waters in the Ten Thousand Islands area of Florida

Ten Thousand Islands:

Our Last Fishing Frontier

by L. S. CAINE

SHARK RIVER, Lostman River, Palm River, Blind Pass, Mullet Bay, Blackwater River—these were names for three centuries familiar to pirates, smugglers, Confederate deserters, and the human debris of the South seeking to shun the eyes of mankind. And these waterways are in the Ten Thousand Islands of Florida.

Today this region still is frontier—the last frontier of American fishing. Fishing here still is in the raw. The tarpon and snook of the Ten Thousand Islands, not having learned the catalog number of each lure, still cling to the primitive fish's idea that a plug is something to knock the hell out of. Here the roseate spoonbill and ibis fly in pink and white formations, the panther still screams, and the bull alligator roars through the warm night.

This vast region, covering hundreds of square miles in the southwestern tip of the state, has already been through the primary stages of civilization. Once its countless rivers, channels and bays formed a maze which was a refuge for pirates fleeing the early American Navy. Smugglers of human cargo, as well as dope, in their time inherited this safe hiding place. The next heirs were the spawn of The Noble Experiment, the rum-runners, who scuttled to safety in the labyrinth of shallow waters and mangrove swamps like rabbits into a brushpile.

Now with the departure of these forerunners of civilization the present (and we hope final) heirs are beginning to take possession—the sport fishermen. White cabin-cruisers are replacing the dull-painted Bimini rum-runners. Rivers that once knew only the swish of a Seminole's pole are churned by propellers of outboards. The pirates are in watery graves, the smugglers are dead or behind bars, and the rum-runners are retired, rich and respectable—but the fish are still there.

A strange and weird place is the Ten Thousand Islands—being neither land nor water but a mixture of both. Where the swamps of the Everglades drain into the crystal blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, it stands as a boundary between. "Ten Thousand Islands" is perhaps an understatement; it probably should be a hundred thousand or more—no man really knows.

WITH the rise and fall of the tide many of the islands become alternately islands and shoals, so flat is the elevation. Oysters cling in masses to the lower roots of the mangroves, which cover most of the islands, spending low tide in open air, and high tide under water. There are islands as big as a parlor rug, as big as a city lot, as big as a farm—and always in and out and through and among them crawl innumerable rivers, creeks, bays and channels; and in these rivers, creeks, bays and channels are fish—fish of all kinds and plenty of them.

Tarpon, snook, salt-water trout, channel bass, crevalle, snapper, grouper and many lesser varieties have chosen this area as their year-round home and (with the exception of times when a "norther" is blowing) are always ready to defend their title to it.

When the sportsman first invaded this territory only a few years ago, trolling and still-fishing were the principal forms of angling; trolling from a motor boat through the endless creeks and rivers, and still-fishing in the larger and deeper bays and on the edge of the Gulf and adjacent reefs.

The trolling was of a crude nature. Heavy tackle was used: twelve-ounce rods and 24-thread line which would quickly overpower the many small tarpon, snook and channel bass when hooked.

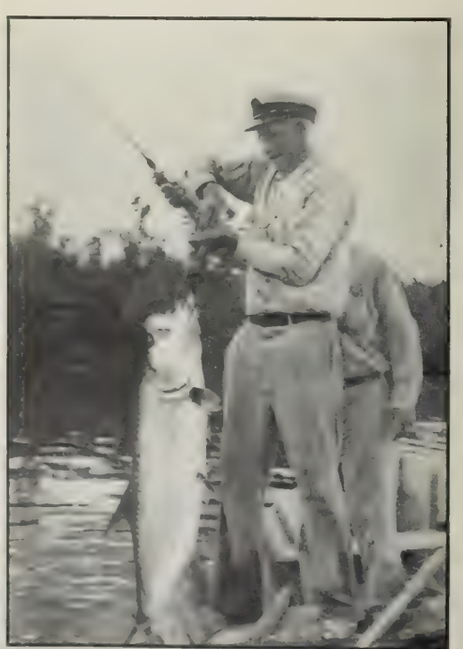
The still-fishing was sportier, for in the bays and on the edge of the Gulf the water, while deeper than back among the islands, still would not average more than six to eight feet, and these places were frequented by larger tarpon of 50 to 100 and more pounds.

A large tarpon in shallow water puts on an aerial display second to none—long runs and a dozen or more breath-taking jumps—an entirely different fish than a tarpon played in deep water.

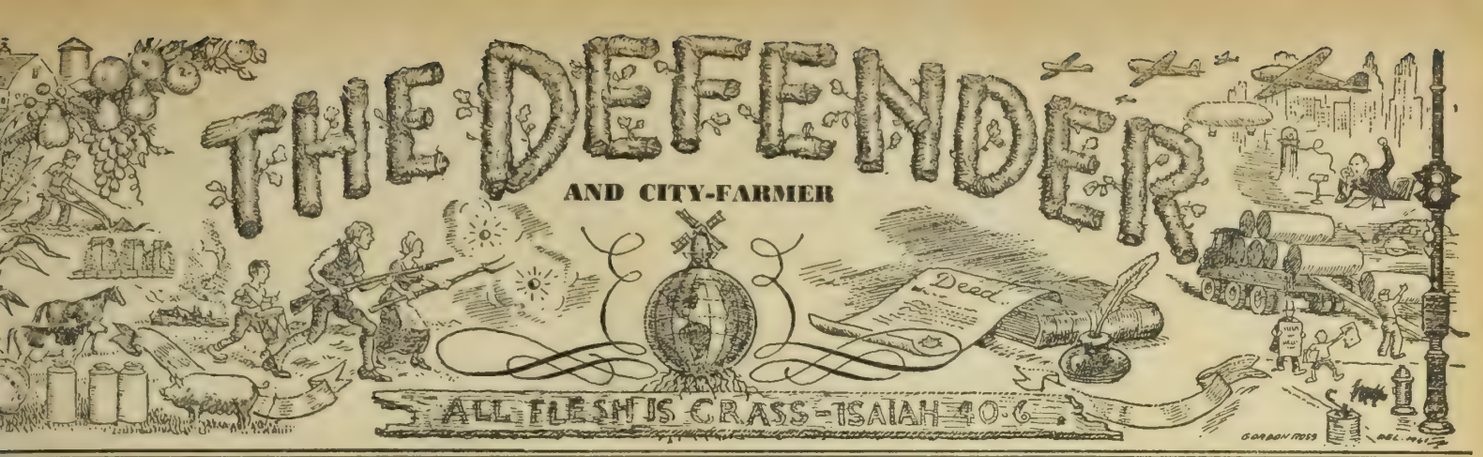
My first trip to this country was with Jim years ago.

Jim was one of those individuals who, whenever he saw another fisherman on the same lake or stream that he was fishing, figured it was fished out and that the wilderness had gone civilized. He was always searching for virgin territory—and this was his latest find.

Here was the fulfilment of an angler's dream, but it took Jim to open for us the doors of an undreamed-of angler's paradise which lay be- (*Continued on page* 71)



It takes deft skill and luck to land husky tarpon on fresh water bass tackle!



MBER, 1941 *A special feature of* COUNTRY LIFE

PERSONALS

rge Gallup, who carries the pop-tle of Doc, raises the world's crop of straw ballots on his ıtside of Princeton, N. J.

McCallum and his bride of summers so one of their kids college were in New York last ; their luggage consisted mostly tures of the farm they have just of Milwaukee, Wis. Put in a ption to "The Defender" and got for the finnif.

hil Ickelheimer mechanized his ust south of Pine Plains, N. Y., recent week-end. Brought in machinery so new that even the en were wondering what it was

den Sparkes, the scribbler, one-crack reporter for one of those politan dailies and now a writer ngs good enough to print in this got into the Farm Club of New despite a recommendation from Defender." Got a farm at Wrights-ound, N. C.

lerick R. Rinehart has bought a e farm at Peekskill, N. Y., where ll invest his surplus funds. This e the first notice of him in 27 o speak of him as a publisher, a er of the firm of Farrar & Rine-nd not as the son of Mary Roberts rt.

ı F. Cuneo, the Chicago printing —shucks, he's a shogun—wore mile-that-won't-come-off at the al Horse Show in New York, awthorn's Farm horses won so prizes.

Owen D. Young, once chairman General Electric Company, who "The Defender's" praise for his work on behalf of milk producers, is three farms near Hornesville, where he was born, written up her Sunday in the "New York " a contemporary.

Gene Tunney, the one-time box-and squash racquets player, at ter of which we could beat him, as four farms along Maryland's s Eastern Shore. Must be a tough or a Connecticutter, down among ose Long Islanders.

ald Eastman, the advertising man, d that a good place for a farm be half-way between New York oston. Put a compass on a map, in Pittsfield, Mass.

nley A. Knisely, head of the ated Business Publishers, has acres all his own at Spencertown,

Robert De Vecchis left their in the Delaware Valley all one last month; went to a dance in York and even stopped in "21" quick one and a look at the folks.

***City-farmers will meet and do an awful lot of talking at the International stock show in Chicago early this month.

Lots of rain through the Middle West is what we hear from Quincy, Ill.; more rain in October than in 62 years with everything afloat. Corn and soybeans still out in the fields in November.

Albert W. Harris, Chicago banker but better known as one of the outstanding breeders of Arab horses, told us the other day that the Arabian Horse Club of America has presented twelve horses to the U. S. Army. Mr. Harris is president of the club, has Arab breeding farms in Illinois and California, is himself an enthusiastic horseman.

Ik Shuman, managing editor of "The New Yorker," another smart sheet, spends a good part of his time admiring the new icebox they've installed on his place Two Bridges, outside of Newtown, Bucks County, Pa. Imagine, he says it isn't an icebox but a "locker." What won't they think up next!

George U. Harvey, president of New York's Borough of Queens for the past thirteen years, didn't mind getting licked for reelection. Now he can retire to his Connecticut farm and grow cabbages.

Terry Ramsaye, who looks like a poet but writes about motion pictures, declares that city folks coming to his Connecticut farm complain because the tomatoes are green, not red; he wants Rockefeller Center to educate the city hicks with exhibitions of pumpkins, cotton, tobacco, wheat, herbs . . . good God, radishes if necessary.

PHILADELPHIA

Things are booming for the city-farmers of Philadelphia, where three clubs are in operation.

Newest of the three is known as the Quaker City Farmers, organized by public demand (one might say) at a meeting held at the University Club on October 22, attended by L. Wayne Arny, Victor Wierman, Morris Cheston, V. L. Elliott and Robert L. Whittaker, directors of the club.

December 4 was selected as the date of the first open meeting, when Prof. Henry Keller, agricultural economist of the New Jersey State College of Agriculture, will give the first official address on the all-important subject "Farm Budget and Management." Mr. Elliott made the bright suggestion that, to stimulate interest in the club, lunch be free for the member bringing in the longest ear of corn grown on his farm.

The general plan of the Quaker City Farmers is as follows: membership by application, approved by a membership committee modelled after that of The Chicago Farmers: the application to include a questionnaire asking size of farm, type, character of livestock, number of buildings, how operated, etc.; dues, $10 a year until the charter membership roll is closed on January 31, 1942, thereafter an additional $2 entrance fee; the fiscal year to end in June; meetings to be held on the first Thursday of each month; January to be devoted to general topics, February to an authoritative address by some income tax expert, preferably from the Internal Revenue Department; meetings to be omitted in July and August and perhaps also September . . .

Mr. Elliott, who in private life is controller of the Atlantic Refining Company, is president of the Quaker City Farmers; William F. R. Munnich, treasurer; Mr. Whittaker, secretary.

Oldest of the Philadelphia city-farmer clubs is the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, founded in 1785. Some 115 Philadelphians belong to this organization, which has Lester Collins (who lives in New Jersey, incidentally) as president; Lawrence J. Morris and Joseph W. Sharp, Jr., as vice-presidents; Robert C. Ligget as treasurer, and the afore-mentioned Mr. Arny as secretary.

The Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture had its most recent meeting in October, when it visited the School of Horticulture for Women at nearby Ambler, Pa. The trip was well worth while, for the school has done notable research work on problems of plant propagation and owns, in addition, an outstanding herd of Jersey cattle.

The third Philadelphia city-farmer club is quite unique. It has only twelve members, all of them distinguished Americans: Charles J. Biddle, Robert K. Cassatt, Radcliffe Cheston, Jr., Martin W. Clemont, Pierre S. du Pont, William M. Elkins, Rodman E. Griscom, C. Jared Ingersoll, George Wharton Pepper, Isaac W. Roberts, the Hon. William I. Schaffer, and W. Plunket Stewart.

The club meets once a month—on the Thursday nearest the full moon—for dinner at the home of one of its members. Each member entertains the club at dinner once a year, the occasions bringing forth an informal discussion of topics which include the agricultural and horticultural interests of the members. The purpose of the club is primarily social, but a perusal of its minutes—more delightful reading could hardly be imagined—makes it clear that the members have something to say on many important phases of American life.

Of the three Philadelphia clubs one is 156 years old, the second 94, and the third is still in diapers, hardly two months of age.

KANSAS CITY

The Farmers Club of Greater Kansas City has had an active time. First, there was the dinner in October at Swift & Company, with a demonstration program in the Martha Logan Kitchen of that famous company. And this turned out to be such *fun* that Mrs. Virginia L. McKean, secretary-treasurer of the Kansas City club, recommends that city-farmer clubs in cities where these Martha Logan Kitchens are located should be sure to schedule a meeting there.

Then came the Halloween meeting, which the women of the club take over. This party is not only designed to provide a good time but to produce a little cash as well. The party starts at 8 and the entrance fee is farm produce. Members arrive laden with ducks, geese, chickens, apples, potatoes, etc. Scrip is sold. The scrip pays for games, usually bridge and bingo, for which the prizes —surprise!—turn out to be the farm produce.

At the October meeting officers and directors for 1942 were elected as follows: J. W. Smith, president; Manvel H. Davis and C. H. Armsby, vice-presidents; Mrs. Willis H. McKean, secretary-treasurer. The new directors are Phil Evans, Dr. Otho Duncan, Dr. S. E. Haynes, L. E. Hawkins, Mrs. W. A. Cochel, Mrs. Clay Rogers, Mrs. Leslie A. Welch, E. H. McVey.

And listen, did we ever tell you about the Kansas City buttons? They're white and as big as bread-and-butter plates, with the names of the members inked on them. You can see the names across the room and members like to wear them, particularly as they don't get them until they're all paid up for whatever's happening.

DETROIT

The Detroit Agricultural Club rates as one of the older city-farmer clubs in the country, considering that it has now been going for five years. It is not a large club, having 26 members, but it has wielded considerable influence.

I. T. Pickford is president of the club, M. E. Farley, Jr., vice-president, O. B. Price secretary, with offices in the Michigan Central Terminal. The members represent farm newspapers, city and state government employees, milk interests, produce dealers, livestock breeders, cement associations, public utilities, an oil company, a chemical concern, seed outfit, beverage manufacturer and an air conditioning company.

The meetings are similar to those held by other city-farmer clubs, with addresses generally from Michigan State College, the State Department of Agriculture, or the various trade associations.

THE DEFENDER
and
CITY-FARMER

A Gazette of
Rural and City Life
for the Modern American

There is nothing better than farming, nothing more fruitful, nothing more delightful, nothing more worthy of a free man.—*Cicero.* The profit of the earth is for all.—*Ecclesiastes.* The best citizens spring from the cultivators.—*Cato.* The value of farm property in the United States, 1940, is $33,641,738,726. — *U. S. Census.* Millions for defense . . .

PATRICK Q. HENRY, *Editor*

DECEMBER, 1941

MARKETING

We have, on occasion, made the point that while our modern city-farmers may have more than a little to learn so far as agriculture is concerned, and let's admit it frankly, there are things that they can tell the world—including their new-found friends and neighbors, the farmers—about marketing.

We couldn't help thinking about this the other day when we came across a little advertisement in the "Poughkeepsie Sunday Courier," a newspaper for the city and country folks who live around the historic seat of New York's ancient Dutchess County, settled by the Dutch 'way back in 1698 but famous today for such diversified interests as some mighty fine farms and livestock, the intercollegiate crew races, Vassar College, Homer Gray's hunt, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Father Divine.

The advertisement read as follows:

"PORK ON THE HOOF @ 12c a lb., which means meat in your icebox at approximately 18c. We have 10 prime hogs that have spent a leisurely summer on pasture building character and bacon which have now been finished on home-grown grain. They don't know the meaning of the word garbage, which is important because the resultant flavor of their meat is now certain to be fresh and clean. These porkers will net from 190 to 210 lbs., according to our guess, but if the pig you pick out weighs more than 210 on the scale that's your good luck. We are asking 12c a lb., live weight; we'll also kill the pig for you, remove the bristles, and butcher it, for an additional $2. Get a neighbor to go halves with you if you can't use a whole pig but, anyway, come out and see them.

STILLPOND FARM, Staatsburg, N. Y."

Now, Stillpond Farm could only belong to one couple: Walter Irving Lincoln Duncan and his engaging and enduring Doris. Who else, in this brief life, could have moved often enough to be inspired by the children's game we used to call "Red Light." You remember, the kid that's It has to bury his head, count to ten, shout "Stillpond, no more moving!"—and then turn quickly to see who could be caught in action.

So "The Defender" telephoned Mr. Duncan at the business where he spends so much (too much?) of his time, the office of the up-and-coming radio station WNEW, of which he is a tycoon.

"Wallie," was the question, "did you sell any of those hogs?"

"Did I," he echoed, "the ten of 'em were gone by Monday night."

Mr. Duncan is going to run the ad again next Sunday, so if you want something in the way of fresh pork and don't like to pay 35 to 44c a lb. for it just because it's got on paper pantaloons, drop up to Stillpond Farm. Come early or late and you'll find Farmer Duncan himself on the job, for here's one city-farmer who thinks enough of his place to commute back and forth every day, even though the trip from New York to Staatsburg can't be done in less than two hours each way.

It hardly seems necessary to add that Mr. Duncan's application of something that he learned in selling time on the radio has turned out to be quite useful in selling the products of his farm, might easily be useful to other city-farmers, elsewhere. Some of the dirt farmers of his section were more than a little surprised: "never he'erd of selling hogs that way."

Certainly worth a try.

NEW CROPS

There's an outfit known as the National Farm Chemurgic Council, which operates out of Columbus, Ohio, with this object in life: "To advance the industrial use of American farm products through applied science." Wheeler McMillen, the well known publisher, is its president and there is a sizeable board of governors consisting of representative names from agriculture, industry, and science.

The Council is interested in having test plantings of various new crops made throughout the country in order to determine whether or not these new crops could be successfully cultivated in the areas tested. More than that, the Council provides the seeds for these test plantings, together with cultivation instructions.

There is no charge for these seeds and all that the Council asks in return is that the coupon attached to the cultivation sheet be returned at the proper time, with indications thereon telling the date the seeds were planted, and, at the end of the growing season, a short report on the success or failure of the crops.

Last year the Council distributed coriander, anise, fennel, safflower, a new variety of castor beans, perilla, and sunflower seeds from Argentina. In 1942, the Council anticipates distributing some more of the same, with additional new varieties.

Now, being an obviously wide-awake organization, the National Farm Chemurgic Council did not fail to notice the advent of "The Defender." And was struck at once with the thought that its pages would be the quickest possible way to reach the city-farmers of the country, who would in turn be the first to be interested in something so new and unusual and possibly useful.

The rest is easy to guess. They wrote "The Defender" asking if we would make it known that these seeds are available. We promised promptly that we would . . . Hell, we didn't waste a moment in writing for a set of seeds for ourselves.

So here you are, ladies and gentlemen. If you want some of these seeds sit down now and write to Ernest L. Little, managing director of the National Farm Chemurgic Council, 50 West Broad Tower, Columbus, Ohio. And don't ever say that "The Defender" didn't do something for you.

NOTICE

Members of city-farmer clubs throughout the country are cordially invited to send news of their activities monthly to "The Defender."

CINCINNATI

The City Farmers Club of Cincinnati had two meetings in November. One was a luncheon and on the up-and-up: Dr. J. I. Falconer of Ohio State University spoke on the subject of "Equitable Farm Leases" and he certainly held the attention of his listeners. The second was a stag party, held the evening of November 21, and concerning it we could learn nothing. Nothing.

Dr. Falconer is one of the nation's best known authorities on land tenure, having made detailed studies of various systems of leasing land. He was also asked to discuss methods of hiring farm labor so that good men could be retained, despite the efforts which are being made today to wean these men to other jobs.

Five new members have been added to the Cincinnati roster: Bert Fishel, of the John Shillito Co.; Paul R. Johnston, of the Republic Steel Corp.; Wilbert Rosenthal, of S. Rosenthal & Co.; Earl W. Seibert, of Advance Refrigeration; J. M. Wikel, of Wikel & Cornelius.

One of the Cincinnati members offered a fine report of his progress in the turkey business. G. M. Lowenstein started on a modest scale yast year with 100 White Holland poults, from which he raised and sold 92 turkeys. This year he went up to 300 poults and after five months of feeding has his animals averaging from 18 to 20 lbs. and just about ready for market.

The Cincinnati club offered a unique short course on the Triple A Act to its members on four consecutive evenings, beginning November 11, under the leadership of Meade Pottenger, chairman of the Hamilton County AAA Committee for four years, and the operator of a 500-acre farm. The course was designed to teach: (*a*) how allotments were established; (*b*) your fertility index; (*c*) what you can do to help yourself; (*d*) how to plan your farm program; (*e*) how to earn the most dollars from your complete farm operation. The course cost 50 cents and was open only to members in good standing; no guests.

R. F. D.

QUICK THE NEEDLE!

To the Editor:

I am sorry to have to tell you that the City Farmers Club of Pittsburgh has been dormant almost since its inauguration.

I have had no connection with the club, but have been seriously considering some move to revive it. If and when this comes about, I shall be glad to send you an item.

A. J. ROTH,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

If there are any readers of "The Defender" living in Pittsburgh who would like to see an active city-farmer club in their town won't they please write to Mr. Roth, manager of the Commerce and Finance Division, the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh.

"THE DEFENDER" IN HAWAII

To the Editor:

My good friend, George T. Armitage, executive secretary of the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, has passed on to me your letter of September 30, in which you mention the interest of "The Honolulu Star-Bulletin" in the current and prospective activities of city-farmers.

We appreciate this mention, and also that which appears in the October issue of "The Defender."

We hope you will keep us in touch with the activities of this fine movement.

RILEY H. ALLEN, *Editor,*
Honolulu, Hawaii.

Shucks, wasn't anything. Believe us, we appreciate the notice you gave us in the "Star-Bulletin," which we want everybody to see:

"All over the nation, city people are turning back to the land.

"They are moving out to the country and going in for vegetables, and livestock, and poultry. Or, if they can't move to the country, they are setting up a miniature farm in their city back yard.

"'The Star-Bulletin' has received word from the publishers of 'Country Life' of its sponsorship of the city-farmer movement.

"'We are in touch now with city-farmer clubs in more than 20 cities between Maine and the Mississippi, with a membership list around 4,000,' writes Peter Vischer, editor and publisher of 'Country Life.' 'We hear of a new club every few days, and we haven't even crossed the Corn Belt.'

"'Country Life' is sponsoring a new paper, 'The Defender and City-Farmer,' published in old-time farm paper style. It bristles with news of city farmers.

"Baltimore, it reports, has a group known as the Downtown Farmers, established in 1938. The Farmers' Club of St. Louis, in existence for three and a half years, has a membership of 150 business and professional men.

"The Farm Club of New York has 125 members, and the Chicago Farmers' club is largest of all with 507 members.

"F. P. Adams of Information Please fame is a city-farmer in Connecticut.

"'Life begins when you buy a farm,' the paper says."

COUNTRY MICE

To the Editor:

To your already highly esteemed book, "The Defender" is distinctly an added attraction. It has the intimate touch which I think will appeal to the small owner and to the city mice who have always wanted to be country mice.

I hand you a wreath herewith and wish you the best of luck!

VINCENT ABBOTT,
New York, N. Y.

DAMN IT ALL

To the Editor:

Congratulations on "The Defender and City-Farmer." . . . Now, damn it all, I have to subscribe to "Country Life."

JAMES W. EGAN, JR.,
Bronxville, N. Y.

CALENDAR

-farmer clubs are invited to send e, time, place and subject of their ments to "The Defender" for tion in this column:

December 1

NSING FARMER'S CLUB, Mich. Maughn, American Dry Milk e, on "The Dairy Industry," Building, Michigan State College, ansing.

December 2

Y FARMERS CLUB OF CIN-ATI, O. Fourth and last meeting rt course on Triple A Act, led ade Pottenger, chairman Hamilton AAA Committee. Hotel Metro-:30. Paid-up members only; no

December 3

POSED NATIONAL ASSOCIA- OF FARMERS' AND AGRI-URAL CLUBS. Organization g, Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, Ill., M. Later session, if necessary, ber 4. A. E. Albaugh, secretary, ation committee. (Telephone, in 0700.)

December 4

AKER CITY FARMERS, Phila-a, Pa. Prof. Henry Keller, agri-l economist, New Jersey State e of Agriculture, on "Farm Bud-l Management," University Club,

MERS CLUB OF PENNSYL-A, Philadelphia, Pa. Dinner; pri-

December 9

MERS CLUB OF ST. LOUIS, obert W. Lazear, manager, Wy-Hereford Ranch, Cheyenne, Wyo., Life Begins With Herefords." Statler, 12:30.

MERS CLUB OF GREATER AS CITY, Mo. A. D. Weber, husbandman, Kansas State Col-Manhattan. 6:30.

December 10

M CLUB OF NEW YORK, Dr. Van B. Hart, New York College of Agriculture, Cornell sity, "Farm Records and Ac-" Hotel Roosevelt, 12:30.

December 11

SA FARM CLUB, Okla. Clar-Roberts, editor of the "Farmer-an," on phases of agricultural ics, Mayo Hotel, 6:30.

December 12

TROIT AGRICULTURAL SO-, Mich. Annual business meeting iscussion of forthcoming Farm ts Show in Detroit. Wolverine 12:15.

January 5

NSING FARMER'S CLUB, Mich. Yaeger, Michigan Farm Bureau, Agriculture or Defense," Union g, Michigan State College, East g.

January 9

TROIT AGRICULTURAL SO-, Mich. Prof. R. V. Gunn, an State College, on "The Agri-l Outlook for 1942," Wolverine 12:15.

January 12

MER'S CLUB OF GREATER AS CITY, Mo.

FARM CLUB OF NEW YORK

They announced with some severity that the November meeting of the Farm Club of New York wasn't a Guernsey party but, gosh, could you blame some of the members for raising their eyebrows when they introduced first Karl Musser, secretary-treasurer of the American Guernsey Cattle Club, then Dave Peacock, president of the New Jersey Guernsey Breeders Association, then such well known (and damned successful) boosters of the breed as Atherton Hobler, Charlie Cleveland, Robert Tinsman.

Why, it got so bad that Pete Peterson, calling on his prerogatives as past president of the usually broad-minded Farm Club of New York, had to point out that there were some Jersey folks in the room too . . . and let's give a little hand to Ira Payne, president of the American Jersey Cattle Club, and Louis Morley, secretary of that busy outfit.

We can only report that the Holstein, Ayrshire and Brown Swiss rooters present were drowned out in the hubbub. And one Milking Shorthorn authority was seen angrily stomping to the bar.

Karl Musser made the speech of the day and he had plenty to say. He told, first, all about the American Guernsey Cattle Club and why it is important for milk producers to have an alert, aggressive, on-the-job, intelligent, well-heeled organization standing behind the breed of cows they own.

Mr. Musser, indeed, talked far more about the organization which popularized the lucrative Golden Guernsey slogan than he talked about Guernseys. And he probably made most of the dairymen present feel that he was right. After all, what good would it do them if they had the best cows in the world and nobody was there to make a noise about them?

Incidentally, Mr. Musser told his audience (and announced it as a secret, so we shouldn't be telling) that the Guernsey organization has just thought up a new method of turning surplus fat into hard cash. We gathered that some business in Washington, probably connected with a patent or trade-mark, is all that remains before a public announcement is made.

Mr. Musser said one thing that surprised some of his hearers. When he got around to mentioning the 4-H plan —you know, the organization that teaches kids to live better lives through the use of Heart, Head, Hand, Health— he didn't sugar-coat his remarks, as most folks do. He was rather sharply critical of the manner in which the principles of the organization are sometimes carried out. He said that 4-H kids often get ribbons higher than they deserve, just because they're 4-H kids; he didn't like it. Also, is it teaching the right thing to pay some kid $3,000 for a steer he'd fed, when he'll never in his life get such a price again? Bring up your kids in a realistic manner, he said, and it'll be better for all concerned.

Incidentally, to offset all the good-natured rivalry at the early part of the meeting, Mr. Musser emphasized the point that the Guernsey folks are not in competition but rather in cahoots with other purebred breeders. The customers they're looking for are new people getting into the business and, primarily, dairymen with grade herds who have finally become sold on the value of the purebred. Then the Guernseymen step in and whoa, there, every man for himself.

BIGGEST MUSHROOM CROP OF THE YEAR

CLEVELAND

Sheep held the attention of the Cleveland Farmers' Club at its November meeting, a well balanced ration on this subject having been prepared for the members of the club by its energetic secretary-treasurer, Charles J. Thomas.

The program consisted of an address by L. A. Kauffman, secretary of the Ohio Wool Growers Co-op Association, and shorter talks by Philip H. Coad, secretary-treasurer of the Cleveland Union Stock Yards Co., and Ralph H. Schwarz, a member of the club engaged in Corriedale sheep breeding. A movie entitled "Wool From Lamb to Man" was also on the program, while Mr. Schwarz had with him samples of fleeces.

Mr. Kauffman's subject was "Type of Sheep Production Best Suited to Northeastern Ohio Conditions." Having formerly been extension specialist in sheep production at Ohio State University, Mr. Kauffman was right at home. Mr. Coad devoted himself largely to the local feeder situation. Mr. Schwarz left himself open to questions.

The seventeenth annual Cleveland livestock show was on the program November 26 and 27, with members of the Cleveland Farmers' Club once more acting as hosts to the 4-H boys and girls of northern Ohio. Probably various members of the Cleveland club will also assist at the Mid-American Chemurgic Conference scheduled to be held in Cleveland in January, though the club voted at its meeting on October 10 not to assume the sole sponsorship of another such event.

Four new members were elected: Webb L. Barr, president of Euclid-55th Lumber, Inc.; C. R. Huston, of Franchester Farms, Lyndhurst; Milton E. Miller, Killbuck Farms, West Salem; George Worthington, Jr., Shaker Heights.

"The Defender" is pink with delighted embarrassment, almost, at the following item that appeared in the November issue of the publication of the Cleveland Farmers' Club, the "City & Country Farmers:"

"Starting with August, 1941 and every month thereafter appears 'The Defender and City Farmer' as an important feature of 'Country Life' magazine, which many of our members who subscribe to this magazine have doubtless read with interest.

" 'The Defender and City Farmer' not only publicizes the activities and contributions of the various farmers' and agricultural clubs throughout the United States, but it also includes in its personals column frequent mention of various members of the Cleveland Farmers' Club.

"Our club has been liberally featured in each of the five issues so far published, for four months occupying a prominent first page position.

"As all of our members are interested in the international aspect of this newest organization development, we earnestly recommend the perusal of this monthly feature in 'Country Life.' We know you will all enjoy it."

Folks, it's all true.

LANSING

Michigan steps up with still another city-farmer club of enthusiastic membership, this time the Lansing Farmer's Club, organized last May. Here's one with a membership of 55, including many of the leading citizens (and able farmers) of the Wolverine State's famous capital.

Glen Cathey is president of the Lansing Club, Vern Shoesmith vice-president, Elmer Dail treasurer and Howard Cook, of the England-Cook Company, "Lansing's Chevrolet Dealer Since 1922," secretary.

The Lansing Farmer's Club meets the first Monday of each month at the Union Building, Michigan State College, East Lansing. Speakers of prominence in various fields of agriculture address the members, the most recent talk having been delivered by A. A. Johnson, extension specialist from the college, who spoke on "Corn," illustrating his remarks with most interesting colored slides.

To give you an idea of the enthusiasm of this group, 45 members of the club attended a meeting in Elmer Dail's barn on October 6—*in the rain!* An excellent dinner was served by the family of this competent farm operator—manager of the Jarvis Engineering Works in his spare time—and a good time was had by all. Mr. Dail has 320 acres south of Lansing, with a herd of 50 registered Guernseys and nearly a dozen Saddlebred horses.

Among the speakers next on the list are M. O. Maughn of the American Dry Milk Institute of Chicago, who will speak on "The Dairy Industry," and J. F. Yaeger, director of membership relations of the Michigan Farm Bureau, whose topic will be "Agriculture or Defense."

CHICAGO

For a good look at the city-farmer movement in these United States let us suggest that you put The Chicago Farmers under the microscope. That is, if you can find a microscope large enough.

In the first place, this is the livest and most active of the city-farmer clubs. Wayne Dinsmore, its energetic president, reports a paid-up membership of 507. Meetings are held at frequent intervals, generally every two weeks; all phases of agricultural problems are discussed.

To give you some idea how vital this Chicago group is, and how far-reaching may be its influence, it is interesting to note just a few statistics. Now then, the 507 members own and operate

515 farms;
in 25 states;
with an acreage of 370,151*;*
mostly in Illinois, where there are 359 *farms comprising* 130,106 *acres, but also some as far away as New York, Virginia, Florida, Wyoming, Arizona.*

This means that the average member of The Chicago Farmers is responsible for the care of just a little more than 727 acres. That this responsibility is taken seriously may be gathered from the type of people who make up the membership of this club.

Most of them, 287 in fact, are interested primarily in dairy cattle, but breeders of hogs come a close second with 248. Beef cattle are third with 198, horses and poultry tied for fourth with 131, then follow sheep, general farming and those who believe in "dual-purpose" cattle.

Chicago Farmers, we salute you!

But hold on! Is that all there is to the Chicago story? Isn't there another city-farmer group in Chicago or doesn't that proud description fit The Agricultural Club of the Chicago Agricultural Association?

Here is an organization now in its nineteenth season, with club rooms of its own, a house organ, a comprehensive agricultural library and reference service, and other facilities.

Herman Steen is its president, E. E. Houghtby and C. B. Schmidt vice-presidents, A. E. Albaugh secretary-treasurer. Dave Thompson and L. A. Williams head important committees.

What's more, Mr. Albaugh comes forth with the news that The Agricultural Club has 541 members—more than The Chicago Farmers! So there.

MONTREAL

The organization of a city-farmer's club in Montreal is proceeding apace, thanks largely to the enthusiasm of Dr. Henry P. Wright, a well known physician of the great Canadian city.

Dr. Wright is known to agricultural authorities in Canada as the layman who, in conjunction with Vice-Principal Britton, started a winter extension course in agriculture at famous McGill University a year ago. Some sixty to seventy persons attended this course and showed such extraordinary interest that Dr. Wright believes a city-farmer club could easily be formed from the group.

It is Dr. Wright's theory that part-time farmers should spend a part of each winter receiving regular instruction from extension courses at the nearest agricultural college. This instruction he would like to see supplemented by discussions, which is why he believes a city-farmer club can serve a particularly useful service.

So far Dr. Wright has obtained a directorate of fourteen for the proposed club. He has arranged for luncheon meetings at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on the days following the lectures at McGill. He has suggested a name for the proposed organization: the St. Lawrence-Westmount Agricultural Society.

Incidentally, the course at McGill consists of ten lectures dealing with soils and crops, animal breeding and feeding. So far the following lectures have been held: "Choosing a Farm and General Farm Organization," by L. C. Raymond, assistant professor of agronomy; "Animal Breeding for the Practical Breeder," by E. W. Crampton, associate professor of animal nutrition.

The following additional lectures are scheduled:

December 3, "Tillage and Drainage by Prof. Raymond; December 17, "Aids to Selection of Breeding Stock," by Prof. Crampton; January 7, "Pastures and Summer Silage," by Prof. Raymond; January 21, "Some Problems in Dairy Herd Management," by Prof. Crampton; February 4, "Root Crops," by Prof. Raymond; February 18, "Raising Young Stock, Calves, Pigs, Foals," by Prof. Crampton; March 4, "Corn and Corn Breeding," by Prof. Raymond; March 18, "Planning the Farm Feeding Program," by Prof. Crampton.

The full course costs $10 and wives of men taking the course are admitted free.

PAMPHLETS

The number of pamphlets which contain material of interest and use to city-farmers would, if laid end to end, reach right into the waste-basket. "The Defender" here proposes, from time to time, to rescue a few that deserve to avoid such a dire fate.

"FARM FENCES"—Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 1832, by M. A. R. Kelley, engineer of the Division of Farm Structures Research, brought up to date. Worth study, for a good farm fence adds greatly to the attractiveness of a farmstead, is a mark of thrift, and an important item in farm management.

"SOY BEANS FOR PROFIT"—by Prof. J. C. Hackleman of the University of Illinois, a most interesting 48-page booklet in color issued by John Deere, Moline, Ill.

"HUDSON BARN EQUIPMENT" — a 257-page catalog from the Midwest's well known Hudson Equipment Corp., with everything in it from steel stalls to pumps. Write 589 East Illinois St., Chicago, Ill., but be all set to have your mouth water.

"BUSSEY'S BOOK OF MATERIALS AND EQUIPMENT FOR BIRDS AND ANIMAL PENS"—nearly a hundred pages of all sorts of useful equipment, whether you keep chickens or mink. Write Bussey Pen Products Co., 5151 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

"THE AMERICAN QUARTER HORSE ASSOCIATION STUD BOOK AND REGISTRY"—the first book of this character ever published; edited by Robert M. Denhardt, secretary of the association and a student of the breed, who is to be addressed at Fort Worth, Texas. Lots of interesting if not particularly good pictures.

"THE TRENCH SILO"—pays big returns says Ivan D. Wood of the University of Nebraska in this illustrated booklet, 28 pages, issued by John Deere, Moline, Ill. Includes diagram showing how to build one.

"PRODUCE PORK AT A PROFIT"—there's a quick turnover in pigs and this seems like a good time to look into it; write the Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Ill.

"PASTURE—A PAYING CROP"—another of the series of useful booklets written by college teachers, this time R. F. Fuelleman and W. L. Burlison of the University of Illinois, for the energetic John Deere outfit of Moline, Ill.

"MAKE MILK AT A PROFIT"—the Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Ill., tells you how no matter what breed of cows you have.

"SOIL FERTILIZERS"—a booklet that might well be read with care by every city-farmer in the country; one of the series of good booklets issued by John Deere, Moline, Ill.

"HOW TO SUCCEED WITH BABY CHICKS"—a new booklet describing an economical way to feed, issued by the Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Ill.

"PHOSPHATES ON THE FARM"—reprint of an interesting paper delivered before the Bel Air Rotary Club in Maryland by Chester F. Hockley, president of the enterprising Davison Chemical Company of Baltimore.

"HORSE RACING AND CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURE" — an interesting illustrated brochure showing what's going on along the Pacific Coast, published by the Western Fairs Association and the California Breeders Association.

"PLANT LEGUMES TO PROSPER" — here's a modern slant on something the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans started back in the bush league days; if you could only spend half an hour with L. D. Matchette, general manager of the Nitragin Company, 3747 North Booth St., Milwaukee, Wis., you'd go home and learn this booklet by heart.

"HYBRID CORN"—a subject that is on 'most everybody's mind is the subject of one of John Deere's neat and interesting pamphlets; write John Deere, Moline, Ill.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

The meeting which was supposed to have been held in Chicago on October 29 to discuss the possibility of forming a national association of city-farmer clubs was postponed until the time of the International Livestock Show to be held in that city early this month.

The advantages and disadvantages of forming a national association have made a lively topic of conversation for city-farmers during recent weeks. They will undoubtedly be well threshed out during the International, when many city-farmers will be on tap, some perhaps literally.

TULSA

The members of the Tulsa Farm Club love variety in their programs, so variety they have! In September the members devoted their energies to fairs. At the Tulsa Fair they were "Hosts of the Day" in the livestock barns, wearing suitable badges and mingling with the Fair crowds, of value to visiting livestock breeders. Following the Tulsa Fair, parties were organized to visit the Oklahoma City and Dallas Fairs and the Kansas City Royal.

The October meeting was held at Jay P. Walker's Angue Valley Farm. The late afternoon was spent looking over the cattle and the new barns, then dinner was served in the beautiful ranchhouse. Dr. Henry G. Bennett, President of Oklahoma A. & M. College, addressed the members on the research now being carried on by land-grant colleges.

Of course November means Thanksgiving regardless of the date on which this festival is celebrated. The Tulsa Club had a Thanksgiving party for members and their wives at Judge and Mrs. Oras A. Shaw's Shawco Dairy Farm (Jerseys). The food, raffles, costumes, and dancing all combined to maintain the Thanksgiving tradition.

As shown in the calendar, the December meeting will be held December 11 at the Mayo Hotel, at which time Editor Clarence Roberts of the "Farmer-Stockman" will discuss some angles of the economics of agriculture. Following Mr. Roberts' address, there will be the usual discussion period.

The Tulsa Farm Club has a habit of organizing small parties and informally visiting the members' farms and attending livestock shows and sales. This feature seems to be greatly appreciated.

Also, the Tulsa club has subscribed for "Country Life" for each of its members so that all may enjoy the advantages of "The Defender."

CANVAS!

Columbia

The Flying Cloud

Isaac Webb

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY INDIA HOUSE AND PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

YANKEE SAILING SHIP PORTRAITS

by HAZEL E. CUMMIN

A HUNDRED years ago the fortunes of nearly every family in the United States depended, in some measure, upon sail. A sailing ship traded the coast in its interests, fought for its rights on the seas, carried its sons to adventure, its hopes of riches to distant lands.

Sometimes a sailing ship brought disaster. But when, disaster averted, she came home with her cargo intact, her crew battered but safe, and a new record to boast of, her name was forever enshrined in the family annals.

The Monk of Salem as painted by Nicholas Cammilleri of Marseille (1806)

Privateer brig Grand Turk, a water-color by Anton Roux (1815)

The ship United States, an oil painting by Robert Salmon (1817)

The Eliza Mallory, first ship built in the Mallory Yards (1851), unsigned

The veneration with which these vessels were regarded by the men who owned and sailed them is evident in every record: in the stately sea-port houses with their ship walks and rope moldings; in the water-soaked logs with their careful drawings of the situations that had tried her mettle; in the thousand yarns and legends of record runs and hard-driven crews; above all in the old ship portraits, painted in the ports of many lands to commemorate an exploit or a launching, treasured now in many an American family beyond heirlooms of far greater worth.

This sentiment for the ships associated with the family fortunes has been the inspiration for a number of fine collections of American ship portraits made in the present generation by old maritime families like the Webbs and Mallorys and the Roosevelts of New York, the Forbeses of Massachusetts.

Recently, the paintings have become the objects of much friendly rivalry among amateur collectors, especially among yachtsmen. For every sportsman is sooner or later a collector of the historical material relating to his hobby; and every American yachtsman has the tradition of at least one old windjammer in the family to spur him on.

Unfortunately, his desire for a first-rate collection of windjammer portraits is threatened by the zeal of less amateur collectors; by decorators, who have come to consider a ship painting or two essential to the furnishing of every country house; by museums, where they have lately been admitted to the category of accredited folk art; and by marine societies and such groups as that at India House in New York, where the portraits of American ships have long been treasured for their historical importance.

The amateur collector finds that if he is to compete successfully with such groups, he needs to know something more about a painting than the history of the ship it represents. Yet, until very recently there has been almost no organized information available, either about the paintings or the men who made them.

Ship portraiture has not stood high in the history of art. Its practitioners have been ship's draftsmen or sailors more often than trained artists. Few records of them have been preserved. But their work was a true product of their times, producing faithful records of the ships that at their best were genuine portraits, expressing each with clear intent the personality of the vessel as her master knew her, and the pride he and her owners had in her.

The history of ship portraiture begins late in the 18th century in the shop of a hydrographer on the quay of Marseilles, where Anton Roux, eldest son of the proprietor, amused himself in idle moments by painting the life and the shipping about him.

Anton had known ships all his life. Along the narrow street where he grew up next his father's shop, the vessels lying at anchor were so close that their bowsprits seemed to peer in at the upper windows of the houses.

THE lad had walked along the street under them, gazing up at the rigging and admiring the figureheads. He had made friends with the sailors, and learned to handle a rope or a sheet. Hour after hour he had watched his friends at work, learning the way of a man on a ship and the way of a ship on the water.

It was natural that as he grew older he should have taken to painting "portraits" of the vessels that entered the harbor. His ships were real ships, and the captains recognized and liked them, and bought them to take home as souvenirs. Other people liked them, too, for their soft coloring and for a certain free-hand quality in the drawing which, while it sacrificed nothing of truth or detail, avoided the stiffness of an architect's drawing, and made of the picture something very near a real work of art.

Anton Roux liked best to paint for the Yankee captains, discerning but never haughty critics, who paid him well, and carried his portraits back to their owners to be hung in counting-house or mansion and admired by neighbors and friends. "In every house," wrote Salem's Dr. Bentley in 1807, "we see the ships of our harbor delineated for those that have navigated them."

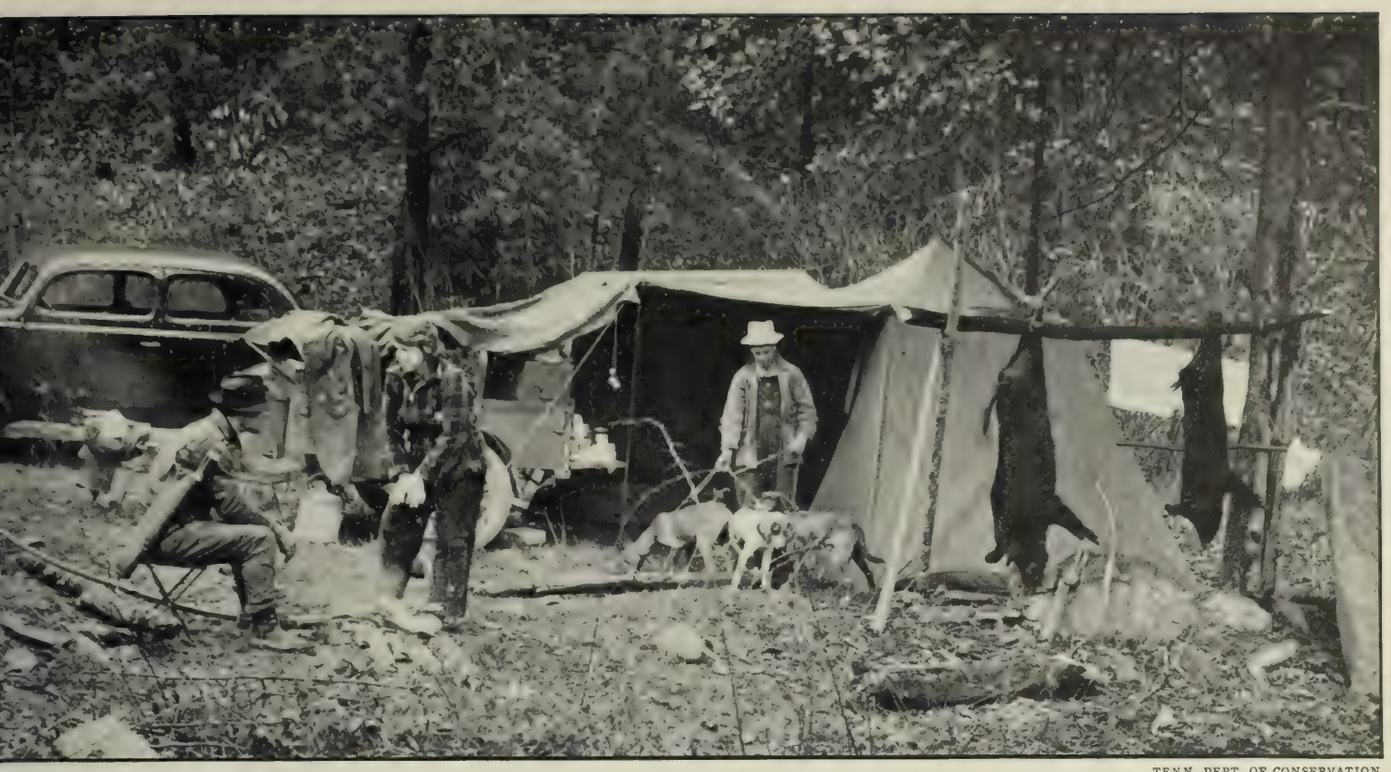
The painting of the privateer brig Grand Turk, of Salem, is perhaps the most artistic painting of an American vessel preserved to us. (*Continued on page* 77)

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY INDIA HOUSE, CLIFFORD D. MALLORY, ESQ., LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA AND PEABODY MUSEUM OF SALEM

Clipper ship Sweepstakes as depicted by D. McFarlane (circa 1855)

The Independent in a choppy sea, as she was painted by Thomas Birch

Packet ship Courier, an oil painting by Evans of New Orleans



TENN. DEPT. OF CONSERVATION

Wild boars, whose ancestors escaped from a North Carolina game preserve, offer thrilling sport in the Cherokee Forest

Bringing Home the Wild Bacon

by ROSS L. HOLMAN

FOR CENTURIES the wild boar of England has been nothing but history. uring the period of Norman feudalism is ferocious swine scampered over the rests of Britain giving knights and ounds plenty of he-boar excitement when rnered. At the great castle feasts the vaggering lords of Henry II's England ade a great ceremony out of serving the ar's head, cooked to a delicious brown, th an apple in its mouth.

But this wild porker went the way of the w and arrow with which he was hunted except that he went first. After many nturies of boar memory this tusked mon- er has again come to life, not in England t in Tennessee's Cherokee Forest and orth Carolina's Great Smokies.

Back in 1912 a group of English sports- en settled in the mountains of western orth Carolina. Being sportsmen, they rilled to the wild game possibilities of- red by this area of dense underbrush and ngle growth. They looked wistfully at reat Smoky's mass of trees and tangled owth and decided there wasn't a more rfect boar paradise on earth—provided ey could get boar and paradise together. They sent to Europe to find him, though ey had to pass their native Britain by. ey finally got hold of fourteen fine speci- ens with their sow mates in the Ural ountains of Russia. A few surviving descendants of mediaeval Europe's boar can still be found in the highlands of Russia and the marshy districts of Spain, Austria and Germany. So scarce is he, however, boar hunts are rare except on a few private estates.

These Russian boars were stocked in a fenced preserve in the Smokies where these Englishmen could hunt them for their own shooting pleasure. The World War of 1914, however, called these Americanized Britains to their country's service, leaving the porkers to their own resources.

Forest fires (*Continued on page* 58)

Swift as lightning in charge or getaway, armed with razor-sharp tusks and leathery hide, hunters and dogs have learned to respect this tough customer

THE TRAIL OF THE GOLDEN CALF

by LADD HAYSTEAD

LAST SPRING in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE we ebulliently surveyed the situation in the livestock world and prophesied that this year would see the greatest upsurge of interest since 1918 in cows in all forms: male, female, steers, heifers, bulls, wets and drys.

Now, after 6,500 miles of touring the cattle country from New York to Wyoming to Texas and back again, we confess that we erred. Our error: gross understatement —and here is the evidence.

Leaving the burned-up acres we fondly call Home, with twelve weeks of drought showing obvious traces all over the place, we skipped across the Southern Tier into Pennsylvania, where they really mean 50 m.p.h. and enforce it. Ohio looked singed if not all-out burned. Indiana seemed crisp, to say the least. Illinois was just nicely done.

Then we crossed the Big Stream. Twenty-one days later we totted up the score and found there were four days of sun out of the whole. The rest was drizzly rain, cloudy days, hard rain, too much rain and downright floods that no Chamber of Commerce could call "unseasonable mistiness."

First stop was the Dairy Congress and Belgian Horse Show at Waterloo, Iowa. This event is not sufficiently well-known to farmers in the East—especially city farmers, but is widely and most importantly known to all dairy and farm folk in the Corn Belt. To show our early prophecy that 1941 would be a top year for interest in cows was in error, we found the attendance figures at Waterloo were reaching toward 1929's figure and finally smothered that record year. Some 200,000 folk visited the Dairy Congress. That's a lot of interest even in such a cow-conscious state as Iowa.

Every second person we collided with had just seen Earl Cooper two minutes before. Finally we caught up with him but had to wait until a happy gentleman took away the ribbon in the Guernsey judging before Earl could be pried loose from the assembled cow notables.

After the usual amenities, we took a stroll around the grounds with the avowed purpose of rating the progress of the horse-vs.-tractor argument. It was "no contest." At few shows in recent years has there been such an all-inclusive display of machinery and as far as we could see only *one* horse-drawn implement in the lot, a mower under the McCormick-Deering tent. It seems the machine is here to stay.

The scene above is typical of the lush range and the high quality of the calves

Having arrived at this momentous conclusion it was only natural we should bump into Jim Ball next. Wherever you find draft horses you find Jim. We tried to get him to make some earth-shaking statement about the findings in the unofficial horse-vs.-tractor survey, but although Jim may have been born yesterday, he stayed up late last night. Result: that favorite modern phrase, "no comment."

The boys from Carnation were trying to look disturbed as they gazed at their Contented Cows, and failing to give off any sense of worry. Dean Kildee was his usual jovial self and not at all adverse to suggesting some of his grads as possibilities for managers' jobs on some farms we know that need that calibre of employee.

Karl Musser, dynamic secretary of the Guernsey Association, was doing his best to avoid any committee on the still hunt for a speaker.

Cliff Conklin, secretary of the Ayrshire Association, had a span of oxen to show at odd moments. The oxen, with a dyed-in-the-wool Vermont lad who really knew why and what-for about the animals, trooped around the grounds every so often, attracting much attention and, just incidentally, selling quite a bill of goods on the Ayrshire breed. Of course, Brother Conklin is acknowledged to be one of the great showmen in cow business.

We looked for George DeVoe and Rowe Metcalf's famous Brown Swiss herd but were told that they would not make the show due to a last minute change of plans. Lewis Morley, secretary of the Jersey Cattle Club, was also among the missing because of other engagements.

It was all a lot of fun until it came time

to bed down and then we found out just how badly we had erred in understatement. There wasn't a bed in all Waterloo, nor Cedar Rapids, nor any place else until we got to Marshalltown, nearly a hundred miles away. That's really showing interest in cows.

Maybe that isn't quite fair, for Earl Cooper and Jim Ball offered us a corner of their room to set up a bedroll. Inasmuch as five gents were already taking most of the available floor space it seemed good manners to roll along and let some more needy brother use our quota. Looks like we'll have to have priorities even in hotel rooms if this keeps up.

At Des Moines they had a bit more hotel room but not a whit less interest in cows. Kirk Fox and his super-hospitable cohorts of the Meredith Publishing Company were insistent that we see every good herd of cows in the vicinity, no matter if the heavens poured out rain by the cloudburst. And when you are around Des Moines the number of good herds that should be seen are legion.

Among the more typical we chose the Mountain herd of Guernseys not only because of their 600 pounds of butterfat average, but also, we must confess, because Mr. Mountain had a strain of grain sorghum we were most interested in viewing.

Shorty Howe tried to make believe that his interest in the Meredith Farm's Jerseys was purely professional, but despite the mud and general inclemency of the weather, we got the idea that Shorty was not too displeased to let a mere City Guy learn about why these particular Jerseys were no Jeeter Lesters of the breed.

Then on to the Hill brothers farm. It is said in cow circles that the father of the Hill boys was the only man in history to make a million dollars out of feeding cows. Whether that is correct or not it is a four-year course with p.g. credits to talk feeding with young Howard Hill.

The haymow with its fire hazard has been abandoned. No expensive barns, silos, or what have you, give evidence of too high an investment in equipment. A grass harvester is the major implement. Snow fence is the major item in hay storage. And, we were told, two men could bring in the hay although it was better with three.

The routine is mowing, side windrowing, curing a bit longer than is customary in the humid East, the harvester chops as it gathers, trucks carry the hay to the snow-fence stack—then feed it out in the field where the cows do their own spreading of manure. Quite apart from the hazard of hay fires which this obviates, and not forgetting the saving in many men, teams and wagons for haying, there is still one more saving in that usually tedious job of spreading manure in the spring.

in Nebraska and Wyoming; look at the height of the grass in the foreground!

HILL bought this year in the South St. Paul market, dropping his grading down to Medium and letting the Other Fellow buy the Choice. Sixty bushels of corn is his allotment to the feeders; an enormous trench silo is his major source of roughage, plus, of course, the chopped hay.

With labor a major problem to every farmer these days and the storage of roughages needing a much too high investment, plus the fire hazard, this scheme shows one good reason why the Hill boys have the reputation they do for being smart feeders—not to mention the Guggenheim tour of South America which added deserved laurels to the Hill reputation.

At Sioux Falls we were met with the traditional courtesy of the Rice Bros. On the way to Mitchell we were pleased to see that the grass indicated prosperity had come back to the Dakotas. The elevator operator in the hotel, an authority, as all elevator operators are in cow country, told us that after ten years of no crops finally heaven had seen fit to do right by Dakota. On top of that Clark Gable was going to do some upland shooting which just about capped the climax, except that a parachute gent had got him- (*Continued on page* 75)

AUTHOR'S PHOTOS

Feeder stock bought last year by the author and now nearly ready for market; they are on Arthur Kudner's Talisman Farm in Maryland

SOIL & MAN • BY RUSSELL LORD

"THE LAND," POWERFUL DOCUMENTARY FILM OF OUR SOIL

"THE LAND," said Hugh Bennett, Chief of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, in a recent address on public policy, "has a kind of catalytic force that functions as a common denominator in human thinking and relationships."

You might not expect to feel this force at work amid the towers of upper Manhattan, but it is there. How does it run, that old saying? "You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy." Toward the close of last October a new society, Friends of the Land, gave a luncheon preliminary to a private preview of Robert Flaherty's documentary film, "The Land." The luncheon was held at the Columbia University Club, just off Fifth Avenue on 43rd Street, New York City. The countrymen attending were of an extraordinary range and variety.

Among the guests were Raymond Graham Swing, the radio historian, Alvin Johnson of the New School of Social Science, Dr. A. R. Mann, formerly Dean of the New York State College of Agriculture and now performing research for the Rockefeller Foundation in New York City. There were Henry Bruere, banker, Raymond Rubicam and Trell Yokum, whose business is advertising, and Frank Ernest Hill, the poet.

Among journalists we had Robert Duffus of "The New York Times," Leonard Elmhirst of "Asia" and "The New Republic," George Kent of "The Readers' Digest," Andrew S. Wing of "The Garden Digest," Peter Vischer of this magazine and two of his staff. Ik Shuman of "The New Yorker" was there. The venerable John Dillon, Editor & Publisher of "The Rural New Yorker," planned to come, but was prevented at the last moment from attending, to our great regret, and to Ik Shuman's. Ik has always held that Harold Ross of "The New Yorker" and John Dillon of "The Rural New Yorker" are the two greatest editors in New York City.

All told there were 60 places. The program was swift and plain. Morris L. Cooke, presiding, told of sad transformations in the Pennsylvania country of his boyhood and extended the sketch of waste to cover the greater part of the nation. Then he introduced Louis Bromfield of Ohio and Max Drake, his partner and manager in the restoration of the land, the springs, the woods and the game of Malabar Farms.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will know their story, in outline, from accounts we have published in these columns. But to hear them tell it first-hand is better; and Bromfield's plea for a "sort of American farming that will be worthy of the proud name *'agriculture'* " is something that every Defender's group and every other farm organization ought to hear.

Dr. Charles E. Holzer of Ohio followed Mr. Bromfield with a five-minute account of far-reaching groundline reformations in the great Muskingum Watershed which starts in northwestern New York and reaches to Marietta, Ohio. That was practically all there was to the talk.

Now Robert Flaherty, the great film-maker, was introduced, and stood without speaking. John Collier, who worked with Flaherty on the sound-track of "Elephant Boy," wrote this about him in a recent issue of "Who":

OF GIANTS & HEROES

"It is easy to pick out Robert Flaherty in any sort of crowd. You'll see a man who'll remind you of a mountain—a result of quality rather than quantity, though it must be admitted that his circumference at sea level is stupendous. But whereas another of equal waistline would be merely a fat man, no one ever thinks of Bob Flaherty as being fat. He's huge and he's noble; he *is* a mountain.

"From the ample base already indicated his waistline rises, like foothills, in a series of ridges well besprinkled with the lava of his cigaret. Higher up this formidable slope, his necktie waves about, very much like a flag planted by some high-scrambling Alpinist. . . . Above that, like a naked red crag, rises the cliffy and weatherbeaten face, which is magnificent. The ultimate crest is suitably covered with thinning white locks—which seem to blow about in a perpetual blizzard, as well they may.

"In his middle fifties, Flaherty retains the vitality and exuberance of a whole football team. . . . He is beyond the years, as he is beyond tape measures; he belongs to that outsize class of men who are technically, however reluctantly one may employ the term, heroes.

"For heroes have nothing to do with the winning of medals. They are the simplest creatures imaginable. All that is necessary is to be half a size larger than the common run of humanity, half again as vital, half again as bold, half again as generous. . . ."

"Elephant Boy" was Flaherty's first picture with dialog, and, not his favorite. "Man of Aran," to be sure, had a few scattered lines of what might be called dialog, the roar of men shouting above the breakers, the wail of a woman against the smash and beat of the sea. But the sound effect here was mainly in the music; and so it had been previously in his "Moana." "Nanook of The North," his first great documentary film, received little aid from sound of any sort. It was sheer picture.

"The Land," his latest, has a spoken narrative, but no dialog. It is a sort of epic travelog by Flaherty, the returned explorer, back on American soil. It runs for 40 minutes. The musical sound track, by Richard Arnell, is not derived in any part from indigenous sources, American hymn tunes, folk songs, etc. Virgil Thompson's good scores for Pare Lorentz's "The Plow" and "The River" were in part derivations, and announced as such.

Flaherty's objection to that was, I think, both characteristic and sensible. He said that he didn't want the people who saw the picture, and especially those who saw it more than once, sitting there playing tune detectives. "That gets in the way of the picture," he said. So young Mr. Arnell, a British composer of high promise whom Flaherty met in Washington, was shown the rough cut on "The Land," and asked to provide something "universal," He retired to a suburban hotel, rented a piano, and made the first rough score, which suited Flaherty precisely, in about ten days.

BATTLE OF WORDS

The battle of words for the narrative, in which I participated as a writer, lasted longer, much longer. Men of words and men of pictures employ words differently. Your writer employs words in place of a picture. Your good pictureman does just the opposite. There can in such a conflict be no unkindness, as John Collier has just testified, if the other contender is Bob Flaherty.

Conflict there is, certainly; but any writer not too set in his ways learns a lot from Bob. The more colorful the word you write, the more nearly it is a word that throws a picture, "It gets in the way of the picture," says the Giant. Then he takes a stubby pencil and cuts your perishable phrase to a shred, and: "Hear it now! It goes with the picture better," he cries triumphantly. So it does.

There can, I am sure, be no harm in recording the fact that when our verbal sound track was still in the "script" stage, before the Giant's pencil went to work on it left-handedly with excited vigor and endless revisions, Henry A. Wallace, who then was Secretary of Agriculture, dropped in on the argument one evening, grabbed a pencil, and took a hand. This was the rough draft suggested for somewhere in the picture's closing sequence, Machines and Abundance, by the Vice-President:

We are storing strength in the bin, yes.
But we are storing strength in the soil, too—
Strength for the bones and hearts and minds
Of our children
And their children.
We have the open strength (*Granaries*)
We have the hidden strength (*Soil well-tended*)
We are going to increase this strength
Not for the seven years of a Joseph and his Pharaoh
But for the centuries of a mighty nation.

"But we are storing strength in the soil, too"—the strange pattern of contour plowing on southern farmland

's beautiful!" said Flaherty. poetry. Practical poetry! But it n the way of the picture." And ent to work on it with his little l. You will not hear this strophe e soundtrack. But it is in the translated.

th arrangements still pending he distribution of this film gh regular movie houses (neith- full-length "feature" nor one of the new-type "defense shorts," it is a little hard to fit in)—previews are being held, with admission by invitation or card. The Downtown Farmers Club of Baltimore arranged its evening meeting of November 6, last, around such a preview, following the New York meeting. For details, write Oliver Griswold, The Hotel Algonquin, 59 W. 44th St., New York City.

FIRE IN THE NORTH WIND

(*Continued from page* 25)

ve your equipment ready be- the snow flies and keep it as in weight as possible.

you have never skied get out the first snowfall with someone as. He will show you first how de and manage your skis and on level ground. Then the turn" and walking uphill. the downhill run, how to check speed, stop, and, if you *must*, fest way to fall.

e it easy. Do not try to do which you are not confident in taking. Never allow yourself unduly impressed by those ake every hill straight at high . They are very often reckless, kiers who lack the intelligence bility to do otherwise.

the last few years a deluge of nation has appeared on the ique of skiing. It is mostly ex- t except where certain schools se the novice with diverse opin- particularly as to posture. One ates the erect position, another rouch, yet another to do both necessary.

long run you may at moments erect or in a low or semi- h position, depending on the n and your degree of skill in iating it. Some, even the ex- at times, assume positions that n nameless!

rthmical control of bodily nent instantly and skilfully un- l circumstances, using as little ular force as possible, is the to strive for; safety the key-

you are an initiate of last season and live in the East ill, undoubtedly, want to ex- this winter some of the fasci- and beautiful ski country in New England, New York parts of Pennsylvania and Jersey. Do not hesitate. Go.

t of the towns throughout this ry have good accommoda- The railways keep up-to-the- e information on this together xact snow conditions.

a fitting and definitely delight- max to the season head north he perfect powder snow of aurentian Mountains of Can- Snow conditions rarely disap- in this fascinating foreign y reached overnight from New or Boston.

s excellent skiing territory is diately north of Montreal and e reached from there by rail- n less than two hours. A few most popular points along a straightaway stretch of approximately twenty miles from Shawbridge, where the fun begins, are Piedmont, Mt. Rolland, St. Marguerite, Val Morin, Val David and St. Agathe. Within easy skiing distance of these places are others, such as St. Saveur and St. Adele.

There are plenty of mapped and marked ski trials throughout the Laurentians; some seven hundred miles of them. The Maple Leaf, one of the longest, winds up, down and around the mountains, covering nearly a hundred miles of cross-country skiing.

Lots of ski tows, if you care to be hauled to the hilltop, and all kinds of places to stay from simple farmhouse to the last word in streamlined hotels.

In this great expanse of ever varying scenic loveliness is a wide range of hills. Some, a challenge to the expert, others easily negotiable by the average follower of the sport. The air is alive with energy giving substance—fire from the north wind!

On the night of last March the twenty-first I was on Broadway, New York. On the close of the following day I glided to rest on a hilltop just outside the village of St. Adele.

Night had long ago curtained the landscape but the moon looked down from a pale blue void and patterned the white-drenched woods with sharp, fantastic shadows and gleaming shafts of silvered light. On the hillside pine trees stood motionless in thick clusters glittering in the soft stillness like jewelled spires pointing to the sky. In the valley the little village of St. Adele nestled snugly among the pines and, in the dreamlike enchantment of this scene, its lights looked as if stars had fallen in the snow.

Such settings are indescribable. Go North and see for yourself. If you like adventure, value health, good companionship and buoyancy of spirit, if you can appreciate sheer natural beauty so crystal in its purity as to take your breath away, so vivid that it will linger in your consciousness like remembered music, get out and glide through the kingdom of white rain this winter.

Cold? No, you will not be even though the temperature be zero. There *is* fire in the north wind. With every breath you take its electric energy will flow through, warm and revitalize your whole being. Long after the season ends it will still be racing through your veins keeping you immune from colds, in full health and radiant in spirit.

Christmas Gifts in Silver

This pair of George II Silver Sauce Boats was made in London in 1729 by Abraham Buteux and is one of the many dignified gift suggestions to be found in Mr. Guille's outstanding collection.

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OLD FORESTER

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., *At Louisville in Kentucky*

AMERICA'S GUEST WHISKY

Cellar and Pantry

WINTER RECIPES: CARVING A TURKEY: CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

THE dallying year somehow settles down to real business with December. The country dweller, who is *per se* a hearty and optimistic person, may have spun out the autumn through Indian Summer and Thanksgiving time. Finally, however, the illusion is over. The curtain has fallen upon Fall. The trees stand out against gray skies like unfamiliar and fantastic patterns etched on zinc. Even the leaves have disappeared from the lawn either properly gathered for the garden or to bank the house or swirled by gusty winds into dankly slumbering heaps against the walls and fences.

After an early Sunday dinner, my cat, my dog, my son and I returned from a brief, brisk walk, each one, due to the weather, suspecting the other of sabotage, and settled down in the library, warmed by a friendly fireplace, to our various preoccupations.

The dog, a practical and sensible creature with certain pragmatic tendencies, curled up by the hearth and went promptly to sleep. My son, who has just reached the ripe and mellow age of fourteen, politely asked if he might borrow Vol. 24 of the Britannica as he had to write a little essay about Samothrace for his class in English at St. Peter's School. Later as I looked over his shoulder I noted to my amazement that "Samothrace is an island in the Aegean Sea that is a kaza of the Lemnos Sanjak and has a population of 3500."

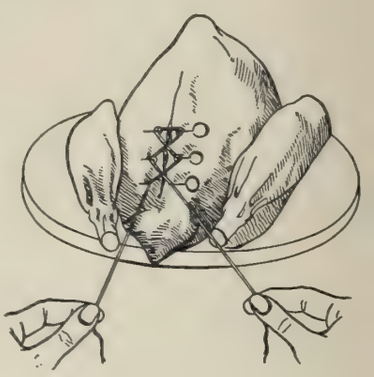
The cat, Mr. Smith, taking advantage of the fact that he could talk to me privately for the moment, jumped with supreme grace to my work table and looking me squarely in the eye said:

"Have you made up your Christmas list yet and where do I get off? Also, have you any real ideas about December food as I am sick and tired of the pig liver that Miss Bauer brings home twice every week from the First National Store in Peekskill?"

"I can well understand, Mr. Smith, your feeling about pig's liver in particular and monotony of diet in general and I shall, as you request it, set down a few notions about cold weather fare that may be of service to you and to other gourmets like yourself. I refuse to commit myself, however, as to your Christmas gifts. You will have to wait until Christmas morning to satisfy your curiosity. Perhaps, if you are a good puss and do all of your home-work you may find a whole case of Icy Point Salmon in the toe of your boot."

"As this is the December number of COUNTRY LIFE a properly housebroken editor might well be expected to rededicate himself to the stuffing of a turkey or a new wrinkle in cranberry sauce. I am certain that hundreds of fellow editors are dealing earnestly and competently at this moment with the subject of Christmas dinner, and so I propose rather to describe a couple of good hearty winter dishes that I have prepared myself and served a great many times without any complaint whatsoever from the family or from the customers.

When winter comes and the windows are a-frost it is a comfortable thing to sit down at the dinner table and contemplate a big, round-bellied casserole steaming and bubbling fragrantly with stew. For some obscure reason a stew is considered a dish of low degree—perhaps because it is often inexpensive and made up of left-overs thrown together in a hurry as a measure of economy or emergency.



Trussing a turkey

Properly dressed and seasoned, this plebian of the kitchen can and will rank in appetite appeal with any of the so-called blue-bloods of cuisine. At my table it has at times made the guests forget Mrs. Post and, following my example, mop up the last drop of gravy with a bit of bread.

Here is the formula for a dish that should be called Hungarian Rhapsody instead of Goulash. Horrid name—goulash. It reminds me of a pair of rubbers that were stolen from me at Sunday School when I was a small boy.

If you are on good terms with your butcher, and I have yet to find a good butcher who was not responsive to a person whose judgment of meat he could respect, ask him to save for you five or six pounds of choice top round. I always cook for at least ten or twelve, so you must take this into account in estimating your own

BY CROSBY GAIGE

problems. The steak should be trimmed and cut into neat 1½ inch squares.

Personally I like dripping to grease the saucepan, so into the stainless steel interior of this implement I put about two cups of the rich, brown fat. When it gets good and hot in go the cubes of steak where they cook, with occasional turnings, until all four sides are seared. In the meanwhile, I have sliced up four pounds of sweet Bermuda onions. These join the beef, together with one onion, whose rounded sides have been pierced with six cloves, and cook for about ten minutes. Next I add two bottles of ale and a pint of tomato paste.

An hour and a half of slow cooking should suffice. Then season with salt, Malabar pepper and a good tablespoonful of paprika. This last ingredient should be sifted in carefully so as to reach all sides of the meat as you turn it, but be sure to avoid the sides of the pot, as scorched paprika will give a bitter taste to your stew.

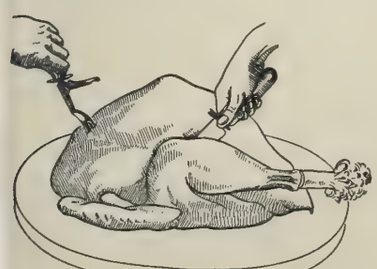
In the meantime, a pound of noodles has been boiled in salted water and a half-cup of bread crumbs has been browned with a clove of garlic in hot butter. Pour the crumbs and the butter over the noodles and then add your stew to this savory mass and you have a dish to write home about.

Incidentally, as we must think of drink as well as meat, a bottle of Burgundy or Rioja is a pleasant accompaniment.

OXTAIL STEW

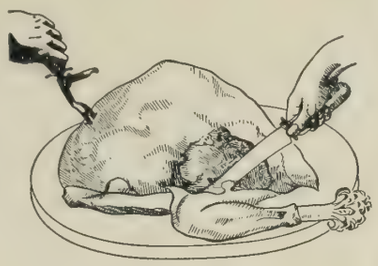
I remember a recipe for an oxtail stew that started off "Pull the tails from a couple of good oxen." I do not recommend this procedure as it is likely to lead to all sorts of difficulties. Rather, order in advance from your butcher four or five or even six oxtails, depending upon the size of your party, and have him cut them at the joints. Use only the larger pieces for your stew, saving the smaller bits for an excellent soup stock. Soak the pieces in cold water for a couple of hours, then dry them and sauté them to a golden brown along with four onions and three carrots, both vegetables coarsely sliced in a cup of beef drippings.

Add 3 cloves of garlic mashed, not sliced, cover the sauce pan and allow to cook for 2 or 3 minutes, then put in 4 tablespoons of brandy or Jamaica Rum. Set the spirit on fire



REPRINTED FROM "THIS BUSINESS OF CARVING" BY BILL RHODE—MACMILLAN

Removing the leg, first step



Turkey leg properly severed

and before the flame has burnt itself out, smother it with a half bottle of chablis. Then add enough beef broth to cover the meat and a small bag of cheesecloth containing 3 cloves, 2 or 3 sprigs of parsley, a stalk of celery and a bay leaf and let cook slowly in a covered pot for 3 hours, after which the contents should be strained through a sieve.

Put the pieces of oxtail into a casserole with 3 dozen small mushrooms, 24 small white onions, 3 dozen potato balls cut with a circular cutter, and a like amount of carrots similarly cut. Skim the grease off the strained fluid and add the fluid to the casserole, bring the whole mass to a boil and put it into a moderate oven for an hour or until the vegetables are done.

The meat will then be melting and tender, and may be served with a well-made puree of chestnuts.

CARVING A TURKEY

Bill Rhode, an expert in many lines of gastronomy, who obtained his master's degree by his thesis on royal diets, has just issued with the connivance of the Macmillan Company a book under the title of "This Business of Carving." It is the most business-like contribution to the subject since or before Tusser. It should be included in the library of every good host or in that of the wife of every lazy one.

I differ in my own personal practice from Mr. Rhode in some small matters of technique (anyone is still entitled by the basic law of this land to honest differences of opinion). Personally, I prefer to slice a ham or a leg of lamb with the grain instead of against it.

In the manner of dealing with a turkey, which is pertinent to the season, Mr. Rhode has summed up succinctly all of the wisdom of all the ages. It is a privilege to quote him:

"The bird should be placed before

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There need be no disappointment over lack of imports this holiday season. American craftsmen, in this unusual interlude, have been stirred to create in the manner of mother-country traditions. Fostoria's Sculpt Collection is an example of this excellence. It includes many unique pieces. You will want to see them, keep them, or give them to those who appreciate painstaking craftsmanship in scintillant crystal.

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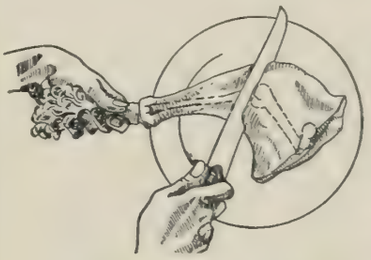
the carver with the legs on the right. These should be covered with ample paper frills, which are naturally smaller than the ones used on leg of lamb or ham and are known as *'Manchettes.' Manchette* by derivation signifies 'little sleeve' and was originally used for the lace cuff which was popular among the playboys of the eighteenth century. During that time the custom developed of covering the bones of a roasted meat joint with fancy frills, and the use of the word was extended to these. Thus what developed as a foppery became applied as a practical and sound device.

"It must be pointed out here that the carving fork shown in the illustrations of the carving of turkey is placed within the arc that is formed by the wishbone of the bird; its prongs straddle the backbone and



Cutting through leg joint

should remain in that position until carving is finished.

"The first step in carving a turkey is to cut vertically on each side of the second joint where it adheres to the body. After these cuts have been made, the entire leg (the second joint and drumstick) is bent downward toward the platter with the blunt edge of the knife. This maneuver exposes the ball and socket joint which connects the leg with the body.

"With the curved point of the carving knife, the meat connecting the socket is severed, so that the entire leg is free. As explained in Chapter Two of this book, an auxiliary carving plate should be at the left of the carver. He now grasps the leg bone and removes it with his hand to the auxiliary carving platter. There it is laid down with the inside skin upwards.

The inside skin in this instance denotes the opposite to the roasted outside of the leg bone or, in other words, the part of the leg bone which was closest to the body. The purpose of placing it in such a manner is that the joint between the drumstick and the second joint may easily be seen and even the most inexperienced carver may now divide drumstick and second joint by simply cutting between the two bones. The more experienced or flashy carver will go through this operation with the better looking or roasted side of the leg upward, but this is not a sure method to follow and may quite possibly result in a few unsuccessful tries.

"The second step is to remove the wing. The socket with which the wing is attached to the body lies much farther inward and downward than the socket that connects the leg bones. Therefore, the carver must slant his knife to an almost horizontal position to be able to accomplish this job successfully.

"The now detached wing is also transferred to the auxiliary carving platter, and in most cases is served whole.

"Now the breast meat of the turkey has been stripped of all hindrances to successful and advantageous slicing. Many professional carvers pride themselves on their ability to slice breast meat to the thinness of paper. Such a stunt may be greatly appreciated at carving demonstrations or may be an excellent money saver when carving thinly for table d'hôte dinners; but it is certainly ruinous to the flavor and proper enjoyment of the bird. This does not mean that breast meat of any fowl should be carved in thick slabs, but slices approximately one-eighth inch thick certainly do not seem too much to be expected.

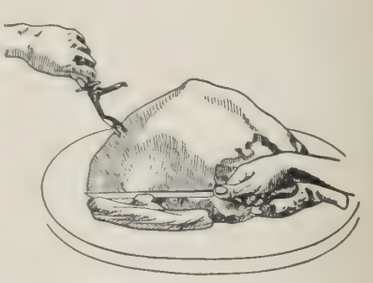
"The knife should be placed at the very top of the breastbone of the turkey, and the first slice should be made over the length of one side of the breastbone. During the slicing of the breast meat, the angle of the knife should constantly be changed toward the rear end of the bird: thus the slices will increase in circumference, ending with a large slice which reaches from the side of the wishbone to the tail end of the breastbone.

"After one side of the bird has been completely carved and sliced, the carver should turn to the other side and proceed in the identical manner.

"Service of the various cuts and slices should be entirely guided by the preference of the guest or patron. Each service should include some stuffing.

"In the opinion of many food lovers, the best part of any bird is the oyster, or, as the French call it, *noix*. There are two oysters to every bird, located approximately in the center of the backbone in spoonlike indentations on either side of this bone. By turning the bird on either side, the oyster is easily removed by a circular cut with the point of the carving knife.

"Turkey to be served cold, like



The wing should also be removed

any other cold meat, must be allowed to cool completely and thoroughly before carving is started.

"Before carving the breast meat of cold turkey, remove the skin carefully and cut down to the ribs with the carving knife parallel to the breastbone, slant the knife slightly

toward the outside and continue cutting until the entire breast has been removed. This is placed upon the carving platter and is now sliced with a slanted knife, to achieve large slices by cutting against the grain of the meat.

"This will not only assure good-size slices which will look attractive on a tray of cold cuts, but also assures extreme tenderness and juiciness of the cold meat.

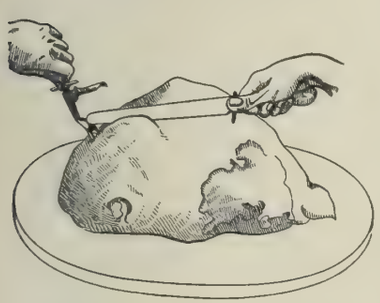
"The dark meat of a cold turkey is served in two ways. After the second joint has been divided from the drumstick—the latter usually being served whole—the meat of the second joint is thinly sliced parallel to the bone and served in such a manner with the white meat."

PIE SUGGESTION

Just as a minute contribution to a Christmas feast—I offer this notion as a topping to a pumpkin pie, if you intend to serve one—add two teaspoons of very, very finely minced ginger root and two teaspoons of Jamaica Rum to enough whipped cream to generously cover the pie.

GIFTS

For the readers of this department who have not as yet completed their Christmas shopping the Editor is going to take the liberty of making a few modest suggestions as to edibles and potables that should be welcome gifts to any friend of cultivated palate.

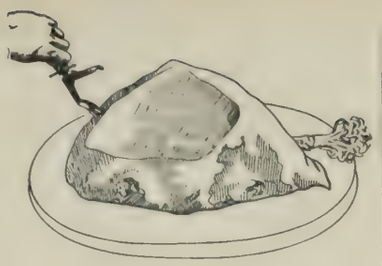


The breast, ready for carving

Indiscriminate benevolence at holiday time is not only expensive but often embarrassing.

Lives there a man with a soul so dead that he has not cringed with horror at a necktie bestowed by some munificent but misguided lady of his family or acquaintance? Women may be, and undoubtedly are, expert at matrimonial knots; but they are the merest tyros when it comes to the knot beneath the masculine chin. Without wishing to start a controversy, it would be my considered opinion that the woman never lived who was competent to select a necktie for a man.

Ladies do not labor under the necessity of diurnal dealing with neckties. They know nothing about the fine points that make up a really good necktie—the soft firmness of the silk; its capability of compression into a small and elegant knot; its resilient ability to make a comeback after a hard day at the office; the science of its cut; its lining and



Breast sliced correctly

its stitching so that it falls into straight and graceful lines instead of on the bias (a proper foulard tie has seven folds); its texture which keeps it from stretching out indefinitely like taffy at a children's candy-pull.

Yule-minded Ysolde stops on a late December afternoon at the department store intent upon the purchase of a necktie for Sir Tristram. The counter, piled high with a tangled mass of ties, is surrounded by a surging crowd of persistent, pushing Yum Yums, each one shopping for her particular Nanki-Poo. Ysolde, with firm, feminine practicability, will inevitably select a nice, stiff, durable little number—a bit on the puce side, to match the drawing-room rug instead of to meld pleasantly with Tristram's slightly bilious complexion. Ultimately, when Sir T., from a sense of duty, has put on his new halter, it will resemble nothing quite so much as an exopthalmic goiter that has somehow slipped its moorings.

If you ladies must buy ties go to Sulka's, consult the expert and be guided accordingly. A male would be just as audacious, under similar circumstances, if he recklessly bought a corset for his lady.

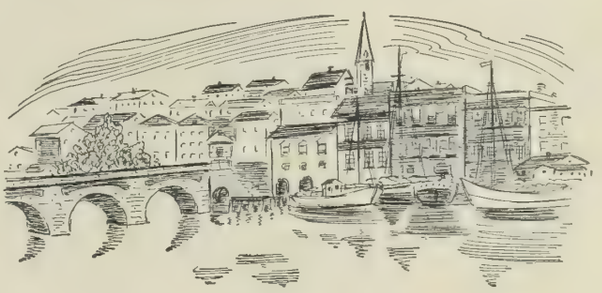
The dressing gown is another touchy subject, but not nearly so touchy as the necktie. Many a wife will select for her spouse a dressing gown that has the stiff and formal silken rustle of really high church dignity which will act as a restraint upon his natural tendencies as he tries in vain to lounge before the fireplace. A woman of genius, however, can prove the exception to the rule and as I write this sermon I am wearing the perfect dressing gown which Fay Bainter selected and which her husband purchased for me in Paris back in those fast-trotting days of the twenties that have gone forever.

Sure candidates for the attic and the store-room are the so-called *objets d'art*, those bits of bric-a-brackery, that like Ishmaels flee furtively from one attic to another at Christmas time. The framed picture of "The Stag at Eve," the stuffed alligator from Florida, the hand-painted conch shells from Nassau—those Wandering Jews of presentdom that never find rest and habitation.

No man or woman, however, can experience anything except pleasure at receiving at Christmas a good sound bottle of liquor. I'm talking of bottles, not cases, although there is something really opulent about a case if the donor can afford such a gift.

Most people, even the dyspeptic,

THE PART OF FRANCE THEY CAN'T TOUCH



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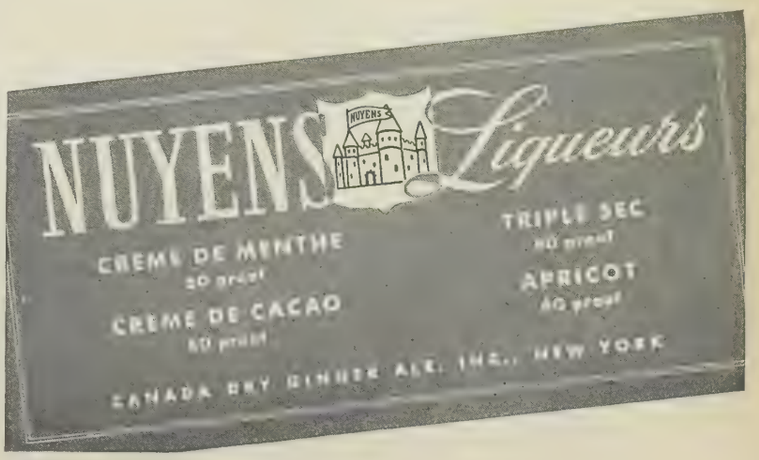

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Ladies!

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THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

like to eat and an offering of fine and unusual fare for the table is certain to win approval. Well, let's get down to cases—I mean bottles.

How about some good Scotch whisky—Haig and Haig, Johnny Walker, Peter Dawson or Old Angus? There is really nothing much better than a good Scotch to drink for comfort's sake, either neat, with a little water on the side, or in a tall glass with sparkling water.

Our native whiskeys—rye and Bourbon and blends of both—are sound and enjoyable companions. When ripe and matured they have the grace of a fine cognac and should be sniffed and savored as such. They are necessary for the orthodox Bronx or Manhattan. In a tall glass with club soda or really dry ginger ale they represent, in their own department, America. Let me name you a few of our own whiskeys that I like myself—Old Taylor, Fine Arts, Mt. Vernon, Old Forrester, Park and Tilford's Private Stock and Old Crow.

Gins are a must in almost every American pantry and medicine closet. They are basic for the Martini—the supreme cocktail—and for Rickeys, Collinses and such. While we are dealing with gins let me enumerate a few fine ones—Gordon's, Nicholson's, Holloway's and Booth's.

The notion of gin and Angostura Bitters as an aperitif is spreading into thousands of homes where the tired host wearies of the cocktail shaker. This statement may be considered treason by my publisher as my new book—"Crosby Gaige's Cocktail Guide and Ladies' Companion"—has just come romping off the press of M. Barrows and Company. It contains some suggestions toward the amenities of life that will be familiar to the readers of this department and some that have strange forms and faces. It may be ordered for your own use or as a Christmas gift for a close and intimate woman friend, either from your own book dealer or from COUNTRY LIFE for the small sum of $2.00, postage prepaid.

A bottle of rum is something that everyone needs. Lemon Hart, Meyer's, Daiquiri Coctelera, a Bellows - Medford, all are famous fellows and should be cultivated.

Julius Wile Sons and Co. have magnums, mind you, of Dry Sack sherry that will make a fine gift and you can get Tio Pepe and Cocktail Mixing sherry under the aegis of Gonzales Byas.

AMERICAN wines have gone far and are going much further. The gracious wines from northern California, from New York State and from Ohio will be revelations to the uninitiate. Great Western Champagne, Beaulieu vintage, Vintners and Widmers are all welcome at the holiday time.

Let's drop drink and take up food briefly. Get some notions of good coffee and how to make it and what to make it in from Lewis and Conger. Also try the superb rum cake and plum pudding that Charlotte Charles has turned out for this same firm. Go to Hammacher-Schlemmer for a remarkable New York State cheddar, some rare vinegars for a salad, and for their superlative St. Ivels plum pudding from England. Go to Bellows, 67 East 52nd, for the finest spices and condiments, a tin of good native *paté de foi gras*, perhaps a Millward pepper mill or salt grinder, a salad bowl or a bottle of Agash French Dressing which I designed.

Last, but not least, a Pinesbridge Smoked Turkey, which may be ordered from Max Blitzer, Ossining, N. Y., will give a new and interesting note to the Christmas feast.

CHRIS'MUS GIF'

(*Continued from page* 23)

hung in the stairwell. Young parents sit on the floor stuffing thickly wrapped packages into stockings. Quietly keeping their privileged places at the fire, the old people put candles into holders or twist new wires on ornaments, some of which have been squealed over by three generations of children.

In the room across the hall, where the tree reaches to the high ceiling, there is confusion and noise. Cries come from the top of jostled stepladders, glass balls plop into splinters on the floor and the air is loud with criticism and suggestions.

The last midnight task has become a ceremony. A 50-pound tin of candy is set in front of the hearth. While much nibbling goes on, the hard candy drops are scooped rattling into cardboard; a pound for every person who lives on the place. Stacked in brightly colored piles, the boxes cover one end of the grand piano which is situated near the tree.

The morning excitement of Christmas Day soon settles into a wait for evening. Dinner comes at an hour that was fashionable in another era. Cold winter twilight is just merging with the soundless, country night. The window panes, growing blacker, give back the reflection of candle flames with as much sparkle as does the silver and glass on the white cloth. There are two turkeys stuffed with chestnuts and served with "middling," a side of bacon boiled and then baked.

The noisy conversation of a large family, properly cheered with cocktails and claret, ceases, out of long established habit, as the click of the door announces the plum pudding. It is the pale, speckled cannonball of Dickens' day. Blue flames are just beginning to set fire to the twig of holly. It is neither as light nor as well flavored as today's black puddings, but the recipe arrived from Scotland with great-grandmother's father.

With the nuts and coffee comes the crowning symbol of a family

celebration, two decanters ritually passed to the left and filled with a pale wine pressed in Madeira half a century before phylloxera destroyed vines that could never be replaced. The wine is dying; it is thin and weak. But what remains of its old bouquet and fire is cherished like the fading memory of an old friend.

There is no somnolence after dinner. In the restless groups, where bright evening dresses mix with dark coats, conversation has the tension of chatter taking place on both sides of the curtain before the play begins.

Word finally comes from the kitchen that everyone has arrived. The entire family surges towards the tree. Long wax tapers in the hands of the tallest reach even the top candles. Then the house is filled with the sound of many feet, heavy treads more accustomed to furrows than polished wood, the shuffle of feet just learning to walk alone. A chorus of Christmas greetings breaks out between the group that is arriving and the group waiting for them in the flood of candlelight. The descendants of the slaves and the descendants of the masters repeat customs that neither would willingly give up.

Of those who come up to "The House" on Christmas night, the majority were born on the place. Others, returning to the home of their parents or grandparents, came as young men and women and raised their families here. Four of the five families can be traced back in the farm records until the generations are lost in the confusion of slaves who had no surnames.

Today their children stand on one side of a tree sparkling with dozens of flames. The children of the white folks stand on the other end; between them, in the wide doorway and spilling into the dark hall, the grownups of both races stand together. The word "marstuh" has happily vanished into the past, but on Christmas night the matriarch, who is old enough to have seen five generations in the house, is sometimes called "Mist'ess." She expresses the wish that all present may be together another Christmas and her wish is interpreted as an invitation and request to remain in her employ.

The pattern is familiar to all but the youngest child. But like all ritual it is stiff. Each year John Moaney assumes the position of master of ceremonies and struggles to relieve the formality. John is boss-man on the farm and his grandfather, Uncle Phil, who died a few years ago, was the last surviving slave. John has great social gifts, unwavering tact, a sharp humor and a polysyllabic vocabulary that dims that of Mrs. Malaprop. When the loud knock comes on the door and Santa Claus is let in, it is John's finest ad-libbing that covers the shyness of each child that steps up for a gift.

Santa Claus and his bag are innovations. His red suit, long false beard and sofa cushion paunch have not yet been absorbed smoothly into the tradition. He was introduced that mad Christmas after the World War when everyone was back safe and reasonably sound. Since then no one has dared eliminate him.

When Santa Claus has gone there are still more packages, brightly wrapped, to be piled in crooked arms. Then John calls for a song. It starts timidly but soon swells, the white man's joyous carol made, all unknowing, into a plaintive spiritual. The children crowd on the tree, lifting off candy canes and blowing out candles. Powerful arms swing toddlers up to puff at flames near the ceiling. Then again the large, dark house is filled with the blurred sound of many footsteps.

When women and children have been started for their homes on the site of the old quarters the men return and, joining the men of the family in "The House," go into the farm office. On the walls hang mildewed parchments, grants with Lord Baltimore's seal suspended from them and deeds of gift. Read consecutively, they show that the place has not passed hands by sale since 1690. On the table are glasses, whiskey and water.

For a brief half hour the barriers of race and caste are down. A toast to another year together, one to everybody's health. Then a toast to increase and fecundity. Shouts of male laughter sift with increasing frequency through the closed door and across the house. When the gentlemen finally rejoin the ladies and children they are still grinning.

Abruptly, Christmas has ended, a Christmas inherited from a dead feudalism and a discarded caste system. But in spite of its ritual and a color line still rigorously drawn, the customs are alive and warm. Sheer chance has kept them alive, the chance that has kept families of two races together on the same estate for generations and made them proud of this distinction.

The warmth rests in a mutual sense of dependence and responsibility, that old dependence and responsibility so justly scorned as a relic of a past age by the world of today. But, when the evening grows late and family conversation lags, the echoes of a more modern Christmas sneak into the remote and quiet house through a muted loudspeaker —electric recordings of carols to the Prince of Peace punctuated by newsflashes of strife and hate, sudden death and war.

DO NOT READ NOW

ANSWER

to question on page 82

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AMERICAN SPORTS

"THE AMERICAN SPORTING SCENE"—*by John Kieran and J. W. Golinkin, Macmillan. $5.*

It must be obvious to anybody who has ever listened to the radio program known as "Information Please" that John Kieran is a most curious person. One of the incessant quests for information took him to the attractive shop in New York's East 52nd Street, over which Melville E. Stone presides, called the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop. There he went to take a look at some oils, watercolors, charcoal and pencil sketches done by one J. W. Golinkin, to him then unknown.

Obviously, having had considerable conversation with both these gentlemen at one time or another, and Ned Stone to boot, this reviewer cannot find it hard to believe that they got together at once. And that the delightful book called "The American Sporting Scene" then and there got its start. "A binding of art and athletics," Kieran calls it in the introduction to his writing.

It's a delightful text, done in Kieran's pleasant yet accurate style, running the gamut from basketball and bowling to polo and racing. It isn't the sort of stuff you usually read about sport; who, for example, ever expected to find a menu tucked into the middle of an article on tennis? It's quite unusual. Maybe that's why it's so engaging.

Golinkin's work is, we are pleased as punch to say, no secret to readers of this magazine. We have reproduced examples of it many a time, on a number of occasions as covers of which we are very proud. All of it is interesting to look at and some of it is worthy of detailed study. More than that, the artist has been exceedingly generous and the book is peppered with life and color from his brushes and pencils.

Here's one we can recommend without hesitation.

"AMERICAN RACE HORSES, 1941," *by John Hervey, with introduction by Warren Wright, Sagamore Press, $7.50.*

Another volume of John Hervey's scholarly series on American Thoroughbreds will be ready for distribution by Christmas. The sixth, it is well up to the standard of its predecessors so far as the writing is concerned; its photographs are better than ever, at least so they seem in proof.

Those who know the years that John Hervey has devoted to the American horse, and his father before him, cannot help but marvel at the freshness with which he tackles each new occurrence, each new scene, and each new actor upon that scene, equine and human. It is a tribute to his enthusiasm, his true love for the subject that has so long engrossed him.

Those who have made a collection of Mr. Hervey's books are familiar with his style: erudite, polished, complete in its facts, thoroughly readable. They know, too, that his point of view is that of the historian; he has seen many things come and go in the racing world and he is not impressed by the flashy or the spectacular. He knows what is going on in American racing, knows which is good and which is not so good. He speaks out, frankly and fearlessly. Yet never for a moment, in his occasional signs of distress at the commercialism of the current scene, does he lose any of his admiration for the horse itself.

Anyone who respects a good horse will get pleasure from reading the chapter on Market Wise, or the one on Alsab. Or the one on Whirlaway. Or for that matter the pages on Misty Isle, with which we're afraid Mr. Hervey, despite the disparity in their years, fell head over heels in love.

THE ART OF HANDGUN SHOOTING, *by Captain Charles Askins, Jr. A. S. Barnes and Co. $2.50.*

A practical manual for both beginner and expert by a man with a thorough knowledge of his subject. Having fired more than a quarter-million rounds of cartridges and won practically every worthwhile championship at one time or another, Capt. Askins is qualified to deal with the fundamentals of shooting and the individual methods which have led to his success.

By reading this book you will become a better shot on the range and in the field and you will gain expert knowledge of pistols, revolvers, ammunition and ballistics.

CHEECHANKO. *The Story of an Alaskan Bear Hunt by Edgar M. Queeny, with photographs by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

A trip to Alaska which was originally planned on a bear hunt but which proved to be far more than that, due to the inquiring minds and love of nature of those who participated. Telling the tale of their adventures with a delightful descriptive style, the author presents an informal but accurate picture of this rich and beautiful sportsman's paradise.

"The Nose Dive, Mt. Mansfield" by Joseph W. Golinkin, from "The American Sporting Scene" by Golinkin and John Kieran

Says the author: "Our trip was planned as a bear hunt. It was not an easy decision to be absent from our home in May because May is a lovely month in Missouri. But in Alaska we found it bewitching. There is a real awakening of nature from the long, dark winter—return of migratory birds—reappearance of grass springing green and fresh as winter's covering of snow, under the long hours of sunlight, melts into swollen streams and rivers. It is nature's reassembly in a corner of the world that is itself still being formed by ageless geological processes which can be seen in all their mysterious and magnificent stages of progression.

"All of us were held under the spell—each day brought adventure utterly new. And we were most fortunate in the guides who revealed the country to us."

DOG STORIES

"DOGS ARE LIKE THAT," *by John Vassos, with photographs by Beth Dickinson and Margaret Bourke-White. Dutton. $2.50.*

John Vassos has written in this modest book a quite extraordinary story. He describes it as an attempt to analyze the characters of two quite different dogs, their relationship to him and his family, their relationship to each other, their behavior in the human world and in their own dog world.

Now that all sounds like a rather somber treatise but when I tell you something of the background of the author, you will realize that it cannot be anything of the kind. That "Dogs Are Like That" is really an engaging story, delightfully told, and illustrated with some really beautiful pictures.

John Vassos's interest in dogs began in Constantinople, where he spent his childhood and youth. Let him go on from there in his own words:

"At that time in Turkey dogs had some sort of religious significance and no Turk would ever harm or molest a dog. This sounds excellent on the face of it but did not work out well at all, because it was carried to such an extent that the streets of the city were filled with packs of starving yellow mongrels, with no provision whatever made to take care of them. I was forever smuggling one of these animals into the house, feeding him and letting him go. This caused disgust in the household, but even a severe case of mange which I finally contracted did not stop me.

"This chapter in my life comes to a conclusion with the bitter memory of the island of Oxia, one of the Prinkipos group in the Sea of Marmora. The Turkish government had finally decided that it was necessary

Gifts for Sportsmen

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to do something about the thousands of dogs that were roaming the streets of the city and some thirty thousand of these poor unfortunate animals were exiled to Oxia and without food or water left there to die slowly. I can never forget, as we went past this island in a boat on our way to our summering place on another island, the sight of these dogs coming down to the shores of Oxia and looking at us, too weak even to bark. This treatment, according to the Turkish psychology, was not molesting or harming a dog.

"From that time, when the World War intervened, until the past ten years in Connecticut, dogs were completely out of my life. During this past ten years, the opportunity I have had to study dogs and the gratification and pleasure I have enjoyed in doing so, have led me to put my experience in the simplest way possible on paper. It was a happy coincidence that Beth Dickinson, who is so interested in animals and in photographing them in action, lived near us. Her photographs make the dogs in this book come alive as words alone could never do."

Point! *A Book About Bird Dogs by Horace Lytle. The Derrydale Press. $7.50 (edition limited to 950 copies).*

There is probably no man in the realm of bird dogs and field sports who understands Pointers and Setters—and dog nature in general—as Horace Lytle does. Author of several other successful bird dog books, contributor to Country Life, editor of the dog department of "Field and Stream," field trial judge, trainer and handler, Mr. Lytle has given us some of his best work in Point!

It is crammed with anecdote and bird dog psychology. It takes you on many delightful excursions with bird dog companions, painlessly teaching you as you go how to acquire a dog's respect and confidence, how to train and correct faults without breaking a high spirit. In other words, it teaches you to know your dog, and everyone else's dog a little better.

Beautifully printed and illustrated with many photographs and paintings, this book will delight anyone who thrills to good birdwork in field trial or autumn upland—or for that matter, anyone who loves dogs.

WESTERN BOOKS

"Pony Trails in Wyoming," *by John K. Rollinson, Caxton. $3.50.*

If you are interested in the Buffalo Bill country, this is a book for you. The author began to ride herd in Wyoming when that state was still a cattleman's paradise. Its ranges, he tells you with enthusiasm, extended from the rolling prairie into the shining mountains and great herds wandered over unfenced distances during the grazing season.

Mr. Rollinson lived the good life of the West and makes it wonderful reading. He has gathered together, too, some of the most fascinating pictures of the old West that we have ever seen. The picture of the arrival of the daily stage-coach at Cody, all dressed up for the arrival of Buffalo Bill, beats anything we've ever seen in the movies.

"Dude Rancher," *by Steve Strang, Dodd, Mead & Company, $2.*

Here is a publishing house that sponsors a series of what it calls "career books"—that is, how to make your living in a chosen profession served up in a gay and engaging fictionized form. This time it tells about the trials and tribulations of becoming a dude rancher, told pleasantly by Steve Strang, who has been operating his own dude ranch in Colorado for many years.

BIRDS

Pageant in the Sky, *by Raymond S. Deck. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.*

A well-known naturalist and writer does something which many have set out to do but few have accomplished—he tells you how really to understand and enjoy birds. A bit repetitious at times, the author none the less has a facile pen and tremendous enthusiasm. He leads you spellbound over New England countryside, city parks, the great marshes where wildfowl congregate, into quiet, woodsy spots to hear the veery's golden song. He tells of the romance and the compelling force of migration and gently peeps into the private life of shy songsters.

Whether you live in the city, the suburbs, or the wilderness, this book will help you to know your bird neighbors better, to attract them closer to your house, to understand the habits of some little brown bird which may have flown over thousands of miles of tropical jungle and open ocean to your back yard.

ANIMAL FRIENDS

Sierra Outpost, *by Lila Lofberg and David Malcolmson. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.*

The incredible story of Lila Lofberg and her engineer husband who lived high in the Sierras, snowbound and isolated from the rest of the world for eight months of the year, their solitude broken only by the birds and beasts of the mountains. The story of their life in this windswept mountain home and their animal friends—particularly the coyotes which came to them in a fierce mountain storm—makes interesting and entertaining reading.

ON GARDENING

"The Garden Clinic," *by Laurence Blair, Macmillan, $2.00.*

Mr. Blair, whose attractive drawings of flowers are well known to readers of this magazine, has done a thoroughly useful and attractive book on the care and cultivation of garden favorites. Just how to do

Book Gifts for Sportsmen

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everything is shown in sketches and captions, with a minimum of text to go with it. How honest the book is may be gathered from this quotation: "Zinnias are of such easy culture that the amateur gardener should make no further attempt at gardening if he can't grow zinnias."

CROPS

"HUNGER SIGNS IN CROPS," *a symposium by fourteen authors, edited by Gove Hambidge, Judd and Detweiler, $2.50.*

It is a well known fact, if of comparatively recent discovery, that when human beings lack certain essential nutritive elements, they suffer from serious diseases: rickets, from a lack of calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D; anemia, from a lack of iron; scurvy, from a lack of ascorbic acid, etc., down through a considerable list. Similarly, farmers have discovered something about the effects of a lack of nutrition in their livestock.

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Any of the foregoing books may be obtained by mail at the regular price from The Horseman's Bookshop, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York, where books on all sporting subjects are available.

BRINGING HOME THE WILD BACON

(*Continued from page* 45)

tore huge gaps in the fence surrounding the preserve and these uncivilized specimens of the swine world scattered to the four winds, many settling in Cherokee Forest. Here they have replenished the earth with their kind until a few years ago the U. S. Forestry Service and the Tennessee Department of Conservation found them sufficiently plentiful to permit an open season.

In stalking the wild pig, modern sportsmen have had to learn a number of important rules of boar chasing that medieval historians forgot to hand down. You can't apply the same technique you use in hunting bear and deer in that same area. There are certain fixed habits of bear and deer nature upon which you can usually depend when you get one of them in a close place. When you corner a boar, he makes his own rules to fit the emergency and makes them fast.

He may decide that his best strategy is in flight and so swiftly does he flee he can put several hundred yards of real estate between you and him before you can pull the trigger. He may stay and fight it out and dare a whole pack of hunters and hounds to do their worst.

To meet such an emergency nature gave the wild boar a weapon you don't find in his domesticated cousin; it is a pair of long, saber-like tusks, protruding from the lower jaw. He keeps these tusks whetted on tree roots to have them ready—just in case. When cornered by men or hounds he can use them with startling efficiency. Since open seasons have become an annual affair in Cherokee Forest, both hunters and dogs in that area now have a profound respect for the boar's striking power.

The first open season on this animal occurred in 1936. A group of hunters with mountain dogs and mountain guides who knew more about mountains than about boars went out for the kill. In that first hunt there were some casualties but none of them were boars. Dogs were slashed beyond usefulness and some of the hunters can today pull up their pants legs and show tusk marks that are grim reminders of that first year's tangle with the wild pig.

As a rule the boar lies low most of the day and comes out of his seclusion in the late afternoon. They usually sleep in dense coverings of underbrush and rhododendrons and do most of their foraging at night. They feed on herbs, roots, nuts, berries, ground-nesting birds' eggs and snakes.

The male has a huge frame, taller and longer than that of his civilized prototype, but it does not run to the same flabby fatness. His ears are prominent and eyes large and wide-awake. He has black, woolly hair interspersed with stiff grayish bristles. The sow has a somewhat smaller body and a rather flat back, while the boar has high, prominent withers with a back sloping to his tail. The suckling pigs have longitudinal stripes of buff and brown.

About two years ago three hunters plunged into Cherokee Forest during the open season to bring home their share of the wild bacon. Like most wise hunters who get ready to lock horns with the boar they carried along a pack of mountain bred hounds to get the dirty end of the deal. They hunted through the tangled mass of underbrush and mountain laurel for hours before discovering one in a clump of bushes.

Now, when you and a few other hunters meet a wild porker in a close place he doesn't give you any time to hold a conference. On this occasion one of the hunters became the target of what he decided to do about it. Hurling 300 pounds of wild fury into his drive, one of the hounds luckily leaped at his head and caused his charge to miss fire. Making a new dash at his intended victim, he hurled him down an embankment. He was charging so fast, however, that he fell over after him and both hunter and beast went rolling down the slope. Before reaching the bottom a bullet from one of the other hunters ended the porker's career.

Back when knighthood was in flower, the elegant ladies of English nobility peeked out their castle win-

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dows to watch mounted knights with baying hounds sally forth to battle the boar. Today in Cherokee boar hunts the knights and ladies go out together and sometimes the ladies make their lords ashamed of themselves. One huntress who has made many male eyes green with envy is a native Diana who has lived so close to nature she has to chase bears and deer out of her backyard and roasting ear patch. This is 24-year-old Mrs. Robert Padgett. As a growing girl she used to steal her father's rifle out and practice shooting at marks. She killed her first boar when only fifteen. She knocked off three wildcats before she was grown and any other mountain game that caught her fancy has always been hers for the trigger pulling.

About three years ago she bagged one of the largest boars that has ever been shot. He had been prowling around for days breaking up her turkey nests and she decided to get him if she had to give up all her other home duties.

At about dusk one afternoon she heard a rasping sound near the house and out in the distance she could get a glimpse of a boar sharpening his tusk on a tree. At a range of 70 yards she put a bullet in his neck. He reared up, spun around three or four times and started to run. Running after him, she took another shot from the hip and laid him out.

He weighed 400 pounds and he had to be dressed on the spot. It took two brothers four trips to bring in all the meat.

"We had plenty of pork for awhile," she explained, "and my, how good it tasted. Tasted like it was flavored with bear."

Not all the female Nimrods who have outwitted the wild pig are mountain bred. There is Mrs. Robert Burch, for instance, who lives in the heart of Knoxville. Her husband is a Knoxville business man and his favorite pastime during week-ends and holidays is hunting with Mrs. Burch.

During the open season of 1937 Mrs. Burch joined her husband in an organized boar hunt composed of sportsmen from all sections of the country. One day she came upon a huge laurel thicket that seemed to be impenetrable. Trying to find a way through it she located a tunnel down the center made by boars. Crawling through on her hands and knees, she came to a place where boars had been sleeping; at the other end of the tunnel she spied several of them on the side of a hill. With the first crack of her rifle she hit one in a vital spot and got the thrill of her life. At the camp that night Mrs. Burch proudly displayed the only boar that was bagged by the hunters that day.

In order to mingle Robin Hood atmosphere with twentieth century chronology, many Cherokee hunters are stalking the wild boar with bow and arrows and many a tusker has given up the ghost with a steel pointed shaft piercing his vitals. The bow from which the arrow is shot is of strong flexible hickory—usually of an 80-pound pull.

Two years ago three hunters went to Cherokee Forest with two rifles and one outfit of bow and arrows. The long-bow Nimrod was Ed McNish of Nashville who could make an arrow do tricks that would make Robin Hood ashamed of himself. Accompanying this combination of rifle power and gut-ripping archery was a pack of boar-hounds.

After a long hunt the dogs jumped a huge tusker and the fight was on. Encircling the monster, they snapped at him from all sides attempting to wear him down. The boar had plenty of staying power, however, and he knocked dogs off right and left for several minutes before he spied the three hunters some distance away. Then he altered his strategy and decided he could accomplish more by making them the spearhead of his attack. He broke through the ring of dogs and went after them with a vengeance.

Two of them found convenient trees with reachable limbs and up they went. Their only thought was to put a lot of distance between them and that hog and make that distance as perpendicular as possible! McNish scampered to the top of a huge boulder and from this little Gibraltar he watched the infuriated hog turn back on the dogs; an arrow from McNish's bow ripped through his anatomy and finished him.

Boar archery has not been confined altogether to male hunters. Defying this man's world to outclass them in any kind of boar-bagging stunt, some of the finest wild pig specimens have succumbed to arrows aimed and powered by feminine hands. Among the prize porkers laid out this way was one 250-pound specimen shown by Mrs. McNish, Ed's wife.

Besides being a difficult game to bag, swift as lightning in charge and get-away, the boar has one of the toughest hides of any game animal on earth. There are only one or two vital spots where you can bowl him over the first shot. To hit him anywhere else may only complicate your problem by giving you more fury and ferocity to combat.

Cherokee Forest, where the boar is now located, consists of 1,200,000 acres of mountainous territory in eastern Tennesses that was once the great hunting grounds of the Cherokee Indians. It joins the Great Smoky Mountain Park and there is no spot on earth to equal this section in beauty and wild grandeur.

An effort is being made to stock this area with the same amount and variety of game that romped over these lands when the Cherokees made it their stamping ground. Besides the wild boar, there are now open seasons on bear and deer and the region abounds in wild turkeys, quail, grouse, opossums and raccoons. The streams and lakes are full of fish.

Until the wild boar becomes more plentiful in this area the open season is confined to twenty days a year with a bag limit of one boar per hunter.

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GUNS & GAME • BY COL. H. P. SHELDON

It was Persephone, wasn't it, who once each year had to pack up and go live in Hell for four months with her devilish husband? I know just what dreadful emotions she must have felt when, returning to Hades, she opened the door of the family entrance and smelled the familiar odor of brimstone and heard again the yowls of the frying sinners. I know, for I have just returned from the flaming autumn hillsides of the Green Mountain State to the city where few would know a woodcock if they saw the quaint fellow drilling for worms in a flower pot on the window ledge.

It requires a perverse and fantastic logic to convince a person that he can serve any good purpose by deserting the hills and valleys, the breezes that bring the scent of the furrow, newly turned by fall plowing, the odor of wood smoke and wet leaves, to re-enter a metropolitan concentration camp. He may well doubt the wisdom of withdrawing from the friendly communion of genuine neighborliness.

Late one night the car slid off the soft clay shoulder of the highway and after demolishing a culvert marker came contentedly to rest in a wet, greasy ditch. There it sat, with a wad of grass in its beak.

But presently a man came along in a light truck. He stopped, got out and surveyed the situation.

Then he spoke briefly.

"I'll get a chain an' give ye a lift," said he, and vanished.

Ten minutes later he was back, laconic and efficient, and three minutes later we were back on the highway.

I recognized the good Samaritan as a native of the neighborhood, but because of long absences from it I couldn't identify him.

"How much do I owe you?" I asked.

"Nothin'."

"But you've gone to a lot of trouble to help me," I protested, "and I appreciate it and would like to show it."

"Nope," said he firmly. "Name's Sheldon, ain't it? You don't owe me nothin'. G'night!" And he was gone.

If the time should come when hate, violence, and suspicion have overwhelmed the lowlands of the world and perished at last in the evil toxins thrown off by their own processes, then the remnants of humanity may go into the mountains and they will find there the live embers of gentleness and charity with which to rekindle the hearth fires of civilization.

BACK FROM THE AUTUMN-TINTED HILLSIDES: DROUGHT

DROUGHT

From all along the eastern part of the country come reports of prolonged drought. Lakes, ponds and rivers are at the lowest levels recorded in many years. This condition is certain to affect wildlife seriously.

One result already noted is the appearance of botulism or "duck sickness" in half a dozen marshes in the eastern States where it has never been known to occur until now. Marshes in New Jersey and Delaware, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, the Erie marshes in Michigan and Ohio, and on the St. Charles River in Illinois, have been infected with the virulent poison.

Botulism is caused by bacterial action taking place in decaying organic substances found in the mud and ooze of shallow inland lakes and marshes. When the water is drained in warm weather, botulism may appear. It is probable that the relatively high acidity of eastern fresh water areas is partly responsible for their normal immunity, for the "disease" is much more prevalent in the alkaline marshes in the West. There have been several occasions, for example, when for mile upon mile the great flats at the mouth of the Bear River in Utah were covered by millions of dead and dying waterfowl.

Fortunately the losses at the points mentioned have been relatively low so far and are not likely to reach disastrous proportions. With rain to restore water levels and the coming of frosty weather the loss will no doubt stop.

As is usual in such cases, there has been much exaggeration and hysteria concerning the current losses. Observers report thousands of dead birds when the actual casualties number only a few hundreds. Sportsmen are justifiably alarmed but anyone who saw the horror of the Bear River Flats in the days before the State and Federal conservation agencies diked off tens of thousands of acres of poisoned mud so that it could be flooded and purified would have better knowledge of how to count dead waterfowl by the thousands.

FREDERIC LEWIS

The control of botulism on waterfowl marshes represents one of the great conquests achieved by scientific research in wildlife problems. For years it was believed that the "duck disease" really was alkali poisoning. Then E. R. Kalmbach of the former Bureau of Biological Survey was able to establish the truth and indicate the preventive, which is never to allow flooded mud flats and shoals to be drained in the warm months when exposure to the sun and air encourages the production of bacteria.

Flats that have been drained and poisoned can be neutralized by reflooding to wash away the toxic material. Poisoned birds, if not too far gone, will usually recover if they are removed to clean water.

It is not always possible to reflood infected lands and in such situations the next best thing is to dry them off permanently if that can be done. Immediate rescue measures consist of removing sick ducks and preventing healthy birds from alighting by various "bird scaring" devices.

It is impossible to say how many birds have been saved through Mr. Kalmbach's work, but the number would certainly run into millions. That is something to recall when a complacent "practical conservationist" sneers at the "pseudo scientists."

The drought baked out many an acre of highland woodcock cover. In many such I found the soil as hard and dry as a cement pavement. Yet I found plenty of woodcock, too. Other gunners report woodcock in normal abundance in other areas and there is encouragement for the opinion that the bird has recovered to some extent from the disastrous winter of 1940.

The grouse continue to be a problem. For the past four seasons the birds seem to have stuck at a point midway between scarcity and abundance. It is an exasperating situation because if the birds were really scarce one would have a good reason to leave them alone and devote his time and energy to pursuits less vigorous and more profitable. If more abundant we'd have more shooting for the hard miles covered and briar cuts sustained.

Every slough, pond and pot hole harbored ducks, and on the opening day each of them also harbored two or more dauntless optimists. One of these shot into my decoys from a range of 150 yards and that was the nearest he came to hitting anything that day. On that marsh only one duck was killed that morning although thousands of birds were present. One gunner, armed with a 410, was pegging patiently away at birds 200 yards distant.

This sort of thing happens on every marsh to which the public has access. It causes the practical wildfowler to yell and curse and to wonder, also, at the stupidity of a person who can fire 50 or 100 times at ducks beyond 100 yards without achieving some glimmer of understanding of the reason for his misses. The most charitable conclusion is that said to have been offered to W. J. Bryan by a member of his audience at the close of Mr. Bryan's speech on Free Silver. "Well, sir, Mr. Bryan," he remarked,

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"I believe yo' ain't crazy after all! Yo' is just a plain damned fool."

REFORMERS

A few months ago when the country was alarmed at the possibility of a gas shortage, a generous and patriotic gentleman sat himself down at his desk and wrote a letter to propose a remedy. The shooting season was about to open, said he, and millions of cruel sportsmen would soon be using gas, oil and rubber driving about the land to "murder" birds and animals. Why not take advantage of this "splendid opportunity" to stamp out the wicked practice of shooting game and at the same time conserve gas for those who like to drive out into the country of a Sunday afternoon to admire Nature and leave a few empty sardine tins and wads of sodden paper napkins to attest the reverent purity of their devotion?

Another, a female, urges that sportsmen be required to surrender their arms and ammunition for the use of the Army. She, too, uses the word "murder" to describe game shooting and by so doing makes one a bit doubtful of her emotional stability. "What a glorious opportunity for the sportsman!" she declares, exhibiting the enthusiasm of the born reformer for the sacrificial offerings that others might make. The nice old thing hasn't realized that an infantry platoon armed with the Garand rifle would suffer embarrassment if the ammunition supply train delivered in the heat of combat a few cases of 22-short cartridges or a carton of 20-gauge shotgun shells loaded with No. 9 chilled shot that had been requisitioned from a quail shooter.

As a matter of fact, the Government in time of war or emergency depends upon our manufacturers of sporting arms and ammunition to supply the armed forces with the bulk of the small arms and ammunition required.

The manufacture of sporting arms and cartridges has been reduced to the point where only an insignificant trickle of these supplies reaches the sporting goods dealers and the sportsmen. It may cease entirely at any moment. So far I've heard no complaint from any sportsman, although there may be some desultory crabbing when existing supplies run out. But at any rate American sportsmen will probably know how to utilize their "glorious opportunities" without being prompted by Biddy Busybody.

To be a reformer it is necessary that one feel a conviction of superiority toward everyone else. I'll never make the grade, for the only individuals toward whom I feel a definite conviction of superiority are the reformers.

HINCHINGHAM

(*Continued from page* 29)

know, who established scratching-posts (for humans) all over Scotland. Hence the old habit, when scratching one's back against a door frame or post of saying, "God bless the Duke of Argyll." Every loyal Scot does.

The under side of the semi-circular metal band, shown in the illustration, is set with very stiff brushes —almost as stiff as curry-combs. A spring at the top presses the scratcher down so that it adjusts itself to the height of any animal's back that comes under it. The motion of the animal's back releases a graduated trickle of fly exterminator through the brushes, so that while it is scratching, its coat is brushed, oiled and fly-lotioned all at the same time.

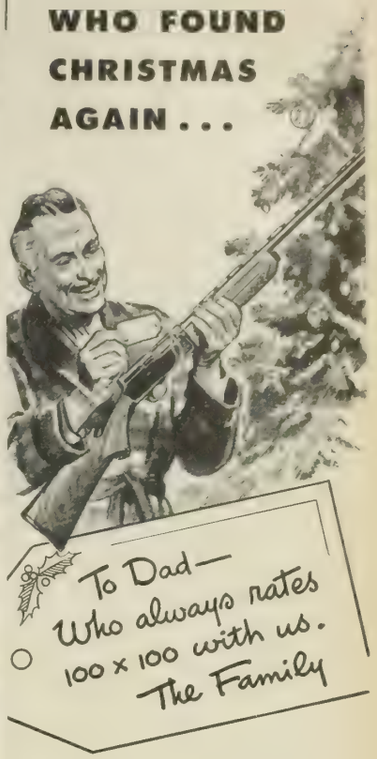
Of the six hundred-odd acres now in Hinchingham, 300 are in woodland, 80 in permanent pasture, much of it planted in blue-grass and lespedeza. Of the remaining acres, about 70 are in hay grown on the field rotation plan, and wheat, barley, hybrid corn and soy beans are the commercial crops. Though Mr. Miller has considered grass treated with acid or molasses as a possible ensilage variant, he has found a variety of hybrid corn so completely satisfactory that he has not been impelled to make any change.

The senior bull of the Aberdeen-Angus herd at Hinchingham is Politician of Wickwire, from the Wickwire Herd of George K. Bailey, who has done so much for Aberdeen-Angus breeding in Maryland through frequent importation of champion bulls and heifers from Scotland. The original group of females, from which the Hinchingham herd has grown, came from Andelot Stock Farms which, under the management of Allan McGregor, has furnished foundation stock for many of the leading Maryland herds.

The strain is bred for beef qualities and the heifer calves at Hinchingham that give most promise of fulfilling the accepted requirements of good beef cows as they mature are kept for breeding, while the others are immediately destined for the market.

Since its first settlement, the Eastern Shore has been famed for its gentle climate, its fertile soil and its fruitful farms. Peace and plenty have made for a generous way of life in which work and play are equably disposed and shared by all. Though at times political and economic disturbances have upset this ideal balance, the scheme has ever tended to revert to its wonted standards. Hinchingham, like other plantations of its type that have weathered all the changes of the passing years, yet preserves the inherent gracious spirit of a system where the stern utilitarian values of life have not crowded out a due share of the saving amenities, nor destroyed the time-honored habit of visiting back and forth where the whole countryside is closely bound together by a web of interrelationships and friendships hereditary through many generations.

THE MAN WHO FOUND CHRISTMAS AGAIN . . .



"As the years rolled by, I began to think that Christmas had lost its glamour for me. Of course I enjoy the family gatherings, the greetings, the kiddies' excitement. But deep down, I was convinced that Christmas was mostly a lot of noise and bustle. Maybe it was the presents I got—the ties, the trick umbrellas, the musical humidors, the wrong brand of cigars . . . Anyway, the gardener's house must look like a gift shop by this time.

"But this *is* Christmas, this year!

"I came down to the tree as usual, and there lay one of those beautiful 'Sportsman' skeet guns! Seems like all the family ganged together and bought it. When I shouldered my gun, I *knew* it was perfectly balanced—and from what I've seen at the Club, I'm sure it's a thoroughbred, from butt-plate to muzzle. It's certainly easy to understand why the Sportsman is by far the country's number one skeet gun. You know, I was just as pleased with my present this year as I was when I got my first Remington rifle, more years ago than I like to admit."

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GARDENS • BY DOROTHY NICHOLAS

"SOME people do, and some people don't, and never the twain will meet!" What *is* she talking about, say you. Well, I am talking about the people who love to sit out-of-doors, and the people who don't.

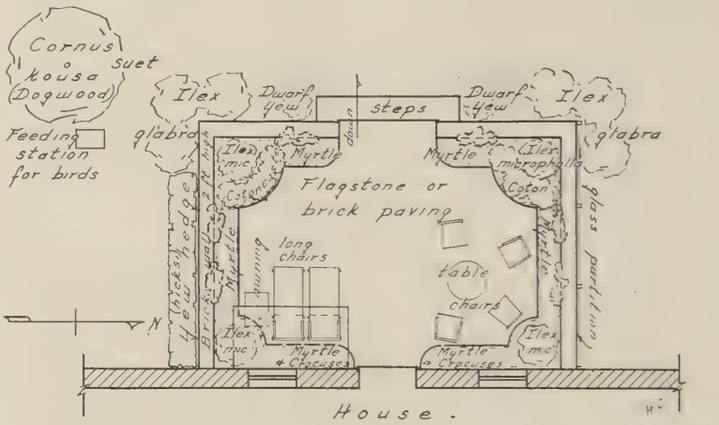
The latter rarely admit they don't, and may have quite a fancy terrace, all fixed up with white furniture, that looks about as much lived in as the garden section of a department store. You can always recognize "a don't" by their immediate reaction against any suggestion of doing anything out-of-doors, whether it is a game of bridge or reading a book. "Breezes might blow the cards," they say, "or bugs might crawl across the book." All true, no arguments, so I shall say no more about the "don'ts," because this article is definitely not for them.

It is for the ever-increasing band of people who have such a love of "living" out-of-doors that it cannot be denied. So I hope that some of my suggestions may help them to make it feasible. I use that word advisedly and soberly, because unless it is "feasible" and well planned, sitting out can be a veritable Hades of wind, glare, and discomfort.

As this article appears in December, when the winter is settling down in earnest, I will commence with a winter sitting-out terrace. Don't shudder anybody, because if you live where you can get unadulterated sunshine, a winter terrace can be the warmest, most delicious spot imaginable. A southern exposure is essential, of course, because that is where the sun strikes for most of its winter shining hours.

Protection from wind is essential. This should be particularly high and solid towards the north where the bitterest blasts hail from. The ideal, and usually the easiest position for such a terrace is south of the main house, or a wing of the house, or possibly the side of an adjacent garage could be used to make the proper windbreak. If this is not practical, then a high wall or solid fence must be erected; unless, of course, you are fortunate enough to have a fine dense evergreen hedge.

PLANNING A WINTER OUTDOOR TERRACE FOR SUNSHINE LOVERS



A WINTER TERRACE

* For description of plants, see article

Protection from wind must be had from the east and west also, especially the west. I have sometimes used a tall windbreak made of glass, towards the west, which is ideal as it lets the last rays of sun filter through. This is also most practical because this section of glass can be removed in summer, when you welcome the western breezes. Towards the east, a lowish protection of evergreens would be sufficient.

Another essential is to have the ground adequately covered with brick or flagstone, so the surface does not get damp and muddy. That means either to use brick in a nice simple pattern with narrow joints of cement, or flagstone in rectangular shapes, also with narrow joints of cement.

If, however, a "loose jointed" surface is desired, then lay the brick or flagstones in sand with about a foot of cinders beneath, (which prevents heaving), and again keep the spaces between very narrow. If this is not done and the spaces are too wide, the muddy, wet problem becomes acute. Also the legs of the chairs and tables keep slipping into the crevices, which is a nuisance.

Still another essential is to have arrangement for partial shade on some part of the terrace, because even though it is planned for cold weather, there is many a day when the sun is too hot to pour on your head, and the glare too strong to make reading a pleasure.

I always think the perfect combination is to have your head in the shade and your feet in the sun. This can be accomplished by having either a small awning that comes a few feet out from the building, or a beach umbrella (not a large one) conveniently fitted in a stand that can be moved around, or a few comfortable long chairs with canopy tops.

So much for bodily comfort. Now a few suggestions for planting, both for your own pleasure and for the winter birds, for that is an important factor. They love dense, evergreen "hide-away" places, and berrying shrubs, and probably you do too, so the accompanying plan shows a small, cozy retreat that should please all parties concerned. (By the way, be sure to have a feeding station and some suet handy, so you can watch the quantities of birds that will congregate.)

A terrace like this one is perfectly adequate and pleasant all the year around. It remains green and tidy, and the only thing it needs for hot weather use is a deep awning.

The photographs show two views of an exceptionally lovely terrace. It is architecturally fine, the way it ties the house together with its charming curved front and the delicate iron grille railing. There is a large shade tree tucked in the corner, with a mat of periwinkle (*vinca minor*) beneath. There is a lovely green garden just below, with lacy dogwood trees in and around it, and then on and on as far as the eye can see a view of the distant hills and mountains. This terrace faces northeast, and is planned and used merely for summer weather.

Please look at the layout carefully, and in your mind swing it around to face the south, and lo and be-

Faced south, this would be an ideal winter terrace; however, a few of the trees should be removed for maximum winter sunshine

GOTTSCHO PHOTOS

Another view of the same terrace; projecting wings of the house give complete protection, flagstone floor is excellent

hold! you will have one of the most ideal winter terraces imaginable. It is larger and more formal than the little one shown in the plan, but it has all the essentials mentioned.

The projecting wings of the house would give complete protection from all icy winds, the flagstone "floor" is just right, even the small umbrella is present, and the green garden would be a constant joy. Some of the trees would have to be eliminated, as even bare branches would cast too much shade for winter.

Probably the most appealing of all summer out-of-door places is just green grass and wonderful old trees. And what a picture that brings up! A picture of comfortable long chairs, a tea table spread with shining silver, and the table close by with cooling drinks, all under the dappled shade of wide spreading branches. But alas, perfect green turf and century old trees are not available to most of us, so let us talk about a close second which is within the grasp of all.

This is just *one* shade tree near a garden, with a "sitting room" beneath it. This space would necessarily be fairly limited, and to keep grass thriving there would be next to impossible. Pulling chairs about, standing and sitting on the grass, in fact probably staging a cocktail party every now and then, is not conducive to the growing of fine turf.

So it is wiser to put that area down in brick or flagstone. In this case never lay the terrace in cement. It is far more informal and charming to lay the brick or stone in sand, (again with cinders beneath), and then pour really good black soil mixed with pulverized cow manure and bone meal, in the cracks. Poke it in firmly, and then plant flat mossy little things like Erenaria and Thyme. These two make a lovely combination, and will give you a neat, flat green effect.

And now a word of warning and a suggestion if you live by the sea. Salt breezes are all very well, but can anything be more wretched than an unprotected, windy, glarey terrace or porch close to the ocean?

A deep, shady porch is probably the best thing to have, but with sliding glass partitions that can be adjusted to keep out the over abundance of those precious sea breezes. This porch can then be a paradise, a cool shady paradise, providing a chance to enjoy the ocean and a book, and not have everything blown to bits all the time.

If you use a little ingenuity, there are unending ideas, ways, and means of achieving your "out-of-door life." I warn you it becomes almost a mania, but such a nice helpful mania, helpful to the mind, body, and soul I think.

Description of plants on plan:

Yew *Hicksi* hedge—upright growing type of yew, very dark green, with red berries.

Dwarf Yew—*brevifolia* type, low growing form of the same family.

Ilex glabra—inkberry; form of holly family, the birds like the berries.

Ilex microphylla—same holly family; smaller leaf.

Cotoneaster horizontalis — low small-leafed, nearly evergreen plant, with red berries.

Cornus kousa—late blooming variety of dogwood, with extra fine red berries.

Myrtle—low creeping ground cover, evergreen.

Crocuses—one of the earliest and gayest type of bulbs.

PERFUMES OF ARABY

(*Continued from page* 30)

narcissus, tuberoses, and many other essential flowers. Properly handled, such a production should provide a profit of about $3,000. And this does not consider the yield of such by-products as alcoholic essences, toilet water, honey, beeswax, etc.

By the fourth year of production, this yield could be raised, particularly as the technique of growth and preparation became understood and mastered. And this I believe to be a conservative statement of the possibilities of this type of farming when operated by intelligent people.

We know, for example, that Madame Curie and Professor Milliken were correct in saying that we may determine with mathematical certainty by an analysis of the soil just what elements are required in a given locality in the way of vitamins for the sustenance of life. Just so, we may determine with certainty, and in advance, which flowers can be grown in a given locality with commercial advantages in mind.

One must, of course, learn the secrets of the industry. There are many details to be mastered. Growing, processing, marketing, all call for special information, skill, technique. Yet these details are by no means unconquerable.

Truly, the extracting of odors from plants is to my mind less complicated than the turning of wheat into flour. Generally speaking, there are four such methods:

1. Extraction by absorption, or "enfleurage." The principle is easily explained by the fact that butter will absorb the odor of onions or lard absorb the odor of plants or flowers. Once a fat is saturated with the odor, the use of benzine liberates the perfume oil.

2. Extraction by a volatile solvent, such as grain alcohol, petroleum, ether, etc. Every observant housewife is familiar with evaporation.

3. Extraction by pressing. This method is simple and speedy.

4. Extraction by distillation. Steam (water) is blown through flowers, and an oil mixture, thence to a condenser where it is liquefied.

Believe me, the technical details are not difficult. The important thing is the interest and the will to try something new that holds great promise for the American economy.

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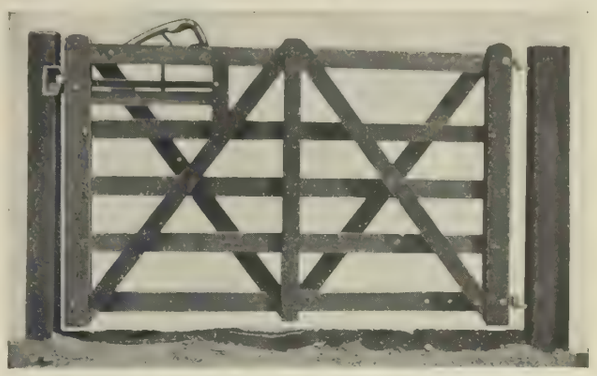

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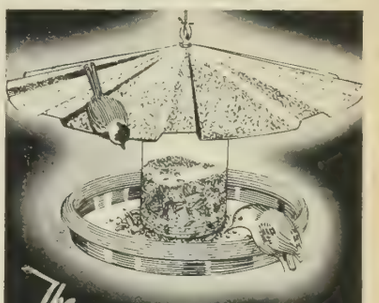

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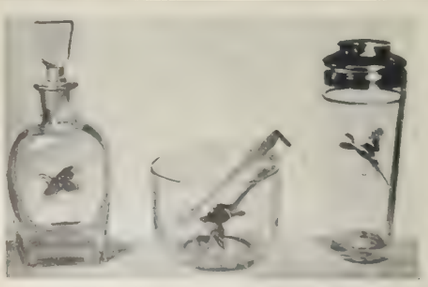

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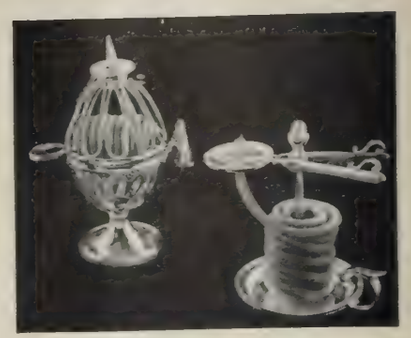

WAX JACKS MAY NOT be necessities these days, but these would make an envious addition to your silver collection, to say nothing of elegant cigarette lighters. They were made in London during the reign of George III, the one on the left in 1797 by J. Ernes, the one on the right in 1778 by Burrage Davenport. Peter Guille, 630 Fifth Avenue.

FOR THE MAN WHO likes to fix it, here is a complete tool kit, made of saddle leather with maroon cowhide lining. There are 15 tools, from a cork puller to two kinds of pliers. Tools measure 8 to 9 inches when attached in jacknife. The case is 5½″ by 7¼″. $16.50. Smaller cases also available. Hoffritz for Cutlery, 551 Fifth Avenue.

HAVE FLOWERS FOR- ever on your table with Mosse's charming new screen-blocked cloths. The background is light cafe au lait, the colors natural and fast. The dinette size is 52″ by 70″ with six napkins, $8.50; tea size, 52″ by 52″ with six napkins, $6.50. Both sizes have unbelievably lifelike iris, gardenias, or anemones. 659 Fifth Ave.

A LUXURY BOX OF Elizabeth Arden's "Blue Grass" cosmetics will endear you to the hardest woman's heart. It contains a lucite lipstick, a sunburst compact, three sachet pillows of Blue Grass, a box of cameo powder and a box of illusion powder, a bottle of Blue Grass sachet powder and a bottle of Blue Grass perfume. And the sizes are all most generous. $25.

NO ONE CAN EVER have too many tables, but this little one is an essential to any household. It is a reproduction in mahogany of an antique book tray, mounted on legs. Because it is so light it can be carried by its handle to any part of the room it is needed. $40. The spotted decanter with its four pert glasses, is of imported glass and costs $14.50 for the set. You will find them both at Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street.

in the Shops

LET THE KING AND queen rule your hearth in these andirons fashioned after chess pieces. They stand 18″ high and come in brass at $75, in enamel at $58, in steel at $64. Pawns are used on the shank. The tool stand has a castle, the shovel, tongs and poker bishops. Or you may have andirons of knights. Edwin Jackson, 175 East 60 Street.

BOMBS WERE DROPPING in London while these coasters were being handpainted. The picture is set between two pieces of duprex glass so that it won't wear off, and the coaster has an aluminum rim. Sold only in sets of six: racing cars, ships, planes, game bird dogs, foxhunting, polo, racing, from $20 to $24. M M Importing Co., 400 Park Ave.

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A FASCINATING hour may be spent by a visit to Steuben's exhibition of recently imported antique English and Irish glass. The pieces are for sale and include a pair of 7″ tapersticks, made in England in 1760. They have long, straight nozzles, corkscrew opaque stems, collars above and below, air beaded knop over high-domed stepped feet. 718 Fifth Avenue.

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Christmas

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ALL THE BEAUTY of glass itself is revealed in the smooth lines of this Libbey modern American crystal cocktail pitcher which stands 11¾" high, on its star optic base. A thoughtful gift for the modern hostess, it provides decorative charm for the cocktail hour. $15. This and many other beautiful Libbey pieces from Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue. They also have new original pieces of pewter, with that lovely lustre, hand-wrought by Kalp, which make ideal gifts.

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MILADY'S JEWELS may be kept in this white kid box with red kid trim and satin lining when the face powder is gone. Or it may be refilled. $7.50. The Jack-in-the-box will bring a fragrant surprise when his head bounces up—his candy-striped dunce cap contains a four-dram bottle of Town perfume. $5. Both are from Helena Rubinstein.

A SLIGHTLY BARN- yard flavor will be added to the library or den that contains these pompous roosters of dynamic design. They are nine inches in height and are made of heavy American glass. They stand as proud swirl-tailed book-ends for your favorite "fowling" books. $6 a pair from Gump's, 250 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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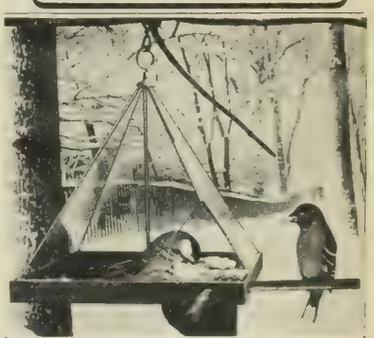

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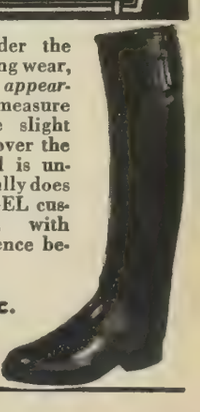

NOTES AND COMMENT

by PETER VISCHER

HORSE OF THE YEAR

In stating its choice as Horse of the Year, this magazine has invariably sought out an animal which has not only performed nobly, but has as well exercised an influence upon the breed or clearly indicated the probability that it would still do so.

Thus, up to now we have never bestowed our branch of laurel upon a two-year-old; in the year when nearly every sportswriter in the land was plumping for El Chico, for example, we declared for Battleship. Likewise, we never chose the wonderful trotter Greyhound, though sorely tempted to do so, because he is a gelding and can in no way influence the future of the breed.

Our choices in recent years have been:

1940—Sir Gallahad 3rd, then for the fourth time leading sire in the United States;

1939—Challedon, leading money-winner of the year;

1938—Battleship, winner of the Grand National at Aintree, the only American-bred horse destined to go on as a sire who had won that classic steeplechase in a hundred years of racing;

1937—The mighty Seabiscuit, now greatest money-winner in the history of the turf;

It can be seen from the above that it goes somewhat against our grain to name a very young horse as the best of them all . . . but how are you going to get away from Alsab? What a truly remarkable animal he is! And how clearly he stood out in 1941 against all competitors, including the mighty Whirlaway!

By a virtually untried sire, Good Goods, from a supposedly unfashionable line, that of the immortal Colin, Alsab got small attention from the buyers when he appeared at the Saratoga sales on August 15, 1940, as part of the consignment of 24 head sent there by Thomas Piatt, of Brookdale Farm, Lexington, Ky. He was, furthermore, from a mare, Wind's Chant, that had been a failure on the course, with a total of $115 to her credit. Small wonder this youngster went for $700.

A Chicago lawyer named Albert J. Sabath bought the youngster on the advice of his trainer, the veteran August (familiarly Sarge) Swenke. The colt was named Alsab, after his owner.

Today he is the most famous young Thoroughbred in America. Up until this writing he has started 21 times and won 14 races—nine of them consecutively—earning $102,880. He was named the champion two-year-old of the season, though he did not even start in The Futurity; he carried weights, liked a distance, could sprint with the best of them, could come from behind. Not only that, but he ran the fastest mile of the year run by any horse on any track, 1:35 2/5.

Should Alsab go on as a three-year-old, and there is no reason why he shouldn't for he has been handled with care, he should become one of the famous American Thoroughbreds. We salute him—and congratulate his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Sabath.

HORSEMAN OF THE YEAR

It has been our custom, in the past, to name a Horseman of the Year as well as a Horse. It is a pleasant honor to bestow, for each year some one figure stands out valiant and unafraid in his devotion to the noble animal.

Thus:

In 1940, our Horseman of the Year was Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, because "with his refreshing viewpoint, his foresight, his long-range planning, and his incisive action, he has revivified the whole horse panorama";

In 1939, our choice was George Herbert (better known as Pete) Bostwick, owner, rider, trainer, driver, and then also captain of the Open Championship polo team;

In 1938, it was William du Pont, Jr., for his devotion to the cause of clean racing, both at the big tracks and at the hunt meetings;

In 1937, we honored Samuel D. Riddle, for the part he played in making Man o' War the heroic figure he is in American history today.

Now, for the year 1940, we have another American to honor: Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the Horse and Mule Association of America, who has striven with might and main through many years to keep the horse in the forefront of public attention, who has battled to keep Americans aware of the importance of this animal, in the economic and military fields as well as the lighter field of entertainment, who has fought so insistently to improve the health of our animals, who is still struggling today with his unfailing tact and good humor to improve riding conditions, particularly bridle paths, all over the country.

A wreath of laurel then for the gray brow of Wayne Dinsmore, as good a friend of horse and horseman as lives and breathes in these United States!

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

The National Horse Show held in New York's famous Madison Square Garden last month was a success of unexpected proportions. Certainly this event has won the qualified approval of the Metropolitan public, supposedly people who hardly know what a horse looks like except from the memories of their childhood and the movies. The crowds were of almost-capacity proportions, and their enthusiasm was heart-warming.

The horses were, on the whole, magnificent. Perhaps there weren't as many gaited horses as usual; representatives of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were lurking in the corridors to enforce the New York law to prevent the showing of animals with cut tails and actually did hand out a few summonses before the show came to an end.

Perhaps the harness classes were lighter than before, though hardly in quality. The hunters and jumpers and the unexpected ability of the visitors—Peruvians and Cubans—just about made up for these discrepancies.

MOFFETT STUDIO

Wayne Dinsmore, battler for right, Horseman of the Year

Perhaps there was a more subdued note in this year's show and perhaps, even, some of the glamour of bygone days was less apparent, despite the presence of a bevy of models who paraded around in brilliant spotlights wearing the latest New York creations to make magnificent sights—particularly from behind. Perhaps some moments were less exciting than before.

I refer, of course, to the uninspiring exhibition put on by soldiers from the mechanized units at Pine Camp, N. Y., who put on a terrific fuss with motorcycles, armored cars, peeps, machine guns, ack-ack; they made a hell of a noise and lost a good share of their men capturing half a dozen hardy guys hiding behind a post-and-rail fence on the Eighth Avenue side of the arena.

The point isn't that I am objecting to an exhibition of armored units or a demonstration of the newer equipment our fine soldiers are at last beginning to get. The point is that the American army units shown at the nation's leading horse show should have represented the *Cavalry!* Horses would have done the offensive job simulated in a fraction of the time, at a fraction of the cost in men and material! Defensively, if the half dozen fellows behind the fence had had horses they would have saved themselves long before the armored boys had unlimbered their first Tommy gun.

THAYER

The phenomenal two-year-old Alsab, belonging to Mrs. Albert J. Sabath, Jr., COUNTRY LIFE'S *choice as Horse of the Year*

For the officials of the National Horse Show to have permitted a demonstration of motorized ability where cavalry should have been shown seems to me a distinct disservice to the cause of the horse, the horsemen of the country, the cavalry, and the nation as a whole. It just made it seem as though the leaders of American horsemanship in the show world were finally content to admit, too, along with a lot of other people who talk glibly out of the newspapers, that the day of the horse is gone.

But to get back to the show. Not only were its horse features excellent, its horses really worthy of a great show, but the riding was first class—particularly on the part of the lady riders, the children, and Lt.-Col. Hiram E. Tuttle, who thrilled thousands nightly with exhibitions of dressage. (Next year let's hope they have a *class* for simple dressage at the show, to prove that this isn't "trick stuff," that lots of folks can learn something about it.)

Most of the military events were won by the United States team, including the International Military Perpetual Challenge Trophy, won for the third year in succession. Major Henri Lubbermann, Capt. Franklin Wing, Capt. Frank Henry and Capt. Marshall Frame made a team hard to beat. In Louisita, Smacko, Democrat, Dinker and the great Dakota they had horses to rank with the best.

But let it not be forgotten that the Peruvians were excellent horsemen—and delightful gentlemen to boot. One of them, Lt. Carlos Alfaro, gave a wonderful exhibition on a big chestnut named Ayachucho to win the individual championship after a jump-off against Capt. Frame on the immortal Dakota. And the Cubans simply covered themselves with glory in tying the Americans for the team trophy on the final night, even if they did lose in the jump-off.

All in all, a great show that left one hoping for another as good a year from now.

THE ICE CURE

Did you hear the inside story of how the Peruvians scored that spectacular triumph of theirs at the National Horse Show, the night young Lt. Carlos Alfaro won the international individual military championship on Ayachucho?

It seems that the Peruvians were pretty glum about their first few days at the show. 'Most everybody else thought they were doing remarkably well and giving the American team a real run for their money, but the South Americans didn't think this was good enough. They were holding their heads in sorrow.

"Take a cocktail," suggested Mrs. Frederick Van Lennep (known far and wide through the horse show world as Celeste McNeal), as beauteous and ingenious a counselor as any visiting fireman could ask for.

No, that wasn't what they wanted. They were worried about their horses, and the hot ankles their horses had.

"All right," said Celeste, never at a loss, "get some ice."

That didn't sound like much of an idea either, until she explained in a very good imitation of Spanish, a few rough sketches with pencil and paper, and a good deal of waving of the arms that the ice which she suggested wasn't for them, as the cocktail had been intended, but for the horses.

Well, here was a brand-new one on the Peruvians! They'd never heard of ice for horses, never thought of letting a horse stand in ice. How much ice do you need and where do you get it?

So it came about that a Peruvian gentleman called the desk at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the international teams were in residence, and asked for ice—250 lbs. of it. Well, the hotel wanted to know, what could anyone want with 250 lbs. of ice, please. And the reply came that it was for his horse. Good God, they said, you haven't got a horse up there in your rooms, have you?

No, he explained patiently, he wanted to take the ice with him to Madison Square Garden. In which case, of course, the bell captain was so sorry he couldn't be of service. He'd have to see the banquet manager. And the banquet manager couldn't really be of much help either because he didn't know how to get it over to Madison Square Garden. They'd have to get a truck to do this and here the baggage clerk obliged.

To make a long story short, they got the ice from the obliging Waldorf, took it to the Garden in a truck, stood their horses in it—and won the great event of the evening! Nor was that all, for hardly had the result been made public when a cablegram arrived from the President of Peru, showering congratulations upon them and bringing with it a check for $1,000 with which to entertain all concerned.

You will be interested to hear that the Peruvians were just about the most popular group that ever came to the National Horse Show from abroad. They were charming gentlemen, excellent horsemen, good singers (not to be overlooked when the entertainment competition included Kitty Carlisle and a sextet of Whiffenpoofs) and altogether fine fellows.

A salute, then, to Lt.-Col. Arturo Arevalo, Capt. Armando Anderson, Capt. Gonzales Carrillo, Lt. Hector Saettone, Lt. Carlos Alfaro.

And don't forget Celeste.

RACING

The racing year drawing to a close was without a doubt the most successful in the history of the American turf. Good horses appeared in all classifications, despite the heavy strain imposed upon them by constant racing. Alsab and Whirlaway are excellent examples, though such competitors as War Relic, Attention, Market Wise, Eight Thirty, Mioland, must not be forgotten. There were some first-rate fillies too, Petrify, Picklebush, Misty

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Isle, Level Best, Imperatrice, Fairy Chant and the courageous Dorimar.

Many of the problems of racing remain unsolved, most of them due to the emphasis we find on money today, rather than sport. And, the breeder and owner still get the worst of it. Some day owners will step out and name the conditions under which they will be willing to see their horses run . . . and then we'll see some real dust in the world of racing.

The hunt meetings drew to a close on November 15 with the always pleasant meeting at Montpelier, the lovely estate of Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott in Virginia. Here, in its true setting and surrounded by its real friends, steeplechasing demonstrated that it is still a vital force in American sport.

HITCHCOCK SALE

The sale of the steeplechase horses belonging to the late Thomas Hitchcock was watched, of course, with the keenest interest by those who hope that the future of this thrilling sport will be rosy. Followers of the sport wanted to know not how many dollars the horses would bring, but who would appear as the new owners of the wonderful Hitchcock horses, confident that if these horses were well distributed then the future of the game—at least for the next few years—would be virtually assured.

The 19 head offered for sale brought $67,900, an average of $3,573. The top price was Redlands, by Legume—Carrie B., several times a winner, who went to the Rokeby Stable owned by Paul Mellon for $13,000. The next best price was $7,000, paid by Kent Miller for Elkridge. The buyers ranged all the way from J. H. Whitney to Isadore Bieber, most of them being familiar in the steeplechasing world.

MORGANS

Late in October a disposal sale held by the largest Morgan stable in Iowa, at Des Moines, resulted in the sale of 20 Morgans of all kinds for an average of $550 per head. The sale ranged from a six-year-old stallion named Will Rogers, who brought the top price, $2,300, to mares and foals. Buyers came from many parts of the country, particularly California and Vermont, the traditional home of the gallant Morgan breed.

QUARTER HORSES

Much more will be heard of Quarter Horses within the coming months, if new publications coming out of the Southwest are any criterion. The country's greatest cow horse, which is what many cowmen consider their speedy Quarter Horse, now has a studbook and also a mimeographed publication. Here's what they quote "Old Breeder" as saying:

"Blood is blood, but Quarter Horse form and performance is superiority. Shape don't have a monopoly on speed but it shore is satisfying when you see the purtiest horse win."

TRIBUTE

A deserved tribute to Herbert E. Finnell, who lost his life as the result of an accident on the polo field at Tulsa, Oklahoma, has been paid him by his teammates:

"His life was woven around the sports among men, horses, dogs. During the years of his leadership of the Freebooters team in Tulsa, his club gained recognition as an athletic non-professional group; he kept it mobilized for a twelve-month schedule.

"It was Herbert Finnell who conceived the idea that polo could be played the year 'round, provided that enough teams were developed within the one club; he pledged himself to this end and carried it through. His liberal and constant coaching influenced his own rapid and aggressive style of play. His mounts usually won the polo events at the local horse shows. In a short span of years—he was only 36 when he died—earned him the rating of 2 goals; even the higher rated players never campaigned with more speed or hit better on a rough turf.

"His stature, poise, and droll personality were often compared with Will Rogers's. Truly, he was as much an individualist."

POLO

Activity in both high-goal and low-goal circles is making itself felt.

In Mexico, an American team consisting of Winston Guest, Cecil Smith, Henry Lewis, Hank Evinger appeared to play against the best that our Southern neighbor has to offer.

In Pinehurst, N. C., thirty polo ponies arrived last month and more are expected. Games will be played Sunday afternoons.

HORSE BREEDING ON THE ABSAROKA

(*Continued from page* 35)

large reservation, and it is on the territory under his charge that more constructive programs are being carried out than on any other Indian reservation.

Before his appointment as superintendent, five years ago, he was devoted to the management of his ranches and cattle. Now, though his time is occupied with a multitude of details concerning his 2,200 people, he has worked out several wild life projects.

One of the earliest was the difficult one of bringing in by trucks a band of elk; the nucleus of the herd which now ranges in the Big Horn Mountains. Another was their buffalo herd, now numbering nearly 500. Under the ideal conditions, with freedom to roam many miles of this beautiful Crow Country, the herd is

rapidly multiplying, and in a few years will be the largest in the United States.

Since 1933, when John Collier became Indian Commissioner, it has been the Government's policy to offer every possible inducement to the Indians for farming their land themselves instead of leasing it to whites, which occurred too often in the past.

In this connection, it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the Revolving Loan Fund, established at $50,000 to assist Crow in improving their land and buying livestock. Illustrative of the Indians' response to the Government's efforts in their behalf, 172 loans, totalling $14,000 were made in 1937 for home and farming equipment; these loans covered stoves, fruit jars, seeds, farm machinery, chickens, bulls, and building materials. Proof of the soundness of this policy lies in the fact that payments on these and previously made loans were $16,000 in 1938.

Thirteen separate irrigation units have been constructed, and with the completion of the storage dam on Willow Creek, irrigable acres will be numbered well above 65,000.

A carefully chosen agricultural extension staff teaches the Indians how to use this great blessing of water to the best advantage; that is, the choice of crops and methods of farming. The staff also advises as to the production and care of livestock, and in many other ways helps them to earn their way to higher standards of living.

By the organization of farm chapters, 4-H Clubs, and study clubs, group competition is encouraged. Through these organizations, demonstrations and short educational courses are given; also annual fairs are held, and by means of the exhibits progress is measured in various fields of endeavor. So alert and responsive to teaching are the Crow that in competition with whites in county, and even state fairs, they have been very successful.

Encouraging signs are the interest and enthusiasm of the young Crow boys, as evidenced by their memberships and activities in 4-H Clubs. There are fourteen of these clubs, having a total membership of 159. Forty-six members won county prizes last year.

Typical of 4-H Club enterprises, the seven Beef Club boys competed in the Big Horn County Achievement Day programs and the Junior Livestock Exposition in Billings, with the result that their calves, sold at public auction, averaged $85 a head.

Of the older young men, in November, 1939, 64 were enrolled in CCC-ID classes, in which instruction is given on the operation and repair of machinery, on safety, fire hazards, and erosion control. Also through CCC-ID projects, conservation has made great headway. Much time has been devoted to the control of Mormon crickets, which in successive years have been a serious threat to vegetation on the reservation.

The women, too, do their part in many constructive programs. Through clubs for the various purposes they learn good methods of child care, home management, canning, gardening, etc. An apt student, Mrs. Thomas Medicine Horse, always has an outstanding garden. The extension agent gratefully turns to such a person for support in forwarding the gardening project, and brings other Indians to see for themselves the results of the methods he teaches. In this way model farm plans have been worked out, emphasizing crop rotation, soil conservation, planting with thought to market conditions, etc.

The raising of beef cattle is one of the important industries of the reservation. The cattle flourish on the thick growth of nutritious bluestem grass. Numerous springs and streams provide water, while the timbered hills and coulees offer protection from wind and storm. The cattle keep to the valleys and foothills during the winter, but when spring comes they follow the greening grass to the high mountains where they summer. Marketing facilities are excellent; the main line of the Burlington Railroad offers transportation to eastern markets, while a highway leads to the auction ring in Billings.

So, with modern farming methods, a keen and interested approach to the problems which confront them, and fine livestock, the Crow have reason to be proud of their progress in a white man's world. And where the Crow Indian horses of Yesterday were the cayuses of the Great Plains—pintos, appaluches, mustangs and any others they could catch-as-catch-can—handsome, pure-bred draft horses of three breeds will do their farm work, and smooth, beautiful Morgans, Thoroughbreds and Steeldusts for the saddle will be their horses of Tomorrow.

TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS

(*Continued from page* 38)

yond, by suggesting that we go after these same fish with fresh-water casting equipment. Jim was certainly among the first, if not the very first, to see the ultimate possibility of this fishing.

In going to and from our tarpon fishing waters we had engaged the services of a commercial fisherman and his boat. He honored this elevation in life by promptly purchasing a captain's cap, and squirmed with pleasure when we addressed him.

Our course followed small rivers and creeks, all of which seemed filled with small tarpon from five to fifteen pounds with an occasional out-size which might have gone 50, not to mention snook and channel bass in assorted sizes. We'd seen them rolling ahead of us or swirling as the boat caught them napping near the surface. It was through

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waters like this that trolling was usually successful.

"Captain," asked Jim, "has anyone ever tried fishing these waters with bait-casting tackle, the same as we use in fresh-water for bass?" (Only Jim had to say "trout" so our Florida captain would know he meant "bass").

"Hell, no! Tackle like that wouldn't last two minutes with these fish. . . . You couldn't carry enough in a boat to last all day."

Jim did not answer the captatn immediately, but maintained a moody silence. After a few minutes he said, "Going to be busy two weeks from now?"

"Nope."

"Well, I'm going to come down here with my casting tackle and you can tow a skiff behind the big boat. We'll work some of these creeks and runs which are too small for a motor boat. You row the skiff and I'll cast."

"It's okay with me, but you'd better bring plenty of tackle if you plan to fish long!"

Two weeks later Jim left with "plenty of tackle,"—extra rods, extra lines, extra reels, and about a bushel of plugs. In a few days he was back with one broken rod, one stripped reel, one line left and never a plug, and a pair of hands that looked as if he had stuck them in a meat-grinder. But . . . he had a tale that would give any fisherman a high fever if not downright delirium tremens.

He had caught fish—"thousands of them"—tarpon from five to 25 pounds, snook up to fifteen, as well as channel bass and salt-water trout. It took me almost an hour to pack up and get ready for a return trip.

Since that day years ago many changes have taken place. There are now comfortable accommodations nearby; the guides have better boats and equipment, and have learned how to row or paddle for casting. The fly-rod has come into its own, and for one who has never taken a small tarpon on a fly-rod a new thrill is in store.

But the waters are still the same, still the thousand upon thousand mangrove islands. There is still the untamed country, and there are still the fish.

For one who has never fished or visited this territory a few tips might not be amiss. First, there are three towns from which most of this area can be fished. They are Naples, Marco and Everglades City, and at each accommodations and guides are available.

A guide is absolutely necessary, for even with years of experience one can easily become lost. There are just more islands and creeks than one man can remember, especially at first sight, and they lose their identity, leaving the fisherman without a clue as to which of forty different alternatives to take.

One thing should be remembered above all,—it may save your life if you ever should become lost alone in the islands. The outgoing tide leads to the Gulf. You may travel twenty miles to get safely out to a point two miles from where you started, but it beats being eaten by mosquitoes. Incidentally, nobody lost here need fear dying of hunger or thirst,—give the mosquitoes one calm night, and you'll be where hunger and thirst can't hurt you.

Most of the guides keep their boats either at the towns mentioned above or near them. If you are not a bait-caster or fly-fisherman it is still possible to have a lot of fun trolling, at which all the guides are proficient. But if you mean to use plug or fly, then select your guide with this in mind. It calls for quite a technique on the guide's part. The better guides now prefer to take out casters for the same reason that the better fishermen prefer to cast,—there's more sport in it.

If there are two in your party, have the guide tow one skiff from which to cast when the proper waters are reached; if four, take two skiffs and an extra oarsman.

Leaving the dock, a short cruise will carry you to any one of the many rivers, creeks or bays for either fly or bait-casting. All of this territory is protected from wind and rough water, so except for unusual weather conditions. it is fishable the year around.

The method of fishing is the same as you would employ on a bass stream. Cast the shore line carefully, working the likely spots such as sunken logs, overhanging banks and places where small creeks empty into larger ones.

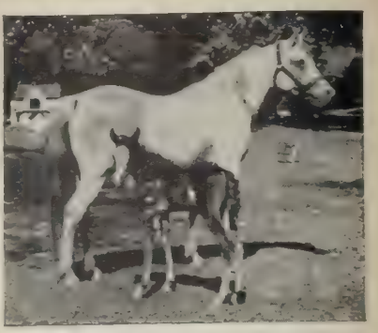
For the bait-caster a five-foot rod of medium weight is desirable, used with a 100-yard, level-winding reel. Although some use 24-pound test silk line, eighteen-pound is to be preferred for it is heavy enough and, of course, casts much more easily and accurately. If the fish permit you to take home enough of your original line to use the second day, it is well to wash it in fresh water for the salt will eventually cause it to rot.

It is advisable to have an extra outfit with you,—rod, reel, and all, for you may tie into a 50-pound tarpon when you are expecting a five-pounder. When that happens, and the big boy really starts to run—look out.

If it were not for a very unusual characteristic of the tarpon and other fish in these waters it would be impossible to conquer them with tackle designed for much lesser fish. Instead of making long runs as they do in open waters, which would seal the doom of light tackle, they rarely run more than 30 or 40 yards.

To replace the long runs, however, they put on a series of aerial acrobatics second to none, and rely upon shaking out the hooks, in which they are usually successful, or on hanging on the hooks, plugs or themselves high in the air on one of the countless overhanging mangrove branches. If they fail in this the maze of protruding roots under the water offers an excellent place on which to scrape off or tangle up

Travelers Rest



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plugs, and one of which they invariably take advantage.

The bony quality of the tarpon's mouth makes it very difficult to hook securely, and usually they throw the hook on the first jump. If not, however, they never quit trying until they are much too exhausted to swim. A released tarpon will never dash rapidly off,—if he had that much strength left he would not have been landed in the first place.

With this advantage and their tremendous strength and agility, about four out of five escape without being landed, giving the angler anywhere from one to a dozen jumps before they go. Landing one tarpon out of five strikes is a good average, and if you get two or three jumps out of a tarpon before he throws the hooks, don't let your friends kid you,—you're doing all right. It's like riding a steer,—you aren't supposed to be able to do it all day.

Sportsmen always release all tarpon except record specimens. They are not good to eat, and anyone who thoughtlessly allows such a splendid fighter to die in the bottom of a boat deserves a similar fate. With our fish and game supply diminishing as it now is, such slaughter is the mark of the novice who knows not what he does, or of the worst enemy of Outdoor America, the Game Hog.

For releasing tarpon, as well as other fish, a device called a release gaff is used. This is nothing but a large hook, a 10/0 or 12/0 with the barb filed off and a loop of cord about six inches in length tied to the eye of the hook. This cord is looped around the wrist to prevent the gaff being dropped overboard. When the fish is entirely played out it is gently gaffed, or rather held, in the hard part of the mouth while the hooks are extracted. The fish is then allowed to swim away without ever having been lifted from the water.

Unless you have a record fish or need photographs or want to fish for food, release all your fish,—your sons and daughters will have better fishing.

Well, maybe we'd better get back to catching them before we start releasing them. Leaders are next on the program. You will need a small wire leader about eight inches to a foot in length, for your line will break if it rubs against the sharp gill-covers of a tarpon or snook. Size No. 5 wire which is .014 inches in diameter is about right.

For lures, use your fresh-water favorites and you'll probably find the tarpon and snook like them just as well as the bass do, and are even more demonstrative in their affection. Be sure the hooks are firmly attached to the lure and also that they are sharp, for the mouth of a tarpon is hard to penetrate. It is a good plan to carry a hook-hone or piece of emery cloth and use it to keep the hooks shining bright and always sharp. Inspect your hooks after each strike to be sure that the points are not bent.

Surface lures are to be preferred, for two reasons. First: they are excellent fish-getters. Second: there is more thrill in a surface strike. There is nothing which can be compared with the savage smash of a tarpon at a surface bait,—a swirl, a fountain of water, a silver streak through the spray-filled air,—and your heart is in your throat.

In selecting surface-plugs, avoid those equipped with spinners, for they are too easily damaged. The best are the plain, unadorned ones resembling a fat cigar in shape. The method of fishing these is to cast to a likely spot; allow the bait to lie still for a second or two, then give it a slight jerk by manipulating the rod-tip, pause and jerk again. Favorite colors are green, shiner-scale with red head, and white and red head.

While the thrill of a strike on a surface plug cannot be overlooked, there is also use for underwater lures. The best for the purpose are those made from a plastic material which is more durable than wood. If you have a few dozen old discarded plugs which the fussy fresh-water bass don't seem to go for, just take them to the Ten Thousand Islands,—on one of those days when the Red Gods are smiling and the fish are hitting. You'll find you'll have very little trouble in getting rid of them!

Now for the fly fisherman. First of all, if you have a treasured rod that you use on trout, leave it behind. A ten-pound tarpon will do things which a rainbow would consider "not quite cricket," and these treasured rods cost quite a bit to replace. A bass rod of the "power-plus" calibration will be better,—say nine feet in length with a 2¾ ferrule which makes it weigh just a shade short of 6¼ ounces; with this a D level line will balance very nicely.

Until a year ago a very light stainless steel leader of three-foot length was always used. (No. 2 wire, .011 inch diameter). But a new synthetic leader has recently been developed which is far superior and especially so in that it handles better. It does not fray or chafe, does not lose its strength when wet, and knots do not slip in it. This is not the cheap Japanese synthetic gut, but a strictly American development and product.

Although bass bugs are fair lures, first place goes to the streamer fly, yellow or white, or a combination of white and red being the favorites. Sizes 1/0 to 3/0 are the most popular, mainly because of the easier penetration of the hook, but 5/0 is made especially for this fishing.

For the sportsman who likes light tackle, and who loves to strain it and his skill to the utmost, the waters of the Ten Thousand Islands are his prescription. Those who have fished them agree they are America's last fishing frontier. But remember what has happened to other fishing grounds. Abuse, over enough time, will ruin any waters, even these. Let's release our fish and keep unspoiled our last frontier.

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LIVESTOCK • BY GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

INTERNATIONAL PREVIEW: BELGIANS: HOLSTEINS: GUERNSEYS

THIS is some year for beef cattle! If you don't believe it, ask the man who wants to buy some breeders or feeders—or look at the self-satisfied expressions on the faces of the men who have a few loads to sell! Yes, this is a boom year for the cattle business and one of the manifestations of this tremendous interest in sirloin steaks on the hoof is the jump in the cattle classes of the International Livestock Exposition this year.

It's going to be some show this year! Always America's, if not the world's, largest and most important exhibit of fat stock, draft horses, light horses, sheep, hogs, wool, carcases, corn, wheat, hay, or what have you, this year when it convenes in Chicago on November 29 to December 6 it is going to outdo itself.

There is an all-time record entry for the three beef breeds registered as this goes to press. There will also be a big swine show with six of the eight breeds in this division showing big advances over 1940 and a total the highest in many years. The draft horse entry of about 400 head and the sheep entry of nearly 1,000 compares closely with the satisfactory showing in these two divisions last year.

The eight day session is expected to attract an attendance of between four and five hundred-thousand visitors to see the 12,000-plus head of livestock. The latter will represent 26 different breeds; eleven of sheep, and five of draft horses, and of course the three cattle and five swine breeds, plus the light horses and ponies competing in the Horse Show, the all inclusive International Grain and Hay show, and the National Sheep Shearing Contest.

When the show rolls around it will require the combined services of some 65 of America's foremost livestock, horse show and farm crops judges. On their decisions will rest the distribution of the $100,000 in cash prizes which will be awarded to the breeders and feeders who have entered the best of their herds and flocks; the farmers who have entered the finest specimens of the 1941 harvest.

Perhaps the biggest job that any judge at this show has to perform is the placing in the steer classes. The big win at this show and the most renowned of all fat cattle show winners, is the grand champion steer of the International—a complacent, sleek beast this, which each year arises from among the continent's best, winning fame and fortune for his owner.

This year, the man assigned to go over the 1037 steers entered in this tense contest is W. L. Carlyle, noted Canadian stockman of Calgary, Alberta, present manager of the Duke of Windsor's ranch; one time head of the Animal Husbandry Department of the University of Wisconsin; successively dean of the Colorado, Oklahoma, and Idaho Agricultural Colleges.

Prof. Carlyle will have his work cut out for him. The successful feeders and breeders, the state agricultural colleges, the several hundred farm boys and girls who will compete in the steer classes all know their stuff when it comes to presenting prime beeves. It takes expert judgment to pick the best of them.

This year an innovation will be tried in the steer division. The judge will be given authority, at his discretion, to confer with a consulting judge. The consultant this year will be J. Charles Yule, who presided over these classes last year.

There is gold as well as glory in the winning of the steer championship. Usually, the champions sell for spectacular prices, ranging all the way from the sixteen cents a pound of 1909 to the $8.25 per pound of the 1929 show—the highest priced steer to date. The buying bid has been above $1.00 a pound at 25 of the 41 shows, so, obviously, a winning steer, weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of 1100 lbs., nets a nice sum for his owner.

A most interesting treat in the International is the way youngsters have been matching, even exceeding, adult skill in the feeding and fitting of steers. In times past the agricultural colleges won the lion's share of the awards. The Iowa State College, holding the record with six grand championships to its credit, Purdue four, University of California two, Oklahoma A & M two. Among individuals, Oakleigh Thorne and the late J. D. McGregor are the only two ever to have achieved this honor twice.

Farm boys and girls first entered the picture in 1916 by exhibiting steers of their own raising. However, it was not until 1928 that a steer fed by a junior came through to the grand championship (Clarence Goecke, a twelve-year-old Iowa 4-H Club boy), but five times since this award has gone to youths under 21, twice to farm girls, and at each of the last three successive shows the exhibitor of the grand champion has been under eighteen.

Indeed, farm youth is a most important factor in the exhibition. Boys and girls come from farms in faraway states to exhibit their handiwork, mingle with others of their kind from other regions, exchange harvest—and go home again better-equipped to be the farmers of the future. It is in this function of an educational exhibit for youngsters who are going to make farming their life work that the International does its greatest service.

This year, 1450 4-H Club boys and girls from 45 states will take part. Representing the top winners of the year in state-wide contests among 1,420,000 rural youths, they will visit Chicago on free all-expense trips to compete in contests determining the national 4-H champions. These contests are something to inspire young and old. Anyone who has ever gone through the 4-H building adjacent to the International Amphitheatre; anyone who has seen the youngsters' animals and their handiwork and their enthusiasm knows that American agriculture will be in capable hands in the future.

BELGIANS

Thirteen exhibitors from eight states provided a Belgian horse show at the American Royal which was excellent in type and quality. Judge Dave Haxton, well-known horseman from Columbus, O., made the official placings on 68 head, which were almost evenly divided between stallions and mares.

Jay Farceur, ten-year-old stallion owned by H. C. Horneman, Danville, Ill., was chosen grand champion, repeating his victory at the Royal last year. Reserve grand champion stallion was the six-year-old Don de Saintes, bred and owned by Harvey Hoewischer, Sidney, O.

Both of these champions are proven sires as well as show-ring victors. It is significant to note, in analyzing this show, that Jay Farceur sired the reserve grand champion mare, the reserve junior champion mare and the second prize yearling stallion of this show. Don de Saintes sired the grand champion mare, the first prize three-year-old stallion and the second prize stallion foal of this show.

Eleven aged mares provided a close contest at the top. Dixie de Beek won for Horneman and was made reserve senior champion. Second went to Marguerite Farceur, owned by Guy Babcock, Galva, Ia.

The three-year-old mares also provided hot competition. Don's Lady won for Hoewischer and went on to senior and grand champion honors. Smith was second with Baby Snooks and Scott was third with Constance.

Horneman had first in two-year-old mares with Kenfleur's Charlotte Lee and first in yearling fillies with a full sister, Kenfleur's Shirley Lee.

HOLSTEINS

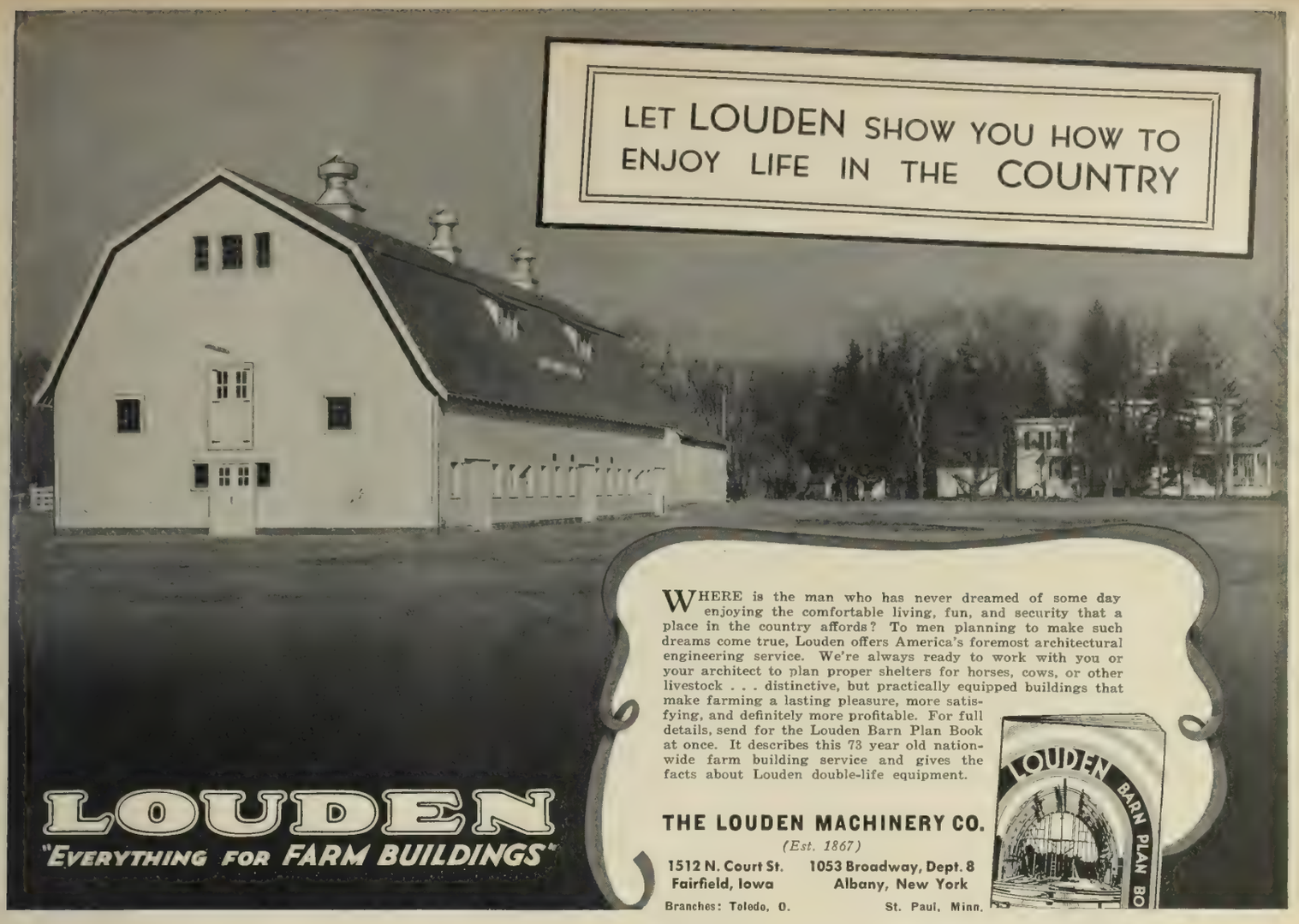
A new national class production record has been made by Kanowa Queen Segis Doress, Holstein, owned by Decker Bros., Turlock, Calif.

A year's total of 765.9 lbs. of butterfat gives this cow the lead over all the nation's junior three-year-old Holsteins that were milked but twice daily. Her average butterfat test was 4.3 per cent.

This new champion heifer traces on both sides of her pedigree to Duke Pietertje Korndyke Ormsby 15th, a great breeding sire that played a major part in the development of the Decker herd. This sire was in service in several herds and

COOK & GORMLEY

Chicago's famous International Live Stock Exposition; this year's show promises to be a record breaker in more ways than one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lived to an advanced age. The new record-holder is by a son of "Duke" from a granddaughter of the same bull.

Another Holstein from the same herd has just become California state champion senior four-year-old in the Yearly Division, classification C (two times milking). This Holstein is Kanowa Rosa Man-O-War whose record is 662.3 lbs. of butterfat from 16,510 lbs. of milk testing 4 per cent butterfat.

Testing was supervised by The Holstein-Friesian Association of America, Brattleboro, Vt., in cooperation with the University of California, Berkeley.

GUERNSEYS

Two well-bred Guernsey cows have just established a new world's record and an eighth place class leading record for four-year-old cows. Close ancestors of these cows have made three world records and five class leading records. The cows are half sisters in the Bourndale Guernsey herd owned by The Julia Dykman Andrus Memorial, Inc., Yonkers, N. Y.

The world record cow, Bourndale Princess Coronet, produced 18,859 lbs. of milk and 1019.3 lbs. of butterfat which is equal to 8772 quarts of milk or 1274 lbs. of butter. If the 8772 quarts of milk, produced by Princess were laid end to end, there would be more than a mile and a quarter of milk.

Bournedale Dolly Violet, half sister of "Princess," produced 16,346 lbs. of milk and 884.7 lbs. of butterfat. This is equivalent to 7849 quarts of milk or 1105 lbs. of butter.

The American Guernsey Cattle Club tells us that conditions on the Island of Guernsey, ancestral home of the breed, are alarming indeed. They say that unless the Nazis are shipping food to the Island of Guernsey it is logical that Guernsey cattle are being slaughtered rapidly. Normally the Islanders import about 80 percent of their meats and fats and an even higher percentage of their cereals.

Facts indicate the present population of Guernsey to be in excess of 30,000, without including the German troops stationed on the Island. Even under stringent rationing, with the Islanders receiving only one pound of meat and fats per week, it would necessitate the slaughter of about ten head of cattle daily. At this rate the Guernseys would last less than a year and one-half.

Guernsey Island has long been an exporter of choice fruits and vegetables and, except for potatoes, sufficient supply of these products were grown to meet consumer needs. Enough roughage was grown for the cattle but even though grain and concentrate feeding was limited, the major part had to be imported. This shortage of feed may have been used as an additional excuse for the slaughtering of the breeding cattle.

Although no authentic word has been received from Guernsey Island since a short time after the invasion, known facts warrant these logical deductions.

THE TRAIL OF THE GOLDEN CALF

(*Continued from page* 47)

self on the top of a butte and all of Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, not to mention the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., who were sending a blimp from Akron, were trying to get him down. Anyway you look at it—it's a great year for South Dakota.

In Nebraska you don't go out on the range and take your chances on buying calves any more. Instead, it seems that almost every town has its sales barn. Sam McKelvie and the Sandhills Feeder Cattle Producers are making all of Feeding America conscious of the fine calves they turn out.

A case in point is the fine job being done by Tom Ormesher and his brothers in Crawford, Chadron and Gordon, Nebraska. Originally, these boys did not need any help to get along as they were well established as merchants. But, looking around their home communities, they saw the need of helping out their neighbors if that section of the country was to prosper so they set up sales barns in the three towns named.

It's a wonderful help to a buyer and a real service to the grower. Now, you may attend the sale in Crawford on Monday and pick up a few head of likely calves. The Ormeshers will move them free of charge, feed them, give them veterinary service, and hold them while you pick up a few more in Chadron on Tuesday. On Thursday in Gordon you can finish your buying and the whole lot, veterinary tested, will then be loaded and shipped for you. It's not often a cow buyer gets service like that. Of course, you pay a goodish price for your purchases this year but in over six thousand miles we didn't see a place where a fairly starchy price wasn't asked. In the northwest corner of Nebraska you get the service thrown in extra.

Wyoming was beautifully astonishing. Never an unlovely state, it is great to see that favored land in grass belly-deep to a tall steer. The biggest trouble is judging weights. This year veteran cattlemen say they can't judge the weight of grass-fat calves within 30 to 50 pounds of what the scales will show.

Down through Colorado, the effect of the amazing rains is very evident. Lush range, rich crops, fat animals—and no complaints from agriculturists.

The Denver yards have achieved the reputation in recent years of having the finest run of cattle and the highest prices in the business. An investigation shows very good

PLEASANT VALLEY FARM

REGISTERED BELGIANS

WORK HORSES GOOD ENOUGH TO *SHOW*—and WIN!

CORA DE LISSEWEGHE 21265 was foaled in Belgium on June 12, 1934. She was bought by Pleasant Valley Farm on May 3, 1938. From that day on she has participated in all the farm work at Pleasant Valley: plowing, discing, drilling, liming, cultivating, mowing, etc., including pulling automobiles out of snowdrifts. Also she carried two foals.

In September, along with another mare and foal from Pleasant Valley Farm, she was taken to the Flemington Fair. Though over seven years of age, and the oldest Belgian at this good show, she was judged the champion aged mare and the grand champion mare, beating among others the mare that had been junior champion the year before at the National Belgian Show, Waterloo, Iowa.

The mare and foal taken to Flemington with her from Pleasant Valley Farm—Alice de Jabbeke with foal by Hercule de Quevy II—won the blue ribbon in their class.

Taken out of harness on a Thursday, Cora de Lisseweghe was shipped next day to the Trenton Fair, considered the best Belgian show this year in the East. Against some of the country's top *show* strings, this *work* horse—again the oldest mare in the show—finished third in a tremendous class of 12, leaving some of the best mares in the East behind her.

Cora de Lisseweghe represents the type of *work mare* at Pleasant Valley Farm. She is not for sale.

FOR SALE

Filly foal out of Alice de Jabbeke by Hercule de Quevy II, top stallion. This mare and foal won the blue at the 1941 Flemington Fair, where Hercule had been champion before them. We consider her the type of young mare ideal for work and breeding. and an outstanding show prospect. . . $300

PLEASANT VALLEY FARM

LAMBERTVILLE, NEW JERSEY

quality straight through the yards, good sanitation practices, nice folks to deal with, a little proud on prices but not out of line for the quality shown, and very good service on shots, and the cutting of red tape on shipping. Incidentally, we were informed by a group of somewhat astonished cattle friends of long standing that Idaho was sending in the top-quality cattle to the yards.

Watching the run in Denver was a fascinating experience. Here was a Wyoming bunch from a range we once knew well. There was a couple of loads of Western Slope stuff. Over there was a bunch from down in the La Junta district and we remembered the boy who became a national hero by saving the lives of his little school friends when their bus was caught in a blizzard about a decade ago And everywhere was that old stockyard call as one walked down the alleys, "What're yuh buying, mister?"

But there were other stockyards and other ranges yet to inspect. Out of long custom, and because there are not too many truly individual restaurants in these United States, we ducked out of the Brown Palace and across the street to the old Navarre which subsequently proved that you can still dine as well in Denver as in any American city—and Duncan Hines didn't tell us so.

Incidentally, when we were very young we remember that the rural scene was almost entirely dominated by a cut-out roadsign of a gentleman cow advertising a roll-your-own tobacco. His place was taken by some of the most luscious young ladies any country has ever boasted. They favored a certain cooling but refreshing drink, and a tailor-made cigarette. But now in this turbulent year of 1941, the only thing one can read as he drives along is that Duncan Hines recommends Mamie's Hot Lunch and Short Orders.

Probably it isn't fair to Mr. Hines, whom any foreigner must think is our Fuehrer-of-the-diner, but one cannot help but wonder just how any man could ever eat in so many places, so often. We like Mr. Hines' work and think it serves a great purpose, and only wish to add one thing (strictly as a non-professional, of course) but that is until one has had a steak with a bit of garlic from the skilled Chinese hands of George Parks' Canton Cafe in Santa Fe, the real apotheosis of a steer can never be known.

We rolled on out of Denver to Colorado Springs and approved greatly of the pretty co-eds and the riotous color of the maples in that city. In Trinidad an old friend brought out a small libation and then we were fortified for the trip over Raton Pass of historic fame. But times have changed.

No longer do nice elderly ladies reach for the smelling salts. No longer can one work up sympathy for a strictly downstage heart attack as the Pass is negotiated. In fact, the famous Adventure of Raton is now just a picnic. High gear all the way—absolutely safe—and a passage so quick that we hate to confess lest a highway patrolman read and tell us we were a bit over the law.

Through the magnificent Cimarron Canyon with its Palisades and up over Palo Flechado Pass and a breath-takingly beautiful roll down to old Taos. Then one of the most magnificently thrilling drives in all the 48 states down the new Rio Grande Canyon road. History ridden though the route is, skilfully engineered though it be, still just the sheer sensuous and colorful beauty of this stretch of highway makes it one of the poignant memories of any traveler in America.

From Taos to Las Cruces we heard the same story: amazing rains, unbelievable grass, a jackpot year for cowmen, but—if you want to buy calves you'll have to hock the family jewels and borrow on your life insurance. Fourteen cents for raw calves doesn't mean anything to the city man or the housewife who complains about the H.C.L., but when a feeder gazes at a twelve-cents top market for finished stuff and then listens to a soft-voiced cowman say, "I'll let you have a load or so for thirteen because we were bunkmates in the old days on the Bar-Something-Or-Other" you know that Hard Times are here and you're what is known at the Circus Saints and Sinners as the Fall Guy.

Our good friend Tom James of the O-Bar-O and our sometime childhood friend Holm Bursum who ranches out on the Jornado finally took pity on us and fixed up a deal, otherwise we would have been fresh out of stuff for the 1942 market. It's great that the cowmen have a calf crop and prices such as haven't been seen for two decades, but it's even nicer that friendship is still stronger in the range country than anything else.

Amarillo and high prices, Oklahoma City and rain, Tulsa and a flood, Memphis and the Polled Hereford Show, came along in quick succession afterward. And out of it all comes a few concrete conclusions which the reader may take or leave alone. Here they are:

This is the top of the cycle. Prices as high as they are now have only one place to go—Down. Maybe that will be another year, more likely two years, surely three years. If it's dairy stock, beef stock, or feeders, they'll all be cheaper before they are higher again.

It's smart to wait for a buyer's market. This is a seller's market. The hardest thing in the world, if you are a market operator or a cowman, is to stay on the sidelines when the other fellows are trading. But if you'll wait you'll buy the same quality of stuff for so much less than you can buy it today, your gain counting in interest, taxes and everything will be so much greater that you'll be the fellow in the next depression who can say, like the last time, "I bought 'em when everybody else wanted to sell 'em."

Cow business is booming. It's a Cowman's Holiday, and after all these years it's high time the breeders got a break. But let's not make the mistake we made last time. Let's not bid them up to fantastic prices and then watch the bottom fall out of everything including our bank accounts and net worth.

This is the time to cull herds ruthlessly. Keep the breeding population down, but raise its quality. Sit tight. Just as sure as death and taxes is the axiom: whatever goes up must come down. And while this is a year when cow people are riding high, don't stampede. Keep daylight out from under your saddle and that curb bit tight.

And when we all are peaceful again, we'll have less to do with the loan officer of the bank and more to do with each other in that friendly cow business way of fried chicken, barbecue steaks, and "How are yuh, stranger? What are yuh buying?"

CANVAS!

(*Continued from page 44*)

Its clear color and the unconventional placing of the vessel on the canvas, her lofty rig towering to the sky, achieve a dramatic effect clearly intended to suggest the esteem in which she was held in the home port.

Salem was proud of her privateers and proud of her Grand Turks. Three different vessels had carried the name with honor, all owned by the great King Derby. It cannot have been a coincidence that the best work of the young French painter appears in the portrayal of this, the last Grand Turk to fly the Derby pennant.

It would be an exaggeration to speak of Anton Roux as having founded a school of painting. Rather he founded a fashion. His three sons, Anton fils, Frederic, and François, all set themselves up as "portraitistes de navires," and though none of them approached the quality of the elder Anton's work, François at least outstripped him in popularity and the size of his fees.

The success of this family and the flood of orders they received encouraged other painters to try their profession and to imitate their style. It was not long before every port in the Mediterranean had its ship portraitist prepared to turn out a painting of a vessel in the interval between unloading and reloading, and to guarantee the satisfaction of the most discriminating owner.

One would like to know more of these Mediterranean painters; obscure men, all, who have left little record behind them other than their paintings. Felice Polli and Francisco Ressman at Trieste, Antoine Vittaluga at Genoa, Mazzinghi at Leghorn, and Raphael Corsini at Smyrna, Cammillieri and Honoré Pelligrin competing with the Roux family at Marseilles—a dozen others. One can learn little more of them than is contained in their signatures.

But their work is well known, especially in Salem, where merchants clung to the Mediterranean trade as most "suited to our Port and the method of our Trade." In the Federal period Salem letter-of-marque vessels carried the cream of the barter trade along the Mediterranean coast, landing any cargo that seemed likely to be acceptable and sometimes turning it over three or four times on a single voyage.

Between pirates and rovers, French patrol frigates and British impressment tactics, a "neutral trader" of those days led an exciting life. An encounter with a foreign vessel usually meant choosing between running and standing to fight, and Salem captains became extraordinarily skillful at both.

Salem owners were proud of their exploits and prouder of the ships, which they had painted in one Mediterranean port after another. Eventually their patronage encouraged a Mediterranean painter to try working for them in the home port.

In the summer of 1800, the Derby letter-of-marque ship Mount Vernon, young Captain Derby commander, arrived in Salem after an exciting coasting trip to the Adriatic, in the course of which she had had "a running fight with a French frigate, a brush with a heavily armed lateener, and a regular battle with another off Algeciras," all within the space of a few days. At Naples she had taken on board a young Italian painter, Michele Corné, who was traveling to America to escape conscription, and was at once commissioned by Captain Derby to paint the three heroic episodes of the Mount Vernon's trip. Corné became the first "portraitiste de navires" in America.

Aside from such private ventures as those of the Mount Vernon, there had been regular trading vessels from America to European ports since the days of Captain John Smith. In the Federal period "constant traders," as New England called them, crossed the Atlantic between stated ports as regularly as wind and weather allowed, but made no pretext of maintaining fixed schedules.

A traveler wishing to take passage in one of them packed his bags and settled himself in lodgings in the home port to wait sometimes for weeks until a sailing day could be set. Sometimes the cost of waiting doubled the cost of the trip. "It seemed strange," wrote Emerson on his way to Malta, "that the first man who came to sea did not turn round and go straight back again." Few people went who could help it.

But in 1816 a group of New York merchants organized the Black Ball line of packets, advertising improved passenger accommodations and, for the first time anywhere in the world, regular sailing dates from New York to Liverpool. The Black Ball Line became famous in song and story.

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Livestock

A regular department of COUNTRY LIFE, dealing in draft horses, cattle, poultry, the newest developments in agriculture and the National shows.

Before many years packet lines had been established to all the most important ports of Europe, and other American ports were vying for a share in the profitable passenger and freight trade they developed. The improvement in sailing ship design and seamanship which resulted from this competition led to the remarkable development of the American sailing ship for speed, and produced the famous clipper ship of the 1840's and '50's.

Meanwhile groups of ship portraitists had become established in many North European ports. Frederic Roux and Montadier had carried the water color technique of the Mediterranean to Havre. But in Holland and Denmark and in the British Isles oil painting in the tradition of the great 17th century Dutch school of marine painting found greater favor.

FROM the beginning of the packet ship era paintings of American vessels were made at Elsinore and Antwerp in large numbers; at Copenhagen by Jacob Peterson; at Helder by Door Moy; and at Amsterdam by John Loos and Egide Linnig and prolifically by P. Weytz, who painted many Newburyport vessels engaged in the Russian duck and Swedish iron trade so important to the ship builders of the Merrimac.

In Britain, where a flourishing school of marine art had developed, ship portraits of a high order were being painted at Belfast, Bristol, and London, and particularly at Liverpool, where artists from many parts of the country gathered to supply the flourishing custom created by the packet lines. The names best known to Americans are: J. Hughes and D. McFarlane, Scott and W. Yorke of Liverpool; Joseph and Samuel Walters who stamped their canvases "Walters & Son" and were at No. 7 Pleasant Street, Liverpool, in 1830; B. Tindall and J. and F. Tudgay of London; and J. Semple of Belfast.

Unlike their forerunners in the south, these British portraitists managed to bring into their painting something of the grandeur of the sea as well as of the ship. They are still concerned chiefly with presenting the ship as a personality. Their vessels are still shown on dress parade in conventional poses that often give them the appearance of ship models afloat.

But a feeling for the majesty of sail and sea breathes life into the model, and sets her sailing on a real ocean in a real wind that sometimes manages the taste of salt. No other paintings recall so vividly the spirit of the era of sail, or appeal so directly to the men interested in preserving the records of that era.

Some of the best work of this school to be seen in America is in the collection at India House in Manhattan's historic Hanover Square.

Assembled primarily as a record of shipping associated with the history of the Port of New York, this collection includes paintings of some of the staunchest vessels that carried the American flag into the ports of Liverpool or London. The best artists of both places were engaged to do them justice.

Two typical examples of their work are illustrated, both from India House. One presents the ship Columbia, majestic in the proud consciousness of her fame as the crack packet of the world. The other, signed by J. Hughes, shows the Isaac Webb in a fine gale of wind, portrayed with a realism that conveys even to a land-lubber something of what it meant to drive a packet across the north Atlantic in winter weather "on the day."

When gold was discovered in California and the clippers began their mad Marathon 'round Cape Horn to San Francisco, and thence to Canton, ship portraitists vied in their efforts to put onto canvas the graceful lines and breath-taking speed of the ships the whole world honored.

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me,
For I'm bound for California with
my washbowl on my knee!

sang the crews. And the painter might have sung of his drawing board on his knee, so lively was the custom as each new beauty came romping into port with a new record for the trip from the Golden Gate.

Consider Sweepstakes, who established for herself a reputation for speed that made her the favorite vessel of passengers seeking gold in California. It is recorded that she took a cargo of tea from China to London in the fall of 1855, at which time the picture of India House signed by D. McFarlane may have been painted.

Many vessels engaged in the California-China trade were painted by Chinese at Hong Kong, Lintin, or Canton, where groups of commercial limners built up a lively trade. Based on the British school, this Chinese painting presents an odd mixture of Occidental and Oriental characteristics in which Oriental coloring and conventionality predominate. The work is often very decorative, and the portraiture is of course always exact. A Chinese portrait of the packet ship Resolute from the India House collection is an unusually attractive example bearing the signature "Sai Lung," a gesture, probably, meant to impress the "foreign devils." Most Chinese portraits are unsigned.

In America, a school of marine painting had grown up that deserves something more than passing notice. Needless to say, it was not a school in the sense of being founded on any one technique. America of the early 1800's was a melting-pot of artists as of other groups. Painters had come here impelled by many motives and acknowledging many masters.

But eventually America set her stamp upon them. American ship-portraitists, from whatever tradition sprung, had this in common; to a large extent they discarded the old stereotyped background and pose of the European schools, and painted the vessel as they saw her against a

The extraordinary trend back to the land that the United States is witnessing today is causing a freshened demand for beef and dairy cattle, particularly in the Eastern States.

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background of their own coasts and river country, or surrounded by the activity of their own harbors.

This freedom of approach and a sincere interest in the subject overcame lack of formal training, and produced work that is often better than it has any right to be. Its national flavor can be traced along the coast from Maine to Delaware and in the old French city of New Orleans, where a limner like Evans, whose tradition was certainly French, could paint the busy little packet ship Courier with Mediterranean precision but with a Yankee realism appropriate to her long career and the years spent in the humdrum "triangular trade" of the South.

We have already noted the arrival in Salem of Michel Corné, first professional ship portraitist in the United States. Corné became the teacher of George Ropes, the first of a group of Salem painters whose works are among the most important historical documents of their time. Without them, much of the maritime history of New England would be lost to us forever. Joseph Howard, Edmund Stone, B. F. West, and William Luscombe, are the men whose signatures occur most frequently; none of them distinguished artists, but all Salem boys brought up within sight of the Salem wharves, who painted with an enthusiasm that made up for technical shortcomings.

By the second quarter of the 19th century similar groups of painters were working in every important port along the American coast, usually under the leadership of one man whose prestige was based on some degree of training abroad that his native followers lacked.

At Philadelphia, Thomas Birch had turned from his landscapes of the Schuylkill River country, and was poring over engravings of Vernet's "Portes," whose originals had first inspired young Roux. Birch's paintings of United States naval victories are the best records we have of the War of 1812.

In Boston, Robert Salmon had begun the diary in which from 1828 to 1841 he recorded an almost unbroken series of orders from local merchants for paintings of the busy Boston harbor. "Fancy ship's portrait, View of Boston and Mafradite brig—26 da," one entry reads. And another, "painted a sine for Mr. Sheperd of Boston. Sumthing to pay for priming and riting $15." A limner obviously, who took what work came to his hand, but whose honesty and singleness of purpose made for the same charm we find in other early American crafts.

Trained at Liverpool, Salmon early felt the freedom of America and painted ships against a Boston background with a realism that bore little relationship to the conventional work of his British contemporaries. His portrait of the ship United States shows her backing her main topsails to take on a pilot, an operation which he paints with a precision born of an early apprenticeship before the mast.

This tendency to paint the ship from any angle and in the midst of a complicated maneuver became characteristic of American work and adds much to its interest. A Boston painter of unusual ability in this respect was Fitzhugh Lane, whose lithographs are American classics and whose marine painting is the best American work of its time.

By the late '40s interesting marine painting was being done at New Bedford by the tempestuous Dutchman, Van Beest, and his pupils, Swain Gifford and young Bradford, Thoreau's friend. But these men were far too busy recording the exciting activities of the whalers to bother with anything as tame as portraits. Van Beest, who dashed on paint with both hands and spat tobacco juice directly onto the picture to make the brown wash of his drawings, had threatened to shoot a man who interrupted him while he painted water; but left the tedious intricacies of rigging and the figures to his young assistants.

Meanwhile, in the vicinity of New York, American painters vied with those of Liverpool in recording the wonder of the clippers. One of the best of these men was J. B. Smith, who stamped his canvasses "10 Front Street, Brooklyn." Smith painted in the British manner so faithfully that his work can scarcely be distinguished from that done abroad.

More in the American vein is the work of James E. Butterworth of Currier and Ives fame. His painting of the famous clipper ship Flying Cloud in a gale off Cape Horn is a work to stand comparison with the maritime painting of any school, so magnificently has he handled the portrayal of wind and mountainous sea, so vividly expressed the terror of the Horn and the valor of the slender vessel in its grip.

This was the year 1851, when Flying Cloud came near being wrecked aloft on her maiden trip. Captain Cressy reported that the heroic efforts of the crew were all that saved her. "They worked like one man, and that man a hero," he wrote—a tribute rare indeed from a captain of those days.

The painting shows the ship from a gull's-eye view revealing the entire deck plan. The crew are seen engaged in a frantic effort to secure the jib and rescue the foresail, which has parted and is about to blow away. An enormous sea seems about to engulf her.

But the Flying Cloud, like many another good ship, weathered the Horn to arrive at the Golden Gate in the amazing time of 89 days 21 hours from New York. On her return home a rip-roaring celebration was held in her honor, in the course of which she was presented with a copy of her log printed on silk in letters of gold.

Wonderful days those! The ships are gone now. But their memory is kept alive wherever these old ship portraits are preserved. The stories of their exploits will be told wherever there are Americans whose forbears sailed the seas.

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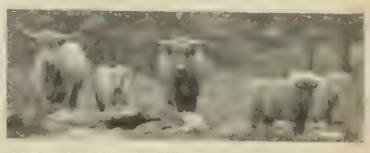

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SPRINGER AND COCKER FIELD TRIAL WINNERS: DEPARTMENT NEWS

Fishers Island Springer all age winner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Quirk's F. T. Ch. Wakes Wager of Greenfair

THE time has come to pay tribute to the field trial performers which have been so busily at work in the autumn uplands, but as space is short, this time we will have to concentrate on the Springers and Cockers.

Of course, any discussion of Spaniels and Spaniel field trials must center around Fishers Island. It was on Fishers Island that the merry bustle of hunting Springers was first seen in this country, and though the breed has become popular and spread throughout the land, this little island off the coast of Connecticut is still regarded as the Mecca of the Spaniel world.

The last couple of years outsiders have been getting the glory on Fishers, for the old heroes, Fleet of Falcon Hill. Trex of Chancefield, and the rest—dogs whose names are synonymous with Springer trials, and particularly the wind-swept east end of Fishers where the big trial is held—these old campaigners are getting on now. So it is fitting that new dogs with the fire of youth in their veins should have their chance.

So last year a little bitch, James Simpson, Jr.'s Solo Event, came out of the West, winning at Fishers and practically everywhere else with one of the finest string of performances ever seen in the spaniel game. This year a stranger to these shores, a little dog which came to the Island staggering under a mighty reputation, was the hero. A Field Trial champion in England, champion above all shooting dogs in India, Joseph Quirk's Wakes Wager of Greenfair had a lot to live up to.

But he did. Hunting pheasants in the tense competition of the all-age, his willingness to take orders, and to use his own head, his remarkable ability to mark shot birds, his style and flash, made his American debut a complete success.

However, Wakes Wager is not the only Springer that has been making a name for himself of late. There is for instance, Harry I. Caesar's Hollybrook Wink, winner of the National Amateur at Fishers and beating the whole lot of them Wager included, at Saybrook.

Then there is F. T. Ch. Bryngarw Fireside owned by James Simpson of Wadsworth, Ill., and handled so effectively by the expert Clifford Wallace at Hot Springs. Beautifully trained, and a grand worker, this little bitch was exposed to practically every known field trial temptation in that trial.

Some grand Cockers have been doing things too—most of them well-known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It is a sad fact that in spite of the preeminence of the breed in this country—there are more Cockers than any other single breed—so very few of them are entered in field trial competition. Indeed, if it weren't for a few on the Pacific coast and in

BY GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

the Midwest practically the whole responsibility for the perpetuation of Cocker field trials would rest with one strain—the famous Cocker family stemming from Cinar's Dan and Merlin Mistletoe.

Several members of this Cinar's family have appeared on the pages of COUNTRY LIFE as the winners of our Perpetual Challenge Trophy for field trial Cockers; notably Dr. Milbank's Cinar's Spot of Earlsmoor, field trial champion, recent winner of the Cocker all-age at Verbank, N. Y. Typically, the Cinar's dogs placed first, second, and fourth at Verbank. Eight of the ten dogs in the Cocker all-age at Fishers Island were of this family.

So hats off to the little dogs bred by Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman, Cinar's Spot, Ring, Chunk, Chuck, Soot, and all the rest. If it wasn't for this strain, and the enthusiastic owners who know, and demonstrate, that Cockers, particularly of the English type, are shooting dogs and not mere parlor pets, the Cocker field trial situation would be in a sad plight indeed.

Outside of the field trial world there are a lot of things happening including the Cocker Spaniel Breeder's Club of New England Specialty which is under way as this goes to press, the continuous best-in-show winning of Mrs. Austin's Ch. Che Le of Matson's Catawba the near-perfect Peke whose wins are so constant that they are scarcely news at all, and considerable interest in our idea of a guest department on this page for the sponsors of the less-known breeds of dogs.

THERE have been many requests for articles by people whose favorite breeds are not yet in the public eye, and several requests for discussion of some breeds which are very much in vogue—including three breeds of Retrievers. Others suggested include Briards, Field Spaniels, American Water Spaniels, Border Terriers, and several others.

Well, we will try to give all of them their day. Starting with a short discussion of Briards in the next issue. So, space being scant this month let's conclude with an appealing letter by Richard F. Baker who has some mighty good reasons for wanting to read about Chesapeakes:

"You have invited readers to express preference with regard to featuring a breed of dog in your department each month.

"My choice is the Chesapeake Bay Retriever for two reasons: (a) The breed does not get the publicity it deserves as the one truly American breed and (b) I own one and am accordingly biased!"

How about some more suggestions?

P. T. JONES PHOTOS

Mr. Harry I. Caesar with F. T. Ch. Cinar's Ring, winner of the Cocker stake at Fishers Island

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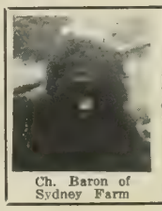

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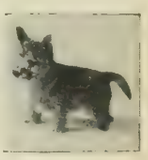

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The Young Sportsman

THIS is a very good page. Every drawing as well as the photographs of Madeline Moote's sculpture has real merit. For originality as well as good composition and drawing, Mattie Lou Donaldson's "Surf Caster" wins the five dollar prize. However, all of you should feel pleased as your drawings were selected from more than a hundred sent in.

Next month's subjects, "My Back Yard," "Winter Evening," "The Blizzard."

Remember all contributors must be under 18 years of age and all contributions should bear your name, age, address and signature of parent or guardian that it is your own original work, neither copied nor traced.

WHY IS JULIA IN THIS PICKLE?

Answer will be found on page 55

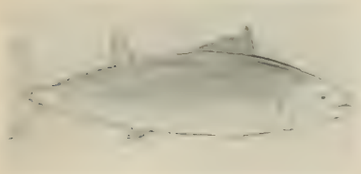
Drawn by Jean Braclay Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.; aged 14

Drawn by Virgil Ray Stover, Prosperity, W. Va.; aged 11

Drawn by Julia C. Fox, Cazenovia, N. Y.; aged 13

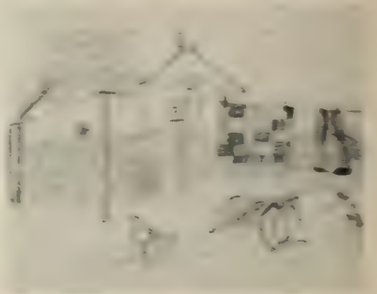
Drawn by Paul De Teresi, North Andover, Mass.; aged 17

Drawn by Jack Kehr, Oklahoma City, Okla.; aged 11

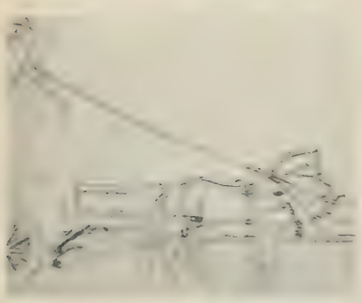


Drawn by Dick Bartling, Camden, N. J.; aged 10

Drawn by Mattie Lou Donaldson, Hammond, La.; aged 13



Drawn by Polly Stone, Sioux Falls, S. D.; aged 13



Drawn by Amelia Fisher, Eccleston, Md.; aged 16

Drawn by Dick French, Holmdel, N. J.; aged 11

Drawn by Edward B. Brooks, Eau Claire, Wis.; aged 16

This sculpture was created and photographed by Madeline Moote, Tulsa, Okla.; aged 17

Drawn by Don Johnson, Kansas City, Mo.; aged 17

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1941

by the celebrated SALVATOR

Foreword by WARREN WRIGHT

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NEXT MONTH: Why Do Farmers Plow? by E. H. Faulkner . . . also Louis Bromfield

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THE LAND

A Quarterly Magazine

Here are some samples, much condensed, from the contents of Vol. I, No. 1 (Review of Winter) and Vol. I, No. 2, (Review of the Spring):

THE LAND of this ranch has a happy confident look and produces abundantly as if it enjoyed rewarding us for the love and care we are expending.—*M. S. Oneal, Montana.*

"THOSE WHO LIVE by the side of the cotton fields have for them that deep affection which makes the rustling of corn a merry sound to the Iowan," Hugh Bennett told me. Obviously such talk is poetry. But he knew better than the rest of us that the soil was being sold with the cotton.—*From Countrymen, a department of Rural Profiles, by Jonathan Daniels.*

IF YOU GET an absorption of water you prevent the erosion of soil. *From a practical Field Note by J. E. Noll, Missouri.*

An INTELLIGENT conservation policy is more important than the political bickerings of either major party. The best of theories break down when natural resources are exhausted and pull the standards of living down with them.—*J. N. ("Ding") Darling, Iowa.*

WE HAVE ALLOWED British agriculture to get into a bad state. Our new agricultural policy must look beyond the present war and aim at a permanent reorganization of our land use.—*Dr. Gilbert W. Robinson, North Wales.*

"BEAUTIFUL little brooks, so clear . . . The fisherman's heart seemed to shake the neighborhood."—*Marked While Reading in Herbert Quick's autobiography, One Man's Life, 1925.*

"MY SON," UNCLE KOLIA BEGAN, "don't believe merchants; never believe them; they don't understand anything. For the sake of a good killing they ruin the land for themselves and for everyone else. The land is not interested in making you rich. It wants to feed you, and it will take care of you if you take care of it."—*From a Memoir, 'My Grandmother's Battlefield' in Old Russia, Alef de Ghize.*

ISAAC PHILLIPS ROBERTS, born of upstate New York soil, never went to college. But he dedicated Cornell's agricultural college as its first Dean: "That it may be developed by skill and cherished by instructed intelligence." They asked him to conduct a Farmers' Institute and the Church was the only place open. Boldly he mounted the pulpit, opened the Book, found his text: Luke 13:8—"Dig about it and dung it." *From the first of a series of historical pieces sketching powerful American Countrymen, not long dead.*

FIELD COVER and its food for game animals were destroyed on top of the destruction of the forest. Frantically our sportsmen spend nearly a million dollars a year, much of it in the forlorn hope that our excellent state Conservation Department can conjure game birds and animals back on to a landscape which will not support them.—*Paul V. Sears, Ohio Landscape.*

RIME FOR THE NEW DEFENDERS: We took an old neglected farm to free it from time's nagging harm; to give it back its lost estate. That is its right. That is its fate. We dig the acres, give them seed, uproot the all pervading weed, and vines and orchards plant again to drink the fructifying rain . . . The ancient people whose long toil from wilderness reclaimed this soil, with voices vibrant in the air, are thanking us for all our care. And some past owner long reborn blows lustily on plenty's horn to quicken to its teeming birth the life still dormant in this earth.—*Caroline Hogue, Virginia.*

IN THE COMING ISSUE (REVIEW OF THE SUMMER), OUT OCTOBER 1, we shall have The New Patriotism, a stirring article by Stuart Chase; A Piece of Land by Louis Bromfield, the autobiography of a successful part-time farmer; and further Footnotes on The Holy Land by Walter Lowdermilk. Field Notes will cover practical findings on farm refrigeration in the South, power tillage in the West, grass culture everywhere. Foreign Correspondence from Canada, South America, the Caribbean and a special dispatch from England telling what farmers say of a war regime which dispossesses sloppy farmers. *Notes & Letters, Countrymen, Marked While Reading and all the usual departments.*

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VOL. LXXXI JANUARY, 1942 No. 3

OUR COVER

"Sport in the South—Quail Shooting," in which Aiden L. Ripley's water-colors so faithfully catch the mood and atmosphere of days afield in South Carolina, is the subject of this month's cover. Reproduced by courtesy of the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop.

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PETER VISCHER, *Publisher* FRANCIS BREWSTER, *Circulation Director* • *Published monthly by* POLO MAGAZINE, INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 1270 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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COUNTRY LIFE is obtainable in the United States and all other countries in the Pan-American Postal Union, at $5 for one year, $8 for two years. In Canada, $6 for one year, $10 for two years. In all other countries, $7 for one year, $12 for two years. Entered as second-class mail matter November 3, 1941, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers are requested to send notice of change of address five weeks before it is to take effect. Failure to send such notice will result in an incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must be given. *Please report all changes direct to us.* ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York, 1270 Sixth Avenue. Chicago, Archer A. Kung Company, 410 North Michigan Avenue. Seattle, Wash., W. F. Coleman, Henry Building. San Francisco, Cal., W. F. Coleman, 550 Montgomery Street. Los Angeles, W. F. Coleman, 530 West Sixth Street. Miami, Fla., Sylvan G. Cox, Ingraham Building. COUNTRY LIFE is printed in the United States of America, Copyright, 1942, in the United States and Great Britain by POLO MAGAZINE, INC.

Calendar

RACING

To Jan. 15	Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.
To Feb. 17	Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La.
Jan. 14-Mar. 7	Hialeah Park, Hialeah, Fla.
Mar. 9-Apr.10	Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.

HORSE SHOWS

Jan. 3	Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn.
Jan. 10-17	National Western Horse Show, Denver, Colo.

DOG SHOWS

Jan. 11	Newark Kennel Club, Newark, N. J.
Jan. 20-21	Sarasota Dog Club, Sarasota, Fla.
Jan. 24-25	Golden Gate Kennel Club, San Francisco, Calif.
Feb. 11-12	Westminster Kennel Club, New York, N. Y.
Feb. 14	Elm City Kennel Club, New Haven, Conn.
Feb. 14	Greater Eastern Kennel Club, Richmond, Ind.
Feb. 15	Muncie Kennel Club, Muncie, Ind.
Feb. 21-22	Dayton Kennel Club, Dayton, O.
Feb. 22-23	Eastern Dog Club, Boston, Mass.
Feb. 26	Genesee County Kennel Club, Flint, Mich.
Feb. 28	Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

Jan. 24-25	Golden Gate Kennel Club, San Francisco, Calif.
Feb. 1	North Shore Dog Training Club, Chicago, Ill.
Feb. 22-23	New England Dog Training Club, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS (Pointers and Setters)

Jan. 2	Louisiana Field Trial Assn., Baton Rouge, La.
Jan. 5	All-America Field Trial Club, Brownsville, Tenn.
Jan. 5	Pinehurst Field Trial Club, Pinehurst, N. C.
Jan. 10	Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, Banning, Calif.
Jan. 12	Georgia Field Trial Assn., Waynesboro, Ga.
Jan. 13	Plantation Owners Bird Dog Assn., Estill, S. C.
Jan. 19	Continental Field Trial Club, Quitman, Ga.
Jan. 24	Setter & Pointer Club of California, Sacramento, Calif.
Jan. 26	Florida Pointer & Setter Club, Jacksonville, Fla.
Jan. 26	Southeastern States Amateur Championship, Orlando, Fla.
Jan. 26	National Field Trial Club, Shuqualak, Mass.
Feb. 2	Southern States Amateur Championship, Hernando, Miss.
Feb. 2	The Quail Championship, Albany, Ga.
Feb. 7	California Quail Championship, Los Angeles, Calif.
Feb. 9	United States Field Trial Assn., Holly Springs, Miss.
Feb. 15	Ada Field Trial Assn., Ada, Okla.
Feb. 16	National Amateur Quail Championship, Holly Springs, Miss.
Feb. 22	Marion Conservation Club, Ocala, Fla.
Feb. 23	Memphis Amateur Field Trial Assn., Memphis, Tenn.
Feb. 23	National Field Trial Champion Assn., Grand Junction, Tenn.
Mar. 16	Virginia Amateur Field Trial Assn., Orange, Va.
Mar. 26	Northern Indiana Field Trial Club, Winamac, Ind.
Mar. 28	Sewickley Kennel Club, Sewickley, Pa.
Mar. 28	Central Ohio Field Trial Club, Mt. Victory, O.
Mar. 30	Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Assn., Leedstown, Va.
Apr. 8	English Setter Club of America, Medford, N. J.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

Mar. 16	Texas Breeders Assn., College Station, Tex.

HEREFORD SALES

Jan. 5	Turner Ranch, Sulphur, Okla.

HOLSTEIN SALES

Mar. 30	The Capitol Sale, Harrisburg, Pa.
Mar. 30-31	28th Anniversary Sale, Waukesha & Watertown, Wis.

LIVESTOCK SHOWS

Jan. 10-17	National Western Stock Show, Denver, Colo.
Feb. 6-15	Fat Stock Show, Houston, Tex.

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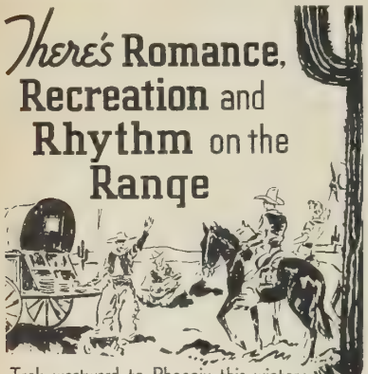

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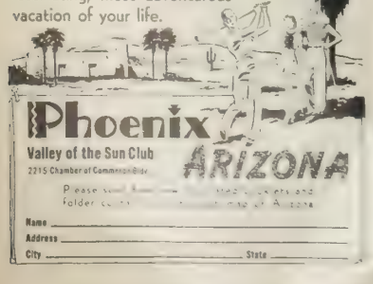

Mar. 5-9	San Angelo Fat Stock Show, San Angelo, Tex.
Mar. 13-22	Southwest Exposition & Fat Stock Show, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mar. 26-29	Southwest Louisiana Fat Stock Show, Lake Charles, La.

SKI TOURNAMENTS

Jan. 1-2	Valley Farm Competitions, Quebec, Can.
Jan. 1-3	Invitation College Week, Lake Placid, N. Y.
Jan. 3	Novice Ski Races, Yosemite National Park, Calif.
Jan. 4	Colorado Women's Meet, Winter Park, Colo.
Jan. 4	Weekly Slalom, Badger Pass, Calif.
Jan. 5	Bear Mountain Jump, Bear Mountain, N. Y.
Jan. 10-11	Wisconsin State Combined Championship, Milwaukee, Wis.
Jan. 10-11	Lebanon-Dartmouth Dual Meet, Lebanon & Hanover, N. H.
Jan. 11	Minnesota State Jumping Championship, Coleraine, Minn.
Jan. 11	Westchester County Jump, White Plains, N. Y.
Jan. 17	Gold & Silver Ski Test Races, Badger Pass, Calif.
Jan. 17-18	Jeffers Cup, Sun Valley, Idaho.
Jan. 18	Classes A, B, C & D Jumping, Truckee, Calif.
Jan. 18	Colorado Ski Runners, Winter Park, Colo.
Jan. 18	Roosevelt Trophy Jump, Bear Mountain, N. Y.
Jan. 25	Mt. Shasta Snowmen, Mt. Shasta, Calif.
Jan. 25	Invitation Downhill & Slalom Races, Snow Valley, Calif.
Jan. 25	Central Slalom-Downhill Championship, La Crosse, Wis.
Jan. 25	Albuquerque Club Meet, LaMadera, N. M.
Jan. 25	Open Jumping Championship, Snoqualmie Pass, Wash.
Jan. 25	Central U. S. Jumping Championships, Beloit, Wis.
Jan. 25	Dodge Winter Club Slalom, Badger Pass, Calif.
Jan. 25	New York State Jumping Championship, Rosendale, N. Y.
Jan. 25	Massachusetts Junior Downhill Race, Worcester, Mass.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1	U.S.E.A.S.A. Jumping, Cross-Country & Combined Championships, Salisbury Mills, N. Y.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1	Downhill, Slalom & Jumping Meet, Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1	Four-Way Junior Championship, Mt. Rainier, Wash.
Feb. 1	Rockford Club Meet, Rockford, Ill.
Feb. 1	St. Paul Club Meet, St. Paul, Minn.
Feb. 7-8	National Jumping Championship, Duluth, Minn.
Feb. 7-8	Four-Man Team Race, Wausau, Wis.
Feb. 7-8	Women's Inter-City Meet, Quebec, Can.
Feb. 7-8	Aqua Piedra Club Meet, Aqua Piedra, Colo.
Feb. 8	Homewood Club Jumping Meet, Homewood Park, Colo.
Feb. 8	Dubuque Club Meet, Dubuque, Ia.
Feb. 8	Seattle Club Meet, Seattle, Wash.
Feb. 12-15	Banff Winter Carnivall, Banff, Alberta.
Feb. 14-15	Downhill, Slalom & Combined Championships, Mt. Spokane, Wash.
Feb. 14-15	Steamboat Springs Club Meet, Steamboat Springs, Colo.
Feb. 15	Gogebic Range Club Meet, Ironwood, Mich.
Feb. 15	Munising Club Meet, Munising, Mich.
Feb. 15	Blue Mountain Club Meet, Tollgate, Ore.
Feb. 21-22	National Classic Combined & Cross Country Championships, Brattleboro, Vt.
Feb. 22	Ishpeming Club Meet, Ishpeming, Mich.
Feb. 22	Downhill & Slalom Championships, Sun Valley, Idaho
Feb. 28-Mar. 1	Central Four-Event Championship, Iron Mountain, Mich

ART EXHIBITIONS

Jan. 1-25	Mercaton Collection of Antique Maps; American Glass Exhibition, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.
Jan. 1-31	Sculpture by Pierre Ganine; Pictorial Photography, Los Angeles County Museum, Calif.
To Jan. 3	Exhibition of American Negro Art, Downtown Galleries, N. Y.
To Jan. 3	Drawings & Watercolors of Show People by Walter Kuhn, Marie Harriman Gallery, N. Y.
To Jan. 3	Art Works from Eight Latin American Countries, Norte Galleries, N. Y.
To Jan. 4	"American Rooms in Miniature," Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
To Jan. 4	"America South of the United States"; Children in Early American Prints, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
To Jan. 4	One Man Show by Theodore Sohner, Barbizon Plaza Art Galleries, N. Y.
To Jan. 4	Christmas Exhibition, Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.
Jan. 4-Feb. 1	Photographs by William Vickery and Margaret Bourke-White; Prints by Albert Abramovitz; European Primitive Paintings, Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass.
Jan. 5-24	Paintings by Stephen Etnier, Milch Galleries, N. Y.
Jan. 5-Feb. 14	One Man Show by Reginald Wilson, Perls Galleries, N. Y.
Jan. 6-17	Water Colors by Saul Raskin, Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.
To Jan. 8	Works of Jerome Myers, Ross Moffett & Lamar Dodd, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
Jan. 8-25	Selections from the Print Library, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
Jan. 10-Mar. 1	"Shoes International," Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
Jan. 20-31	Paintings by Frank Tenney Johnson, Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.
Jan. 23-Mar. 8	Work of William Sidney Mount & John Quidor, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
To Jan. 25	Early Chinese Art, New Jersey State Museum, Trenton, N. J.
To Jan. 25	"Mary Cassatt"; Selections from Mrs. Sadie May's Collection; "The Development of the Portrait"; "Dance Photographs," Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
To Jan. 26	"Art in Life," Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
Feb. 3-14	Paintings by Alphonse J. Shelton, Grand Central Galleries, N. Y.
To Mar. 14	"Scenery for Cinema": Prints by Matisse and Picasso; Work by Baltimore Water Color Club; Photographs from the Flaherty Documentary Films; Sculpture by Zorach; Memorial Exhibition of Ben Silbert; Paintings by Max Weber, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.

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Letters

DUSTBOWL BECOMES "MUDBOWL"

To the Editor:

This is to advise you that the membership of The Tulsa Farm Club is showing quite an interest in your magazine. A number of our members have told me that they thought this magazine would greatly improve the average farm owner's attitude toward country life. In other words, it would raise the level of country life.

The picture of the Dustbowl which you have on page 21 of the November issue, I believe will create the wrong impression among your readers in thinking that this country is still a Dustbowl. I have had an opportunity to observe the wonderful change which has taken place in what was one time known as the Dustbowl. The fact of the matter is that the Dustbowl is no more. It is commonly referred to at the present time as the Mudbowl.

The last time I drove across the panhandle of Oklahoma was in late September of this year where they have had some 34 to 35 inches of rainfall in 1941. Instead of the dust and blowing wind which you have shown in your photograph on page 21, you now see an enormous growth of crops, particularly sorghums.

As far as the eye can see this land is producing many tons of grain sorghums per acre. A more productive spot does not exist between Oklahoma and California. In short, the plains country people have learned their lesson and the weather man is smiling on them again. I believe your readers should know this. I am sorry that I do not have a photograph of this year's crops to send for you to use in place of the one shown on page 21.

Charles D. Thomas,
Tulsa, Okla.

WORK HORSES

To the Editor:

As a reader of Country Life I have become acquainted with, and greatly respectful of your writings on livestock and wish your advice on the following matter:

My family have just purchased a fairly large farm in Orange, Virginia, and at present we are looking for a team of light work horses. I do not know much about horses, hence this letter. I know we do not want a heavy draft horse as the land is too rolling and therefore I think a horse somewhere between 1000 and 1300 would be about ideal.

I sort of shy away from the mules because I have always been a lover of pure breeding and beautiful lines, and I don't feel that mules represent the ultimate in either of those details!

What I would like to know is what you would consider the best horse for us considering the fact that any horse chosen would have to stand up under heavy work on rolling land.

I have considered the Morgan and wonder if they are large enough as I would especially like to buy two mares so that I can breed them in the very near future for additional working horses.

I would also like you to give me a rough estimate of the value of a mare in the breed you'd advise, both open and bred. What is the best age at which to buy such a team?

E. Irving Eldridge,
Glencove, L. I.

How about some suggestions from readers on this?

UTILITY DOG

To the Editor:

Am enclosing a snapshot of my Irish setter, female, Int. Ch. Verbu Norna Oogh, C.D.X., U.D. She recently passed her tracking test and thus became the first, and so far the only, Irish Setter to win the

Miss Schweitzer's Irish Setter, first "U. D." in the breed

Utility Dog title. Thought you might be interested in having her picture.

Emily Schweitzer,
North Brook, Ill.

CELLAR AND PANTRY

To the Editor:

May I tell you how very much I enjoy the Cellar and Pantry department? If more men would write about food it seems to me the average American dinner table might not be the uninteresting thing it is to contemplate at most parties. So do go on writing about sophisticated cooking. Here is a little present for you. The way my little cook does strjng beans.

For one pound string beans cut into thin slivers, add two tablespoons chopped chives or green onion tops that have been sauted with one half cup bread crumbs in two heaping tablespoons butter; it's quite good.

Mrs. John Winford Byers,
Santa Monica, Calif.

MILKING SHORTHORNS

To the Editor:

May I be permitted to reply to the letter by Allton Dunsford, Winchester, Mass., in the November issue of Country Life?

First. I want to defend the wealthy owner of a farm and herd regardless of the breed he prefers.

His province as I see it, (and in most cases I believe he is sincere in his effort) is to use his wealth to the end that a more constructive breeding program can be followed, thereby producing better sires to be available to thinking farmers and breeders who desire to improve their herds. This is a real service not to be overlooked because, perhaps at a loss, the wealthy owner of a farm operates it for such a worthy cause. So much for that.

I feel sure that on 150 acres of land in Massachusetts there is too little scope for specialized beef production because the "calf a year" returns would not be sufficient for a good living.

If straight dairying was practiced and cattle of the so-called dairy breeds used, I doubt the soundness of such a procedure because the concentrates would nearly all have to be purchased and the cast-off cows would not salvage enough over cost of milk production to be practical or profitable. Buildings and equipment would be another item that for the average farm of this size would represent an investment that would require better-than-average cows to cope with and such cows would require the best of care and housing or they would not produce.

The fact that Milking Shorthorns are rugged cattle and stand severe climates, make the most of good rough feeds (where most of the milk comes from), produce on good average farm care 8,000 to 10,000 lbs. of 4% milk and a carcass at the end of their usefulness as milkers that sells at the top of the market, makes them ideal for the farms such as Mr. Dunsford mentions. Steers, too, can be raised and profitably fed. When it is a question of the greatest profit it is profit over cost that we are interested in.

Milking Shorthorn cattle have been the mainstay of England for over 100 years and rich and poor alike find them the most profitable cattle to own.

Try them, Mr. Dunsford, in comparison with any breed under average farm conditions in Massachusetts or anywhere else. Two ways of making profit offers the greatest security on the average American farm.

W. J. Hardy,
Chicago, Ill.

IRISH SETTERS

To the Editor:

I am terribly disturbed by the Irish Setter article carried in a recent issue. To say the least, I believe it is most discrediting to our dogs as show animals, and for a magazine which is sponsoring purebred animals it certainly makes some far from purebred suggestions that could easily be misinterpreted. In short, I believe to the public in general it sort of gives the Irish setter the black ball, and says they are beautiful but the hunting instinct is all bred out of them.

I say nonsense!

I am thoroughly familiar with the writings of Mr. Lytle and enjoy the amusement most of his stories and books afford. I realize in the past that he has had some fine winning field dogs. But what does he know of the dogs we are breeding today? Is he a breeder of show dogs? Did he ever try hunting over purely show-bred stock of today, present day show champions or comparable specimens? I am afraid not, for if he had I am sure he would not say that our show dogs have no hunting instinct. I can say this not only for my own show kennels, but for a considerable number of our other prominent show breeders. They are definitely not neglecting the hunting instincts of their stock.

I sincerely respect this man's ability as a writer but suggest that he confine his remarks to subjects he knows something about and which he is at present participating in.

I hope in the future your magazine will be more careful before publishing any more articles of this type.

Jack A. Spear,
Tipton, Iowa.

To the Editor:

I was very much surprised to find that Jack Spear took exception to Mr. Lytle's fine article on Irish Setters. I thought Mr. Spear was interested in the Irish Setter as a high-class field dog. He comes to Ohio to hunt pheasants over his dogs and I have read that he was interested in field trials.

Mr. Spear is too young to have had personal experience with many generations of the Irish Setter. I have bred nothing but Irish Setters since 1916, and from 1896 to 1916 I bred English Setters that had won on the bench and in the field more than 900 times. I also did a lot of

Country Life

takes pride in announcing a series of articles to appear during 1942 on

FARM PROBLEMS

by

Louis Bromfield

Louis Bromfield came from a family of farmers. It is in his blood. He wanted to be a farmer from childhood, but his father disagreed; his father wanted him to be a writer, so that he could some day be a farmer on his own terms.

He became a writer—and a good one. ("The Rains Came," "Night in Bombay," "Wild is the River," his latest; "The Song," "The Strange Case of Annie Sprague.") But in becoming a writer he left his native land for fifteen years. He traveled across the world. He lived in France, on a farm. He went to India, Africa, Sweden, Germany—everywhere—because he wanted to see what was being done with the earth. The first place he always visited in any country in which he happened to be traveling was the agricultural station.

"I saw," he says, "that the prosperity and civilization of any country I visited depended upon the condition of the soil."

When the lunatics began emerging in the Old World, Louis Bromfield came back to America; his wife, his children and he. They went back to his native soil, Ohio. The day after he got off the boat he selected the farm he has today, a poor run-down farm in Richland County. He could have bought the best farm in the Black Swamp Region, but he knew it would have bored him to death. He wanted a place where he could do something for the poor hills which had been treated badly and were in need of help.

What he has done and what he has learned at Malabar Farm will become apparent to our readers through his writings. We believe they will form some of the most important pages yet printed in this magazine. . . . Yet printed in any magazine that reflects the American way of life.

field trial and bench show judging, so I know a large number of the best breeders.

During the winter of 1916 and 1917, I tried out 42 of the best Irish Setters I could find, and I only found two that I thought were worth keeping. They were both sired by Ch. St. Cloud's Kenmore, one out of an American bred bitch and the other from an imported bitch.

Field Trial men of the early twenties will remember that I claimed I could tell any dog sired by Kenmore, and I proved this while judging the Northern States trials at Morris, Minn. There was a bitch started in those trials and she had not been down more than three minutes when I made the statement that I would bet anything I possessed that she was sired by Kenmore. I was right. She was down against the best in the country, they were hour heats and, although this bitch was thirteen years old, she nearly won that stake. That line of breeding produced more style and class than any other I have seen, and I think it is as Mr. Lytle pointed out in his article.

First, Mr. Johnson, who owned Kenmore, knew dogs; he knew conformation and he kept his dogs on game continually, shooting over them at least three months each year. Kenmore was shown from coast to coast, nearly always going to winners, but when he did not, the reports will show that he was short of coat.

In those days most of the kennel magazines reported the dog shows, which I think would show up a lot of judges of today; I often wonder what such judges as Major Taylor, James Watson, James Mortimer, A. F. Hochwalt, Joe or B. F. Lewis would think if they were to see some of the Irish Setters of today which are champions. When the smaller shows get to using sporting dog judges for sporting dogs, then the bench show dogs may get some place and the shows will get entries.

My wife and I were watching the judging of the class for the best English Setter at one of the larger shows a few years ago, when the judge noticed us and came over and said: "Ollie, did you ever see so many dogs in the ring at one time with such rotten feet?" I told him that was just what we were talking about. He said: "When those dogs were first led into the ring, I thought they were a good bunch of dogs, but when I got to going over them, I was disgusted." This was a large class of dogs, several Champions among them.

Any man who knows conformation and has looked over Irish Setters, knows that you find a lot of them with very poor hindquarters, you often hear their running described as the "Irish Setter gait." No breed has a smoother gait than a *real* Irish Setter, nor can any dog go faster or longer. He also has as much bird sense as any dog, but very few have any style or class. I claim the Bench Show Standard is right—but how many dogs are judged according to that standard?

In the last two or three years I have bought several bitches. The sire and dam of all of them were either a bench champion or had produced champions. I wanted these for an outcross. One of these came from the same breeder that produced Mr. Spear's Ruxton's Molly O'Day and was by the same sire, but any of these were a long way from being real field trial dog, I mean the major trials, and I think that is what Mr. Lytle's splendid article referred to.

O. H. Neimeyer,
Prospect, O.

To the Editor:

I read Mr. Lytle's article on Irishmen in Country Life, and am heartily in accord with him on the performance of the breed. As Mr. Lytle knows, I own Smada Byrd's Lady. There is *one* little bitch that has the range, speed, stamina, and field trial conformation equal to any of the Pointers and Setters.

I have looked for two years for a stud dog of the right kind to breed her to. Have raised two of them but both were lacking in some way or other. I bred her full sister (one year older) to Patric O'Williams, then bred a pup of that litter to Sandy The Scamp, a litter mate of Lady.

Ten of the twelve pups were sold to J. Reid of Buffalo, N. Y., and three of them are booked for the Canadian circuit. I kept two males. They are seven weeks old and both retrieving, smart and intelligent but nothing a bench man would take a second look at; maybe I will have a stud dog next year.

There is one thing I would like to do and that is take on any Irish Setter in the United States to run one hour against Smada Byrd's Lady for range, speed, stamina and conformation, provided I had 30 days to get her in shape for the hour heat.

They asked me last spring at the Utah trials if I was going to run that "wild Irish Setter." I took her down thinking they handled form horseback and would have run her but didn't when I found they handled afoot.

I had her out with two sportsmen one day a week ago. She pointed three singles and the hunters missed all three. Lady stood looking around her for a little while, then took off down a beet row for about 200 yards caught a cripple and brought it back to me just as much as to say, "if you can't hit them I will go get them for you."

W. B. Williams,
Jerome, Idaho.

THE Editor's Cornucopia

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, cold but sunny, and I was painting the cow barn red and white. I wasn't killing myself with work, you know, just passing the time, getting a little sunshine and exercise after a week at the International, and sort of mulling over in my mind, between strokes, how this fellow Rembrandt ever got such a reputation.

Actually, I was hanging around because at 4 o'clock the steers were to be given their first taste of Pleasant Valley Sauerkraut—silage to you—and I was curious to see how they were going to like it. We had brought them up from the lower pastures that morning, inoculated them, and put them into the new dry lot that had been so carefully prepared.

SKETCHES BY GORDON ROSS

Promptly at 4 Fred came out of the door of his cheery little house, crossed the road, walked briskly through the paddock and appeared at the cow barn. He looked like a broker on his way to the bank, tall and straight and gray, all business, and quite as solemn. I was reminded that on Sundays our roles are reversed, at least so far as appearance goes; *I* look the farmer and *he* the owner. And to make sure that this doesn't sound snobbish I hasten to add that he looks better than the owner at all times—even when he looks like the broker.

As you can see, no matters of cosmic significance were passing through the air around our cow barn. At least that's what I thought. I kept on painting and Fred hustled around getting a wheelbarrow under the silo. The steers looked at us in wide-eyed amazement, probably wondering what in the world was coming next.

They didn't have to wait long to find out.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT PLEASANT VALLEY FARM

"The Japs have gone to war with us," said Fred quietly. He might just as easily have said that the steer on the end don't look so good.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"The radio just said that the Japs have declared war," he replied, "bombed Hawaii and the Philippines."

So war came to Pleasant Valley Farm.

There wasn't much to say. We fed the steers; they liked the silage. Fred fed the horses and I went down to the stream to get a mare and bring her up to the barn. I tried to settle in my mind once more whether it's good or bad to leave a Thoroughbred mare out all night in the cold. But somehow I kept thinking about my sister and her husband in the Philippines and the little girl they had sent to Hawaii for protection.

I thought about the war, too. About how I had been convinced that we weren't ready for war and how I had opposed, with all my heart, every move to get us involved. How incredibly stupid I had thought it was to pursue a policy that could only end in getting us something we didn't want. How certain I had been that the only time to wage war is when *you* want it, not when the other fellow decides it suits *his* convenience.

I thought again how unbelievably senseless war is. And why the human race, supposedly most intelligent of the animals, cannot grasp this simple idea and hold it.

But . . . that's all water over the dam now.

Another simple idea has forged to the front, for the time being obliterating all others. And that is that there's only one thing to do with a war—*and that is win it.* You don't want to finish second in a war.

It was very heartening, on a swing I made through the Middle West on my way to and from the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago, to see the important place given to the farm in the minds of people intent on defense. Apparently there is no one who does not now understand that the farm is just as much a factory for defense (and now war) as the foundry and the machine shop.

Food is every bit as important to the successful completion of the task before us as guns and planes and tanks . . . and warships. And the machines that produce food are quite as essential as the machines that produce guns and planes and tanks . . . and warships, of which apparently we are going to need a new supply. The slogan "Food Will Win the War" is far more than a flight of poetic fancy, particularly if you add the important phrase, "and Write the Peace."

It is clear, then, that the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, along with all others who live on the land, face a deep responsibility, a rare privilege, which is to do their full intelligent share toward the efficient production of our agricultural requirements. For many of our readers this means a dual responsibility, a dual privilege, for many of them are already earnestly engaged in battle on the industrial and the professional fronts.

The magazine's task is clear, too: make sense, do a useful job, *help to the utmost to win the war.*

CITY-FARMERS AGAIN

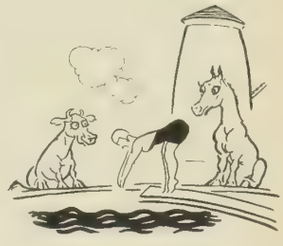
There's an ebullient red-headed scrivener around named Tom O'Reilly, who used to be a newspaperman but now works for PM. He dropped in at the farm the other day with his nice wife and, in tribute to his reporter days no doubt, promptly did a story on the city-farmer movement.

He told of the city folks who are "switching from dictaphone to manure spreader on a newly purchased farm." He told of the rural byways crawling with "ex-subway straphangers who think crop rotation was invented by a drum major and that the first requirement of any honest farm is a tile swimming pool." He spoke at length of the "pavement ploughboys registered in city-farmer clubs" all over the country. He grew positively lyrical about "The Defender."

Obviously, poor old Reilly, self-sentenced to the sidewalks of New York and a life so unlike the true Life of Riley, not to say another word about the embarrassment of his connection with the thing called PM, is consumed with envy. Burning with jealousy. So wistful he has even lost his sense of accuracy.

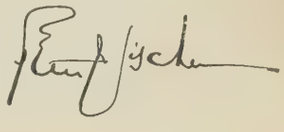
"In his Radio City offices," wrote Tom, "Mr. Vischer is a typical Metropolitan publisher, but on the farm he goes completely rural. . . . I caught him wearing a green Tyrolean hat, with brush, dull blue turtle-necked jersey, maroon smoking jacket with sash, and lambskin slippers that made him look like a hick right out of Brooks Brothers' window. . . ."

'Tain't true. It was not *dull* blue.



You know, some city-farmers get quite wroth when someone teases them about the life they have had brains enough to choose. They object to being kidded about life in the country. I don't mind a bit. I think it's great.

Sakes alive, I get such pleasure out of living on the land that I want everybody to have a piece of it with me. If they can get even a fraction of the fun I get by kidding me, then I'm all for it. I'll laugh twice as hearty when they start back to town and traffic and I take the dogs out for a walk in the open fields—that is, if I can nudge the lazy loafers away from in front of that fireplace.



LORENE SQUI

THE BEAVER COMES TO SAVE US

by FRANK G. ASHBROOK

"The beaver—symbol of American land policy and use. The first great lure to the New World was beaver; a seven-year war was fought over the fur trade before the United States was conceived. The first great industry in North America was the extermination of beaver; it lasted two hundred years. Now, almost too late, we are calling on the beaver to reclaim our soil, 'a more profitable business than John Jacob Astor ever did with all his cargoes of peltry.' At last we see the law of balance in Nature: the creature whose extermination was our first Big Business is put to work to save us from our own abuse of the land."—Quotation from Prof. Walter Havighurst.

THE North American fur trade began accidentally—a chance outgrowth of the codfish trade. Since beaver was the Indian's most valuable fur, quite likely the fur trade began with the exchange of a beaver pelt for a codfisher's knife. Beaver pelts became a medium of exchange in the North American colonies.

The dam-building beaver, or master engineer as he is called, is known to most people in the United States. His unusual ability in building dams and constructing canal systems has led to considerable speculation as to his intelligence. Some scientists minimize the mental capacity of this rodent and stress what they term his "specialized instinct."

Call it what you may, the capability of the beaver cannot be denied. Perhaps the unusual ability some men have for making money is not always the fruit of intellectual effort, but likewise a "specialized instinct."

Beaver, the builder of a continent, has never received the credit due him. Like others of rank and importance, he is social, a home and community builder, a monogamous mate; these ideals he maintained in all the desirable water habitats of North America.

He founded Canada and is the emblem of that Dominion. He was a powerful influence in colonizing the eastern United States and led the movement for westward expansion. His was the life-blood of the early explorers. The Indians gave beaver fur first place because of its warmth and softness, backed by a tough skin.

Beaver pelt was the standard of value in barter among Indian tribes, long before the advent of the white man. It became the currency of the fur trade. Kings' hats were made of beaver fur; incidentally men wore more fur than women.

The beaver was the object of pursuit by the Indians, to whom he furnished food and clothing. Yet beaver was everywhere abundant until the colonists from Europe appeared upon the scene and commercial trade in pelts began. Von der Douck, patron of Yonkers, writing in 1656, stated that "80,000 beavers annually were killed in New Netherlands. The first cargo of merchandise sent from New Amsterdam to Old Amsterdam in November 1624, included among other furs, 7,246 beaver skins."

That beaver fur early became an enormously profitable business on this continent is attested by the fact that an Indian trapper could be induced to part with his winter's catch, worth hundreds of dollars, for a blanket or two and a bottle of rum—and perhaps not very good rum.

As this trade developed and the colonists took to trapping as a business, the number of beavers near the settlements diminished, and the pursuit for their fur was extended farther and farther from the centers of population until the beaver was exterminated from many sections and nearly so from others.

The pelts were shipped to Europe and the fur was used in making hats. The demand became great in the last half of the eighteenth century. After a time, however, the use of muskrat and nutria fur prevented the threatened destruction of beaver.

When silk largely took the place of fur in manufacturing hats the demand for beaver fur decreased further and the skins were of little value until new methods of dressing them by plucking out the guard hairs and exposing the lush underfur came into use. After this, beaver became a fashionable article of apparel and the increased demand for it was met by trapping great numbers in the western territory. Prior to the first World War, the chief supply of beaver had to come from the far North.

In 1916, the Canada beaver, represented in the United States by local races, was to be found only in widely separated localities east of the Rocky Mountains. Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota had a few colonies, and a scattered remnant persisted in the wilder parts of the Appalachian Range.

West of the Mississippi the headwaters of some of its tributaries contained a few, but these usually burrowed in the bank of rivers and rarely built dams or houses. In the Rocky Mountain region and westward, beavers were more common, and their works were seen occasionally in mountain valleys.

The beavers that remained in the United States were in sparsely settled regions or in places where they were protected by landowners. Their fur value and threatened extinction brought about the tardy enactment of protective laws, but in some states legislation came too late.

Twenty states had no protection for beavers up to 1913, yet a few of them had scattered colonies left within their borders. If closed seasons had not been speedily established in states still having beavers, this animal would have been doomed to extinction. In more recent years, protective laws have played an important part in reestablishing beavers in more than half the states.

The return of the beavers brought complications with reforestation, lumbering, farming, road construction, irrigation and angling. Many complaints were legitimate, others purely prejudiced. The necessity for controlling beavers was apparent. Rather than kill them the logical procedure, considering their value in watershed, soil and water conservation was to transfer the offending colonies to more suitable habitats. But, as in game protection, it requires time to adjust legal provisions to the requirements of conservation and make them effective by strict enforcement.

In some states, property owners, upon making complaint of damage done by beavers, may obtain permission from the State Game or Conservation Commission to kill them and sell the pelts; in others this fur becomes the property of the state and is sold.

Unfortunately, trappers can often take beavers without being detected, and in some states where trapping them is unlawful, it may be done under the pretext that it is for the protection of property.

Loopholes in the laws, laxity in enforcement and a market for illicit furs have largely contributed to the development of a bootlegging racket in skins. This became such a flourishing business that legitimate fur handlers were practically forced out of business.

Federal and state officials worked cooperatively in the open and under cover to eliminate such bootlegging rings. Many were apprehended and served long sentences for engaging in this illicit traffic. Just so long as an illegitimate market for beaver pelts exists, illegal traffic will continue.

The landscape has changed since pioneer days: beavers are sometimes not wanted today. Owners of

BEAVER SOUNDING THE ALARM — LORENE SQUIRE

summer resorts, water companies and trout fishermen complain that beavers make the streams muddy by tearing down and rebuilding their dams. But investigation has shown that many times the trouble was caused by torrential rains.

Vandals have demolished the dams to see the beavers repair them. As a rule, beavers do not demolish their own works, but keep them in constant repair.

Farmers are primarily interested in crops that furnish food for humans and livestock. Fur, as a crop from the land, is not given much consideration, even though it gives a winter income to country folk of forty to fifty millions of dollars annually.

Streams flowing through farm lands provide beavers with homes so located as to enable them to damage vegetable and grain crops. Hay meadows are flooded, orchards are damaged, wood lots suffer, and rich soil is carried away when floods result. Irrigation and diking districts are damaged by extensive burrowing. The necessity for controlling beavers in such situations is apparent.

The Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior was quick to realize this. Restoring and establishing the beaver permanently as a natural resource was a problem for study. It occurred to us that it would be a wiser policy to treat the beaver as a valuable resource worthy of cultivation than as a nuisance to be suppressed or eliminated.

We learned early that rather than kill them and take the fur, the logical procedure was to transfer them to a more suitable habitat. Ideal places were found on streams in national and state forests and parks; wildlife refuges and private estates away from roads, trails and cultivated fields.

Our field men went to work and developed live beaver traps, holding pens, methods of transporting and restocking beavers. By working in this manner we made converts who believe in the beaver as a force in flood control and the conservation of water.

These ideas developed an appreciation of the economic possibilities of the beaver among farmers, stockmen and foresters, as well as officials of other Federal agencies in charge of public lands. In due course the viewpoint found wider acceptance.

Observation over years shows that our far-sighted policy with respect to the beaver as a factor in soil and water conservation and in restoring an important fur resource is being recognized and appreciated. Federal and state agencies are reforesting on a large scale for watershed protection. Beavers can play an important role in these developments if they are introduced on mountain tributary streams that drain from large watersheds.

Beavers are responsible for building up valuable bottom lands by checking, through pond construction, rapidly flowing flood waters filled with soil, thus permitting sedimentary deposits. Many fine meadows in the United States had their origin in the industry of the beaver, which built dams, cleared away trees, and when its artificial lakes were finally filled with silt, removed to other localities.

For many years in the West and Midwest the work of live trapping and transplanting beavers has been in progress. Areas in the national forests, national parks, state forests, and reclamation projects have been stocked with beaver.

The chief reason for backwardness in recognizing the possibilities of heavier production was doubtless the very novelty of the situation. The idea of the beaver as a source of income was new to present generations and the questions arising in connection with its management and control under modern conditions are new anywhere.

When reference was made to the beaver's intelligence it was not necessarily meant to imply that it gambolled in the field of abstract speculation, but rather along (*Continued on page* 56)

We Need A Cavalry!

Why Should the United States Lag Behind Other Great Powers in the Military Use of Animals?

by MAJOR GENERAL JOHN K. HERR, Chief of Cavalry

All foreign armies except the English use animals in great numbers. I will consider only the greatest, Russia, Japan, and Germany, with special attention to the German as first in efficiency.

From the most reliable sources available, it appears that the Russian Army has more than 1,000,000 animals; the Japanese Army has more than 375,000; and the German Army includes, as a conservative estimate, more than 960,000 animals.

The American Army has 50,000.

Breaking down these figures further, we find

	For Cavalry Use	*For Draft and Pack*
Russian Army	200,000	800,000
Japanese Army	50,000	325,000
German Army	50,000	910,000
American Army[1]	25,000	12,000

As the German Army is the most efficient in the world, let us compare further the use of animals in the German and U. S. Armies.

For cavalry purposes: Germans, 50,000; U. S., 25,000.

Although the Germans have but one cavalry division, while we have two, they use much more cavalry than we do for reconnaissance purposes. They have more corps cavalry regiments than we have, except that theirs are made up of bicycle squadrons and marching horse squadrons. They also have smaller horse groups, often a troop, as reconnaissance groups for their marching divisions.

We have no horse reconnaissance groups with our marching divisions and small mechanized reconnaissance groups with only nine of our divisions. Eighteen of our marching divisions have no reconnaissance groups, either mechanized or horse. The Germans have a scouting platoon of 30 horsemen in each marching infantry regiment. We have none.

For artillery purposes: Germans, 464,000; U. S., 11,000.

For draft and pack other than artillery: Germans, 446,000; U. S., about 1,000.

Thus we see that by far the greatest discrepancy existing in the use of animals between the German Army and our own Army is found in the use of draft and pack animals, chiefly draft. Why is this?

J. J. GREGOR PHOTOS

Cavalry can perform some duties impossible for mechanized units

First, let me tell you that the Germans have approximately 25 mechanized divisions, 35 motorized divisions, and 245 marching divisions, *i.e.*, those where the infantry walks. We have five mechanized divisions, one motorized division, and 26 marching divisions. It is in the marching divisions that we find the differences.

In the German marching division all the artillery and practically all the other transportation, whether of supply or fighting echelons, is drawn by animals. In our divisions there is not a single animal; all our vehicles are motorized.

Why this striking difference?

The Germans claim that there is no reason for using motors where animals will do as well. Animals can draw vehicles as fast as men can march so why use motors with marching divisions? The Germans use great fleets of motor vehicles to bring supplies from bases to the divisions. Thus it is motors for the long haul and horses for marching transportation. They believe also that it is wise to balance the use of resources.

Although we are the greatest motor country in the world, we have vastly more animals than has Germany. With more than 10,000,000 horses and nearly 4,000,000 mules in this country, why should we not achieve a similar balanced use?

Although I have tried to find out why we insist on using motors for tasks which the horse can do as well or better, I have yet to find any convincing answer. I do not believe there is any adequate answer. If we used animals to the same extent as do the Germans, over 4,000 per infantry division, we would need 100,000 more animals, chiefly of the draft type. About 50,000 of them would be for artillery use.

What does the Chief of Field Artillery,

[1]In remount depots and for administrative purposes, etc., 13,000.

Actually, the cavalry of today takes advantage of mechanization just as usefully as do other units of the modern army

Major General Robert M. Danford, think about it? I quote from one of the addresses to which he still adheres.

"At this time, it seems appropriate for me again to make a few remarks with reference to the oft recurring argument of horse versus motor, and to state my views thereon.

"I have frequently remarked that I believe the easiest thing the Field Artillery could accomplish today would be to eliminate the horse completely from the arm. Congress and the country are definitely machine-minded and many brilliant officers simply cannot see horse-drawn Field Artillery except as a relic of a bygone day. Student officers at our service schools, and commanders and umpires in our maneuvers, do not like to be slowed down by a horse-drawn artillery. In our map room we magnify the importance of strategic mobility, while we ignore almost completely bad weather, bottomless roads, and their effect on battlefield mobility.

"*It is my belief that in war every means and agency procurable* will be utilized in the prosecution of the war. It is conceivable that, as in the last war, the steel capacity of our country can not satisfy the well nigh insatiable demand for airplanes, tanks, motor vehicles, guns, ammunition, bombs, manufacturing machinery, civilian needs, etc., and that someone in authority will say to the then Chief of Field Artillery, 'Animals *can* be used by you—this country's horse population is enormous. You must plan to utilize it to the fullest extent possible.'

"I can see no argument about this matter myself. The motor is far superior to the horse in some situations, while the horse is superior to the motor in others. For light division artillery, the horse still remains superior as a prime mover off roads through the mud, the darkness and the rain. He does not scrape open his belly on a rock, he does not fall off an embankment, he does not smash his head against a tree, and he still works a bit longer when his fodder is exhausted. In other words, the horse *can* be used by us, and he still remains superior to the motor, in what are usually the most difficult situations involving the emplacement of guns to support the jump-off of the division infantry at dawn. To discard him during peace in favor of the motor, 100 per cent, is simply putting all our eggs in one basket, and is, in my judgment, an unsound policy. There is today a minimum of argument regarding this matter within the Field Artillery itself. We have pretty well accepted the idea, that with the National Guard 100 per cent motorized, the Regular Field Artillery officer is not 'horse or motor,' he is 'horse and motor,' and must qualify himself to utilize both to their maximum degree of efficiency."

THE situation so wisely forecast by the Chief of Field Artillery is now here. We cannot now fill the insatiable demand for airplanes, tanks, motor vehicles, and other war supplies now vitally necessary for the equipment of our own forces and those of our friends. The time is now here when we should utilize the horse to the fullest extent possible, thereby releasing the products of industry for other vital needs.

This is obviously a matter of plain common sense. Although we are now over-motorized, this can be adjusted by replacing motors by horse-drawn vehicles in at least one-half of our marching divisions and by using animals in all marching divisions to be formed in the future. Will we be wise enough to do this? I doubt it. The motor-mad advocates are obsessed with a mania for excluding the horse from war. This idea always gets a favorable press.

The German armored force-air team has profoundly influenced the trend of present warfare. It has restored the war of movement. Why? First because of perfect teamwork. Second, because the tanks are invulnerable to the small arms fire of rifles and machine guns. Third, because the Germans have had overwhelming air superiority. Superiority which not only swept enemy aircraft from the skies and secured complete information of enemy movements, but which by use of Stuka dive bombers and attack planes actively attacked enemy groups endeavoring to block the advance.

Without such overwhelming air support, the swift advance of armored forces would be impossible. Nevertheless the

Germans have restored the war of movement. This has effected to a considerable degree all the combat branches. They have motorized 35 infantry divisions to support more swiftly the fast-moving armored divisions. They have also motorized part of their artillery to move in swift support. Remember, though, that the backbone of the German army is 245 marching divisions which follow to occupy, mop up, and fight when the spearheads are stopped.

This getting into the open is a happy break for cavalry. Unfortunately for the Germans, although they had reconnaissance units for the regiments and divisions, they had but one cavalry division. In the advance into Russia, they lacked the cavalry strength in divisions and corps which would have greatly assisted them. Consequently after the break-through of German armored forces, the Russian enemy often closed in along the line of advance and pinched off vulnerable motorized infantry which followed.

The Russians also frequently interposed between the motorized infantry and the marching divisions. Isolated armored units were surrounded and destroyed. Guerrilla warfare flourished. The tank elements were ambushed by anti-tank units.

Cavalry can cope with all these situations. It will ferret out anti-tank units waiting in ambush. It will protect the flanks of the motorized infantry in battles and form a link with the slower following marching divisions. It will cope with guerrilla warfare. It is well suited to hunt down parachutists. It has the flexibility and mobility which enables it to fill in all the weak gaps.

Under no circumstances should we blindly ape the Germans. If we give scope to our imaginations, we may, by the addition of cavalry, forge the strongest spearhead of exploitation yet devised.

I believe many of our progressive thinkers hold this view. In this connection I wish to quote extracts from a letter of Major Gen. Charles L. Scott, Commanding the 1st Armored Corps, to Major Gen. Innis P. Swift, Commanding the 1st Cavalry Division.

"I wish to express to you and all the personnel of your fine division my appreciation and that of the entire personnel of the 1st Armored Corps for the splendid cooperation and assistance received in forcing a crossing of the Sabine River at Joaquin on September 28, 1941. The successful crossing of this river and the establishment of an effective bridgehead could not have been accomplished in the prompt and efficient manner that obtained without your bridge equipment and without the most remarkably efficient crossing of your horse elements over a foot bridge.

"I regret that the exercise did not continue through another day because I believe that your division could have demonstrated most conclusively that it could assist armored units in their movements forward over difficult terrain and could follow up promptly and effectively the attack of these units after it had been launched."

As many of you know, General Scott was at one time head of the Remount Service and one of our noted horsemen, and it is not surprising that he is able to appreciate the value of horse elements. Thus, strange as it may seem, mechanization, by its great part in restoring the war of movement, has increased the opportunities for the use of cavalry.

The development of fast-moving anti-tank units, the core of which will be self-propelled vehicles mounting guns capable of shooting holes through any tank, will stop armored vehicles just as the machine gun stopped men. Although armored force commanders hold that the only answer to armored units is other armored units, I cannot agree. Theirs is a natural and interested viewpoint because it means more tanks. The answer to the armored knights was also presumed to be more armored knights, but the projectile gave a swifter and cheaper solution.

Likewise, although the present armored units are invulnerable to small arms fire, it is possible to produce myriads of anti-tank weapons to which they are vulnerable and which can be moved around just as fast as tanks and probably faster.

In view of the fact that the present tanks cost about $1 a pound, *i.e.*, a fifteen-ton tank costs about $30,000 while for the same money scores of unarmored vehicles carrying anti-tank (*Continued on page* 55)

J. J. GREGOR PHOTOS

Brought to the spot fresh and ready, the modern cavalry can perform incredible feats, swiftly, quietly, efficiently

AGRICULTURE AND DEFENSE

by WALTER F. DUNLAP

During the course of the International Live Stock Exposition, held last month in Chicago, Mr. Dunlap made a telling and documented plea on behalf of the American farmer to provide him with the tools necessary to do the monumental task asked of him in our present crisis. We believe that every reader of* COUNTRY LIFE *should read this important article with care.

WHEN the administration at Washington announced that America was to be the arsenal and the food-basket of Democracy, "business as usual" should have ended. It has not. There are too many today who see in the defense program mostly an opportunity for profit; too few who see in it an obligation.

We have been told that the need is for airplanes, tanks, guns, munitions, and food, and that not the least of these is food. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has stated "food will win the war and write the peace." Officials of the administration have repeatedly said "the nation that sits at the peace table, with adequate food supplies, can dictate terms that should mean an enduring peace."

The Department of Agriculture has established quotas. I assume they are based on the needs of the emergency. I have wondered if the nonchalant method in which these quotas were accepted was justified. Was the goal so easy of attainment

	1940 PRODUCTION	1942 QUOTA	INCREASE	% INCREASE
MILK	112 BILLION LBS.	125 BILLION LBS.	13 BILLION LBS.	11.6%
CATTLE	18,125 MILLION LBS	20,844 MILLION LBS	2,719 MILLION LBS	15%
HOGS	17,840 MILLION LBS	18,732 MILLION LBS.	892 MILLION LBS	5%
SHEEP	2,230 MILLION LBS	2,274 MILLION LBS	44 MILLION LBS	2%
SOYBEANS	4.96 MILLION ACRES	7 MILLION ACRES	2.04 MILLION ACRES	41%
CHEESE	770 MILLION LBS	1,185 MILLION LBS	415 MILLION LBS	54%
COND & EVAP. MILK	2,540 MILLION LBS	3,904 MILLION LBS	1,364 MILLION LBS	54%

CHART I

—did it take so little effort? Let's take a look and see.

I have here a chart showing the agricultural production needed for defense. I wish I had the space to place before you the facts as to the difficulties of meeting any of these quotas. But I haven't, and so I am going to confine myself to the presentation of the difficulties in meeting but one quota, *viz:* that of milk. But I believe many of the conditions that surround this product surround the other products as well, and if that be true, the goals are far from easy of attainment.

The administration has asked for 125 billion pounds of milk. This is an 11½% increase over the production of 1940. Is an

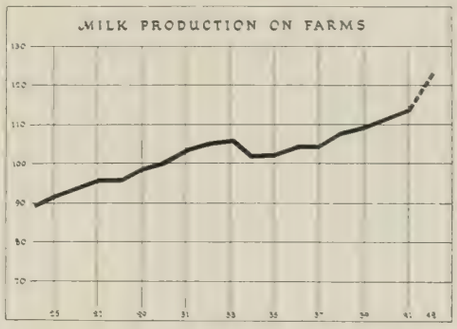


CHART II

11½% increase in two years easily attainable? Perhaps past records will help us in coming to a conclusion.

Here is a chart of the milk production since 1923—the earliest point of which I have been able to obtain records. Please

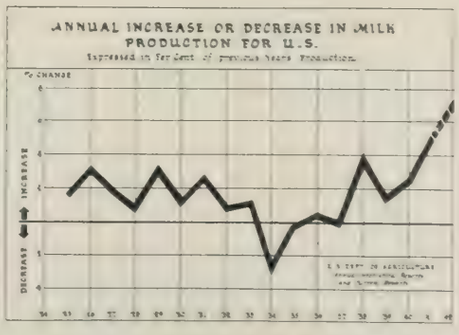


CHART III

note that while milk production has been steadily growing, at no time has the increase been anywhere near the proportionate increases now asked for.

Perhaps I can make these records clearer by placing the production of milk on a percentage basis, showing you the increase or decrease each year over the previous year. Please note that this chart shows that the greatest increase over the previous year, of any year since 1923, came in approximately 1938, and that increase was only 4%.

1941 has been a wonderful year for forage. Yet the government figures just out state that the increase in the productivity per cow in 1941 has been but 1%, and we are called upon for an 11½% increase in two years. The government likewise states that the increase in the number of milch cows has been but 3%. To me, roughly speaking, this means that 1941 will show us an increase in milk production of approximately 4% over 1940, leaving 7½% increase for 1942 if we are to reach the goals that are set.

Now there are only two ways in which we can reach these goals. First, by increasing the number of milch cows; sec-

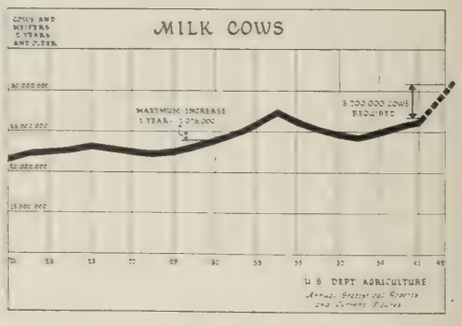


CHART IV

ond, by increasing the yield through better feeding and better care. The average productivity per cow in 1938 was 4,520 pounds. It would take approximately 4 million more cows to give us the increase that is asked!

Now let us see how great has been the increase in cows in the past. Here are figures since 1923. Today we have approximately 25 million cows. Note that the greatest increase that we have ever had during the period is an increase of about a million cows.

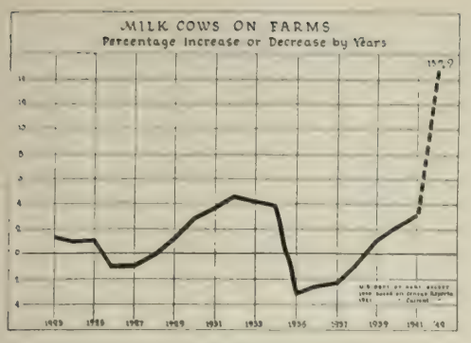


CHART V

In 1941 we increased the number of cows approximately 750,000, which is far short of the 4 million goal. Perhaps the increase needed would be clearer if we put it on a percentage basis. Note the greatest increase we have had in the past is approximately 4%, whereas it would take a 15% increase to add enough cows to produce needed quotas. If we are to get an increased production per cow, and an increased number of cows for the nation, these increases must come through increases made by the individual farmer, for farmers are individualists.

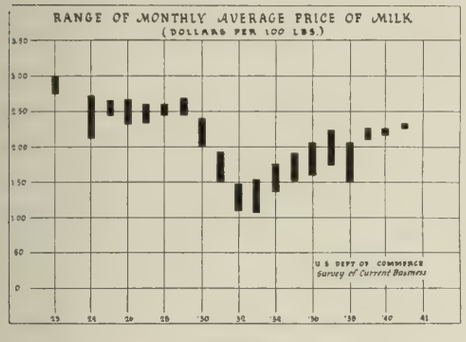


CHART VI

Naturally the thought comes to mind—will not the profit motive, if prices are sufficiently high, induce farmers to take steps to increase their herds and their milk yield? Well, let's see. The price for milk

CHART VII

today is from $2.00 to $2.20, I believe. This is not the highest price that has been obtained in the milk industry, so suppose we look at milk prices for a moment.

May I call your attention to the fact that in 1923 milk prices were over $3.00. Now if the profit inspiration is going to be sufficient, then surely we should have had great increases in the milk yield in 1923 and 1924. So let us compare milk prices to milk production.

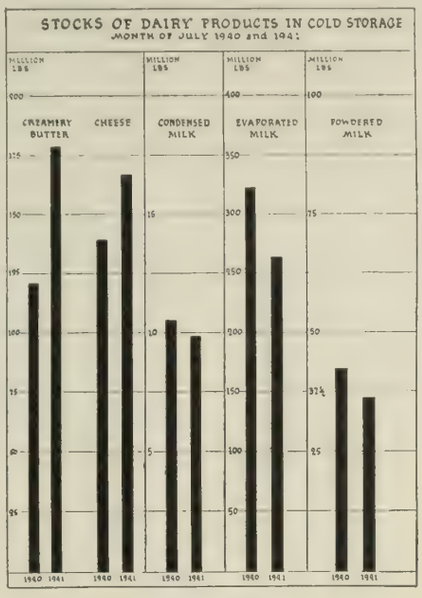


CHART VIII

I think you will have to confess that the milk prices did not seem to greatly increase the number of cows or the production per cow, in the past. And in passing, just let me show you the record of the amount of milk products on hand.

Please note that while in July of this year we were high in butter stocks, compared to previous years, that our stocks of cheese, evaporated milk, powdered milk,

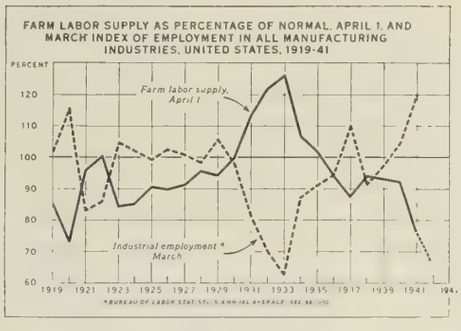

FARM LABOR SUPPLY AS PERCENTAGE OF NORMAL, APRIL 1, AND MARCH INDEX OF EMPLOYMENT IN ALL MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES, UNITED STATES, 1919-41
PERCENT
Farm labor supply, April 1
Industrial employment * March

CHART IX

are lower than normal. But, if we are to obtain this increase, it must come through increased herds and increased production per cow. This means, first of all, better feeding.

I have been told that we cannot obtain much greater production unless we can feed more concentrates, and to do this it will be necessary for the United States Government to release some of the surplus commodities that it has on hand. Let us suppose that this is accomplished. We now need more labor to do this better feeding. And the other method that I suggested—better care—also requires more labor.

Well, if we are to obtain this increased production by better feeding and better care, it means more labor. Let us take a look at the labor picture on the farm. Here is the picture of the supply of labor, both industrial and agricultural. May I call to your attention the fact that as the industrial employment goes up, agricultural employment has gone down. May I further call your attention to the fact that the amount of labor available on the farm today has shrunk over 60%.

The last available figures put out by the government show about 60% off from the peak and still declining. Their more recent *statements* have said that the situation was getting worse. If the decline continues at the rate it is traveling, it is close to 70% less than the maximum. Probably the maximum was unnecessary—a product of the depression.

Now the government tells us that we

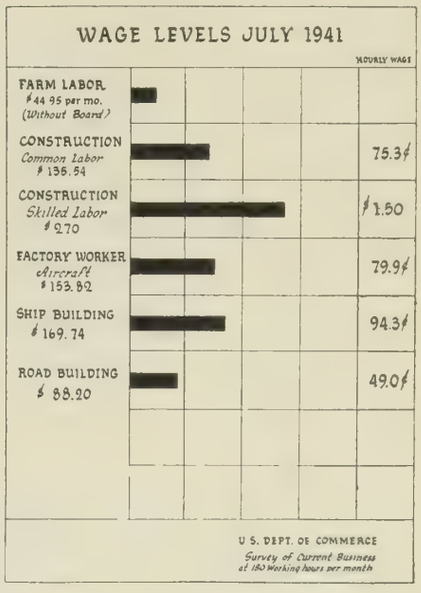


CHART X

have turned over so far about 15% of our industrial production to defense production and that before we are through, this will increase to at least 50%. Furthermore, it is generally understood that the amount of manpower necessary will not be available, and that as in the last war, it will be necessary to employ a great many women. In the past, in the face of the demand of industry with its higher wages, it has been impossible to hold labor on the farm. Let us see what the wage situation was as of July, 1941.

The price of farm labor, without board, was $44.95 a month, whereas the price paid for common labor in construction work was $135.54. A skilled laborer in construction work received $270. Factory workers, aircraft, $153.82. Shipbuilding $169.74. Road- (*Continued on page* 64)

California's Liquid Gold

by *JEAN FAY*

"*Un repas sans vin est une journée sans soleil*". . . . I was driving through the miles of vineyards greenly covering the floor of the beautiful Napa Valley as I recalled this old French proverb and the heat made me positive that this would not be a day without sun. I was also fairly certain that the other half of the proverb would find realization because I was going to lunch with Madame Georges de Latour, chatelaine of the famous Beaulieu Vineyards of California. Here in the stronghold of fine wines never would I have to content myself with drinking only water with my food.

A priest was sitting on the veranda as I pulled up before the low, rambling white house. It nestled in a bright carpet of flowers and the green shutters seemed to have borrôwed their color from the overhanging oak trees. At once my imagination put this scene into the Bordeaux country of old France, and I saw the village Curé on his regular weekly visit of dining with the aristocratic vintners who lived in the nearby chateau.

It fitted so perfectly into my idea of the de Latour family, and it reminded me that the Church, connoisseur of fine wine, truly belonged at Beaulieu because this had been one of the most famous official wineries for sacramental wines allowed to operate during the prohibition era. This privilege not only gave value to the quality of Beaulieu wines but it meant that they were able to offer properly aged wine from a well-stocked cellar.

Awakening to the realization that this lovely scene—the formal French gardens, the begonia-filled hothouse, the wideswept veranda—was California, not faraway France, I hurried up the steps to greet my hostess.

Madame de Latour is a fairly tall woman whose whitening hair has softened and beautified her strongly-molded features. Her pride in the vineyards and her charm and graciousness are a credit to the husband whose life was devoted to the production of fine wines, and who must now look down from above with happiness at the way his work is being carried on.

The seed of this great Beaulieu Vineyard was planted in 1856 when one of the oldest wine-growing families in Bordeaux, France, welcomed an infant son and named him Georges de Latour. Reared in a vicinity famous for its wine, young Georges developed his natural heritage, and having heard of the wine produced by the Spanish Padres in faraway California, determined to use his knowledge in this new land. Thirty-five years after the discovery of gold had made California known to all the world, Georges de Latour arrived and began studying the various regions of northern California to find the best climatic and soil conditions for the fine quality wine he hoped to produce.

He soon settled on the Napa Valley near Rutherford as the ideal spot, and began planting cuttings of choice grape varieties which he imported from his native France. Gradually he added to his acreage, and endlessly experimented with different blends. Finally in 1900 he considered that he had produced a wine suitable to be offered to the public, so he opened a winery on his property. Then from the fertile, gravelly soil which needs no irrigation but receives enough moisture from the annual rains, he gathered grapes of many French varieties. With the aid of an old hand press he brought forth the golden and dark red liquids which after proper fermentation and ageing delighted the palates of California connoisseurs.

This is the background of Beaulieu whose French name, beautiful place, does not adequately describe the Napa Valley. There should be some word that transcends beauty, that contains more earthy qualities and at the same time embodies a heavenly peace. The name is indeed suitable for the lovely house over which Mme. de Latour presides.

In the glassed-in sunroom where we dined with wine in truly French style, palest lime coverings on green chairs put a blanket of coolness on the outside heat. Indoors each room was complete in every detail—hangings of fascinating chintz brought from Europe—lovely old pieces of Provencal furniture—colors blended to perfection, and yet no two rooms alike.

Loveliest of all was the hostess' favorite, the newly-decorated dining-room. Here an old Spanish dining-room set of dark Cordova leather was offset by walls

The small son of a grape picker playing in the vineyard while his parents work

of pickled oak, a deep red carpet and an exquisite screen of Chinese lacquer. Two beautiful Provencal sideboards and a tall Provencal clock attested to the French heritage of the de Latours.

With a five-course lunch, we tasted four of the delicious wines which are so typical of the quality attained by California growers. From roots all imbedded in this fertile valley we tasted wines which represented types indigenous to various French provinces and the Rhineland. First a Riesling, then a Burgundy, then a Cabernet and finally a dessert wine. Their bouquet, clarity and roundness proved that California wines have a distinction all their own and need no comparison with European vintages to attest their worth.

I was delighted after luncheon when Mme. de Latour asked the superintendent of the vineyards and winery, J. J. Ponti, and the enologist, Andre Tchelistcheff, to accompany us on a tour of inspection. I knew they would possess the wealth of information I needed.

First I pounced on Mr. Ponti, a sturdy man of the soil with white mustache and balding head, a man who for 35 years, by the side of Georges de Latour, nursed the vineyard from its infancy. Before he came to California in 1907, he had lived in Italy in the province of Lombardy by the shores of beautiful Lago Maggiore. There he had pursued the trade of stonemason, and the story is told that he was a foreman and Benito Mussolini was one of his gang. Now they are a world apart in profession, opinion and geography, yet as I listened to the fascinating story Mr. Ponti had to tell I was convinced that he must surely be the happier of the two.

As we drove through acres of heavy-laden grape vines, Mr. Ponti told me that all but 35 of Beaulieu's 500 acres are under cultivation. Ten different types of grapes all growing out of cuttings from France are trellised with wires and an eight-foot space is allotted between tiers of grapes. There is no arbitrary picking, that is, the harvest is not guided by the calendar, but each type of grape is picked at the right state of ripeness to insure the proper balance between sugar and acidity. Rather

H. FLANNERY AND C. HANSEN PHOTOS

Georges de Latour decided that the fertile, gravelly soil of the Napa Valley was the ideal spot to plant grape cuttings from his native France; above is one of the Beaulieu vineyards as they are today

H. FLANNERY AND C. HANSEN PHOTOS

Dagmar de Pins, granddaughter of Mme. de Latour, Beaulieu's owner, chatting with Pierre, one of the workmen

than waiting to blend when the wines are made, the different varieties of grapes are blended during crushing. In one place we stopped to admire the Pinot Noir grape which is said to produce one of the finest burgundies made, a revelation in taste to even experienced wine-growers.

Mr. Ponti indicated some vines of lighter green and said that they were young vines and did not produce abundantly until four years after planting. Incidentally all the planting, grafting, and making of cuttings is done right at Beaulieu by experienced wine-growers. For about four months of the year the workmen, mainly of French and Italian extraction, cultivate the gravelly soil with the aid of three Diesel tractors. In December the pruning is done by hand by about forty workers, who also tie up the stalks of the vines in anticipation of the next year's harvest.

In another spot, Mr. Ponti showed me the Pinot Chardonnay, a shy bearer from which the treasured Beaulieu white burgundy is obtained. With pride he pointed out the Cabernet Sauvignon, a rare type of Bordeaux grape from which the famous French Bordeaux wines are made, and which produces the Beaulieu Cabernet which was awarded the Gold Medal at the Golden Gate International Exposition in 1939.

I asked him which grape was responsible for the delicious Riesling we had at lunch. He credited two kinds of grapes, Johannisberger Riesling and Franken Riesling both of which come from cuttings found in the Rhineland.

Looking over the vast acreage I asked about how many tons of grapes must be harvested to yield the 250,000 gallons of wine annually pressed at Beaulieu. I was told that about 1600 tons of grapes are brought in from the vineyards and poured into the great hydraulic presses at harvest-time to make this quantity.

As our tour progressed to the winery itself, Mr. Ponti, my white-haired informant, was joined by Mr. Tchelistcheff, the enologist whom Mr. de Latour found in France three years ago and brought to America as he considered him the finest man of his profession to be found in Europe. This small, dark man with darting, birdlike eyes told me that he was born a Russian, and his knowledge of blending fine wines was first learned in college in Prague and the Paris Experimenting Station. He trained under Professor Marsay, who was Professor of Enology and Viticulture in Grignon, France, and an international expert at the Institut National Agronomic in Paris. His fifteen years' experience before coming to California was gained through work in Jugoslavia, Hungary and France.

In one end of the winery were tremendous vats where the new wine is put for fermentation, which takes about ten days. As we moved on, the barrels grew smaller and smaller till we reached the rows of small oaken casks in which the wine is aged just before bottling. Even after bottling, Beaulieu wine is binned, that is, laid on its side in long rows of shelves or bins, and kept in an immobile position for at least six months. No wine is ever sold until it is three years old.

With great pride Mr. Tchelistcheff opened the doors of what looked like an enormous safe, and as a breath of hot air greeted us, announced that this was their new sherry room where for two years small oaken casks of sherry were kept at a heat of 125 degrees to insure the proper ripening of the pale, dry sherry which resembles the Spanish types.

After a rapid conversation in French between Mme. de Latour, the superintendent, and the enologist, it was decided that we should see the almost completed new wing. There we saw the spacious, sunlit laboratory assigned to Mr. Tchelistcheff, the new bins designed to hold 200,000 additional bottles, the extra space to contain one thousand 50-gallon barrels insulated to remain at constant temperature the year round, the new labeling and shipping room, and the reception room where visitors and wine-tasters can relax in Old World surroundings and sample the choicest California wines.

As I looked around and noted the various labels I recognized two famous types of Beaulieu wine. One was the Georges de Latour Private Reserve Cabernet. This is the wine that has received such high praise from wine connoisseurs. It is the wine which at a recent dinner attended by the head of the San Francisco Wine & Food Society and other well-known wine-tasters, was served with two of most famed French Chateau clarets, and was judged to be as fine as the European vintages, and to pos-

This rustic vine-covered building, which looks as if it had stood through the ages, is the Beaulieu winery

There is more to Beaulieu than the vineyards; the above view of the exquisite sunken garden hints at the peaceful beauty surrounding the house

sess a quality and distinction which placed it in a class by itself.

The other label which attracted my eye was that of the delicious Muscat de Frontignan, the sweet, nutty wine which we had been served with dessert. There are only a few acres of this grape in America, and Beaulieu possesses a large percentage of them, so this is indeed one of their treasures.

Like all wise wine-growers who realize that as far as wine is concerned America is just emerging from the Dark Ages, Mme. de Latour told me not to worry too much about the kind of wine to serve with various courses and kinds of food. She said the important thing was to drink the wine you like, to learn how much food is improved by wine, and by exploring the delightful mysteries of taste, to gain a true appreciation of all wines.

Above, Dagmar de Pins by the pool

A de Latour family group: Marquise de Pins, Richard de Latour, Mme. de Latour, Dagmar de Pins, Marquis de Pins

Although Mme. de Latour is proving to be a good business woman in carrying on the work begun by her husband, she does not find the life of a wine-grower all work and no play. In summer she has a constant stream of houseguests who covet invitations to Beaulieu. Here they can sink into the peaceful beauty of the countryside, enjoy the exquisite sunken garden and spreading lawns, shake off lethargy by a game of tennis on the well-kept court, or take interesting walks to the neighboring vineyards, where in September and October they will find the grape pickers at work while their children spend the day playing nearby.

The de Latours are not the only fine old family who have chosen this method of living on the land. Right next door, young John Daniel operates the Inglenook Vineyard which also produces fine wines. From Beaulieu can be seen the knobby steeple of the old Inglenook winery built by the Danish pioneer, Captain Niebaum who is John Daniel's grandfather.

Mme. de Latour's daughter and son-in-law, the Marquis and Marquise de Pins, with their sub-deb daughter Dagmar, are frequently at Beaulieu. So is her son, (*Continued on page* 41)

Dear Diary

The Sportswoman's Diary

December 17th 1941

I magine women hunting big game in the British Columbian Rockies! Always considered a pastime for he-men only, the altitude, sub-zero temperatures, snow, back-breaking work and sometimes dangerous game would seem more than enough to discourage the so-called weaker sex, but not Helene Fischer and Baroness Gina de Rosen! Miss Fischer, ski champion, rifle and shotgun expert, photographer extraordinary has shot game all over the world, and the Baroness also a photographer and writer has gone with her.

So the elk, moose, mountain goat, and bear of the Rockies didn't have a chance, but, here is the most remarkable part of the story- they had girl guides! Since the war women have undertaken many men's jobs in Canada including the ranch work on Mrs. Elmore h. Staple's S Diamond Ranch at Skookumchook, B.C.. Two of these girl ranchers took Miss Fischer and the Baroness into the mountains, pitching camp, scrambling over crags, loading pack horses, dressing game; the same work men guides would do. (W)as the trip successful? Look at Miss Fischer's pictures and see!

Men's work! But the girls take it in their stride

Baroness Zina de Rosen tries her rifle and (below) it was just as cold as it looks along the Simpson River

Baroness Zina de Rosen and Kay Wade in front of the White Swan Lake hunting cabin; below is Helene Fischer, the mighty hunter with her Elk Creek mountain goat

Above, guide Madeleine and horse wrangler Betty putting up the tepee

A PAGE A DAY . . .

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

Wednesday, December 3, 1941.

In the world of field trials it sometimes happens that smaller, more informal events do more toward molding the future of the sports than the bigger, more imposing ones. That was especially true of the recent trials held by the Gamekeepers Association on the E. Roland Harriman estate near Arden, N. Y. Judged by David Wagstaff and Buell Hollister, both of whom know field trials and shooting from every angle, the idea was to have one dog of a brace seek out the game and the other retrieve; no breeds barred.

Well you have never seen such an assortment of sporting breeds in your life! There were German Shorthair Pointers, and a regular Pointer, Springers, Cockers, Labradors, and Chesapeakes. In most cases the retriever breeds were kept at heel as "non-slip" retrievers while Spaniels and Pointers quartered the ground. However in one brace two Springers cooperated. The dog at heel had to remain steady until ordered to fetch. The dog that found the bird had to stay put while the other one rushed by him to retrieve. All in all, it was a nice test of training since the handlers had to do the shooting as well as control their dogs. Besides being fun and an interesting experiment, perhaps there is an idea there.

P. T. JONES PHOTOS

The winners: Dr. Milbank, Mrs. J. Gould Remick and their dogs

Some of the spectators and competitors watching one of the "teams" hunt for pheasants

Joseph C. Quirk, Mrs. Fraser M. Horn and their Springers about to start hunting

Mrs. St. George, The Henry L. MacVickars and Cin of High Holt

A high bird is tumbled by Mr. Quirk

Mr. and Mrs. Harriman used Labradors; Mr. Harriman is "holding" Shot of Arden while Kilts of Arden retrieves

Swan Song of a Fish

by RAYMOND R. CAMP

C. B. MILLER PHOTOS

Surf fishermen casting for striped bass; this fish has been sadly depleted by commercial fishermen and needs help

WHERE the water swirls over a long bar, rushes headlong through a sandy slough or sweeps with a ragged crest of foam through the rocks, there will you find him. Endowed by nature with the strength to combat the turbulence of the element in which he moves, the striped bass lives the hard way—and, on the Atlantic coast, he is dying the hard way.

That this grand fighting fish, the one real prize of the surfcaster, should be threatened with extinction is a sad thing, but not nearly as sad as the fact that he could be saved. His fate rests upon the whim of a small group of commercial fishermen from a half-dozen states; a group that is blind to the lessons taught by past experience and modern example; a group that has proved it would forfeit tomorrow's dollar for today's penny.

It is almost impossible to believe that the fisheries industry could lack what amounts to elementary foresight. For many years experts of the Bureau of Fisheries have been issuing warnings to the effect that the striped bass was in increasing danger of extinction. Even had the industry lacked faith in these recognized experts, their own catch records should have warned them that unless they were willing to effect some form of self-discipline in the matter of these fish the time would come when it would no longer pay them to haul their nets for striped bass.

When, a few years ago, it became apparent that neither the commercial fisheries industry nor the Bureau of Fisheries had any intention of introducing legislation to protect the striper, the sportsmen decided to take steps. Although a number of the recognized experts and ichthyologists of the Federal Bureau had compiled and published reports in which they stressed the desperate plight of this fish, the Bureau did not, as might have been expected, lend their support to the efforts of the sportsmen. Quite the contrary, they either sat stolidly on the fence or, in the person of certain of their local agents, actually opposed the protective measures proposed.

This opposition on the part of an official of the Bureau has been especially noticeable in New Jersey, one of the states where the decline of the striper has been increasingly apparent. In this state the surfcasters have formed an organization backed by approximately 30,000 residents. This group, led by William Mackey, decided that the illness of the striper had passed the stage where it could be cured by sugar pills in the form of partial protection, so they drew up, sponsored and presented a bill before the state legislature which made the striped bass a game fish and took it out of the hands of the commercial fisheries.

IN summing up the stand of the sportsmen of the state, William Mackey, after quoting from the Bureau's own published figures, pointed out that "the time has passed for watchful waiting. The situation, so far as the striped bass is concerned, is desperate, and half-way measures can never bring back this valuable resource that belongs, not only to the commercial fishing industry, but to the people themselves. The time has passed when theoretical solutions and arbitrary size limits may be tried. A major operation must take place if this patient is to be saved, and the sportsmen of this state are determined that it shall be saved."

The tireless efforts of the officials of the New Jersey League of Surf Anglers should serve as an example to the sportsmen of other states who face the same problem. They had a battle every inch of the way, for they were an organization of ordinary, every-day anglers, some of them hardly able to afford the 50-cent membership fee of the League, whereas the commercial fishing industry had plenty of money and an organized lobby.

The League was not selfish in its efforts, for when organizations of similar character in other states inquired as to the best methods to follow and the best arguments to employ, League officials traveled hundreds of miles to Massachusetts and Rhode Island to advise (*Continued on page* 66)

ETCHING BY A. LASSELL RIPLEY

On the Shooting of Quails

by P. P. PITKIN

WELL, well, Scholar, and so you are up betimes, as befits youth! I trust you enjoyed your evening with your new-found southern friends? I, for my part, enjoyed mine, and moreover, turned my leisure to good account. For look you, in a place of entertainment here I made the acquaintance of a gentleman of the neighborhood who has put us in the way of securing sport with the quails of this region, instruction in the taking of which I have promised you.

He is a soft, pleasant-spoken gentleman, though unshaven and gross in appearance. No, he will not accompany us in person for he will be occupied with business concerns. He did, however, take me to one who would accompany us, a blackamoor named Geawge who possesses dogs of what looks to be impure blood and who spends much of his time afield. He will also transport us in his own motor vehicle. As to his person—well, Scholar, I know little of blackamoors.

Ah, here he is now, before our door.

Good morrow, Geawge, I see that you are as good as your word! (Sh! Scholar! Call him Geawge! Although addressing him by his Christian name may seem presumptive on such short acquaintance, I am advised that it is the custom of the country.) Come, pile in, sir, and we will be off!

SEE that you convey us to good ground, Geawge! Upon my word, Scholar, how we do bounce about! Would that we were riding upon our own good thoroughbraces! How strange it seems to be bowling through the lanes of this flat land! How lovely the sight and the odor of these plantations of orange trees. And yonder is a field of stubble where, no doubt, some crop has been harvested. Ah! it seems to be our destination, for good Geawge brings his conveyance to stop.

Is this where we shoot, sir?—I mean Geawge? Good! Scholar, look you to our tacklings. (H'm! Geawge would seem to be bringing forth his weapon, too. This I like not! the more since it is one of those ill-conceived, self-functioning, devil-devised affairs. Still, Scholar, the shooting of quails is new to us. even to me: and while I have great confidence in our ability to bring these birds to bag, it may be wise, eh, sir? eh?)

That is right, Geawge, bring your piece right along, but pray do not discharge it until we so instruct you!

By, Gad! sir, look at those dogs! How they race and gallop. One would think there was a riot and the trained bands called out! Damn it all! Why does he not call them in? Were those dogs mine they would feel my leather, depend upon't! Why, sir, they are near two hundred yards afield!

Hold! they are upon point! See? See? Let us hasten to them forthwith or the game will spring! But honest Geawge hastens not—he walks! Scholar, we will follow his example. We must not forget that in Rome one does as a Roman. Now we draw upon them. Jove! How staunchly they stand! De- (*Continued on page* 47)

Ski Points

by DAVID YORK

SKIING, our youngest sport, has growing pains. It has sprouted too rapidly. It was virtually unknown in this country ten years ago, yet today it claims millions of devotees. It is a gangling adolescent, devoid of wisdom and assurance and experience.

There are those who would disagree with this. They would point to the National Ski Association and its seven divisional associations, to the National Ski Patrol, to the ability of our Olympic stars as conclusive proof that the sport has attained full stature. But it is the average skier who makes the sport, and he doesn't belong to a ski association or compete in big time tournaments. He doesn't compete at all. He reads breathless accounts of thrilling runs down huge slopes, and studies pictures of our crack downhillers with great waves of powder snow spraying out from beneath their boards, and then he buys some skis and goes out in his back yard and falls down.

This discourages him some, but not enough. He goes right on punishing himself. There's an evil fascination about the thing that lures him on. Every now and then he experiences the sensation of flying, not as a plane flies but as a bird does, in great swoops, making a projectile of his body. The sensation is rare and momentary, yet because of it he is willing to endure endless indignities and measureless despair.

The Humane Society should stop this suffering and save the average skier from himself. It might involve a lot of work, but it could be done. It would call for a three-point program, with equipment as point one.

A badly balanced rod, an ill-fitting gun, or any other improper equipment can be a serious handicap, but there's no sport in which poor equipment (*Continued on page* 44)

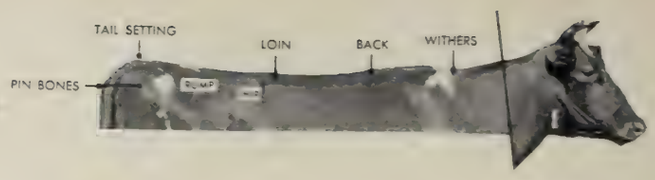
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

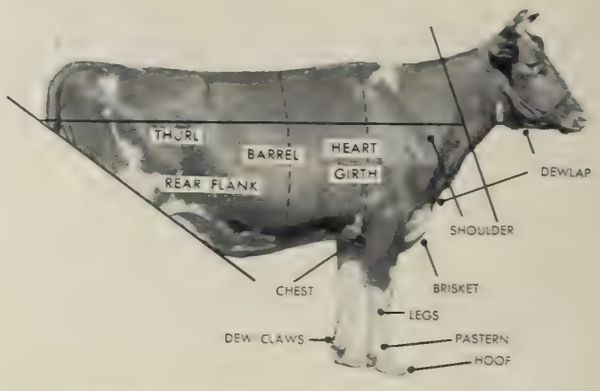
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

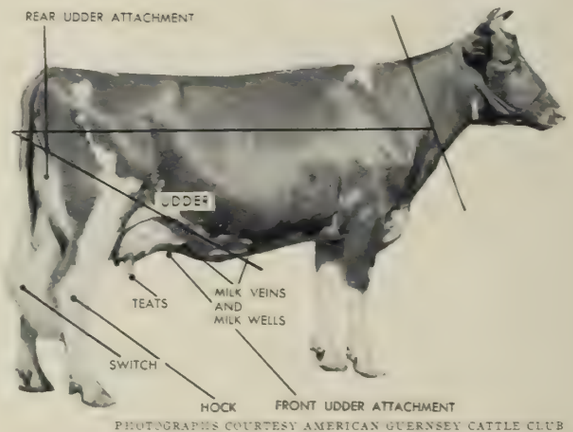
Above, the novice dreams of thrilling runs down huge hills; right, touring on skis through the Laurentians is one of the greatest charms of this region

PHOTOGRAPH ON OPPOSITE PAGE BY JOHN JAY

DAIRY BELLE







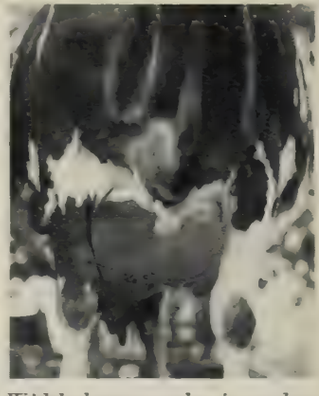
PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY AMERICAN GUERNSEY CATTLE CLUB

What makes a good dairy cow? Heredity comes first of all but a close second is good conformation—without it a cow can scarcely be a heavy producer. Good udders, strong backs, deep bodies, dairy temperament, health: these are the things to look for, and the accompanying pictures will help you find them—the breed is Guernsey. The udder, the "milk factory," is the most important part of a cow to a dairyman. It should be long and high, extending well forward on the abdomen, well-attached, soft and elastic—not meaty or pendulous. A good cow should have a head and neck expressing breed character, style, femininity, and dairy temperament; the neck should blend into sharp, refined withers. She should also have a strong back and long, level rump. Cows with weak backs are not good foragers and tire more easily, and the rump should provide plenty of room for productive and reproductive organs. The dairy cow should also be lowset and deep, with flat, well-sprung ribs. Her chest should be well down between the front legs with plenty of width for heart and lung capacity. These and other Guernsey characteristics, which apply generally to other dairy breeds, are important in the show-ring and should always be considered when picking out a breeder or producer for your dairy herd.

Sharp, refined withers indicate dairy temperament

Depth through the body indicates a good feeder

Loose oily feeling hide, silky hair shows health

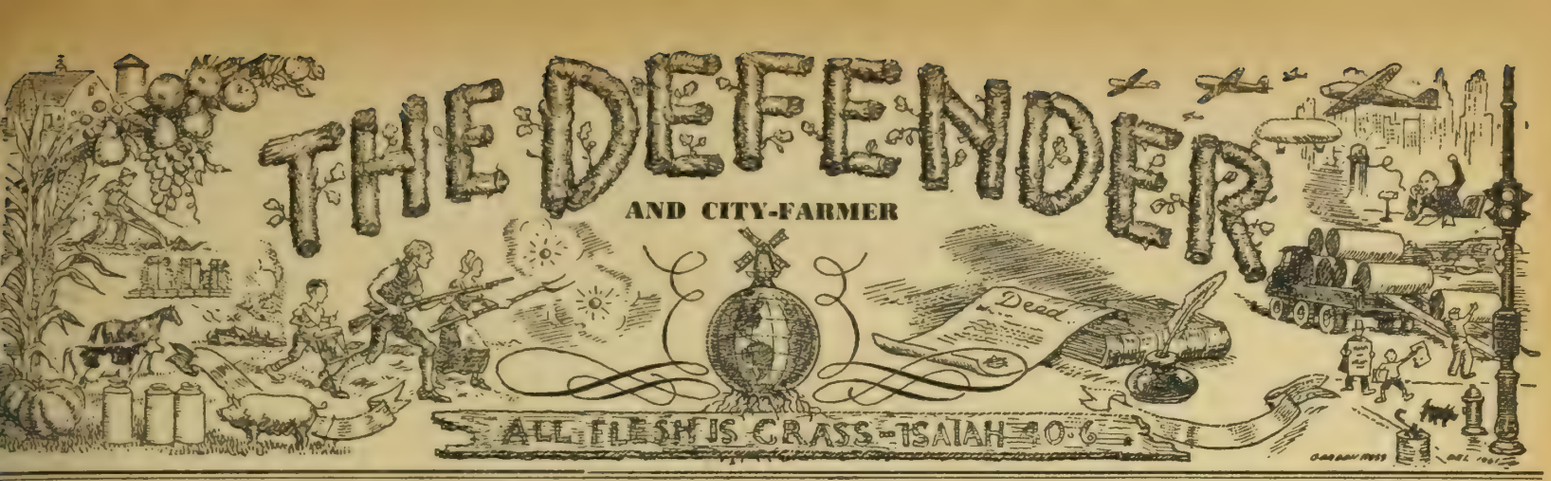


Width between the front legs means a roomy chest

A good cow should have open, well-sprung ribs

Depth behind forelegs also indicates chest capacity

There is a direct relationship between the shape of the rump and the udder attachment; rump should be broad and long



JANUARY, 1942 *A special feature of* COUNTRY LIFE

PERSONALS

John Nance Garner, who used to ride herd on the Senate, now rides herd on bantam chickens down in Uvalde, Texas.

Byron D. Kuth, the ebullient barrister from Cleveland, knows every one of his Belgian mares by her first name and shows them proudly; he thinks Rowdy d'Or, who stands in his backyard so to speak, is the best Belgian stallion in the country no matter what they say in Chicago.

Charlie Wentz says Kenfleur's Jay Farceur is the best Belgian stallion in the country and what he says goes. He was the judge at the International.

* Prof. Donald J. Kays of Ohio State has lantern slides of all his farmer friends in their working clothes. Gosh all hemlock, like to died at some of 'em—but can't understand why a feller should look funny when he's workin'. Never *feel* funny workin', do you?

A. C. Dodge, who keeps pumping away for Fairbanks Morse out in Chicago, would kinda like to be on his 416 acres on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

☞ Kenneth C. Hogate, well-fed head of the "Wall Street Journal," believes in the old-fashioned spittoon.

Herman Steen, president of the Agricultural Club of Chicago, has a Latin motto on his letterhead: "Rus in Urbe." Well, that's better than "Rubes in Urbe."

*** Wayne Dinsmore blushed pink all the way down his neck when Louis Stoddard told the Horse & Mule Association he'd been selected "Horseman of the Year" by a well known magazine devoted to country life.

Clarence Bosworth, the advertising feller from Providence, and we mean the city in Rhode Island, wants people to practice riding at night if they expect to be useful in an emergency.

Andy Anderson of the A Bar A Ranch in Wyoming was at the International with a new black hat which we didn't see but heard about.

Freddie Bontecou was pounding Judge H. H. Hackney's ear while we were looking at Cold Saturday's blue ribbon winner at Chicago. Hy'a, Senator, and what has Dutchess County got in mind for Maryland?

*Dorsey Richardson says Bucks County is ready to solve any refugee problem that might come out of New York or Jersey. They've got all the toilets located and counted. West Virginia papers please copy.

Frank G. Cain says he's bored by too many boars. Who near Cincinnati wants to buy a few purebred Hamps of the right age, right condition, at top prices?

A chap named Claude Lewis has an apple tree at Brocton, N. Y., with which he's been fooling since 1900; says he's got twelve different varieties now growing on it, starting with Sweet Boughs and Red Astrachans and ending up with Cortlands and Jonathans.

** Art Decker, who goes to an advertising office in Chicago from his Indiana farm—somewhat reluctantly, I'd say—raises Saddlebreds and Standardbreds and sells 'em too, to the wonderment of the natives.

Enos Curtin is someone every city-farmer should know. Moves trees single-handed and likes to do it. Eats a lot maybe, but isn't drinking for the duration and doesn't smoke.

Joe Schaffhausen made a speech in St. Louis telling the boys "What Should Your Farm Buildings Cost?"

Charlie and Mabel Parker have the nicest little box you ever saw on the lakeshore at Huron, Ohio. He lets a rusty nail dangle in his dog's drinking water so the pooch'll get plenty of iron. Pooch looks mighty surprised.

* William Alexander, who handles actors and actresses in New York, generally known as ham, handles beef at his Harmony Farm, at Douglasville, Pa.

Everett T. Tomlinson is a broker in the Metropolis when he isn't weighing milk at Bridgetown, N. J.

Charles W. Gamble, an advertising gent, gazes fondly at dairy cows in Nicholson, Pa.

Royal and Marion Jackson have fifty feet of black soil on their farm at Camp Point, Illinois, but the first thing they show you is in the cellar: one of those new-fangled freezing units every city-farmer is going to have some day. Soon.

Rudolph Block has a collection of 1,400 walking sticks representing not so many miles on shank's mare but 950 named species and 550 genera of wood; they range from the white of holly through the pink ivory of Zululand and the bloodwood cacique of Panama to the jet backs of the ebonies. The collection was shown recently at the New York Botanical Garden.

* The Lawrence Copley Thaws, who never really settled anywhere before this—they show movies of their air-conditioned trailer travels to India, China, Africa, anywhere you name, at the drop of a hat—have bought Larrabie, a 22-room Normandy farmhouse in the Fairfield section of Connecticut.

PLACEMENT BUREAU

"The Defender" is willing to start a placement bureau. If you want help, or want to help place someone, let us know.

Just now there's available a young Belgian, 26, who knows something about plant pathology, new methods of B1 insertion in food, new uses of gases in plant fumigation; reads and writes English, French, Dutch, German.

CINCINNATI

"Agriculture in the National Defense Program" was the subject under discussion a month ago at the meeting of the City Farmers Club of Cincinnati. Dr. V. R. Wertz, specialist in the field of rural economics at Ohio State University, was the speaker.

Dr. Wertz made the point that despite the position that capital and labor hold in our national spotlight today, fundamentally the bulwark of our national effort and ability to survive depends in the larger degree upon the tillers of the soil.

Dr. Wertz discussed such questions as the following: "Should we continue to curtail agricultural production?" "How can we expand the farm market for industrial products?" "Can our economic system compete with totalitarianism?" "Do we all understand that the industrial system depends upon the farm market and the farm market depends on industrial income?"

On December 16, Dr. R. E. Lubbehusen, head animal pathologist for the Ralston Purina Company at St. Louis, gave an illuminating talk on swine.

The Cincinnati club has four new members: Froome Barbour, an attorney; James H. Brink, of Lookout Farms; Murat Davidson, in the coal and lumber business; James J. Hatfield, Jr., of the Hatfield-Campbell Creek Coal Co.

PHILADELPHIA

With Philadelphia's two historic city-farmer clubs—the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture and the Farmers Club of Pennsylvania—pursuing the even tenor of their ways, and the third—the Quaker City Farmers—hustling along the new path they have cut for themselves, interest in city-farmer doings has been at a high point along the Schuylkill.

Latest of the meetings to be held was that of the Quaker City Farmers, who were addressed on December 4 at the University Club by Prof. Henry Keller, Jr., of the Department of Agricultural Economics at New Jersey Experiment Station. He spoke on "Farm Management," a subject so broad that the sponsors of the new club thought it would interest all possible members, whether they raised cows or horses, sheep or hogs, llamas or zebras.

Charter membership in the Quaker City Farmers will close on January 31, 1942, at which time an initiation fee of $2 will be added to the yearly dues of $10. All interested should get in touch at once with Robert L. Whittaker, secretary of the new club, 1420 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YORK

Of New York's two city-farmer clubs—the effete New York Farmers and the energetic Farm Club of New York—the latter held a meeting last month calculated to make it outstanding over the nation. At least on any Crosley poll that might be taken. For Lannie Ross was elected to the board of governors!

It came as something of a surprise to some of the members of the club, perhaps, to learn that Lannie Ross has some sort of standing among the great radio stars of the nation. Most of them had come to look on this good-looking and modest young member as a farmer, pure and simple, and now he turns out that he is not only a farmer but something else besides, certainly not simple, and probably of all these only pure.

Ross was only one of the new officers chosen in an election that would have done honor to Tammany Hall in its heyday, the old-time politicians having to content themselves with steam-rollers in those days before the appearance of the modern multipacker. Here, in brief, are the results:

Willis E. Blodgett became chairman of the board, J. F. O'Brien president, Dr. Jock Bartlett vice-president. Henry T. Dunn was reelected treasurer, Ladd Haystead acting secretary. Albert Shaw, Peter Vischer, and the aforementioned Lannie Ross were elected to three-year terms on the board of governors.

Actually, the meeting had not been designed for a vulgar display of politics. A speaker had been expected from Cornell University to discuss farm accounting systems but when war was declared on Monday, he had to postpone his visit for a month. As a result, the meeting was restricted to local affairs.

Dr. George Taylor spent five minutes (with Ladd Haystead holding his battered watch in one hand and a gong that would have done Major Bowes proud in the other) telling about experiences with Strain 19 innoculation, designed to banish Bang's disease.

Peter Vischer spoke five minutes (though it seemed like only two—to him) on what he remembered of the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago, which he had attended along with several other members of the club. Myron Fuerst told of his experiences in combining horses with cattle.

Paul Arthur, one of the legal lights of the club, was then called on to show how diverse the interests of the members are. He told of his experiences on a Massachusetts farm, growing turkeys for the retail trade. And Willis Blodgett, retiring president, confessed (in a speech that went overtime despite Haystead's persistent bonging) that he had progressed from apple blossoms to a herd of Holsteins.

THE DEFENDER
and
CITY-FARMER

A Gazette of Rural and City Life for the Modern American

There is nothing better than farming, nothing more fruitful, nothing more delightful, nothing more worthy of a free man.—*Cicero.* The profit of the earth is for all.—*Ecclesiastes.* The best citizens spring from the cultivators.—*Cato.* The value of farm property in the United States, 1940, is $33,641,738,726. — *U. S. Census.* Millions for defense . . .

PATRICK Q. HENRY, *Editor*

JANUARY, 1942

ORDER IN THE HOUSE

The first duty of every city-farmer, in the present crisis, is to put his house in order.

This statement must be, practically speaking, superfluous to readers of "The Defender." Surely this is a group that has long been aware of its loyalties, its responsibilities, its duties, its willingness to undergo whatever hardship might be necessary to bring the war in which we find ourselves to a successful conclusion.

Nevertheless, we suggest that a complete inspection of both city and country units belonging to our readers be undertaken at once, from pump to garret. We urge this first as a matter of common sense, of useful inventory, but more as a means of ascertaining what might be necessary to make the farms and homes of our readers the most efficient units possible in the shortest possible time.

Are your pumps in order? Are the plans for your fields ready for the next few years and are you prepared to carry those plans into effect? Are your fences tight? Are your roads repaired? *Do you know your land intimately,* every corner of it, so that you could patrol it efficiently should the need arise? What have you in the way of firearms and ammunition, should you be called upon to volunteer them?

What do you need in the way of equipment and machinery? And, by the way, where is your machinery now and what condition is it in? Is your silo tight? Is your silo right for the job it has to do? How about storerooms and freezing units? Think hard.

And now, on the other hand, what can you spare? What can you do without? What can you let others have that they might need more than you do? What help could you give others should that too become necessary?

We suggest that you get in touch with (a) your county agent to see what he thinks ought to be done and (b) with whatever agency is in charge of local defense efforts.

HORSE POWER

No one could by any stretch of the imagination accuse us of being unfriendly to the group known as horse people, so with that preamble we step right up and say that it's about time they quit apologizing for being in the horse business.

So often you meet a man who says "We raise cattle as a business but as for our horses . . . well, we do that only because we like to do it," leaving you with the distinct impression that raising horses is a lot of nonsense which no one would attempt unless he were a sportsman of the rarest type, a lover of animals far above the average, or some other sort of card.

Frankly, though we are pretty peculiar ourselves, we are inclined to object to folk who consider themselves unusual, particularly when they smile in a self-deprecatory manner and labor so obviously to leave you with the impression that their abnormality is something too utterly magnificent.

No, raising horses is a business and if it doesn't make sense to you the way you do it, you shouldn't stay in it. Either that or keep on doing it and swallow your losses without expecting to get special credit for being a character. After all, you're not doing horses a favor—or the nation either, for that matter—if you bring them into the world believing that it makes no sense.

We know lots of people who raise horses sensibly. And it is partly for their sake that we should like to take the horse business out of the category of peculiar occupations.

Furthermore, we believe that if horse owners themselves would stop casting sly aspersions on the horse business it would tend to raise the level of the whole thing.

And what's more, we believe that the demand for horses—particularly draft horses—will be considerably increased, both through the war and at its end. For that reason if for no other, we should like to see this business put on a completely sensible and respected basis among all breeders, as it is among its best adherents.

Which reminds us that Major-General John K. Herr made an illuminating remark during the course of his address before the Horse and Mule Association of America in Chicago last month. He was speaking of the differences between horse and motor power, of the advantages and disadvantages of each, and he was making it clear to all present that the motor people have been ever so much smarter, ever so much more up-to-date, more ingenious, sounder, more sensible, than the horse people.

The horse people ought to take a leaf out of the books of the motor people, he said. Where might they be today if they had had the ingenuity to sell horses a dollar down and a dollar a week for the rest of your life, with finance companies, insurance companies, feed people and for that matter even horseshoe manufacturers all pitching in to help do the selling?

General Herr didn't have to say it but that's the kind of hard-hitting modernized selling that helped put the motor car where it is today. And the horse people ought to have some equally clever ideas.

Students of civilization, going over old magazines in 2042, will not fail to note that the Allis-Chalmers tractor advertised this day in "Country Life" is doing a magnificent job of *contour* plowing so that Freedom Shall Not Perish From This Earth, while the same excellent tool is doing just as efficient a job of *straight* plowing in the Allis-Chalmers advertisement in its esteemed contemporary, "The Rural New-Yorker."

R. F. D.

IN ILLINOIS

To the Editor:

A small group of our business men who own farms are discussing the formation of a Farmers' Club. I am, therefore, writing you to ask if you have any suggestions or advice that would be of assistance to us in organizing such a club.

In view of the fact that secretaries daily devote a great deal of their time and our organizations are put to some expense in advising and servicing individuals and organizations, we give no thought whatsoever to the brilliant idea of contributing to the organization which finances our activities. I am enclosing my check for $5.00 for a one year subscription to "Country Life."

The pages you edit will themselves repay me.

DANVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
DAVID J. TWOMEY, *Secretary,*
Danville, Ill.

As to the first part of the above letter, let us say that we are in a position to assist groups who wish to form new city-farmer clubs in that we can send them model constitutions and by-laws, we can tell them how other city-farmer groups got organized, we can suggest programs and speakers, and we are simply delighted to do it.

As to the second part of Mr. Twomey's letter, this is even better than the first.

As to the third part, we hope he's right. And lest you consider that remark phoney modesty, we wish to state at once that it is. We darn well expect to be useful.

DUSTBOWL

To the Editor:

This is to advise you that the membership of The Tulsa Farm Club is showing quite an interest in your magazine. A number of our members have told me that they thought this magazine would greatly improve the average farm owner's attitude toward country life.

The picture of the Dustbowl which you have on Page 21 of the November issue, I believe will create the wrong impression among your readers in thinking that this country is still a Dustbowl. I have had an opportunity to observe the wonderful change which has taken place in what was one time known as the Dustbowl. The fact of the matter is that the Dustbowl is no more. It is commonly referred to at the present time as the Mudbowl.

The last time I drove across the panhandle of Oklahoma was in late September where they have had some 34 to 35 inches of rainfall in 1941. Instead of the dust and blowing sand which you have shown in your photograph on Page 21, you now see an enormous growth of crops, particularly sorghums.

As far as the eye can see this land is producing many tons of grain sorghums per acre. A more productive spot does not exist between Oklahoma and California. In short, the plains country people have learned their lesson and the weather man is smiling on them again.

CHAS. D. THOMAS,
Tulsa, Okla.

POWER

Dear Editor:

From the description of your publication recently received, I should conclude that "Country Life" is a most worthy magazine.

I was particularly interested in the reference to the farm horse—"now on the way to renewed importance because of priorities affecting farm machinery."

Many of us (farmers and others) feel that the present farm program is quite unfair to the users of animal power. For especially surpluses—and usually the "mining" of the soil—have been rather closely associated with the decline in the use of animal power.

Since, on the average, more livestock, including horses and mules, is found on farms using animal power, necessitating, therefore, a larger percentage of pasture and hay acreage and consequently less depleting grain acreage, we feel that farmers using animal power have been asked to reduce unduly in most cases.

This program of indiscriminate reduction together with the incentive to earn more benefit payments by operating more land individually, has made the government farm program an important added factor in the tremendous spread of power farming clear across the Corn Belt and elsewhere. The result has been to increase the size of farm operations and to reduce the available places for tenants and farm labor, and also to indirectly discourage the use and breeding of animal power which, to the extent of the potential consumption of this decline, has added further to surpluses.

Recently the horsemen formed to organize a national movement, in trying to induce the AAA to make a more equitable adjustment in the allotments to farms using animals for power. The AAA turned the proposition down. If we now increase the breeding of horses because of the urgent demand for armaments and fuel for same, will we find ourselves again "out on a limb" when the war is terminated?—as we were shortly after the institution of the present farm plan!

FOREST MILLIGAN,
Eaton, Indiana.

Mr. Milligan has asked us to state our position on the question of the draft horse. May we repeat, therefore, what we said in the October issue of "The Defender":

"The truth of the matter is that both the tractor and the horse are invaluable to modern farming methods. Certainly we could not do without the former in these times, without starving to death, and the continued and continuous usefulness of the latter is being demonstrated here and abroad day after day.

"The truth of the matter is that it would be a national calamity of the first order if either the tractor or the horse could be removed from our economic scheme. Both are exceedingly important. Both must be continued in the service of our people. Both should have our complete understanding and those who find the one more useful than the other, for whatever local reason, should for the sake of all of us go out of their way to help the other fellow and be sympathetic to his problems."

CHICAGO

Chicago's two city-farmer organizations—The Agricultural Club of the Chicago Agricultural Association and The Chicago Farmers—were busy as all get-out last month, which shouldn't surprise you in view of the fact that the famous International Live Stock Exposition was being held in their midst. These two clubs, you will recall, have 1,048 members between them, making Chicago the hotbed of city-farmer activity in this country.

The Agricultural Club listened at its formal meeting to Charles Holman, of the National Cöoperative Milk Producers Association, which has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Mr. Holman spoke on the subject of parity prices for farmers and he was agin' 'em.

Mr. Holman was definitely opposed to the bill that recently passed the House of Representatives, which places the establishment of farm parity prices in the hands of a very few people whose decisions are to be arbitrary and subject to review only by courts of appeals. He does not believe that farm parity prices should be established at all at this time, as farm prices are somewhat below the 1929 prices in spite of recent rises. Furthermore, he thinks that any parity price should have as a factor not only farm labor costs but all labor prices in general. He contends that farm prices have no parity significance unless they bear a relationship to all labor. By hooking farm prices onto labor prices the former automatically will rise with the general tide.

Mr. Holman said that undoubtedly some sort of farm parity legislation will be enacted sooner or later, but he believes the Senate will be more deliberate than the House of Representatives which took sixty days to pass the bill.

Just before the opening of the International, The Chicago Farmers were addressed by W. B. Mitchell, president of the Highland Hereford Association, of Marfa, Texas, who spoke on the important subject "Cattle Feeding Methods in the Corn Belt and Their Influence Upon Cattle Ranch Breeding."

Since the last issue of "The Defender," two other meetings were held by The Chicago Farmers. In one Dr. W. L. Burlison of the Department of Agronomy of the University of Illinois spoke on "Grass Land Improvement—Now, Through the Winter, Next Spring," and in the other Dr. Gustav Bohstedt of the Animal Husbandry Department of the University of Wisconsin spoke on "Wintering Dairy Cattle."

The Middle West is only just beginning to realize the value of good grass in the economical production of meat and in the building of top soil, said Dr. Burlison. A pasture crop, such as alfalfa and brome grass, which can produce 330 lbs. of meat a year per acre is just too valuable to overlook, he said, even on that wonderful black land that the Corn Belt loves to talk about.

Dr. Burlison told about the experiments now being conducted with brome grass, pointing out that there is considerable difference in the eight or ten varies now in popular use. His work indicates that a Canadian strain and one from Kansas do best in Illinois.

Blue grass can be improved, too, he said. Limestone and manure, plus some sweet clover seed, will more than double the per acre meat production of the average blue grass pasture. While on poorer soils, spectacular improvements can be made. He called good pasture "green gold."

Dr. Bohstedt offered a bit of philosophy. In livestock production, as in life, he said, most of the worthwhile things are free, yet not appreciated. He had in mind "protective feeds"—carotene and riboflavin, or to make it simpler, sunshine and plenty of green grass. Keep all cattle outdoors for a time each sunshiny day, he said, even if the temperature gets well below freezing; the value of the sunshine they will absorb will more than offset the effect of the cold.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
WRITES A LETTER
TO HIS STEPSON

October 12, 1778

"A moment's reflection must convince you of two things: first, that lands are of permanent value; that there is scarcely a possibility of their falling in price, but almost a moral certainty of their rising exceedingly in value. And secondly, that our paper currency is fluctuating, that it has depreciated considerably, and that no human foresight can, with precision, tell how low it may get, as the rise or fall of it depends upon contingencies which the utmost stretch of human sagacity can neither foresee nor prevent . . .

By parting from your lands, you give a certainty, for an uncertainty, because it is not the nominal price—it is not ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds an acre —but the relative value of this sum to specie, or something of substantial worth, that is to constitute a good price . . . The advice I give is that you do not convert the lands you now hold into cash faster than . . . a certain prospect of vesting it in other lands more convenient requires of you. This will in effect, exchange land for land, for it is a matter of moonshine to you, considered in that point of view simply, how much the money depreciates, if you can discharge one point with another and get land of equal value to that you sell.

"But far different from this is the case of those who sell for cash and keep that cash by them, put it to interest, or receive it in annual payments; for, in either of those cases, if our currency should unfortunately continue to depreciate in the manner it has done in the course of the last two years, a pound may not, in the span of two years more, be worth a shilling.

"It may be said that our money may receive a proper tone again, and in that case it would be an advantage to turn lands, etc., into cash for the benefit of the rise. In answer to this, I shall only observe that this is a lottery; that it may, or may not, happen; that, if it should happen, you have lost nothing; if it should not, you have saved your estate, which, in the other case, might have been sunk . . ."

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

SONG WITH PLENTY OF WORDS

News Item: Song called "Farming" appears in "Let's Face It," Broadway hit.

AGAINST EROSION

Russ Lord, who was against erosion as an associate editor of "Country Life" even before he became editor of "The Land," was in town twice last month, full of plans to "tell New York City all about the soil." A Columbia University Club luncheon and the preview of Robert Flaherty's gigantic documentary motion picture, said Russ, "are only part of our great nationwide plot to make the American people look at their land more thoughtfully and treat it as if they had some sense." He added that he hoped he wasn't putting too much about Friends of The Land into his department, Soil & Man, in that esteemed contemporary of ours, "Country Life."

We told him that he wasn't, not a bit, so far as we are concerned; that the Friends' aims seem right down the same lane as "The Defender's;" and that if he would send up material for a Defender editorial on the formation and foundation purposes of the organization, we'd like to have it here. He said that Gerald W. Johnson of The Baltimore Evening Sun had written an editorial account of Friends of The Land's first meeting which covered that; and he would brief Gerald Johnson's statement and send it in. Here it is:

"FUNDAMENTALISTS"

Fifty men and women sat in a hotel room in Washington last Saturday discussing the most completely fundamental of all human problems. They were organizing a Society called Friends of The Land. It was not an official or partisan gathering, but it was political in the profoundest sense; it seeks to control not elections, of offices, but the country itself, the physical country which is sliding gradually into the sea.

Stuart Chase was there, speaking graphically of the film that supports all life on the earth—the film of topsoil. R. G. Tugwell was there, speaking of the necessity of civilized man to spend some part of his time and energies serving "far and fundamental causes." This "sense of participation in a continuum," he said is indeed what distinguishes a civilized man from a savage, "prehistoric or contemporary."

Nothing sensationally impressive happened at the Washington meeting. It was frankly a meeting of visionaries and of extremely long-range visionaries at that. The destruction of the ravaged part of China took 200 years. America could be ruined in less time, but even so it would be a matter of a good many decades. It is highly improbable that any of the farmers, technicians and teachers in this hotel room would be alive to see it.

The project appeals, rather, to the kind of man who plants an oak tree or endows an orphan's home. It is because such men have lived in the past, however, that modern civilization exists . . . "Where there is no vision, the people perish." . . .

One reason why vast numbers of Americans pay little attention to this problem is sheer incredulity. Most of us are of European origin, not very remotely; our ancestors lived for centuries on a continent which is not eroding rapidly. They learned their agricultural methods there and have applied them here. Why, then, do people incessantly assert that methods that have saved Europe are blasting America?

The answer, according to Prof. J. Russell Smith, professor of economic geography at Columbia, who was another speaker Saturday, is a double one. First, European agriculture deals mostly with many small grains, wheat, rye, oats, barley, clover and pasture—grasses, all, with matted roots that hold the soil—whereas we plant corn, cotton and tobacco, widely spaced crops requiring constant tillage, which is the perfect preparation for erosion.

Second, there is the matter of rain. How many Americans realize that it rains nearly twice as much in New York city as it does in London? In London, says Professor Smith, it may rain a hundred days a year, but the annual precipitation is only twenty-three inches, whereas, in New York it is more than forty-two inches. New York has far more sunshine than London, but the reason is that the rain comes down in terrific bursts, whereas in London it drifts down slowly and mistily.

Great, spouting rains erode the soil far more quickly than long-continued drizzles. There is nothing in the world that we can do about the rain, so our only chance is to do something about the agricultural methods. That is slow business. The question is, just how slow? If it is slower than the process of erosion, and cannot be speeded up, then this country has a possible future of something less than 200 years and, as a country of real importance, of a good deal less than 200 years.

There is a basic problem that really is basic.

MONTREAL

The new city-farmer group in contemplation at Montreal, Canada, has been formed with the name The St. Lawrence-Westmount Agricultural Society. Dr. Henry P. Wright, well-known Canadian physician deeply interested in agricultural affairs, has been elected president with J. B. Pangman as vice-president and Mrs. T. C. Stuart as secretary-treasurer.

Considerable attention has already been given to the new society in the Canadian press, with the result that a number of inquiries regarding its plans and purposes have come in. The club is not anxious for a surplus of general publicity at this time, in view of the importance of Canada's main effort today, which is the successful prosecution of the war, but expects nevertheless to work quietly through the present and prepare intelligently for the future.

The members of the Montreal group feel, according to Dr. Wright, that the advance of agricultural ideas and educational work along agricultural lines amounts to sound preparation for the rehabilitation that is to come.

It was the plan of the St. Lawrence-Westmount group to work in close cooperation with the Department of Agriculture in Quebec, but unfortunately the county agronomist died rather suddenly recently and while the desire for cooperation is present, the possibility of bringing it to fruition will be rather difficult until a new district agronomist is appointed.

Incidentally, according to the general scheme for agricultural societies in Canada, the government makes a grant of aid whenever a certain amount of money is collected from the members of such organizations. As a result the society hopes to support not only the course of lectures at McGill University already described in "The Defender" but also to institute a series of luncheon meetings at which such subjects as the following will be discussed:

(*a*) Methods for the prevention of common diseases in livestock;

(*b*) How to fight garden pests;

(*c*) Ideas for the internal and external decoration of farmhouses;

(*d*) Plans for the spring meetings.

QUEBEC

City-farmers of Quebec, and other students of things agricultural, have been very much interested in an editorial which appeared in a recent issue of the French newspaper, "Le Devoir," on the movement back to the soil. The editorial was sent to "The Defender" by Deputy-Minister Boulanger from the Office of the Prime Minister.

The movement, says the editorial, is highly interesting and likely to be very beneficial from the social viewpoint; we cannot do otherwise than hope for its development and encourage it."

The movement will tend to root young farmers more deeply in the soil, for "if the city dweller leaves his city so readily to settle in the country, it must be because rural life has attractions and advantages." Futhermore, farmers who have been neglectful of their homes will see what can be done to bring about those very comforts and improvements which used to tear people from the land to the cities.

CALENDAR

City-farmer clubs are invited to send the date, time, place and subject of their engagements to "The Defender" for publication in this column:

January 5

LANSING FARMER'S CLUB, Mich. J. F. Yaeger, Michigan Farm Bureau, on, "Agriculture or Defense," Union Building, Michigan State College, East Lansing.

January 9

DETROIT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Mich. Prof. R. V. Gunn, Michigan State College, on "The Agricultural Outlook for 1942," Wolverine Hotel, 12:15.

January 12

FARMER'S CLUB OF GREATER KANSAS CITY, Mo.

January 13

FARM CLUB OF NEW YORK, N. Y. Dr. Van B. Hart, New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, "Farm Records and Accounts," Hotel Roosevelt, 12:30.

ALSO WORTH READING

While the city-farmer can get practically all the information he needs for a well-ordered life from "The Defender," occasionally articles of value do appear in other publications. We intend here, from time to time, to bring them to our readers' attention.

"Grass is Immortal"—

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and the dandelions of May, our earliest recollections are of grass . . . Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten.

Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleagured by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfares and the field, it abides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry or bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world. —John J. Ingalls.

CLEVELAND

Some three hundred wide-eyed farmers of the Cleveland district—some so-called dirt farmers, some city—assembled in the huge main dining room of the famous Mid-Day Club during the course of the Cleveland Live Stock Show to do honor to the boys and girls contesting in that exciting annual event. The dinner was sponsored by the Cleveland Farmers' Club and a one-word description of it would be that it was a wow.

Charles J. Thomas, energetic secretary of the Cleveland organization, put on a magnificent show, though he himself retired modestly into the background once the parade of trained seals, or guests of honor, got under way.

And why not? He had cheery Herbert C. Neal, the Ohio Apple Tycoon, to act as master of ceremonies. He had W. H. Palmer, 4-H Club leader from Ohio State University, make a powerful address. He had the eloquent Louis Bromfield, the club's only honorary member and a farmer from nearby Malabar Farm, tug at the heartstrings of his guests. He had singing and dancing and ice cream and cake and a lot of very fine-looking medals and cups to be handed out, not to mention a bull calf. What's more, according to the local press, Peter Vischer, editor of "Country Life," also spoke.

It was a gala event and enjoyed from 6:30 P. M. 'till close on to midnight by the big audience. Only one little girl's head was seen to drowse during all the goings-on and she was promptly awakened by the stentorian singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" by a young man aged about seven, standing on a chair, head high, giving forth at the top of his lungs.

It was a good party and showed Cleveland what can be done when dirt farmers and city farmers get together to do something useful and intelligent for their communities — and, incidentally, for themselves.

Mr. Palmer spoke at some length of the history of the Cleveland Live Stock Show and again demonstrated how much can be done from a very small beginning. Other communities offering a market for livestock might well take a look at Cleveland's success in this field and perhaps go and do likewise.

So far as the awarding of prizes was concerned, the representative of "The Defender" who was present was most impressed by the fact that the youngsters who won awards this year were, by and large, no strangers to the head table. Most of them had won prizes before, or been very close. In other words, class tells among the youngsters as in most other things of life.

The youngster who got the bull calf was Tommy Trout, a pretty cute kid considered worthy of this extraordinary gift by the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce because of his character, his good manners and his sincere interest in agriculture. The gift was made possible through the generosity of A. H. Holschuh, W. C. Farmer, Jr., and Byron D. Kuth. These three bought the calf some time back at a charity auction.

The committee in charge of the banquet consisted of Herbert C. Neal, chairman; Charles J. Thomas, secretary; Byron D. Kuth, C. W. Mapes, Arthur Dawson, C. F. Christian, Philip H. Coad, B. W. Jenkins, W. L. Bryans, H. B. Hiser, and W. G. Pinkerton.

PAMPHLETS

The number of pamphlets which contain material of interest and use to city-farmers would, if laid end to end, reach right into the waste-basket. "The Defender" here proposes, from time to time, to rescue a few that deserve to avoid such a dire fate.

"Training Riding Horses"—This is an excellent 32-page pamphlet consisting mostly of photographs with explanatory text published by the Horse and Mule Association. Costs a quarter and is certainly worth it many times over. Write Wayne Dinsmore, 407 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"More Milk for Freedom and How to Get It"—A message from the cows of America to their owners, via ten of the country's leading barn equipment manufacturers. Milk powder may become just as important as gunpowder, they say, and here's how to be most efficient about getting it; (1) more cows; (2) better feeding; (3) better housing and equipment.

"The Track-Type Tractor" — A booklet by Allis-Chalmers showing the advantages of the tractor which runs on flexible tracks instead of on wheels. Write Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Handling and Feeding Light Horses"—Here is a well written 24-page pamphlet, well illustrated, giving some of the latest information available on such important subjects as bone unsoundness, poor condition, lack of pep and stamina, breeding failures, foal losses. Write William D. Bowie, Purina Mills, St. Louis, Mo.

"Pumps"—Pamphlets on all types of pumps are available from Fairbanks, Morse & Company, Chicago, Ill.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

During the week of the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago, tentative plans were made for the organization of an association of city-farmer clubs. A name was decided on: the National Association of Farmers and Agricultural Clubs. And temporary officers were chosen, as follows:

Wheeler McMillen, editor of the "Farm Journal" and also president of the National Chemurgic Council, president; Charles J. Thomas, secretary of the Cleveland Farmers' Club, vice-president; O. B. Price, secretary of the Detroit Agricultural Club, vice-president; A. E. Albaugh, secretary of the Chicago Agricultural Club, secretary.

A number of directors have been tentatively selected, including F. G. Ketner, a city-farmer from Columbus, O.; J. W. Cummings, a member of the Farmers' Club of Greater Kansas City; Chester Davis, president of the Federal Reserve Bank at St. Louis and onetime secretary of the Chicago Agricultural Club; Arthur H. Lauderbach, general manager of the Pure Milk Association, and Sam Guard, another editor.

Mr. Albaugh, at whose instance the new organization was formed, stated to a representative of "The Defender" that a number of details remain to be worked out. He said that while many of the farm clubs have problems of a purely local nature, there assuredly are problems common to all which a national association might help to solve.

The Future for Racing

by PETER VISCHER

FOR the past six years I have had the privilege of editing a series of books entitled "American Race Horses," begun with the encouragement of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt in 1936, and written annually by John Hervey, a frequent contributor to these pages under his *nom de course* of "Salvator."

I know no wiser student of the turf than Mr. Hervey. He has been intimately connected with the American racing scene —both Thoroughbreds and Standardbreds —for many years. He has literally devoted his life to the literature and journalism of the turf.

California: One of the Governor's first war acts was to halt Santa Anita

In the 1880's and '90's, he contributed to the "Spirit of the Times," "The Horseman," etc. He compiled statistics for Col. S. D. Bruce for the "American Stud Book." He edited the "Horse Review" for nearly forty years. He traveled over the world studying horses and has written a shelf-ful of books on the subject.

John Hervey has seen much, yet his attitude has never become tinged with the cynicism so popular with many of our sporting writers today; his enthusiasm for a good horse has never wavered. Nor has Mr. Hervey become obsessed with the betting side of the sport so exaggerated today; he remains interested in the horse, his background, his proper place even in this modern mechanicized world—which makes what he has to say of interest and importance to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE.

As an introductory chapter to each of the values of "American Race Horses" Mr. Hervey has annually contributed not merely a review of the year past but as well a study of the problems to be faced—squarely and honestly—if racing is to survive. I know he will not object if I quote liberally from that chapter here.

Mr. Hervey writes:

"In the half-decade that has since elapsed, there have been great—tremendous—changes in the American racing drama and the conditions and results that characterize it. These have been cumulative in nature, growing from year to year, until, during 1941, they eclipsed all previous records.

"As these changes piled up, they have not failed to produce amazement, often verging upon wonder, especially in the minds of serious observers. While for the most part they have been hailed with acclaim, there has been accompanying, among those who seek to probe beneath surfaces and to uncover foundations, a feeling of more or less dubiety.

"For several years the students of racing have been asking: "Is there not too much racing? Is it not being overdone? How long can it continue to expand at the present rate without becoming dangerously top-heavy? And if the reaction then comes, will it not be something to contemplate with dread, in view of similar things that occurred in the past?

"When what had always been regarded as primarily a sport is transformed into what is really Big Business, carried on as a revenue-producing operation for politico-economic purposes, in the event of crises and convulsions bound to come, what will the sequel be? Has sport, in thus metamorphosing itself, bartered its birthright for something which, at long last, will be its Nemesis?

"We mention these matters because they underlie the entire structure of present-day racing and cannot be ignored, save by those who live for the day only and believe in letting the morrow take care of itself.

"Because and in consequence of, the politico-economic conditions now in the ascendant, the race horse himself, since first horse racing began in this country, has never been so submerged by the environment in which he finds himself.

"Originally he was the grand, outstanding and dominant figure upon the scene. Everything centered in and revolved about the horse; indeed, the whole plan was molded and fashioned upon the principle that he came first and foremost. All else was subsidiary to him, and the incarnation of speed, gameness, stamina and beauty which he embodied—of its kind the highest in the whole world and one which has consecrated the word 'Thoroughbred' with a meaning peculiarly and wholly its own, unequaled and without a rival.

THAYER PHOTOS

Florida: A banner season is expected at Hialeah and at Tropical Park

"There have not been wanting attacks upon racing during the past year, some of them violent, and appearing in publications of reputation and wide circulation. In them, the contention has been made that to race-goers a race horse is nothing but a number upon a mutuel ticket, that otherwise he has no identity, and that no other importance attaches to him. That he is merely a pawn in a great game of chance, and, in effect, deserves and enjoys no more attention or acclaim than if he were a card in a pack or a gadget in a mechanism. (*Continued on page* 53)

Soil AND Man

by RUSSELL LORD

TALL TREES GROW ON THE GREAT PLAINS; NEW YORK SQUIRES

That Man in the White House, whatever else one may say or think about him, has undeniably been the greatest nonprofessional friend of forestry since the days of his doughty predecessor, T.R. His jaunty assumption that he knows all about forestry, like T.R.'s assumption that he knew all about nature, has been known, however, to annoy the experts.

In 1934 when the Squire of Hyde Park announced sweeping plans for tree plantation strips, or shelter belts, on the parched Great Plains, a good many government foresters, I recall, were of the general opinion that it was a cockeyed idea. Trees never had grown on those plains, and never would, they said.

But the Chief Forester and other imaginative men believed in the plan, and in 1934, a year of general aridity in the high country, planting started. That same spring I removed from a year's Governmental service in Washington to a small country place in humid, tidewater Maryland. The dwelling had practically no protection on the north.

So I put in some nursery trees, among them a Chinese elm, one of the leading shelter belt trees. By 1936 my Chinese elm was eighteen feet high. Traveling that summer in the West I saw in Oklahoma and again in Texas some shelter belt plantings that were as tall or even a foot or so taller. Here, our rainfall runs above 40 inches annually. Out there it runs less than 25 inches or even less than 20 inches in places.

Casting around for an explanation I noticed that in many shelter-groves near roadways the cagy foresters had quietly eased down water from roadside ditches in open furrows to refresh the growth. My tree, on the other hand, caught not only the water from heaven but the drip of the house roof; so it appeared a fair race on the whole, with the odds favoring Maryland. But my part of Maryland has the Japanese beetle. Again, my young elm grows among a thirsty thicket of native cedars, whereas Forest Service shelter-belts are spaced rather like orchards closely planted, and the inter-row spaces are sometimes cultivated or mulched during early growth.

The results to date, so far as I have seen or read, are remarkably even. After seven years' growth my tree is about 30 feet tall; and so in general are the shelter-belt plantings seven years old out West. Ed Kotok of the U.S. Forest Service, returning only last month from a Great Plains inspection, confirms me in this impression; and provides some official pictures to sustain the point. And once these new western trees strike their roots way down, he says, you don't have to coddle them by even so modest a form of irrigation as the deflection of surface water.

Shelter-belts are not, as is generally pictured, wide strips of new forest on naked plains. They are more like sizable windbreaks or long narrow orchards, placed at strategic points in the landscape to make shade, halt soil blowoff or runoff and beautify the scene and prospect. There are now in the Plains states more than 16,000 miles of new shelter-belt plantings growing — 187,000,000 new trees growing on 26,375 western farms and ranches where trees were not known before!

Thirty different species of trees have been planted, some native, some imported. "As you ride over this vast countryside now," says Ed Kotok, "you see great changes, a face-lifting and enlivening of the landscape, and contour changes on the horizon. In a country of waving wheat and corn it is good to see these rows of fresh, fluttering leaves. Farmers are getting more than wind protection from these shelter-belts. Fuel wood, fence posts and bushels of wild plums have been harvested. Children from the schools come to the new woodlands for their watermelon 'busts' and picnics. For the first time in their lives many prairie farm boys are learning what trees were meant for—sheltering places to sprawl, rest or play.

Shelter-belt on the D. W. Murphree farm, planted in 1936; these trees have worked wonders in preventing "blown off" crops

NEW YORK SQUIRES

I recall as a lad in these sheltered small valleys of tidewater Maryland that it seemed entirely natural to speak of certain of the deeply-rooted native landowners and farmers as "Squire." This did not mean that they were Justices of the Peace, as it does in parts of the deeper South today; it meant what it meant in the old English novels on the shelves of our homes.

Now old Bosley Merryman, E. Gittings Merryman, Al Mays and others have returned to earth. We have no more squires of that sort, exactly, now. Commerce has intruded upon that sort of spacious agricultural independence. You have to work harder in town than you do in the country nowadays, for the most part, to maintain even part-time a home and life somewhat like that of the old time squires. But the old spirit lingers and lives on.

Long before wheeled vehicles bore headlights men formed in these parts of Maryland a Gunpowder Farmers' Club. The members met at one another's homes monthly on the Saturday night (as I recall it) nearest the full of the moon. The moon was their headlight and they had no need of other illumination as they jogged to their quiet meetings. They had no county agents to guide them in those days. But the agricultural discussion and progress recorded in yellowing old records of their society were of a high order.

Several descendants of the old Gunpowder Club still meet here in Maryland and remain both diverting and useful. The members gather, the fields, buildings, feed stores and stock are inspected. Then, after what we still call an "elegant collation" in our county papers, the men talk farming. It is still as simple and pleasant and natural as that. Most farm organization in this century is infinitely more high-powered, commercial, subsidized and complex. I am glad that something much like the old squire clubs persist and that the City Farmers' clubs, which The Defender of Country Life records and celebrates, seem to be following, under changed conditions, programs just as simple and sane.

On the first day the ground froze around Mt. Kisco, N. Y., last year, I got off a late morning train there to talk before the fall meeting of the Bedford Farmers' Club, an informal organization more than eighty years old. L. Hollingsworth Wood, a son of one of the founders, is president of this club now; and he met me at the train. Gove Hambidge, who edits the U.S. Department of Agriculture's exciting yearbooks, lived on a small place in these gentle hills once, and wrote a remarkably good book, "Enchanted Acre." An excerpt:

"Hollingsworth Wood, Quaker lawyer and his wife Martha and young Jimmy are three hearty, vigorous souls who live near Mt. Kisco on one of the oldest farms in these parts, the place from which the last slave in the North was manumitted about the time of the Civil War. With the greatest suavity and humor Hollingsworth conducts the meetings of the ancient and honorable Bedford Farmers Club. He grows delicious watermelons and has been known to cut the legs off his overalls to make them into shorts."

The Wood farm is named Braewold. Its fields lie on a long slope well matted with grass with a large pond at the foot of the hill. The house is a square and spacious structure of stone with a sweeping lawn, a high wall to the north, a chiming monastery bell that Mr. Wood's father brought from Spain; stables, gardens, and a greenhouse. The Woods entertain the Club there every October. The Club has 250 members.

On this bright afternoon in late October the fall colors were blazing

behind a shadowy mist. The Club members gathered on the lawn of Braewold. Many, as is their custom, had brought flowers and vegetables of their own raising to display. "Fruits of the season," the weekly "Mt. Kisco Recorder" reported the Friday following, "were shown on the lawn. Eggplant, tomatoes, okra, red and green peppers, purple cauliflower, turnips, long season beets, Fall pippin apples and three varieties of pears. James Mead brought from Yorktown a fine exhibit of Salt Lake celery. Fancy gourds and lovely fall flowers were on display in the house."

The Bedford Farmers meet on the last Wednesday of the month in open weather. They hold no meetings from October until March. The programs are variegated and not exclusively agricultural. Last March the Club met in open forum, with no view or subject barred. In April the talk was of garden fertilizers; in May, Edwin de T. Bechtel lectured on "John Jay and the Supreme Court," and June's talk was of Apple Tree Root Stock. In July the Club went on its annual visit to the Botanical Gardens. And so on next March the Club will probably consider the question of water conservation and falling water tables, a serious matter in this as in countless other localities.

Few of the Bedford farmers handle very much ground; it is mainly a matter of good gardening with them now. But I never saw or heard speak in a group of a hundred or more persons as many who seemed true husbandmen (or husbandwomen), with a real feeling for taking care of the ground. The talk at this particular meeting was about soil conservation. Wm. H. Sanders, the Club's secretary, summed it up in "The Recorder" thus:

"Every living thing is dependent on topsoil. A depleted soil can fast ruin the mightiest nation on earth. Nature left us a fertile soil. We must preserve this gift of God or perish. We in the East with our green fields and bounteous trees think little of a wasting soil; but when one travels South or West and sees with his own eyes big muddy rivers washing the cream of our soil away to the oceans, and clouds of dust rising from our plains, there is truly cause for alarm. One generation did not do this and it will take far more than another to mend this sad mistake. We have simply got too far from nature. The side hills have been plowed wrong and on the plains we have plowed up too much ground. The buffalo grass is gone. . . ."

I have seldom spent a pleasanter or more fascinating afternoon than at Braewold with the Bedford squires and their wives. One of Mr. Wood's other interests is educating the Negro race. His wife, who was once a social worker in Puerto Rico, has a remarkable herb garden from which she assembles bouquets of varying aromatic combinations for the blind. Her greenhouse is her special delight in winter. It contains a camellia tree twelve feet high that blooms toward Christmas. The Woods give the flowers by the armful to their friends and still have enough to sell to florists. That beautiful, glassed-in tree pays all the expenses of the greenhouse and makes a profit.

CALIFORNIA'S LIQUID GOLD

(*Continued from page* 25)

Richard de Latour, whose absorbing interest in color photography finds ample expression in these beautiful surroundings.

The de Pins have spent most of their married life in France and have the true Frenchman's love of the land, and are of course connoisseurs of good wine. Marquis de Pins is a great sportsman, an ardent angler and a lover of horses. In France he had a fine stable, but in California he finds complete absorption in the business of wine-growing. His sportsman's spirit takes especial pride in the pheasants which are being bred and raised at Beaulieu.

Wine is not the sole produce of Beaulieu; there are fruit and vegetables aplenty for all the guests and there is one cow and a flock of chickens to take care of the need for milk and eggs.

It would seem that such an ideal existence would be all the de Latour family could manage, but they hold a prominent place in San Francisco society so their lovely brick mansion in town is kept open the year 'round. Here Mme. de Latour stays when business or social affairs call her to the city, and here she presides over the same flawless dinners that are given at Beaulieu.

Promise of the maintenance of the de Latour's great wine tradition rests in young Dagmar de Pins, a lovely, willowy, dark-eyed girl of sixteen who finds the gay life of subdeb parties entrancing, but who nevertheless has inherited a love of the land, and is becoming a wine expert in her own right. It is a joy to see her going about Beaulieu, chatting in French with the old employees and learning by intense observation the business of wine-making. She is in step with the spirit which is moving young Californians closer to an appreciation of good wine. She, like the sons and daughters of other aristocratic wine-growers in California, realizes the great heritage she has, and is proud in the knowledge that what France has lost, we have gained in the truly great wines that are now coming out of California.

Old English Silver

This sixty-four piece George III Silver Gilt Dessert Service in Oak Case was made in London in 1795 by George Smith, Wm. Fearn and Mark Bock. Mr. Guille also offers a variety of Modern Flatware faultlessly reproduced from Old English originals.

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Cellar and Pantry

by CROSBY GAIGE

CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE AS IT SHOULD BE: RYE BREAD AND OTHER RECIPES

THE Editor of this department extends to the gentlemen and gentler women who are his readers his greetings and his wishes for their well-being during the year of 1942 that presently confronts us. There are dour winds skirling around the corners of our houses and skies everywhere are overcast with grimly scudding clouds. And so it may be well to disregard these unpleasant portents if we can and consider for the moment such old fashioned and wholesome manifestations of country living as homemade corned beef and some of the coarser and darker breads like sour rye and pumpernickel.

I remember a luncheon that I had some twenty years ago with George M. Cohan at the then justly famous Hotel Knickerbocker at Forty-second Street and Broadway. Corned beef and cabbage was on the menu priced at $1.75. George called the head-waiter and said, "I'll take corned beef and cabbage, but don't bring me a full portion. I couldn't lift a dollar and seventy-five cents worth, much less eat it."

Well, be that as it may, a good piece of brisket of beef properly corned or cured and likewise properly cooked and served with the attendant vegetables can be a real delicacy as I proved to myself and to some guests who gathered around my dinner table not long ago.

Unfortunately among Anglo-Saxons and people of that sort the corning of beef was usually a method of preserving temporarily some of the cheaper cuts. It was left to the Jewish curer of meat to raise this process to an art. I learned the secret from my friend Chester Gash, who, although not in the business of dealing with meat, has an infinite knowledge of and capacity for the better things of the table.

Order from your butcher five pounds of brisket of young prime beef. Be sure that it is well upholstered and well-veined with fat. Prepare a curing mixture by adding to five quarts of water enough salt so that an egg will not sink to the bottom. Bring the salted water to the boil and then allow to cool.

Add to this mixture one teaspoonful of saltpeter, two cloves of garlic mashed, one teaspoon of whole peppercorns, one teaspoon of mustard seed, two bay leaves, one tablespoon of brown sugar and one or two dried chili peppers which you can pick out of a box of mixed pickling spices. Place the meat in an earthenware crock, cover it with the water and put in a cool place for two weeks.

When you cook the meat rinse it off. Place in a kettle and add one bottle of dry ginger ale and enough cold water to cover and bring it gradually to the boil. When it has boiled for five minutes remove the scum and then simmer slowly until tender, about 45 minutes per pound. A few vegetables, such as two or three carrots, an onion, and a few stalks of celery may be added.

The vegetables to be served with the meat should be boiled separately —potatoes, cabbage or spinach, turnips and carrots. A good relish with the dish is a mixture of horse radish and English mustard.

Jeanne Owen and her sauce boat practicing what she preaches

BREAD

Some time ago, and I am ashamed to say how long, I had a letter from Mrs. W. P. Hobby, executive vice president of the "Houston Post," asking me what I knew about whole wheat, pumpernickel and sour rye breads. I take this opportunity to reply to Mrs. Hobby with my apologies for my delay.

In my own household we have very little use for the ordinary white breads of commerce. These tasteless, spongy nonentities have recently been reinforced by governmental persuasion so that at last they are supposed to contain some food value. Heaven knows they needed such bolstering up. Reinforced or not reinforced, I still don't like them. Give me any time a good coarse crusty piece of pumpernickel or sour rye that I can put my teeth into.

There has just arrived on my desk a most welcome volume entitled "Breads and More Breads" by Sumption and Ashbrook, published by The Manual Arts Press. I recommend this book to Mrs. Hobby and to other lovers of honest homemade bread. From its pages I quote the recipe for a traditional sour rye:

SOUR RYE BREAD

½ cup lukewarm water
2 cakes yeast
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup white flour
2 teaspoons salt
1½ cup sour milk
5 cups rye flour
1 cup white flour
½ cup whole-wheat flour

Mix the first 4 ingredients and let stand till bubbly. Add the rest in order and knead well ten minutes. Let rise till double in bulk. Knead ten minutes more. Put the dough in a large bowl lined with a well-floured cloth. When it is double in bulk, invert the bowl and let the dough fall carefully on to a greased-and-floured baking board. If the cloth has stuck, remove it carefully. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes and a moderate one 100 more.

This makes the traditional round loaf of European countries and allows the loaf to rise more easily while baking because there is no crust on top to slow down the yeast action in this heavy rye dough. Keep half the dough from the first baking to add to the next if you want a real "sour rye." Add two tablespoons caraway seeds if liked. Makes two loaves.

SAUCES AND PROVERBS

It is for me occasionally a matter of pleasant speculation to contemplate the question of proverbs—those pithy sentences or phrases that are supposed to sum up succinctly in a nutshell the sum total of human wisdom upon a variety of subjects. "Acquaint thyself with proverbs," wrote the author of Eccliasticus, "for from them thou shalt learn instruction."

There is no beating about the bush with proverbs. They are *ex cathedra* categorical statements regarding the facts of life. It is impossible to temporize with them. You either take them or leave them. Most people take them and repeat them with an air of profound wisdom and thus acquire a reputation for being sage and canny and sound fellows.

I became slightly skeptical regarding proverbs in my early youth

and for good reason. Whenever, at the age of five or six, I entered a room where my mother and sisters were gossiping gaily among themselves one of my sisters, and I shall not say which one, was bound to remark, with a furtive look in my direction, that "Little pitchers have big ears." In the hush which followed I asked what that meant and I was told that it was just an old proverb. No situation and no phrase has since been so stultifying to my masculine intelligence.

Later on when I heard my grandmother say to my mother, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," I recognized at once that I was in the presence of a proverb of such monstrous falsity and unfairness that I could scarcely believe my ears. Fortunately my mother felt the same way about it that I did.

Here, just for example, are a few wise saws that are open to suspicion —"A bad shift is better than none." Well, that's a matter of the attendant circumstances; "A cheerful look makes a dish a feast," which is plain falsehood. I have tried it and it does not work; "When an ass climbs a ladder, we may find wisdom in women." This statement not only stretches the facts, but is highly impolitic.

The above introduces Jeanne Owen's "Book of Sauces" and another proverb which passes as gospel, but is sometimes inaccurate—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." For instance, most of my favorite geese like a good chocolate sauce, but draw the line at the garlic sauce which heads the list in this new and useful volume.

Mrs. Owen is a cook of resource and skill and ably and clearly translates her knowledge for the instruction of others. She has dealt with all of the great and classic sauces and has dipped her finger into the sauce-boats of many of her friends for private recipes that might otherwise have never been recorded. Her book is a real contribution to the modern kitchen. As a final benediction to it I quote another proverb from the French who were aforetime a wise and truthful people. "Le sauce vaut mieux que le poisson."

NEW COOK BOOK

For people who mind their meals and their manners a new book from the culinary stylus of June Platt is matter of real importance. Mrs. Platt is a lovely and gracious lady and her personality is reflected by the well polished tea kettle on her kitchen range.

Mrs. Platt keeps the readers of *House and Garden* well fed and in a state of gastronomic grace and her "Plain and Fancy Cook Book" is a record of her high adventures among the casseroles. You may think that you do not need another cook book, but you are mistaken. One always needs another cook book if June Platt is the author.

Here is a soup and a *mousse*, just as samples of what a resourceful woman can do if the guests are cantering up the drive and Mr. Morgenthau and two packs of wolves are howling outside the kitchen door.

BAKED IDAHO POTATO SOUP

(for ten to twelve)

4 large Idaho potatoes
4 cans of concentrated chicken soup
¾ cup of water
A few chopped chives
2 cups of cream
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Small lump of sweet butter

This soup, I take it, hails from Idaho. I have only recently heard of it and don't know who invented it, but it's delicious. Bake in the usual manner four large well-scrubbed Idaho potatoes, being sure they are well cooked through. Cut them quickly in half and extract all the mealy potato, letting it fall into an enamel pan. Heat the contents of four cans of concentrated chicken soup, diluted with three-quarters cup of water. Mash the potatoes with a large silver serving fork, or wooden spoon, and add the boiling chicken soup gradually, so as to make the whole as smooth as possible. Then add two cups of scalded cream. Add salt and freshly ground pepper to taste, and pour into hot soup tureen. Add a small lump of sweet butter. Stir until butter has melted, and serve at once. A few chopped chives sprinkled into each bowl puts on the finishing touch.

SUPER-SUPERLATIVE CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

(for six or eight)

1 lb. of Maillard's triple vanilla sweet chocolate
½ cup of granulated sugar
½ cup of water
Yolks of 10 eggs
2 teaspoons of vanilla
Whites of 10 eggs

Melt together, in top of double boiler, one pound of Maillard's triple vanilla sweet chocolate and one-half cup of granulated sugar, moistened with one-half cup of water. Stir while melting until smooth and free from lumps. Remove from fire and cool, stirring from time to time. When cool, add the well-beaten yolks of ten eggs. Stir in two teaspoons of vanilla. Beat the whites of ten eggs until stiff enough to hold a peak when the beater is withdrawn.

Add the chocolate to the whites and beat with the rotary beater just long enough to incorporate all the whites. Pour into a deep earthenware crock or glass jar, preferably one with a cover. Place in refrigerator overnight, or for at least twelve hours, before serving. Pin a white folded cerviette around the crock and serve, with lady fingers.

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SKI POINTS

(*Continued from page 33*)

does more harm than in skiing. The refinements of the best skis, bindings and boots may be lost on the beginner. Shortening his poles a couple of inches and varying the weight of the baskets a few ounces may have no effect on his skiing. These things come later. But unless his equipment is adequate, he doesn't stand as much chance as a two-inch snowfall on a snowtrain weekend.

Above all else his boots should be right. The soles should be rigid from heel to toe, and preferably reinforced with a steel plate. The lacings should begin well down by the base of the toes to give the entire foot support, and should end just above the ankle, so there is no chafing or restriction when the knees are forward. Of course, if a boot is cut higher, there is no need to lace it all the way up. Finally the boot should fit snugly, but not tightly, over two pairs of heavy socks.

Old stuff, says the veteran skier. Everybody knows that. But if the veteran will stop off at the tow hill on the way to his favorite run and take a good look at the average footgear, he will be appalled. Much of it is good, of course, but some of it is impossible. Even the finest boots are often fitted in the toe irons with the heel an inch or even two inches off center, and their owners seem unaware of it.

Bad alignment may be the fault of the shop which fitted boots to the skis, where some frenzied repairman worked all night to finish the rush jobs before the morning snow train pulled out. But more likely the skier himself made some adjustments and failed to tighten the screws completely, and the plates pulled out of line in a bad spill.

The bindings themselves are the average skier's other major handicap. For any degree of skill in downhill running the binding must provide downpull, must hold the heels on the skis. Yet many a dub still sets out to learn the sport with a free-heel binding. No one accustomed to downpull can quite imagine the odds against which he struggles. Let a veteran, scornful of the floundering dubs, try skiing with a free heel, and he will find himself a humbler man.

There are other ways in which the dub handicaps himself. For one thing his skis are often too long. When they are standing up he should be able to touch the tips with the base of his hand, and only after he can handle this length should he try to master longer, slightly faster hickories. Sometimes in the interests of economy he fails to have steel edges put on his skis, and then his struggles on hard-packed snow are horrendous to look upon.

His poles are apt to be unwieldy too, reaching to his armpits instead of his lower ribs. And his clothing can be the worst handicap of all. Smooth, snowshedding gabardine may be coming into its own, but there are still plenty of woolly costumes in evidence, picking up the snow and overheating the body. All in all, the Humane Society isn't going to have an easy time equipping the whole of skidom to perfection.

But when it does, things ought to start looking up. When the beginner's boots fit him, when proper bindings prevent his skis from wandering off independently of his feet, when his clothes are not a solid mass of ice, he finds instruction easier. Ask any ski teacher, poor devil. And instruction is point two.

Weekend after weekend and winter after winter the average skier rides the ski tow and slides down the gentle incline of the practice slope. It is all he can manage. Finally he takes to the easier trails, but he does not ski them. He falls down them, using the squat and slither system to check his speed at frequent intervals. Half a dozen lessons would take him out of the duffer class and start him on the road to skillful, controlled running, but he never gets around to taking them.

Yet there's nothing to stop him. We have plenty of good ski schools in America today. Almost all the major resorts provide first rate teachers. In New England the Eastern Amateur Ski Association has adopted the European system of certifying qualified instructors, and you can depend on sound teaching from the man who wears a certified badge. You can depend, too, on infinitely greater pleasure. The ecstatic gleam in the eye of the man who is mastering his turns is very beautiful. It is because older people usually take lessons that you see so few of them on the practice slopes; in two or three seasons they graduate to the trails.

Not so the younger duffer. He reads books, many of them excellent books, on skiing technique, and vainly hopes to apply them without an instructor's help, relying on the coaching of fellow dubs to turn him into a kanonen. And it doesn't work. The greater speed, the greater safety, the greater thrill of being the master of his boards all remain beyond his reach. The Humane Society should lobby for compulsory education.

Then we'll get somewhere. A fair skier can handle pretty nearly any slope. He may not take it straight, like the kanonen, but he will negotiate it under control without deliberately falling every few yards to check his mad career. Where once he skied with fear and tum-

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bling, he now swings down in sweeping turns. He is the master of his feet.

And straightway he is dissatisfied; he hankers for fresh slopes and pastures new. Here again he is apt to proceed in the same hit-or-miss fashion that held him in the duffer class so long. Particularly in New England, which is dotted with minor resorts, he is liable to wander aimlessly from one place to another, not knowing where to look for his heart's desire. For skiing is young, and rare is the trail that is famed in song nd story. Every fisherman has some fabled stream he hopes to fish some day. Every golfer turns his thoughts at some time or other to St. Andrews. But the skier, fearful of wasting a precious weekend in strange territory, haunts the same old slope in the winter of his discontent.

ONCE more we look to the Humane Society. It could prevent untold suffering by publishing a cheap drugstore edition of such skiing classics as "Nose Dive Annie," tuneful tribute to one who learned to ride her boards at Stowe, Vermont. Prominent in the table of contents would be the songs in which the Red Birds have immortalized their Laurentian country. Such sagas, although well known to veteran skiers for years, would be new to John Duffer. And yet he would recognize them instinctively as the soundest travel guide procurable.

Song and legend are the hallmarks of real skiing country. They grow up where veteran skiers gather, and veteran skiers gather where the skiing is best. With the publication of this local skiing lore the Humane Society would complete the third point in its program and rest on its laurels, while the average skier lived happily ever after.

His joy would be even greater than the skiing classics led him to expect, for when Annie first tackled the Nose Dive it was a long, hard climb. Few people ran it more than twice a day. Now the longest aerial chair lift in the world carries you to Mt. Mansfield in twenty minutes. You can run the mountain a dozen times if your legs will stand it, and you have a choice of several novice or intermediate trails if the Nose Dive is beyond you. What's more, the Friday night "Ski-Meister" out of New York gives you two full days of skiing on Stowe's Mt. Mansfield, including meals, hotel accommodations and bus service, for $23.00, landing you back in the city early Monday morning.

The Laurentians, too, have changed since the first Red Bird raised his voice in evening song at St. Sauveur's Pub. That was long before the first tow was installed on famed Hill Seventy. There are tows now on all of St. Sauveur's principal slopes, and farther North chair lifts at Joseph Ryan's Lodge carry the skier up Mont Tremblant to run the Flying Mile, the Taschereau and the Kandahar. But though the Laurentians offer first rate downhill skiing, it is in touring that the region is supreme. Nowhere else can you sling your knapsack on your back and wander over such a network of trails from village to village, putting up at night at whatever pension strikes your fancy. Rates run between three and eight dollars a day with meals. Several new inns and chalets are accommodating the skier this season, among them The Marquise, luxurious new ski chalet, formerly the exclusive Club Mont Gabriel, which is situated in St. Sauveur. Train service to the Laurentian villages is frequent out of Montreal, which lies 52 miles south of St. Sauveur, 91 miles south of Tremblant. And out of Detroit a four-day tour to Quebec with skiing at Lac Beauport costs under $70.

Further West the Canadian Rocky country is accessible from Jasper, Banff and Lake Louise.[1] It is country for skilled runners. Of course it provides slopes for the novice, but so do Stowe, the Laurentians and many another less distant resort, and the less expert are inclined to do their skiing nearer home. Competent runners, however, will find the Rockies unexcelled. The Maligne Lake chalet and the Trapper Valley Ski Camp, reached from Jasper, provide Alpine skiing from their very doors. The new Lake Louise Ski Lodge near Lake Louise Station, and Skoki Lodge, ten miles north of Lake Louise, is in similar country, as is also Sunshine Chalet, to the south of Banff.

A sleeper round trip from, say, San Francisco to Banff costs from $91 to $117, according to the accommodations.

For the skier who insists on remaining in touch with the outside world, there is a two way radio between Sunshine and Banff, but if he has any sense he won't use it. The country isn't made for people who are preoccupied with anything but skiing. The joy of these places lies in being shut away from the world, with nothing but skiing to occupy the mind, nothing but huge white slopes to fill the eye. They are not weekend resorts. They are places to visit when you can afford to devote yourself heart and soul to skiing for a week or two. Nor are they prohibitively expensive. Accommodations, including meals, at Sunshine, Skoki, and Maligne Lake are $35 a week.

More and more skiers are making these longer trips. They've discovered that one run above timber in the Rockies or one trip down Mt. Mansfield is worth any amount of shuttling up and down the practice slopes. They are the fortunate ones who have no need of a three point program. But most of us do need it. May we get it quickly.

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Guns & Game

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

CREATIVE WRITING, OR A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LITERARY GENT

A RAINY day in November is ideal for the purpose of creative writing, provided, of course, that the creative writer is at home where he should be and not out helling around in the wet after ducks and geese. In preparation for what he knows will be a day of intense mental activity the creative writer stays abed an hour later than usual, listening drowsily to the drip of the cold rain on the roof and the forlorn sighing of the naked maples shivering in dreary weather.

When finally our author does elevate himself from his couch he sits on the edge of his bed and meditatively smokes a cigarette before proceeding with his toilet. Through it all he is filled with that fine pride of accomplishment which is the special boon of those who haven't accomplished anything at all as yet, but expect to do so immediately after breakfast.

The creative writer knows well the frustrating effect of food hastily bolted, so, with his deadline date still three days distant, he dallies through the orange juice, trips through the kippers and toast, and at last reaches the coffee and his second cigarette. Being well aware that many great modern authors find inspiration in the newspapers, he dutifully reads his own; the war in Russia, the war in Africa, the war in the Atlantic, the war in the Pacific, the war in China, the war in Thailand, the murders and murder trials, the columnists and the divorces. There's nothing here of interest, nothing to inspire.

However, an item about a lady in Kentucky who has given birth to quadruplets catches our writer's eye and he is led away into a profound academic examination of the phenomena of human birth, single brats, twins, triplets, quadruplets, and so forth. It occurs to him, as it probably never has occurred to anyone else but the parents of quadruplets, that for the family of average means, the arrival of quadruplets constitutes a financial disaster equalling that of 1929, whereas a Heaven-sent gift of quintuplets brings wealth, ease and a kind of oblique fame, for the male parent, at least. What a difference one baby can make!

At this point our author's attention is diverted from babies to squirrels.

A gray squirrel unable longer to bear the pangs of hunger and wishing, no doubt, that he had had sense enough last night to bring home a snack of walnuts and sunflower seed for breakfast in bed, has just emerged from his hole in a maple to scurry across the grass to one of his store-houses. Now he returns to sit on a dripping limb, gnawing at his obstinate food and looking doleful enough with his wet plume bedraggling in the rain.

Our author observes the little beast closely for an hour. He realizes that John James Audubon never overlooked an opportunity to watch God's innocent creatures fighting, biting, squalling, quarrelling, making love, scratching and stealing food from one another, and look at John James Audubon now! Dead, of course, but famous.

At last the squirrel throws away the last fragment of shuck with an ungracious gesture that says, plainly as anything: "To hell with it!" and retires grumpily to his hole, while our author retires to his desk; or is about to do so when the black maw of the cold fireplace draws his attention. Good grief! How can a creative writer work in such an unsympathetic atmosphere? He can't, of course. So, kindling wood and firewood are assembled and laid ready, deftly and cunningly, and in such a way that when the match is applied the sprouting flames will spread evenly about the whole structure as clematis envelops a stone wall and not in flickering, smoky spurts like a tenement house on fire.

A match? Nonsense! Listen to the rain and the rising wind outside! Let's have great-grandfather's tinder box down from the mantelpiece. Think of that hardy old gentleman at four o'clock in the morning, with the thermometer which he didn't have, registering 40° below, kneeling on his cold hearth in his nightgown, flicking away at the steel with this very same lump of blue flint, trying to direct the brief shower of sparks downward upon the tinder.

Sometimes the sparks fell on a fold of the linty night-shirt. Then the quick blue flames would envelop Great-Grandfather in a flash of ghostly fire. At such moments Abu Ben Adem, had he been present and awake, might have noticed a passing resemblance to an earlier acquaintance—except for a pungent odor of singed whiskers and heartfelt profanity quite foreign to celestial visitors.

The bellows having been disabled by a charge of bird shot poured into its diaphragm by the curious hands of childhood, our author must needs blow up the flame with his breath alone. This is an exercise that induces dizziness and vertigo. There is an excess of oxygen in his blood. This however is a condition that can easily be corrected by a dose of hot rum with a lemon peel in it and some nutmeg, clove and cinnamon. The time is appropriate, too, for the sun, if one could see it through the murk and dourness overhead, would show well past the yardarm.

Perhaps you do not know this, but it's just as difficult to mix a proper, authentic hot rum as it is to build a good fire on a wet November day. The principle governing both these operations is the same. Patience, exactitude and creative imagination will do the trick. Some, there are, who favor white sugar, but our author is not one of these. Brown sugar, he argues, imparts to hot rum an authentic flavor of the salty blue seas, fresh blood on the planking, booty, and the reek of the long 24-pounder. One or two of these delicately adjusted little depth bombs will make a creative writer out of a porpoise, I can tell you.

SHARP-TAILED GROUSE — LORENE SQUIRE

Our subject has in fact commenced to sharpen his pencils and arrange a block of writing paper when lunch is announced. The weather is, if anything, somewhat worse than it has been. The wind, no more than dolorous during the morning, is beginning to hoot and wail as if it had snow up its billowing sleeve.

Feeling more creatively productive than ever, the author lingers over the cheese and wafers, watching the first harsh volleys of sleet pelting across the landscape and pitying the improvident gray squirrel who must once more emerge into the icy welter or sleep on an empty stomach tonight.

"This," thinks the author, "is the proper way to write the damned piece for COUNTRY LIFE. No haste, no pressure, no feeling of being hurried off your feet! Just calm and beautiful and creative. That's what it is."

Something reminds our man that he ought to grease his field boots at once. He believes in boot greasing. Great-Grandfather didn't, and used to tell about how he purchased two identical pairs of kip boots which he wore on alternate days. One pair he greased faithfully once each week,—the other he left greaseless. The two pairs, so he said, lasted approximately four years with the greased pair outliving the ungreased pair by exactly two days.

Just as the boot-greasing job is completed and the author has settled himself with pencil and pad, there is an imperative knocking at the door. It is Peter Nixon, a wildfowler, and a thriftless sort of a Judge in the Superior Court. There is snow on his coat and frost on his magisterial eyebrows and he carries an old scuffed leather gun case.

"Hi!" says he. "Hell of a day, ain't it? Came over to see if you could get this confounded gun together for me. Seems to be out of kilter somehow and I'm fixing to get down to Currituck Monday."

The visitor is relieved of his hat, coat and gun. A fresh bowl of hot grog is brought in, and then the author uncases the gun and examines it expertly. After two or three futile attempts to set the barrels into the frame he lays the weapon aside with what comes close to being truly Oriental courtesy. For there is nothing wrong with the gun; the Judge can assemble it blindfolded and with one hand. His host knows this and is too considerate to imply that his friend doesn't know it, too. The real purpose of the Judge's visit is rum and conversation.

Two hours later, when dinner is announced, the Judge is in the midst of a dissertation on goose shot. "Number two's for me every-time," he declares. "Four's will do well enough up to fifty yards, but no farther. Why, Hell's fire! I sat in a blind down at Beaver Dam one day expecting to shoot ducks. The geese started flying, gang after gang of 'em, right over the blind about sixty yards up. Only had two loads of two's and I killed a goose with each one of 'em. After that I tried four's on 'em, but I never killed another bird all day. Shot just rattled off 'em like a handful of beans on a slate roof."

Hours later the guest departs with his gun into the howling darkness and still later the Lady comes on quiet feet to view the scene. The fire has sunk to a glowing mass of embers and there before it is our author, relaxed and sound asleep in his big chair. The Lady reflects that creative writing is a most exhausting exercise. The pad is at the author's elbow, with not a mark upon it to violate the chastity of the top sheet. But hold! There *is* a mark in the upper right-hand corner. A "doodling" maybe. She leans closer to examine it. As nearly as she can tell it is a vignette of a squirrel sitting on the limb of a tree. The Lady is puzzled.

"How in the world did he manage to find time to do that?" she murmurs. "I wonder!"

ON THE SHOOTING OF QUAILS

(*Continued from page* 31)

spite their outward appearance they must possess blood! Shall we stand or walk in, Geawge? Very well! Scholar, forget not the things I have told you!

Zounds! What a pother! Where went they? What were they? Geawge! What were they? Quails? Do you tell me those undersized zooming bumble-bees are quails? And you got two? Scholar, did you shoot? And *you* got one?

Ahem! The next time you are faced by the responsibility of a rising covey of quails—for such I conceive this to have been—be not so forgetful of my past counsel: do not seek to shoot the entire covey; choose you instead a single bird and kill him cleanly. Then shift your muzzles promptly to another individual and kill him. You see? There is plenty of time and no need whatsoever of becoming flustered. Had you done these things this time you would have two quails in your pocket instead of one.

But Geawge beckons! See! the pups, as he ever calls them, are again on point. We will advance. Geawge! On this occasion you will please mind my admonition and fire not that damned, many-shotted piece! Now, Scholar, have at them!

Hi! A notable covey! Did you score your double? No? Well, patience is as much a virtue in a teacher as in a pupil, so I will not chide you. How many did I get? Er—one, I believe. To say truth, Scholar, the sight of so many birds at once and so of a sudden does seem to confuse my mind somewhat. Temporarily, of course, temporarily.

And here are the whelps with our quails! How plump they are and how well conditioned! And Geawge has noted all of the singles—extraordinary how he seems to know the number of the birds and where each has come to rest! That is another art we must study, sir, if we are to become true masters of this sport. He says all are down at different places along yonder fence, which should make for some shooting to warm our blood!

See, even now one dog draws to a point. How prettily the other dog backs him up! A sight we most rarely see in our thick covers of the North! Cross the fence, sir, your legs being the longer, and we will close in.

Point! I have him. Well, well! This *is* shooting.

Another point! What? you missed? Never heed, sir, but proceed.

Mark! I have another! What say? Be not downcast, Scholar. To be sure I am outshooting you, but what do you expect? Think of my years, sir! Moreover, I must confess that these shots have all been what I seem to have heard are called set-ups, Geawge! We will now give over shooting in this place, for I am weary and athirst.

What? No water? Dear me! But our honest friend says he will guide us to a place where there is both water and game. Come, what say you? A half-hour's exercise in his vehicle can do us no harm: come!

Drink, Scholar, if you thirst: drink from this branch. (Geawge says it is a branch, so it must be one, though it much resembles a frog-pond.) The water is cool and sweet. This would seem to be a placing fit for the habitation of serpents, though I see none. Have you observed the presence of any such?

Oh, Geawge! What can you tell us of the—Upon my word! I believe the dogs have discovered game. Yes, that is the case. Damn this country, sir! There is too much game—so much that leisurely and philosophic discourse is most difficult.

Good God! xxxxxx! Again I hit but one! Almighty Lord God of Sabbaoth! Will I *never* learn whatever devil's trick it is to be prepared and collected at the spring of the covey? Scholar! Did you score? And Geawge! Here come the dogs. And again, and yet again. Five birds, and but one of them mine!

Ere pursuing these single birds, some of which dropped beyond yonder bushes, let us refresh ourselves with the juice of these fine oranges Geawge has brought. Thank you, s-Geawge. Oh, Scholar, is it not grateful and refreshing? There are those, as you well know, who do mix the juice of the orange with rums, gins and other strong liquor, thus making draughts and syllabubs and christening them with outlandish, meaningless and even naughty names; but I, sir, will have none of them.

Give me the pure, flavorous juices of the fruits which God, in His kindness, has put here for the nourishment, refreshment and pleasure of mankind; or else give me the fine, strong, heartening liquors in the art of making which certain of His servants are so well instructed.

I declare! There are two separate points! Go you, Scholar, and take them both, first the one, then the other. Excellent! You performed in most masterly fashion. What if you did require to use two barrels upon your second bird? I tell you, sir, that the *good* use of the second barrel is a mark of distinction, none too common in this day.

You say there are no more here, Geawge? You are mistaken s-; keep hold of your dogs and I will walk to yonder wisp of weeds and flush and kill a quail. You see? Now let your dog retrieve it, please.

No, Scholar, I did not mark that bird down nor in any way see it, but I knew it was there well as ever I knew anything. Such flashes of what may be called bird-sense come to one at times. One time, many years past, my friend, the Colonel, and I had been pursuing grouse all day and were making our way down to the road through broken pasture-land and smoking paper spills of tobacco. At a certain point he spoke and said—Mr. Walton, would you like to have me step into this coppice and bring you out a grouse? I made raucous sounds but they deterred him no whit. He laid his spill upon a fence-post, stepped into the coppice, discharged his weapon and returned with a new-killed grouse. He handed it to me with a bow and resumed his spill, which had not ceased to burn. The truth? Of course, Scholar! Have I ever told other, save perchance in some small matter, such as the weight of a fish?

And now honest Geawge has promised us fresh fields for the morrow and has tightly wound the mechanism of his vehicle. We can joggle comfortably to our lodgings where I'm sure our honest hostess is prepared to give us a hot, wholesome and nourishing supper—but I do hope it is not grits and gravy yet again!

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Gardens

by DOROTHY NICHOLAS

ADVICE TO THE BEGINNER ABOUT TO BECOME AN ORCHID FANATIC

SOMEONE once said to me: "You are supposed to know something about plants; I long for information on starting to grow orchids." I regretfully had to admit that I knew so little about the subject I could offer no advice. I then commenced to wonder just how one would go about embarking on an orchid career, because career it is even for the most modest of amateurs. It is a career of fanatic enthusiasm.

Now the following article is not going to be a scientific treatise on orchids. I know more now than I knew when challenged, because, being chagrined, I made it my business to learn. However, I wish it clearly understood that I know my limitations, and a profound knowledge of orchids is one of them!

I am merely making suggestions for the beginning preceding the beginning, if you know what I mean! To make this clearer,—there are innumerable and excellent books for the beginner, articles for the beginner, greenhouses for the beginner, varieties for the beginner, etc., etc. That is all very well, but if you are such a novice that you don't even know where to start beginning,—well then this is the article for you!

Probably if you have been bitten by the orchid bug and are contemplating growing them, you are already familiar with some of the best known families, like the *cattleyas*, the *cymbidiums*, the *cypripediums*, the *oncidiums*, etc. If you are a bit confused about them, step into a florist's and look about you.

This will refresh your memory, that the *cattleyas* are the kind your beau sends when he is feeling most expansive. The *cymbidiums* are the stately long-spray kind, breath-taking in their beauty, the *cypripediums* belong to the small Lady-slipper family, and the *oncidiums* are the slender graceful yellowish "butterfly spray." *Phalaenopsis* is another spray type very lovely, and associated with wedding bouquets and with the almost forgotten days of a dinner table beautifully decorated with these gems from the hostess' greenhouse.

After this first step, go to a book shop and purchase "American Orchid Culture," by Edward A. White, and then go home and write to the American Orchid Society, David Lumsden, Sec., 115 Glenbrook Road, Bethesda, Md., and subscribe to their monthly bulletin, and ask for their little pamphlet "Orchids for Beginners."

Browse through this reading matter, and don't become discouraged if orchid raising sounds a bit on the complicated side. Keep in mind "little steps for little feet," don't try to digest everything at the first gulp, don't contemplate growing every species you read about, just try to assimilate some practical ideas and then go on to the next step.

This I should say would be to take a trip to your nearest reliable commercial orchid grower,[1] and then throw yourself upon his mercy. Tell him you want to start in growing orchids and you need his advice about many subjects. Probably his first question will be: "Have you decided on what kinds of orchids you wish to start in with?" You should be prepared for that question, because it involves many basic principles. For example, if you wish to concentrate on *phalaenopsis*, and certain kinds of *cattleyas*, you would need a greenhouse equipped and run as a "warm house" with a temperature ranging between 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit at night and 70 to 80 degrees by day.

If *cymbidiums* are to be your hobby, then a "cool" house is best, where the night temperature is 50-60 and the day 60-65. Or if it is to be *cypripediums*, then an "intermediate house," 60-65 by night and 65-70 by day is approximately the correct temperature.

This is all logical because the greenhouse, being an adopted home, must strive to be as near the visitors' habitat as possible. Therefore an orchid imported from the low hot tropics needs more heat than one whose home town is on a high Himalayan Mountain.

If however you are able to go into this game on a fairly big scale, and feel you can cope with three sections of greenhouse, why so much the better. You will not have to make the agonizing decision of "which will it be," and you will have that added frenzy of excitement of immediately trying many different species and types of orchids. But whether you are commencing on a large or small scale, you will have a volley of questions to ask the kind, knowledgeable orchid grower.

They will be questions like this: "Please tell me who is the best greenhouse firm in this vicinity for me to go to?" If I decide on a *cattleya* house, how large a one do I need for 100 (or 200 or 500) orchid plants?" "What is the most practical lay-out?" "Suppose I start with one smallish house. Wouldn't it be wise to put in a heater capable of taking care of two more sections. so eventually I could have three adequate houses?" "What type of heating is the best?" "If a brand-new greenhouse is too expensive, I believe I could find an old one that somebody is discarding. If so, would you advise me how to go about remodeling it, and suggest who could help me do it?" And so on and so forth.

After you and he have thrashed out these first practical steps, then you can start looking for the plants you want to own. About this I have a suggestion that I trust will be helpful. Often a novice is advised to buy a "beginner's collection," which is I think, rather a "pig in a poke" method. Probably few of the plants will be in bloom, and it often means you pay good money for things that turn out to be rather disappointing. I would rather that you would approach your momentous decision like this:

Ask your dealer friend to show you *cattleyas* (or *cymbidiums*, or

[1] See Chapter IX in "Orchid Culture" for names and addresses all over the country.

WM. H. LUTTON

Orchids in bloom are displayed in this "show parlor" which has all the comforts of home for these fastidious plants

LORD AND BURNHAM

Be sure to decide what orchid varieties you wish to start with because many basic principles are involved

whatever you have decided to embark on) *in bloom* and to help you find plants that not only appeal to you, but ones that are not difficult or tricky to grow. When these are found, *buy them then and there*, as many as you can afford, or find expedient to care for, with the realization that if all goes well and you prosper in your task, those same plants will have completed their twelve months' cycle, and will be in bloom approximately one year from that date.

In other words, if you have decided you want *cattleyas* blooming through December, January, and February, you buy plants in flower during these months. You have seen them with your own two eyes, you are crazy about them, and you will then have the comfort of knowing that for years to come those same beautiful plants will flower again for those winter months, with eventually their children and their children's children tagging along. A thrilling thought, isn't it?

Soon you will learn how to keep them vigorous and healthy in their greenhouse "habitat," how and when to give them "rest periods," how and when to divide the bulbs, and give them the right food and drink, and be skillful in the extremely important feature of potting and repotting the bulbs. You will be wise in knowing how essential it is to poke and prod the "osmundine" around the *cattleyas* roots until it is firm and solid and free from soft pockets, that are dangerous moisture-holding evils for the bulbs. This, by the way, takes strength, real strength, in the thumbs and hands; a man's job in fact.

You will know how to instruct your gardener in all the delicate care of these precious flowers, also how to manage the greenhouse. He must know and attend to the watering, temperature, ventilation, shading, and many other greenhouse essentials. You do not need an expert gardener, if *you* are the expert yourself, but I believe every amateur (every female amateur anyhow) must have someone available to do a good deal of the work. That is if she is going in for raising orchids on anything larger in scale than a window box or a small "lean-to."

A friend of mine has it down to a pretty fine, and a pretty delightful, point. She has a greenhouse, a renovated one, which was not primarily built for orchids. It now has three sections: warm, intermediate, and cool. It has a good ventilating system and an oil burning heating plant, which has an attachment to warm the water used for spraying the plants, as the cold of the artesian well water would be too much of a shock. In fact this greenhouse has been brought right up to date and warranted to please the most temperamental of orchid beauties. She has an excellent man, trained by herself, who is as keen as she is to produce results.

The orchids are grown in the greenhouse, and when they come into flower they are brought up to the glass enclosed "show parlor" that you see in the photograph. This parlor is really a curved passageway leading from the living room to the library.

Here, almost all the year round, you will find an enchanting assortment of orchids. *Cattleyas, cymbidiums, cypripediums, miltonias, dendrobiums, vandas*, etc., and all where you can see them while sipping a cup of tea!

Now last, but not least, is the subject of expense, and I hate to bring it up. I have read and re-read articles about orchid growing being a poor man's recreation, but—"I dunno"! I read that if you are smart you can erect a greenhouse at a "trifling expense." Maybe; also maybe everybody's idea of trifling isn't the same. I also read that you can buy lovely orchid plants for $3.00 and $5.00 each. Can you? I wonder where. All I find for that price are rather homely little bodies, or else young bulbs that won't bloom for two or three years. $15.00 to $25.00 and up, seem nearer the prices one has to pay, for the kind of flowers one yearns for. Or to put it more forcibly, not only yearns for, but must have, to make all the toil and travail worth while.

The expense of running a small greenhouse is not too bad, but coal is coal, and oil is oil, and neither of them "come down the mountain" free! However, if one is careful and clever, one can budget his orchid career and know where he stands.

One must not fool oneself about the expense, neither must one become panicky. The idea is to get the fullest possible personal enjoyment out of this recreation and I believe it can be done in the "happy medium" stage, better than in any other.

I again want to call your attention to the book I mentioned by Mr. White. It is the best text book on the American culture of orchids, and if it is used as an "orchid bible," it will help solve your problems step by step.

Whether you are interested in this career or not, do not fail to put aside a good long time to gaze at the orchid exhibition at the New York Flower Show if you are in New York that week in March. "A cat can look at a king," you know, and this exhibition is unbelievably beautiful. The colors of the *cymbidiums* and the length of their sprays beggars description. The earnest beautiful little faces of the *miltonias* hold you spellbound, the *cattleyas* up in their tree trunks give you a thrill; in fact the whole thing is so thrilling that you stagger away saturated with the beauty and the wonder of the genera of orchids!

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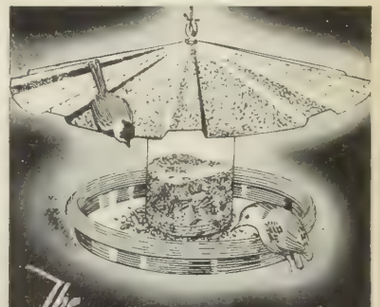

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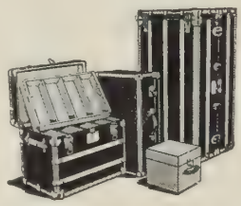

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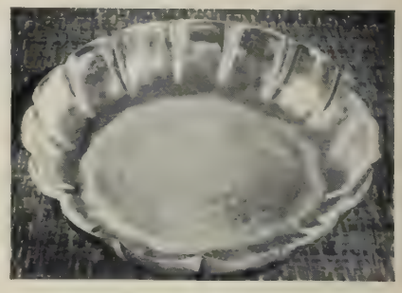
MODERN GADGETS have not improved on the real old fashioned Vermont soapstone griddle, used for over 100 years. They produce those delicious golden brown cakes without grease or smoke, and last forever. 12″, $2.50. Rockledge Farm, Reading, Vermont.

PEWTER HAS BEEN given a new lease on life by the designer Kalp. Not only is it all done by hand, with hand-made tools (a rarity in this age) but he has a secret lustre formula that sets his pieces apart. This is a 14-inch bowl, with 15 scallops, from Sweden House, 638 Fifth Avenue. $30.



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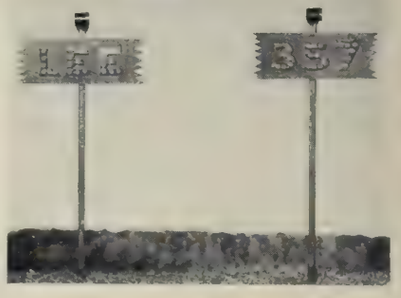

NOW'S THE TIME TO replenish that let-down linen closet. Start with these soft, luxuriously absorbent towels of plain texture with white patterned border. They come in peach, dusty rose, delft blue, aqua, yellow, tan or green, with white monogram. Half a dozen bath towels (25 x 45) are $11.95, guest towels, $7.95, face cloths, $3.30, mats, $4.75 each, all with monogram. Victorine, 14 East 58 St.

A NEW SHIPMENT of riding boots for men and women has just been convoyed from England to the Miller Harness Company, 123 East 24 Street. They have a swank cut and a neat close fitting leg. The fronts are butted and the leather, in brown or black, is fine willow calf. There is no charge for alterations, which include taking in, cutting down, etc. Price for women, $22.50; for men, $27.50.

IN THE *Shops*

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A SWEDISH FOLK tale is the theme of this crystal vase from the Orrefors Galleries. Engraved on foreground and background, it tells the story of a small boy, who, tired of minding his tame geese on the farm, followed the call of the wild ones. Designed by Edvard Hald, it stands 6″ high, 5⅞″ long, 3″ wide, and the glass is about ⅜ of an inch thick. You'll find Orrefors at 5 East 57 St.

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NOTES ON Horses

by PETER VISCHER

THE WAR

What the war will do to the American horse world is, at this moment, impossible to predict.

That it will interfere with some of the horse sports—horse shows, hunting, polo—is likely.

That it will interfere but little with others—particularly racing, which provides so much revenue to the public coffers—seemed likely at first. But almost the first war casualty turned out to be the Santa Anita racetrack, Governor C. L. Olson ordering the suspension of the great winter meeting on December 15.

By and large there is a silver lining: the horse world is faced now with the obligation and the opportunity to prove its usefulness, its value. That it can do this, and easily, is my belief, in justification of which I offer General John K. Herr's wonderful article in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

STOCK-TAKING

Actually the year-end is a time of stock-taking in the horse world. Most of the associations interested in the horse have their meetings at this time and nearly all—the Horse and Mule Association is an exception, having met just prior to the outbreak of war between Japan and the United States—will be facing their future with the fact of the war before them.

In another month, much more useful information should be available. And much more intelligent comment likely.

RACING

Not long before the declaration of war, it was disclosed that New York State is likely to have more racing than it had a year ago, extending over 180 days. This would give New York more racing than it had had since the early years of the century.

According to present plans, Empire City would race through the election day week, thus usurping the holiday usually reserved for the United Hunts. Perhaps this will be made good to the amateurs, who have only just demonstrated that they can operate on this holiday with great success, by giving them two days in 1942.

How this will affect racing in other states, particularly Maryland, has not yet been determined. Also whether New Jersey will be able to get started or not has not yet been settled, due to the difficulty of getting necessary materials for the construction of a grandstand.

HORSE ASSOCIATION

The Horse and Mule Association of America, well known national association of horsemen devoted to educational work pertaining to horses and mules, held its twenty-second annual meeting December 3, 1941, in Chicago.

Members were present from 24 states when President Louis E. Stoddard called the meeting to order.

Secretary Wayne Dinsmore reported briefly on work done during the past year and plans for the future. He emphasized that of the total farms in the United States, 6,096,799 at the time of the recent census April 1, 1940, only 1,409,685 had tractors while 4,687,114 had none, depending wholly on horses and mules for farm work. He also stressed that breeding is below replacement needs and that curtailment of tractor production, which seems imminent because of priorities, would increase the demand for horses and mules, with consequent increase in prices, which in turn would stimulate breeding.

Major-General John K. Herr of the U. S. Army, Chief of Cavalry, was then introduced. He made an interesting, exhaustive address on the extensive use that is being made of horses by the German and Russian armies, and the probability of their greater use in the American army as we get into the conflict. His address is published in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

Following luncheon, J. Goodwin Hall of Fort Worth, Texas, delivered an address, illustrated with color film motion pictures, on the American Quarter Horse, which has at last won recognition as a distinct breed of riding horses.

Quarter horses are descendants of the early Colonial Quarter Race horses, which in turn came from the race horses found in England before 1680. They were not influenced by the Arabian importations which so greatly influenced racing in England from 1689 on. The Byerly Turk (1689), the Darley Arabian (1704) and the Godolphin Arabian (1730) were sires crossed on the fastest native English running mares.

The net result of these crosses, plus selection for speed on the race course, has produced the modern Thoroughbred; but the old English race horses brought to this country prior to 1689 escaped that Oriental influence and have retained, in the Quarter Horse, the old race horse type—characterized by low set, thick, powerfully muscled bodies, great weight for height (15 hands height with 1,200 pounds weight are common in stallions) and they have extraordinary acceleration and speed for a quarter of a mile—but no further.

Frank Hoffmann, banker-farmer of Westside, Iowa, addressed the members on his observations of the horse versus tractor problem on farms in western Iowa. He cited many specific cases to show that farmers relying wholly upon horses had less money invested in the power and machinery needed to operate their farms, had less operating expenses, and were doing better financially.

Dr. W. L. Burlison, Chief, Department of Agronomy, Illinois Experiment Station, spoke on "Building Better Pastures." He pointed out that good pastures furnished the best and cheapest feed for horses, cattle and sheep and were of value with swine; that production could be doubled or trebled by proper soil and pasture management, and that combinations of grasses and legumes had increased the percentage of protein in the green forage as much as 33% and had greatly increased available protein and other food nutrients per acre.

In the meeting of the board of directors immediately after the annual meeting of members adjourned, President Louis E. Stoddard, Vice-Presidents Charles J. Lynn and George M. Moffett, and Treasurer F. M. Holmes were re-elected. Wayne Dinsmore continues as executive secretary.

STEEPLECHASING

The best news followers of steeplechasing have had for some time came in an announcement made last month to the effect that there will be hurdle racing at each of the New York tracks in 1942. Belmont, Aqueduct, Jamaica, Empire City and Saratoga will all put in hurdle courses for a dual reason: (*a*) it will give a chance speedily to develop flat horses into steeplechasers and (*b*) it will enable the New York tracks to run eight races a day, thus earning more money for themselves and for the state as well.

POLO

Just before war broke out an American team—Michael Phipps, Winston Guest, Cecil Smith, Harry Evinger, Henry Lewis—won three great matches at Mexico City from Mexican teams made up from a squad consisting of Major Antonio Nava, Capt. Ramos Sesma, Lt. Juan Gracia, Lt. Jesus Grijalva, D. Cisneros. Eduardo Gallardo. The scores were 6 to 5, 6 to 4, and 12 to 4.

The matches helped dedicate the new $60,000 Anahuac Polo Park, designed by President Avila Comacho, well known to followers of American polo as a great enthusiast and a pretty good player himself. Crowds of 8,000 to 9,000 attended the matches.

A. McC. LEWIS

Mexico vs. United States: Last international polo before the war

In Argentina, meanwhile, a tremendous tournament was played to decide the championship of the Republic. El Trebol won for the third time, with Luis Duggan at No. 1, Julio Menditeguy at No. 2, Herbert Duggan at No. 3, and Carlos Menditeguy at back. They first defeated a Hurlingham side—Carlos Debaissieux, Jack D. Nelson, Andres Gazzotti, Juan Carlos Alberdi—in a match that really decided the tournament, 11 to 9. Then, in the final, they beat Tortugas—Elizalde, Juan Rodriguez, Frias Ayerza, Manuel Andrada—by 17 to 9.

THE FUTURE FOR RACING

(*Continued from page* 39)

"To this the best possible answer the group of race horses themselves. So much more are they than that the attacks referred to have pointed them that their names are as familiar to the public, the country over, as those of many of the famous men and women of the day. Their performances are followed with the most intense interest, whenever they appear, by literally millions of people of all ages, sexes and classes. All that is necessary to crowd a great race course to capacity, with assemblages which often exceed 50,000, of whom large numbers have traveled long distances to be present, is to announce that a field of our best horses will compete there in some celebrated stake or special event.

"These immense assemblages are unlike any others in that they gather together wholly upon a common impulse and without any other allurement. Racing is not like football, with its university background and the armies of fanatical propagandists which work its devotees, in great percentage below voting age, up to frenzies of participation. It is not like baseball, 'the national game,' which is of similar character, and, in especial, ramifies throughout the entire youthful population in an intimately personal way.

"Neither of these, our other leading outdoor sports, has anything substantial behind it. They may be said to live and die for themselves alone. Except in the most casual and careless sense they have no history, no literature, no traditions, no meaning.

"But behind racing and the Thoroughbred are centuries of history, romance and tradition. There is an immense literature devoted to breeding and performances. Prices approximating a quarter of a million dollars are cheerfully paid for choice specimens of the 'breed of horses.' Millions upon millions are expended in efforts to produce them, by men and women who take no interest whatever in mutuel tickets, totalisators or anything of the kind. Great painters and sculptors, great writers in prose and verse, have delighted to depict and to celebrate the glories of the race-course, and the splendor of the performers that adorn it. . . . What is this, behind the politico-economic front that it may present to the unthinking and the antagonistic, which is the real foundation of racing and maintains it where it stands.

"The past season has been happy in carrying on the great tradition upon which it is founded and without which it cannot endure. It has been characterized by the presence and the performances of some of the most interesting admirable and, in some instances, truly remarkable horses that America thus far has produced.

"Two horses, above all others, reflected lustre upon the American turf in 1941 and will make the season memorable as the one in which they occupied the center of the stage. Whether Whirlaway or Alsab will be accorded the title of 'Horse of the Year' is something undecided as this review is being written.

"There was no doubt of the overshadowing supremacy of the former until autumn was at hand—he had no rival. Then the performances of the latter were so unprecedented as to cause a change of sentiment in a large number of horsemen. However, being a two-year-old, and tradition being against the according of such a title to so young a performer, it seems probable that in the end the older one will gain the award.

"It is not contended that Whirlaway was the best three-year-old ever seen in this country. His warmest admirers would not go so far. But in the case of Alsab a different conception exists. There are many who regard him, on the basis of his defeat of Requested in their match, and victory in the Champagne Stakes that closely followed it, as the best two-year-old yet produced. This, of course, is a matter of opinion and impossible otherwise to evaluate, and so must be allowed to rest.

"In considering this remarkable pair of colts, not the least interesting fact about them, as a pair, is that one, Whirlaway, represents all that is most fashionable, costly and exclusive in the whole breeding and racing scheme; while the other, Alsab, stands for the exact reverse, being a $700 bargain-counter colt by a hitherto untried young sire and from a dam of similar caste. They were 'the Prince and the pauper' over again. Which once again illustrates the perennial and striking contrasts which go to make up the fascinations of the turf.

"Had not Alsab risen to complete mastery among the juveniles,

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it might have been said that they beat each other back and forth so frequently as to leave the impression that none was outstanding. To add to the complexity of the situation, Requested, in all probability second best, Alsab alone excepted, being, like him a bargain-counter colt ($1,300), was ineligible to the leading events for his age, making it impossible for him to measure strides with his rivals in their most ambitious efforts.

"We, therefore, again had the same situation prevalent as in 1940, each of the important Futurities being taken by a different colt: The Futurity, at Belmont Park, by Some Chance; the Arlington Park by Sun Again, the Washington Park by Alsab; the Pimlico by Contradiction. To complicate matters still further, the only other stake ranking with these, the Hopeful, was taken by a fifth colt, Devil Diver.

"Under such conditions, the traditional cry of the critic always is 'A bad lot!' But that it is applicable here is to be doubted. We know that Alsab and Requested are exempt from such an indictment. We question whether it applies to the others named. While beyond them, such colts as Amphitheatre, Shut Out, Colchis, etc., require other than cavalier dismissal. . . .

"Passing from the general to the particular, there can be little doubt that the whole body of horses that took the word during the year surpassed all previous records. Exact figures are impossible until after December 31, but in advance of them that prediction seems to me to be justified.

"New marks of this kind carry high audits, for in 1940 the total number was 13,257, as against a previous mark of 12,804 established in 1939. That we are well on the way toward 15,000 is assured. The 10,000 mark was first reached in 1935, with a total of 10,544 and 15,000 will mean a gain of almost 50 per cent within half a dozen years.

"Such gains are, however, necessary in order to keep pace with the constant expansion of the sport under the demands of 'Big Business' and of political exigencies.

"From 1939 to 1940 there was a slight falling off in the number of racing days (from 2,199 to 2,096) and the total number of races run (from 16,967 to 16,401), but the total amount of money distributed had, at the same time, risen from $15,312,839 in 1939 to $15,911,167 in 1940, a gain of over $500,000.

"In 1941, up to November 15, well over 16,000 races had been reported in the official charts of 'Daily Racing Form,' while in the remaining six weeks of the year, as over 700 were run during the same period in 1940, there should be enough more come in to establish new totals.

"That there will be another large gain in gross money distribution is certain, for there was a general increase in purse and stake values all through 1941, in many cases a decided one. This increase affected all classes of events from the great fixtures of the calendar to the run-of-mine overnight events. It was rendered imperative, even had the racing associations been inclined to avoid it, by the vast increases in the gate-paying attendance and the volume of betting done.

"From all points of the compass, came the same story of unprecedented returns in these departments. Despite the economic and political disquiet and uncertainty that prevailed during the early part of the year, the upturn at the race meetings was marked. Later, when the vast expenditures for national defense got well under way, a new impetus was received. It seemed that neither wind nor weather, time nor tide, affected this influx.

"The racing map saw few changes during 1941 other than those which expansion brought to the established associations, this being most referable to the New York tracks, where remodeling, while extensive, had difficulty in keeping pace with the growth of patronage. A few minor meetings at new points in New England, California and elsewhere call for mention and nothing more.

"As before, persistent rumors of great new plants and monster meetings in New Jersey did not materialize until, near the end of the year, the State Racing Commission at last granted dates and a license to the Garden State Racing Association which proposes to build a park costing approximately $1,500,000 in Delaware Township, Camden County, at a location seven miles distant from Philadelphia, with a population of over 2,000,000 in an otherwise densely settled region. Two meetings are to be held, in the spring, through the entire month of May, and the late summer and early fall, from August 17 to September 12.

"In Florida, where internecine warfare similar to that which raged in California had alternately smouldered and flared, with Hialeah occupying the point of attack that Santa Anita has at the other side of the continent, there now seems the prospect of a lasting truce. This being due to the passage of the Tropical Park plant, near Miami, to a new holding company whose personnel warrant the expectation.

"Meanwhile by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, there has been restored to the racing scene an absentee to which fond farewells, supposed forever, had been wayed. A year ago, we chronicled what was at that time believed to be the end of winter racing in New Orleans with the forced sale of the old Fair Grounds track there, the reported dismantling of the plant and the cutting-up of the tract upon which it stood for building purposes.

"But at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth moment, a wholly different denouement took place. In true curfew - shall - not-ring-tonight style, a savior appeared in the person of Sylvester W. Labrot, the distinguished Maryland turfman and breeder, who headed a movement to save it from the mortgagees and the wreckers. His success was such that they were settled with and sent on their way and the old plant thoroughly rehabilitated to re-enter the arena on Christmas Day, 1941, when a 10-day meeting will begin.

"Let us now pass to what was undoubtedly the great feature of the season upon the purely sporting side of turf administration—the general revival of distance racing, following the limited test which was dwelt upon at some length in our review of the racing year for 1940. Its initiation was then entered into and the salient phases of the movement described and characterized.

"For these, the reader is referred to our previous volume and they need not be here reiterated except to say that the primal impetus came from the Pacific Coast, moved across the continent to Chicago and culminated in New York, at Belmont Park, with the $50,000 New York Handicap sponsored by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt at the fall meeting. Greeted by much and even violent opposition at its inception by the reactionaries and the *laissez faire* school determined to fight to the last ditch for things as they are—or were—the sequel of these incidents has been momentous.

"Suffice it here to state that the contentions of the small group of advocates of the return of distance racing and the curtailment of sprinting, both in the name of good sport and 'the improvement of the breed of horses,' who for years past have been agitating the subject undiscouraged by the indifference and opposition which they encountered, have been more than verified. It has been abundantly made evident that the public prefers and will strongly support such contests.

"Over and above all, it has been just as abundantly made evident that a long-continued era of spirit racing and the effort to produce a breed of horses specifically intended to fit into that scheme of things has not destroyed the basic foundation of gameness and stamina laid by our forefathers.

"For this reason alone, the season of 1941 would have been one of the most memorable in our twentieth-century turf history. It has demonstrated that the American Thoroughbred is second to none, the world over, in the ability to carry his speed

over the longest courses of modern times. And that the cry that we must import stallions and mares from foreign lands and all quarters of the globe in order to 'stay him up' is without reason."

WE NEED A CAVALRY!

(*Continued from page* 19)

weapons may be produced, there can be but one answer. As a matter of common sense, the diminishing power of the tank is indicated.

The experience of the experimental anti-tank squadron formed by the 1st Cavalry Division for use in Louisiana maneuvers supports this view. The core of this force consisted of 36 "bantams" or ¼-ton trucks with 37 mm. guns mounted on them. About 72 ¼-ton trucks were used as accompanying vehicles to carry ammunition and with machine guns mounted on them to cope with enemy infantry.

This squadron proved extraordinarily successful. The report shows that the armored forces feared it more than any other opposing unit; that this force not only destroyed attacking tanks but also was able to hunt down and destroy tanks. Remember anti-tank development is in its infancy.

Second, the power of armored forces will decrease because of the constantly increasing air power.

Great as air power now is, it is still in its infancy. Soon we will have planes mounting highly effective anti-tank guns. What will be the effect of the anti-tank gun, the bomb, and the machine gun, respectively, on the tank, the unarmored vehicles, and the personnel in trucks? It needs no vivid imagination to foresee the carnage. Whenever enemy aircraft can establish superiority, armored forces will be destroyed. It will be like hawks swooping down on rabbits in their runways.

Thus air power will become the strongest factor in causing a breakthrough and a war of movement. The relative power of armored forces will diminish. The relative power of cavalry will increase as a member of the ground exploitation team because of its cross-country mobility and powers of dispersion, which enable it to avoid losses from the air and continue to move. These inherent powers also enable cavalry to evade tanks, continue on, and attack supply columns and infantry in trucks.

Cavalry will disperse for protection and proceed on its mission.

Our cavalry is, I believe, the best in the world. This is because it has developed in a different manner from European cavalry. Instead of fighting mounted, our mounted troops have followed the methods of Sheridan, Buford, and Forrest, fighting almost always dismounted and using the horses to place our riflemen and machine guns in an advantageous position.

The ordinary citizen does not realize this. He is misled by incredibly stupid writers who persist in picturing cavalry as medieval knights insanely committing suicide by fighting mounted against modern tanks and machine guns. I saw such an absurd article in a recent issue of the "American Blood Stock Review," entitled "War and Horses." Funnier still was the caption on the booklet, "A Magazine Devoted to Horse Breeding."

I will tell you what our cavalry really is. It numbers about 30,000 men and consists of 21 regiments and ten separate troops. Nine of these regiments are National Guard and twelve are Regular Army. Ten of the regiments go to make up our two regular cavalry divisions of four regiments each, and the 56th National Guard Brigade of two regiments. These large groups are primarily for use in large operations to assist armies or groups of armies. They may be organized as a cavalry corps under GHQ combat or may be separately attached to armies.

The smaller units, consisting of eleven regiments and ten mechanized troops, are chiefly for attachment to infantry units, mainly for purposes of reconnaissance and scouting.

Our horse and mechanized regiments consist of a mechanized squadron of scout cars, bantam cars and motorcycles, and a horse squadron of 555 horses porteed, *i.e.*, with each complete fighting unit a squad of eight men, eight horses, equipment and arms carried in a truck-tractor with semi-trailer. The entire horse squadron is loaded in from five to seven minutes. The signal platoon, anti-tank and pioneer platoons are motorized so that this entire regiment can move on wheels. They are part of the army corps for use as reconnaissance regiments.

One of these regiments, the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, during the maneuvers of last summer marched approximately 5,000 miles from Fort Meade, South Dakota, to Louisiana and return, participating in all the maneuvers. The rate of march to and from the maneuver area was over 200 miles per day at an average rate of 25 miles per hour, with a cruising rate of 30 miles per hour.

Because of its power to bring its animals fresh to the battle area and then to operate with both machines and horses over all types of terrain, the horses often swimming streams and traversing areas inaccessible to vehicles, it was highly successful and earned the plaudits of all commanders.

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During this entire period of almost two months, only six horses were evacuated—five for wounds and one for laminitis. The horses were in fine shape at the conclusion of the maneuvers, showing the value of using motors to conserve the horses.

Nine of the scout car reconnaissance troops are for reconnaissance units for the nine triangular divisions. Unlike the Germans, we have no horse reconnaissance groups with our Infantry divisions and regiments. We need them. Obviously the combination of horse and motor is the most effective organization to conduct reconnaissance over all kinds of terrain. Vehicles are largely restricted to road reconnaissance.

We should also have at least one squad of horses porteed for use of all division and corps staffs, both infantry and armored, for use in detailed staff reconnaissance. This would also save some of our Generals from capture.

Each cavalry division is a self-contained fighting unit, supported by auxiliary arms and services, just as in an infantry division. The horse strength of a cavalry division is 7,413 of which 6,080 are used in the four regiments for riding and pack and 1,156 used by the two horse artillery battalions for draft and riding. There is a troop of pack mules in the Quartermaster Squadron.

All other units are mechanized and motorized. This includes the fighting units of one battalion of 155 howitzer artillery, an anti-tank squadron and a mechanized reconnaissance squadron of two bantam troops, a motorcycle troop, and a light tank troop. This is largely because horse-drawn vehicles cannot keep up with our marching cavalry.

Our cavalry divisions should be so developed as to enhance their unique power to disperse under control moving over all kinds of terrain. This involves the use of air transport to replace much or all of the wheeled transport for purposes of supply. The employment of only such combat vehicles as possess the greatest degree of cross-country mobility, such as bantam cars. The use of horse trailers to increase strategic mobility. Attached air bombardment groups to furnish swiftly moving air artillery support. Grasshopper planes to insure control of dispersed forces.

We must so develop our individual soldiers and small unit leaders as to be able to find their way over unknown terrain singly or in small groups, and to care for themselves and their animals as did the scouts of frontier days. The training of a military team is like that of a football or polo team. Stress the fundamentals to perfection. Then build up the team play. We can do these things if given the green light.

We must continue to encourage all mounted sports, such as hunting, horse shows, racing, steeplechasing, and polo. All these require a fine type of horse and promote good breeding. From a military viewpoint such sports are of untold value in stimulating those qualities of dash, courage, and endurance which one needs in fast-moving war.

Of all these sports, I regard polo as of greatest value to the soldier. It is a real practical school of training for a leader. It not only requires qualifications of training and riding, but the game demands teamwork, an awareness of the whereabouts of all players, both friend and foe, anticipation of play, instant decision, and rapid execution. It demands physical and mental activity. Swiftness of action will not compensate for sluggishness of thought.

Good polo players are generally fine cavalry leaders. Almost all our cavalry commanders of divisions, brigades, and regiments have achieved distinction in the game of polo.

In conclusion:

a. From the standpoint of military efficiency and a balanced use of our horse and motor resources, it is believed we should use animal instead of motor transport in a certain proportion of our marching divisions.

b. We should add to the Armored Force—Motorized Infantry Ground Exploitation Team, divisions and corps of cavalry to produce the greatest exploitation force yet devised.

c. The most effective reconnaissance is accomplished by motor plus horse. We should have horse reconnaissance groups with all infantry echelons from regiment to corps.

d. The strategic mobility of cavalry divisions should be amplified by the use of motor transport, consisting of truck-tractors with semi-trailers to transport cavalry divisions on long road marches.

e. The power of armored forces will be diminished because of the threat of anti-tank and air power.

f. The relative power of cavalry will increase because of its power to evade destruction from the air by cross-country mobility and dispersion. Cavalry will be able to disperse, evade, continue on its mission, and fight.

g. The greatest handicap to cavalry development is the complete misconception of our people as to what American cavalry really is. Our Army is sensitive to public opinion, even when based on ignorance.

h. The horse needs no favors. He asks only a square deal.

THE BEAVER COMES TO SAVE US

(*Continued from page* 16)

the more practical line of engineering. Of the former, who can tell? Of the latter we have concrete evidence in the canals, dams and lodges that it constructs. In its building operations the beaver adapts its procedure to the circumstances that happen to exist. This is an evidence of intelligence in engineering as well as in politics.

And speaking of politics—the greatest legislative boon to wildlife production and conservation in recent years is the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Program approved by the President on September 2, 1937. It is more popularly known as the Pittman-Robertson Act and is probably the most constructive piece of conservation legislation since the Migratory Bird Treaty Act in 1918. The idea is to assist the states in restoring wildlife, which of course includes the beaver.

Those states that have taken the lead in trapping and restocking beavers are helping to restore this valuable fur animal and to increase the fur supply. California can still claim three species of beavers. A management plan is in force that will encourage a greater production of beavers in localities adapted for the purpose. Alabama has made a survey and located a number of beaver colonies heretofore unknown. Arizona has recently undertaken this same work.

Colorado has been managing beavers for many years; until recently it was the only fur animal in which the state was interested. This solitary attention to a fur animal was not without purpose for the trout fishermen of Colorado were in favor of protecting the beaver because of the service rendered in making suitable pools.

In the early days the beaver was widely distributed over Mississippi but with the passage of time was reduced to the vanishing point. In recent years, beaver populations have increased sufficiently in the southern portion of the state to warrant wider dispersion. Surplus animals are being trapped and transplanted in suitable streams in need of restocking.

A beaver survey has been made in Idaho's fifteen national forests. Trapping and restocking beavers is now in progress. Oregon has been one of the leaders in trapping and transplanting beavers to conserve land, water, fur. Today intensive studies are being made in this state to determine the possibilities of planting willows and other trees on which beavers feed so as to insure a future food supply.

There are approximately 1,200 miles of suitable unstocked streams on and adjacent to the forests in Utah. The minimum number of planting sites on these streams is

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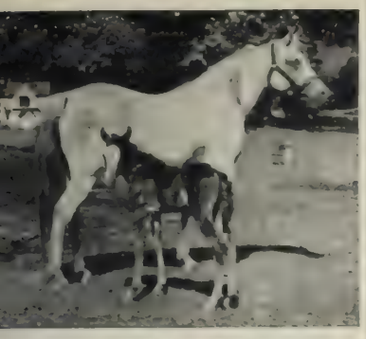

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about 140; 200 pairs of beavers will be needed to do the job. The Carolina beaver in Mississippi has been so greatly reduced in numbers that a state survey is being made to locate remaining colonies. A statewide restocking program for beavers is being planned.

Minnesota has undertaken to study beaver conditions in that state with the view of developing a practical program of management. In 1939, North Carolina imported 30 beavers from Pennsylvania and released them on the Sand Hills Wildlife Refuge, where they seem to be doing well. During the past four or five years Virginia has obtained beavers from Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, Maine and New Hampshire, they have increased and are spreading.

Other states are bound to follow these examples because wildlife administration will not always remain a political institution and pressure for intelligent conservation is coming from the public. The beaver is but one phase of wildlife conservation, and the problems of wildlife administration are becoming more and more complex as population increases and the area of natural habitat decreases; hence the need of expert knowledge and an unprejudiced viewpoint.

Let us take a backward glance to determine what results have accrued since our coöperative work began to bring back the beaver. Many states from which the beaver was exterminated years ago can now boast numerous colonies and a small annual production of pelts. The national forests and parks have more beavers in the timber than for many years. Reports show that in 1935 there were about 124,000 beavers in the national forests and today the number has increased to 170,000.

In the national parks where suitable habitats exist beaver conditions are good. Here, these fur animals are completely protected except in cases where they become injurious to property. They are increasing, spreading both to new areas and reoccupying old ones.

Beavers are locally abundant in some parks; in others they are well distributed and the range is being extended. All suitable beaver habitat in the Yellowstone National Park is stocked to capacity.

In practically all of our states beavers have been enjoying a closed season for more than ten years. The only open season for taking them for fur have been granted by the State Game and Conservation Commission, the guardians of our fur resources. Some of the states have seen eye to eye with the Federal Government and have capitalized on the possibilities.

The farmers and landowners in these states have learned that the beaver constitutes a natural resource of real importance. The income from the beaver catch to those who trap in any state represents a sum not forthcoming from any other source.

Stating it another way, the people of the United States who trapped beaver last year were collectively better off by at least $1,250,000 than they would have been without the beaver. One hundred thousand beavers have been trapped the past season (1939-40) and the pelts have been sold in the raw fur markets. This is a considerable increase over previous years and is the result of coöperative efforts on the part of the state and Federal governments to reestablish this animal as a permanent wildlife resource.

In practically every state where the beaver has been given an opportunity to reproduce unmolested the crop of fur taken during the past five years has increased.

In addition to the domestic production there were imported to the United States during the period December 1, 1939, to August 31, 1940, 95,615 skins. Though the domestic crop of beaver pelts was larger than previously and the importations greater than usual, the sales kept pace with production so that at the present time stocks appear exhausted.

Again the experts have done things that make beaver fur fashionable. This fur was considered clumsy and bulky, but now, due to modern manipulation, has become soft and pliable. Formerly its bulk prevented the stylist from draping the fur and dampness caused it to mat into a very unkempt appearance.

Now, the fur has been given a hair cut—it has been sheared, which lessens its bulk, eliminates matting, and exposes the lovely blue-brown color, formerly hidden beneath the long fur.

Not completely satisfied with this achievement the fur dressers worked on the opposite side of the pelt to thin the leather. They found a way to accomplish this by shaving and buffing and now all dressed beaver pelts are as pliable as cloth.

Consider the ways of the beaver and become wise. Instead of regarding him as injurious, unless present in large numbers, the community should take pride in him as an object of interest to visitors and tourists and do all possible to conserve the beaver as a valuable natural resource.

At present, when our natural resources of many kinds are heavily drained and public attention is turning more and more towards conservation and restoration, it would seem to be wise to treat the beaver as a valuable resource worthy of cultivation.

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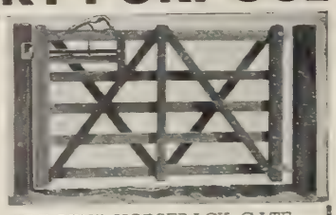

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HORSE	OWNER	LOCATION	1942 FEE
	CALIFORNIA		
BALKO, blk. 1925 **Omar Khayyam-Rahu, by Disguise*	Frank Orsatti	Conejo Ranch *Camarillo, Calif.*	$300
BON HOMME, b. 1918 *Sweep-Sue Smith, by *Masetto*	Charles Cooper	Rancho San Luis Rey *Bonsall, Calif.*	$1,000
BROKER'S TIP, br. 1930 *Black Toney-*Fortresse, by Sardanapale*	Mark T. Cox, III	Rancho Casitas *Ventura, Calif.*	Private Contract
*BY PASS 2nd, br. 1928 *Phalaris-Communicative, by Poor Boy*	Mrs. James Rolph, 3rd	Alpine Ranch *Redwood City, Calif.*	$300
CANTANKEROUS, b. 1924 *Broomstick-Virago, by Fair Play*	Carleton F. Burke	Rancho Casitas *Ventura, Calif.*	$150
ENOCH, ch. 1926 *Fair Play-Polythia, by *Polymelian*	Mrs. J. P. Atkin	Elmwood Stud *Milpitas, Calif.*	$100
EVER BUBBLING, b. 1928 *Bubbling Over-Nellie Bly, by Sir Wilfred*	Gaffers & Sattler	Gaffers Ranch *Newhall, Calif.*	$250
FLYING EBONY, blk. 1922 *The Finn-Princess Mary, by Hessian*	Charles E. Perkins	Alisal Ranch *Solvang, Calif.*	$500
GALLANT SIR, b. 1929 **Sir Gallahad 3rd-Sun Spot, by *Omar Khayyam*	Norman Church	Northway Stud *Cupertino, Calif.*	$250
*JUSTICE F., bl. 1924 *Abbots Trace-Icemond, by Desmond*	H. N. Isenberg	Rancho San Luis Rey *Bonsall, Calif.*	$250
MACAW, b. 1923 *Peter Pan-Polly Flinders, by Burgomaster*	Maj. R. C. Woodruff	Rancho Casitas *Ventura, Calif.*	$250
SEABISCUIT, b. 1933 *Hard Tack-Swing On, by Whiskbroom 2nd*	C. S. Howard	Ridgewood Ranch *Willits, Calif.*	Private Contract
SIR ANDREW, br. 1928 **Sir Gallahad 3rd-Gravitate, by Rock View*	H. P. Russell	Double H. Ranch *Carmel, Calif.*	$300
SON O' BATTLE, b. 1924 *Man o' War-*Batanoea, by Roi Herode*	C. S. Howard	Ridgewood Ranch *Willits, Calif.*	Private Contract
SWEEPSTER, b. 1924 *Sweep-Oklibenna, by *Rock Sand*	A. H. Lamberth	Hidden Valley *near Camarilla, Calif.*	Private Contract
TICK ON, br. or blk. 1929 *On Watch-Sox, by *Donnacona*	Neil S. McCarthy	510 West Sixth Street *Los Angeles, Calif.*	$400
TORCHILLA, b. 1924 **Torchbearer-Chilla, by *Alvescot*	L. B. Mayer	Marwyck Ranch *No. Los Angeles, Calif.*	$250
VAIN BACHELOR, dk. b. 1926 **Sir Gallahad 3rd-*Painted Vizen, by Gainsborough*	Los Angeles Turf Club	Rancho Casitas *Ventura, Calif.*	Private Contract
WAR GLORY, ch. 1930 *Man o' War-Annette K., by Harry of Hereford*	Mrs. A. Hansbrough	Oakmeade Farm *Santa Clara Co., Calif.*	Private Contract
	ILLINOIS		
BLACKWOOD, blk. 1925 *Black Toney-Rosewood, by Magneto*	Emil Denemark	Hinsdale, Ill.	Private Contract
SUN HATTER, b. 1926 **Sun Briar-Beautiful Lady, by Fair Play*	W. W. Dunham	National Stock Yards *Illinois*	Private Contract
	KENTUCKY		
AGRARIAN, b. 1931 **Sickle-Mary Jane, by Pennant*	Frank J. Heller	Spendthrift Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$250
AMERICAN FLAG, ch. 1922 *Man o' War-*Lady Comfey, by Roi Herode*	S. D. Riddle	Faraway Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract
ARIEL, blk. 1925 *Eternal-Adana, by *Adam*	W. B. Miller	Mereworth Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500
BALLADIER, blk. 1932 *Black Toney-Blue Warbler, by *North Star 3rd*	Col. E. R. Bradley	Idle Hour Stock Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500
BIG BRAND, br. 1929 *Big Blaze-Miss Lady, by *Pataud*	T. H. McCaffrey	Springlake Stud *Walton, Ky.*	Private Contract
BIMELECH, b. 1937 *Black Toney-*La Troienne, by *Teddy*	Col. E. R. Bradley	Idle Hour Stock Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$1,500
*BLENHEIM 2nd, dk. b. 1927 *Blandford-Malva, by Charles O'Malley*	Syndicate	Claiborne Stud *Paris, Ky.*	$2,500
BLUE LARKSPUR, b. 1926 *Black Servant-Blossom Time, by *North Star 3rd*	Col. E. R. Bradley	Idle Hour Stock Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$750
BOSTONIAN, blk. 1924 *Broomstick-Yankee Maid, by Peter Pan*	Warren Wright	Gallaher Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$300
BREVITY, b. 1933 *Chance Shot or *Sickle-Ormonda, by Superman*	Elmendorf Farm, Inc.	Elmendorf Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500
BROADSIDE, br. 1924 *Man o' War-*Blue Glass, by *Prince Palatine*	Lucas B. Combs	Runners' Rest *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract
*BULL DOG, br. 1927 **Teddy-Plucky Liege, by Spearmint*	Coldstream Stud	Coldstream Std *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract
BULL LEA, br. 1935 **Bull Dog-Rose Leaves, by Ballot*	Warren Wright	Calumet Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$750
BURGOO KING, ch. 1929 *Bubbling Over-Minawand, by Lonawand*	Col. E. R. Bradley	Idle Hour Stock Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500
CANAAN, ch. 1924 **Hourless-*La Chananeenne, by Le Samaritain*	Le Mar Stock Farm	Le Mar Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$100
*CARLARIS, b. 1923 *Phalaris-Carnival, by Marlogon*	Audley Farm	L. A. Moseley *Hopkinsville, Ky.*	$500
CEE JAY JAY, b. 1924 *Broomstick-Hazel Burke, by *Sempronius*	Mrs. P. B. Devereaux	Devereaux Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract
CHANCE PLAY, ch. 1923 *Fair Play-*Que le Chance, by Ethelbert*	Warren Wright	Calumet Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$1,000
CHANCE SHOT, b. 1924 *Fair Play-*Quelle Chance, by Ethelbert*	Elmendorf Farm, Inc.	Elmendorf Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$1,000
CHEROKEE, b., 1920 *Sweep-Fontarabia, by *Oddfellow*	Mrs. C. W. Moore	Mere Hill Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract
CLOCK TOWER, b. 1928 **Snob 2nd-Daylight Saving, by *Star Shoot*	B. F. Lister	Elmwood Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract
*COHORT, b. 1925 *Grande Parade-Tetrabbazia, by The Tetrarch*	Horace N. Davis	Blue Grass Heights *Lexington, Ky.*	$500
CRAVAT, b. 1935 **Sickle-Frilette, by Man o' War*	Townsend B. Martin	Greentree Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500

DIAVOLO, ch. 1925 *Whisk Broom 2nd-Vexatious, by Peter Pan*	Charlton Clay	
DISPLAY, b. 1923 *Fair Play-*Cicula, by *Nassovian*	Mereworth Stud	
EIGHT THIRTY, ch. 1936 *Pilate-Dinner Time, by High Time*	G. D. Widener	
EPITHET, ch. 1928 **Epinard-Fairy Wand, by *Star Shoot*	Thomas Piatt	
FIGHTING FOX, b. 1935 **Sir Gallahad 3rd-Marguerite, by Celt*	Belair Stud	
GALLANT FOX, b. 1927 **Sir Gallahad 3rd-Marguerite, by Celt*	Belair Stud	
GOOD ADVICE, b. 1930 *Wise Counsellor-Wise Mother, by Von Tromp*	Charles Black	
GOOD GOODS, b. 1931 *Neddie-*Brocatelle, by Radium*	Mrs. Dodge Sloane and Thomas Piatt	
GRANVILLE, b. 1933 *Gallant Fox-Gravita, by *Sarmatian*	John Hay Whitney	
HALCYON, b. 1928 *Broomstick-Prudery, by Peter Pan*	C. V. Whitney	
HARD TACK, ch. 1926 *Man o' War-Tea Biscuit, by *Rock Sand*	Wheatley Stable	
HASTE, b. 1923 **Maintenant-Miss Malaprop, by *Meddler*	Elmendorf Farm, Inc.	
HASH, b. 1936 *Questionnaire-Delicacy, by *Chicle*	Mrs. Payne Whitney	
HE DID, b. 1933 *Victorian-Dinah Did, by Colin*	W. Arnold Hanger	
HIGH QUEST, b. 1931 **Sir Gallahad 3rd-Etoile Filante, by Fair Play*	Mrs. Dodge Sloane	
HIGH STRUNG, ch. 1926 *High Time-Emotion, by Friar Rock*	R. L. Gerry	
INFINITE, ch. 1921 *Ultimus-Continental, by Yankee*	Syndicate	
IN MEMORIAM, b. 1920 **McGee-*Enchantress 2nd, by Collar*	E. D. Axton	
ISLAM, b. 1926 *The Porter-Dream of Allah, by Colin*	Jack Howard	
*ISOLATER, b. 1933 *Blandford-Priscilla Carter, by Omar Khayyam*	Belair Stud	
*JACOPO, br. 1928 *Sansovino-Black Ray, by Black Jester*	Marshall Field and A. B. Hancock	
JAMESTOWN, b. 1928 *St. James-Mlle. Dazie, by Fair Play*	G. D. Widener	
JEAN VALJEAN, ch. 1926 **Stefan the Great-Jeanne Bowdre, by Luke McLuke*	J. O. Keene	
JOCK, b. 1924 *Colin-Kathleen, by *Sempronius*	Dr. F. F. Bryan	
JOHNSTOWN, b. 1936 *Jamestown-La France, by *Sir Gallahad 3rd*	Belair Stud	
KING NADI, br. 1922 *King James-*Nadinette, by Fitz Herbert*	John J. Troxler	
LADYSMAN, ch. 1930 *Pompey-Lady Belle, by *Polymelian*	Henry Knight	
LEE O. COTNER, dk. b. 1922 *Last Coin or High Time-Precious Pearl, by Zeus*	R. W. Collins	
*MAHMOUD, gr. 1933 **Blenheim 2nd-Mah Mahal, by Gainsborough*	C. V. Whitney	
MAN O' WAR, ch. 1917 *Fair Play-Mahubah, by *Rock Sand*	S. D. Riddle	
MARS, ch. 1923 *Man o' War-Christmas Star, by *Star Shoot*		
*MASKED MARVEL 2nd, b. 1922 *McKinley-Maskara, by Dorril*	J. H. White	
MATE, ch. 1928 *Prince Pal-Killashandra, by *Ambassador 4th*	A. C. Bostwick	
MENOW, b. 1935 **Pharamond 2nd-Alcibiades, by Supremus*	Hal Price Headley	
MIRAFEL, b. 1924 *High Time-Rush Box, by Box*	Dr. M. E. Johnston	
MISSTEP, ch. 1925 *Upset-St. Theresa, by Marathon*	Le Mar Stock Farm	
*MONK'S WAY, b. 1923 *Friar Marcus-Tilywhim, by Minoru*	E. D. Axton	
NASSAK, ch. 1925 *John P. Grier-Ethel D., by Box*	Earl Sande	
OMAHA, ch. 1932 *Gallant Fox-Flambino, by *Wrack*	Belair Stud	
ORMONT, b. 1920 *Rock View-*Bandana 3rd, by *Meddler*	E. D. Axton	
PAIRBYPAIR, ch. 1929 *Noah-*Frizeur, by *Sweeper*	F. B. Koontz	
PEACE CHANCE, b. 1931 *Chance Shot-Peace, by *Stefan the Great*	C. V. Whitney	
*PHARAMOND 2nd, br. 1925 *Phalaris-Selene, by Chaucer*	Beauside Stud, Inc.	
QUESTIONNAIRE, b. 1927 *Sting-Miss Puzzle, by Disguise*	Mrs. Payne Whitney	
REIGH COUNT, ch. 1925 **Sunreigh-*Contessina, by Count Schomberg*	Mrs. John D. Hertz	
*RHODES SCHOLAR, b. 1933 *Pharos-Book Law, by Buchan*	Syndicate	
*ROLLS ROYCE, b. 1923 *Tetratema-Device, by Amadis*	J. H. White	
ROMAN, b. 1937 **Sir Gallahad 3rd-*Buckup, by Buchan*	Elmendorf Farm, Inc.	
*SICKLE, br. 1924 *Phalaris-Selene, by Chaucer*	Elmendorf Farm, Inc.	
*SIR GALLAHAD, 3rd, br. 1920 **Teddy-Plucky Liege, by Spearmint*	Syndicate	
ST. BRIDEAUX **St. Germans-Panache, by Broomstick*	Mrs. Payne Whitney	
*ST. GERMANS, b. 1921 *Swynford-Hamoaze, by Torpoint*	Mrs. Payne Whitney	
ST. JAMES, b. 1921 **Ambassador 4th-*Bobolink 2nd, by Willonyz*	G. D. Widener	
STAGEHAND, b. 1935 **Sickle-Stagecraft, by Fair Play*	Maxwell Howard	
STIMULUS, ch. 1922 *Ultimus-Hurakan, by Uncle*	Marshall Field	
SUN TEDDY, ch. 1933 **Teddy-Sunmelia, by *Sun Briar*	Warren Wright	
SUPREMUS, b. 1922 *Ultimus-*Mandy Hamilton, by John o'Gaunt*	Leslie Combs II	
SWEEP ALL, b. 1928 *Sweep-Nettie Hastings, by Hastings*	C. T. Fisher	
SWEEPING LIGHT, br. 1929 *Manna-Sweeping Glance, by Sweep*	F. B. Koontz	
*SWIFT AND SURE, b. 1923 *Swynford-Good and Gay, by Bayardo*	Mereworth Stud	
THE PORTER, b. 1915 *Sweep-Ballet Girl, by St. Leonards*	J. H. Whitney	
TRACE CALL, blk. 1930 *Call Boy-*Tracedes, by Tracery*	S. D. Riddle	
TRANSMUTE, ch. 1921 *Broomstick-*Traverse, by Tracery*	Thomas Piatt	
WAR ADMIRAL, br. 1934 *Man o' War-Brushup, by Sweep*	Samuel D. Riddle	
WHICHONE, b. 1927 **Chicle-Flying Witch, by Broomstick*	R. W. Morrison	
WISE COUNSELLOR, ch. 1921 *Mentor-Rustle, by Russell*	Mrs. J. L. Dodge	
ZACAWEISTA, blk. 1926 *High Time-*Lucrative, by Mordant*	P. T. Chinn	

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Timberlawn Farm *Paris, Ky.*	$500	
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Claiborne Stud *Paris, Ky.*	$300	
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Claiborne Stud *Paris, Ky.*	$1,000	
Herbert Stud *Hopkinsville, Ky.*	Private Contract	
Shandon Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$400	
Elmendorf Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$1,500	
Claiborne Stud *Paris, Ky.*	$1,500	
Greentree Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$200	
Greentree Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract	
Old Kenney Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$100	
Runnymede Farm *Paris, Ky.*	$500	
Claiborne Stud *Paris, Ky.*	$500	
Calumet Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500	
Spendthrift Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500	
Dixiana Farms *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract	
Military Stock Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$1,000	
Mereworth Stud *Lexington, Ky.*	$300	
Mare's Nest *Lexington, Ky.*	$1,000	
Faraway Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500	
Brookdale Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$500	
Faraway Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$1,500	
Gallaher Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	$250	
Hillside Farm *Paris, Ky.*	$750	
Old Hickory Farm *Lexington, Ky.*	Private Contract	

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PARIS, KY. **CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.**

SEASON OF 1942

•

Standing at Claiborne

IMP. BLENHEIM II **$2,500**
Br. 1927—by Blandford—Malva, by Charles O'Malley — No Return (Book Full)

IMP. SIR GALLAHAD III **$1,500**
Bay 1920—by *Teddy—Plucky Liege, by Spearmint — No Return (Book Full)

GALLANT FOX—Property of Belair Stud **$1,000**
Bay 1927—by *Sir Gallahad III—Marguerite, by Celt — Return

JOHNSTOWN—Property of Belair Stud **$1,000**
Bay 1936—by Jamestown—La France, by *Sir Gallahad III — Return (Book Full)

OMAHA—Leased from Belair Stud **$1,000**
Ch. 1932—by Gallant Fox—Flambino, by *Wrack — Return

IMP. RHODES SCHOLAR **$1,000**
Bay 1933—by Pharos—Book Law, by Buchan — Return (Book Full)

IMP. BOSWELL—Property of Belair Stud **$ 500**
Bay 1933—by Bosworth—Flying Gal, by *Sir Gallahad III — Return

HARD TACK—Property of Wheatley Stable **$ 500**
Ch. 1926—by Man O' War—Tea Biscuit, by *Rock Sand — Return

SNARK—Property of Wheatley Stable **$ 500**
Bay 1933—by Boojum—Helvetia, by *Hourless — Live Foal

STIMULUS **$ 500**
Ch. 1922—by Ultimus—Hurakan, by Uncle — Return

FIGHTING FOX—Property of Belair Stud **$ 300**
Bay 1935—by *Sir Gallahad III—Marguerite, by Celt — Return

IMP. ISOLATOR—Property of Belair Stud **$ 300**
Bay 1933—by Blandford—Priscilla Carter, by *Omar Khayyan — Return

IMP. JACOPO **$ 300**
Br. 1928—by Sansovino—Black Ray, by Black Jester

IMP. HYPNOTIST II—Property of Belair Stud **$ 200**
Bay 1936—by Hyperion—Flying Gal, by *Sir Gallahad III — Return

Standing at Ellerslie

FLARES—Property of Belair Stud **$ 500**
Bay 1933—by Gallant Fox—Flambino, by *Wrack — Return

POMPEY **$ 500**
Bay 1923—by *Sun Briar—Cleopatra, by Corcyra — Return

TINTAGEL **$ 250**
Bay 1933—by *Sir Gallahad III—Heloise, by Friar Rock — Return

•

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MARYLAND

*AETHELSTAN 2nd, b. 1922 *Teddy-Dedicace, by Val Suzon*	Syndicate	Bridges' Hill Stud Bel Air, Md.	Private Contract
BILL LERNER, b. 1929 *The Finn-Dreamsome, by Superman*	G. B. Bryson	Maryland Farm Md.	$200
CANTER, ch. 1923 Rosaire-Runaway L., by *Meteor	J. W. Y. Martin	Worthington Farms Lexington, Md.	Private Contract
*CHALLENGER 2nd, b. 1927 Sweetheart-Sword Play, by Great Sport	W. L. Brann	Glade Valley Farm Frederick, Md.	$1,200
CLEAR BROOKE, br. 1927 *Light Brigade-Crack o' Dawn, by Ultimus	Virginia Penn	Country Life Farm Bel Air, Md.	$200
DISCOVERER, ch. 1931 Display-Ariadne, by *Light Brigade	A. G. Vanderbilt	Sagamore Farm Glyndon, Md.	$1,500
ECONOMIC, ch. 1929 Jessica-Running, by St. Henry	J. H. Louchheim	Three Counties Farm Bryn Mawr, Md.	$200
IDENTIFY, ch. 1931 Mom o' Mine-Footprint, by Grand Parade	A. G. Vanderbilt	Sagamore Farm Glyndon, Md.	$300
PETEE-WEE, b. 1926 *Wrack-Marguerite, by Celt	John B. Macomber	Montana Farm Glyndon, Md.	Private Contract

MASSACHUSETTS

*GRANDAGE, blk. 1925 Grand Parade-*Tracy, by Tracery	Bola Farms	Bola Farms Needham, Mass.	Private Contract

MICHIGAN

BYRD, ch. 1924 Peter Pan-Ruth Lee, by Broomstick	Montell Farms	Comstock, Mich.	Private Contract

MISSOURI

*CUTLOGGMOR, ch. 1922 Sardanapole-Soda, by Mordant	B. A. Jones	Jones Stock Farm Parma, Mo.	Private Contract

NEW JERSEY

CARUSO, b. 1927 *Polymelian-Sweet Music, by Harmonicon	W. H. Laboyteaux	Hop Creek Farms Hopewell, N. J.	Private Contract
CATALAN, b. 1921 Fair Play-*Catalpa, by Tracery	W. W. Vaughan	Oak Grove Farm Red Bank, N. J.	$200
*EASTON, br. 1931 Dark Legend-*Phaono, by Phalaris	Meadowview Farms	Moorestown, N. J.	$300
*FANAR, ch. 1931 Pharos-Camouflage, by Picton	Mrs. D. V. Kellogg	Keystone Farm Pennington, N. J.	Private Contract
JACK HIGH, ch. 1926 John P. Grier-Priscilla, by *Star Shoot	W. H. La Boyteaux	Hop Creek Farms Red Bank, N. J.	$750
JOHN P. GRIER, ch. 1917 Whisk Broom 2nd-Wonder, by Disguise	Meadowview Farms	Moorestown, N. J.	$500
NEDDIE, blk. 1925 Colin-Black Flag, by *Light Brigade	W. W. Vaughan	Oak Grove Farm Red Bank, N. J.	$200
STING, b. 1921 Star Quest, by *Victor	Mrs. M. M. Van Beuren & Watson Agnew	Strawbridge Farm Tuckahoe, N. J.	Private Contract
*ST. ELMO 2nd, gr. 1932 Pharos-Frisky, by Izard 2nd	Mrs. D. V. Kellogg	Keystone Farm Pennington, N. J.	Private Contract

OREGON

*MIO D'AREZZO, b. 1929 Laland-Margaritona d'Arezzo, by Signorino	H. W. Ray	Hayhurst Stud Hayhurst, Ore.	$400

SOUTH DAKOTA

STARS AND BARS, b. 1926 Pennant-Remembrance, by Hamburg	F. O. Butler	Hot Springs South Dakota	Private Contract

TEXAS

LIBERTY LIMITED, b. 1929 *Sir Gawaine-Dot-Dare Sue, by Cadge	Mrs. T. P. Morgan	Morgan Farm Arlington, Tex.	$200
OSCULATOR, b. 1929 Pompey-Some More, by *Polymelian	Valdina Farms	Valdina Farms Valdina, Tex.	Private Contract
SORTIE, b. 1925 On Watch-Kippy, by Broomstick	Valdina Farms	Valdina Farms Valdina, Tex.	Private Contract

VIRGINIA

ANNAPOLIS, br. 1926 Man o' War-Panoply, by Peter Pan	Mrs. M. duPont Scott	Montpelier Montpelier, Va.	Private Contract
*BAHRAM, b. 1932 Blandford-Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus	Syndicate	North Wales Stud Warrenton, Va.	$2,500
BLENHEIM, b. 1928 Blanford-*Flying Squadron, by Light Brigade	Harper Phipps	Rokeby Farm Marshall, Va.	$250
*BLUE PETE, ch. 1921 Corcyra-Petit Blue, by Eager	F. A. O'Keefe, Jr.	Pine Brook Farm Warrenton, Va.	$75
BRANDON MINT, b. 1929 Nimrod-Dainty, by *Sempronius	R. W. Daniel Estate	Brandon Stud Scottsville, Va.	$200
*CHRYSLER 2nd, br. 1931 *Teddy-Quick Change, by Harry On	W. P. Chrysler, Jr.	North Wales Stud Warrenton, Va.	$200
DUNLIN, ch. 1929 Fair Play-Dainty Rose, by *Rock Sand	W. H. Lipscomb	Raspberry Plains Leesburg, Va.	Private Contract
ESPINO, br. 1923 *Negofol-Rose Leaves, by Ballot	William Ziegler, Jr.	Barrimor Middleburg, Va.	$250
GINNY, ch. 1930 Tetratema-Teresina, by Tracery	Syndicate	Rockridge Farm Leesburg, Va.	$500
*HARRY AMES, b. 1929 Argosy-Happy Hours, by St. Monans	Blue Ridge Farm	Blue Ridge Farm Upperville, Va.	$150
HEAD PLAY, ch. 1930 My Play-Red Head, by King Gorin	Mrs. S. B. Mason	North Wales Stud Warrenton, Va.	$150
MESSENGER, ch. 1929 Fair Play-Mission, by *Rock Sand	William du Pont, Jr.	Walnut Hall Berryville, Va.	Private Contract
MILKMAN, br. 1927 Colonial-Mermaid II, by *Pay Up	Mrs. W. Plunkett	The Plains The Plains, Va.	$650
OKAPI, br. 1930 Etymology-Imperial, by *Rock Sand	Mrs. Dodge Sloane	Brookmeade Farm Upperville, Va.	$250
ON WATCH, br. 1917 Cable-Running Footing, by *Sweeper	P. H. Faulconer	Indiewild Farm Unionville, Va.	$500
PALMER BOY, ch. 1932 Chance Play-*Queen Herod, by Tetratema	Mrs. Dodge Sloane	Brookmeade Farm Upperville, Va.	$250
PILATE, ch. 1929 Friar Rock-*Herodias, by The Tetrarch	A. S. Hewitt	Montana Hall White Post, Va.	$500
POMPEY, b. 1923 Sun Beam-Daughter, by Sunstar	A. B. Hancock and Marjorie Stud	Ellerslie Stud Ashland, Va.	$500
PRINCE OF WALES, br. 1923 Fair Play-Sweet Pastor, by *Rock Sand	D. C. Sands	Bonnie Farms Middleburg, Va.	Private Contract
QUEEN BESS 2nd, b. 1932 *Teddy-Plucky Liege, by Spearmint	W. P. Chrysler, Jr. and S. W. Labrot	North Wales Warrenton, Va.	$500
*STRAIGHT PLAY, ch. 1927 Grand Parade-Comedienne, by Bachelor's Double	Audley Farm	Audley Farm Berryville, Va.	Private Contract
SUN BEAM, b. 1924 *San Briar-Beautiful Lady, by Fair Play	Mrs. W. S. Kilmer	"The Meadows" Berryville, Va.	$500
TIME MAKER, b. 1925 The Porter-Dream of Allah, by Colin	D. N. Rust, Jr.	Brookmeade Farm Leesburg, Va.	$500
WESTWICK, b. 1921 Commando-*Mistress Jane, by Pantoul	Dr. J. P. Jones	Indiewild Farm Unionville, Va.	$200
WHISKAWAY, ch. 1919 Whisk Broom 2nd-Sweetheart, by *Sweep	C. T. Chenery	The Meadows Berryville, Va.	$250

*FANAR

*FANAR HAS BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL AT STUD AND HAS HAD MANY WINNERS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

*FANAR Chestnut, 1931	PHAROS	Phalaris	Polymelus	Cyllene
				Maid Marian
			Bromus	Sainfoin
				Cheery
		Scapa Flow	Chaucer	St. Simon
				Canterbury Pilgrim
			Anchora	Love Wisely
				Eryholme
	CAMOUFLAGE	Picton	Orvieto	Bend Or
				Napoly
			Hecuba	Isonomy
				Helen of Troy
		Mystery	Troutbeck	Ladas
				Rydal Mount
			Vampire	Galopin
				Irony

*FANAR'S RACING RECORD

*FANAR, chestnut, foaled 1931, bred in France by Lord Derby, is by PHAROS, out of Camouflage by Picton. *FANAR, as a two-year-old, raced in France, winning 2 races and 85,000 francs. As a three-year-old, in France he won 2 races and 34,000 francs, and in Jamaica (B. W. I.) he won the Grand Prize of $7,500, distance 1½ miles.

*FANAR won the Prix Thormanby (two-year-olds) over a field of eighteen, including Le Maestro, winner in France and England; Prick, winner in France of six races and 97,000 francs, also of Royal Hunt Cup (England), worth $14,557 in a field of 37; Silverplated, winner as a two-year-old of 4 races and 67,200 francs, and as a three-year-old of 4 races and 223,835 francs.

*FANAR won the Prix La Fleche over thirteen others, including Zenadore, winner of 3 races and 143,821 francs; Makila, winner in France as a two-year-old of 3 races and 72,940 francs, as a three-year-old of 3 races and 82,420 francs, and in England second in the Wokingham Stakes; Aviso, winner of 2 races and 123,306 francs; Astyanax, winner in France as a two-year-old, and as a three-year-old in France and England. In the Prix La Fleche, *FANAR again beat Le Maestro.

*FANAR was second in the Prix Morny to Brantome, whom he brought to the whip. *FANAR had behind him Mary Tudor, winner of 5 races, including the French 1,000 Guineas; Macestar, winner in France; Easton, winner of Prix Ladas, and the Grand International d'Ostend, worth 600,000 francs, and in England of the Select Stakes, Newmarket; was second to Colombo in the 2,000 Guineas, and second to Windsor Lad in the Derby; also winner of Lingfield Park Spring Stakes, $2,670, the March Stakes, $3,750, and the Ribblesdale Stakes, $24,250; also second to Windsor Lad in the Coronation Cup at Epsom; Easton was purchased by Lord Woolavington.

*FANAR'S SIRE—PHAROS (See description under *ST. ELMO II)

*FANAR'S DAM—CAMOUFLAGE

CAMOUFLAGE, dam of *FANAR, is also dam of Farndon Ferry, winner of 2 races in England worth $3,750; Eldorado; Farfadet, winner in France; Camouflage is by Picton, winner of the Dewhurst Plate; he ran second to Spearmint in the Derby, beating Troutbeck, White Knight, Radium and others; Picton is also sire of Light Brigade, winner of 16 races and $57,220, and a successful sire in England and the United States.

*FANAR'S GRAND-DAM—MYSTERY

MYSTERY, grand-dam of *FANAR, is by Troutbeck, who won the St. Leger and nine other races up to 2 miles, and was third to Picton in the Epsom Derby. Mystery is also dam of Syntony, winner of 6 races and $13,035; Hidden Gem, 2 races and $5,170; Mystic Night, winner of 2 races in England and a winner in Brazil; Mister Mark, winner in United States. Mystery is half-sister to Ballymany and to Haurdina, and a grand-dam to Badnabay.

*FANAR'S GREAT-GRAND-DAM—VAMPIRE

VAMPIRE, great-grand-dam of *FANAR, is by Galopin, winner of the Epsom Derby and sire of St. Simon. Vampire won two races in England, and is the dam of seven winners of over $255,000, including Flying Fox, winner of the Triple Crown (the 2,000 Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger).

*FANAR was purchased and sent to Jamaica (B. W. I.), where he stood privately at stud.

*FANAR stands 16.2 high.

PRIVATE CONTRACT

*ST. ELMO II

*ST. ELMO'S RACING RECORD

*ST. ELMO II, a handsome, well-made grey, 16 hands, raced in France, England and Jamaica. He won eight races, six of them in England. His English victories were distances from one mile to 1¾ miles, and he carried up to 133 lbs. In Jamaica, he ran a dead heat for first place in the Jamaica Grand Prize of $6,250, over 1½ miles, carrying 126 lbs. In 1938 he was imported to the United States, in 1939 making his first season at stud.

*ST. ELMO'S SIRE—PHAROS

PHAROS, sire of *St. Elmo II, bred in England by Lord Derby, was a top-class stakes winner in England, winning 14 races and $78,470 in first money. He was second to Papyrus in the Derby. As a sire Pharos was one of the greatest horses of the century. He got the unbeaten Nearco, winner of 13 races in Italy, victor over the English Derby winner Bois Roussel in the Grand Prix de Paris, and afterwards sold for $300,000, and the unbeaten Pharos, outstanding 3-year-old of Continental Europe in 1939. He is also sire of Cameronian, winner of the Derby and Two Thousand Guineas; Firdaussi, winner of the St. Leger; *Rhodes Scholar, winner of the St. James' Palace Stakes, beating the Derby winner *Mahmoud, and of the Eclipse Stakes, beating the St. Leger winner *Boswell; Bernina, best filly of her year in Italy; The Nile and Mary Tudor, winners of the French One Thousand Guineas; En Fraude, winner of the French Oaks; Fastnet, Semiramide, Lighthouse, and numerous other high-class racers. Since the death of Blandford, Pharos has been the most successful sire in Europe. He is a brother to the leading English sire Fairway. Pharos is also sire of *Muzzie II, dam of Shot Put, winner of inaugural running of Exterminator Handicap, Pimlico, 2 miles and 70 yards, carrying 122 lbs. Shot Put won over a field of nine. In three years he has won $64,070.

*ST. ELMO'S DAM—FRISKY

FRISKY, dam of *St. Elmo II, was one of the best fillies of her year in France. At two she won the Prix Eclipse and the Prix de Honfleur. At three she won the Poule d'Essai des Pouliches (One Thousand Guineas equivalent) and Prix de St. James. She has also gained distinction as a producer, being the dam of Turbulent, top 2-year-old in France in 1938, winner of the Grand Criterium, etc.; Reel II, winner in France and prominent stakes winner in South Africa, including the Metropolitan Handicap of £4,000, Farewell Handicap of £400, dead-heat in Peninsula Summer Handicap of £1,500, second in Durban July Handicap, £6,000. Reel II is now a successful sire; Satrap, winner of the Prix du Lys, Prix du Prince de Galles and Prix d'Avril, second in Prix Hocquart, etc.; and the winners High Spirits, Featherhead (also producer), Lighthearted (sister to *St. Elmo II), Fol de Rol and Jongleur.

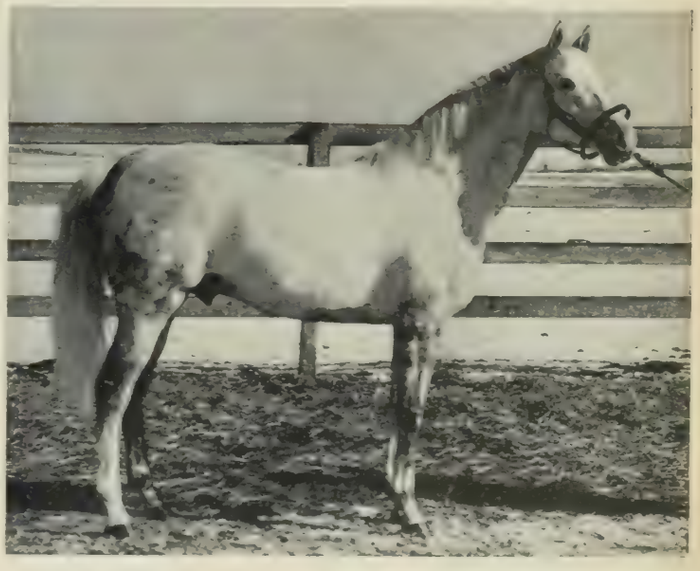
ISARD II, sire of Frisky, was a stakes winner of 286,900 francs (about $47,000), and sired numerous good horses, including Filibert de Savoie (French St. Leger, Grand Prix de Paris, etc.), *Belfonds (French Derby, etc.), *Lizard (noted steeplechase stakes winner), etc.

*ST. ELMO'S GRAND-DAM—VIERGE BLONDE

VIERGE BLONDE, dam of Frisky, produced eight winners, including the prominent steeplechase stakes winners Kakimo and Nattier. Vierge Blonde was a half-sister to Marsan, stakes winner of 193,044 francs and prominent sire. Vierge Blonde's get have won over 537,200 francs.

* ST. ELMO'S BOOK WAS FULL LAST YEAR

PRIVATE CONTRACT



*ST. ELMO II Grey, 1932	PHAROS	Phalaris	Polymelus	Cyllene
				Maid Marian
			Bromus	Sainfoin
				Cheery
		Scapa Flow	Chaucer	St. Simon
				Canterbury Pilgrim
			Anchora	Love Wisely
				Eryholme
	FRISKY	Isard II	Le Samaritain	Le Sancy
				Clementina
			Irish Idyll	Kilwarlin
				Flitters
		Vierge Blonde	Gardefeu	Cambyse
				Bougie
			L'Orangerie	Accumulator
				Versailles

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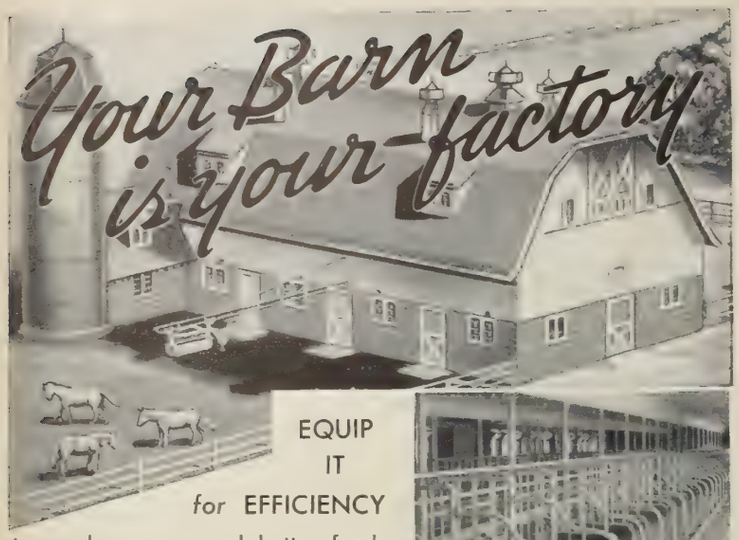

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Livestock

by GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

NEWS OF THIS YEAR'S INTERNATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION

WHEN you elbow your way through the crowd in Chicago's romantic Stock Yard Inn and get your first look at the International Live Stock Exposition, your immediate impression is that it's too big. This is confirmed within the hour, when your feet begin to hurt and you discover that you haven't even progressed from the Shorthorns to the Herefords. And there are 13,149 animals to be seen, from 37 states and five Canadian provinces.

It's a good thing that this great

Loyal Alumnus 4th, steer champion, a Shorthorn-Angus cross

show — this year's was the forty-second annual event—lasts a week. Actually, it ought to be a permanent exhibition, for there just is no way to take it all in, no matter how much time you devote to it. It's all 65 judges can do to get it settled. The only thing you can honorably do is make up your mind what you're most interested in and camp out there.

If I had done that, my health and disposition would probably have been greatly improved by the visit to Chicago, instead of the reverse, and I should undoubtedly have learned something about hogs. I just never had seen such beautiful animals, from the 226-lb. powdered Chester White barrow named White Boy (Sold later for $130 per cwt.) that lived in the stall of honor, under a crown of gold leaf and corncobs, to the Tamworths that glistened like copper in the evening sun down at the end of the champions' corridor.

Kenneth Gallaway, a young man dressed in his Sunday best, was feeding the great Chester White during one of the innumerable visits I made to this extraordinary magnet. I watched him enviously, patted his charge admiringly on the back (while clouds of what must have been Mennen's for Men wafted into the air), suggested that it must be pretty exciting to have brought up the best damn hog in the whole United States.

"I guess it happens just once in a lifetime," he said simply.

That was just about symbolic of the pride with which all the animals at the International were shown—and received. You too, somehow, had the feeling that you were taking part in something that could happen only once in a lifetime.

All in all, the International is an unbelievable event: a great cattle show, a draft horse show, a show for hogs and sheep, a light horse show in the familiar tradition, combined somehow with an endless collection of seeds and hay, vast maps showing all manner of detail on agricultural subjects, exhibits of all kinds, sales, motion pictures, luncheons, speeches, dinners to which cattle are brought . . . and daily crowds of 50,000 people intent on riches which are by far greater and far more useful than all the buried gold in Kentucky.

No reader of COUNTRY LIFE should miss this exhibition.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the backbone of the show, the carcass if you please, is cattle: Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus, Shorthorn.

There are cattle for breeding, cattle for slaughter; some come in carload lots, many are the individual pride and joy of 4-H kids. Some come from great places owned by city-farmers (proving beyond the shadow of a doubt the level-headed sense of these folks) and some come from the simplest sort of farms. With very few exceptions, they are animals to be proud of. And their friends and owners, all hanging around, *do* look proud.

It was interesting to me that the best steer at Chicago was a half-breed, a magnificent animal weighing 983 lbs. named Loyal Alumnus VI, bred at Purdue University by an Angus bull out of a Shorthorn cow. (He took on most of the char-

J. F. ABERNATHY AND J. C. ALLEN PHOTOS

Nerva, Percheron mare owned by Fairholme Farms, Lewisville, Ind., was a grand champion at the International

acteristics of his sire.) Incidentally, I hasten to add that both his parents were purebreds.

Loyal Alumnus was fed by Gilman Stewart, 23-year-old herdsman at Purdue, who got a 60-day deferment from his draft board to appear with his charge at this show. He was dropped June 4, 1940, ran with his dam on grass for ten months, then was fed silage, alfalfa and clover hay, cracked corn, ground oats, linseed oil meal, bran, and a little flaked barley.

Gilman Stewart's grandfather, John H. Robbins, was present to see the young man's great victory. It must have brought back some exciting memories to him, for he had the champion steer more than forty years ago when the International was still

Kenfleur Jay Farceur, the Belgian that defeated Jay Farceur

known—and had been since 1877—as the American Fat Stock Show.

Auctioned off to the highest bidder during the course of the week he went to Leonard Firestone on behalf of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company for $3.30 a lb., a good price even if off somewhat from the record price of $8.25 paid in 1929 for a steer named Lucky Strike brought to the show by a 4-H Club boy. (While the show was on, beef prices reached a new six months' peak, prime steers reaching $.1325 a lb.

To be outstanding among the cattle was quite a feat when you consider that the number of entries totalled 7,620. Many of these were in the 346 carloads of fat and feeder cattle shipped in for the show, but there were 516 head in the open Hereford individual classes, 458 in the Angus, 366 in the Shorthorns, which I thought showed up wonderfully well against their better publicized rivals, and 94 Polled Shorthorns. The Junior Feeding Contest brought out 691 steers.

Some of the grand champion bulls deserve special mention, for example Wintonier 4th, from the Cremona Farms of Mechanicsville, Md., who beat the $15,000 bull Eileenmere 260th from Virginia's well known Ravenswood Farm for the Angus championship. Also Coronet Command, grand champion of the Polled Shorthorn bulls, who brought Mr. and Mrs. Paul Teegardin of Ashville, Ohio, their eighth International grand championship. Also Goldfinder's Champion, belonging to the Husted Brothers from Truro, Iowa, who won the Shorthorn title. And Real Silver Domino 3rd, belonging to the Silver Creek Farms of Fort Worth, Texas, winner of the premier Hereford title.

The steer that Loyal Alumnus beat was something to see too, a Hereford named T O Again from the famous T O Ranch on the New Mexico-Colorado border, whose leases go back to Spanish grants made in 1821. T O Again was fed by a young farmer aged 15 named Richard Lacy, Jr., a stockman in his own right at Kansas, Ill., with purebred Berkshire hogs, purebred Southdown sheep, a Saddlebred mare, four steers, and a purebred Hereford heifer.

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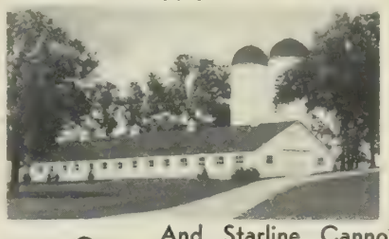

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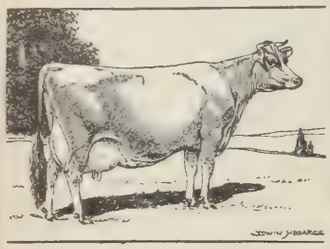

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Write—ERIC DAVIS, Sheep Mgr.

If cattle provided the most entries for the show, the horses turned up with the least, a mere 970, of which 370 were Percherons, Belgians, Clydesdales, Shires and Suffolks and the other 600 were in the light horse show. Nevertheless—that is, except for those hogs—the horses provided as much interest as their bovine friends. And more excitement.

The Percherons were most in evidence, numbering 139, and they brought forth two surprises: first, a new grand champion stallion named Silver Dawn Koncarno, owned by Frank C. Rathje, Palatine, Ill., who had been bought out of a farmer's harness only six weeks before the show, and second, an imported grand champion mare named Nerva, shown by Fairholme Farms, Lewisville, Ind., who might easily be the finest draft mare ever shown in this country.

It is probably telling tales out of school that a judge of Belgians, asked which was the greatest mare he had ever seen in the ring, replied "that Percheron you saw today, Nerva."

Silver Dawn Koncarno's victory probably should not have been surprising in view of his breeding. He is a grandson of Koncarcalyps, herd sire at Madrey Farm, Brewster, N. Y., whose record for prepotency within a breed has probably never been equalled. Think of it! Koncarcalyps had the senior and grand champion stallion at the International in his grandson Silver Dawn Koncarnot, the junior champion stallion in his great-grandson Willkie, the reserve junior and reserve grand champion mare in his great-granddaughter Lynnwood Verna, the junior champion mare in his granddaughter Rush Valley Kallian, and the four-year-old blue ribbon winner in his daughter Coralette. In all, 30 of his descendants won honors in the Percheron classes at this show!

The Belgians provided an astonishing finale also, for Judge Charles Wentz dethroned the phenomenal Jay Farceur, thrice winner of the grand championship at Chicago, putting in his place a two-year-old named Kenfleur's Jay Farceur (obviously a son of the old boy). It was a decision I don't think I would have had the courage to make because the older horse looked something wonderful.

"I based my decision," said Mr. Wentz in response to my question, "on the freshness of the young horse, his wonderful legs and hocks, his fine top line, his bloom, his magnificent way of moving."

What else is there to say? The sheep were wonderful and there were 2,350 of them: Shropshires, Hampshires, Oxfords, Lincolns, Cotswolds, Southdowns, Cheviots, Dorsets, Rambouillets, Corriedales, Suffolks and 28 carloads of carlots. They even had a floor of their own and I don't doubt but that there were sheep men at the show who didn't realize there was a horse or a steer in the building.

So far as grains are concerned, let it suffice that we have a lot to learn from the Canadians. Five thousand samples were submitted and for the nineteenth time in 23 years a Canadian was named wheat king: William Miller from Alberta, who showed specimens weighing 68.8 lbs. to the bushel. From the same place came the barley king, Paul F. Pawlowski, whose OAC-21 weighed 53.6 lbs. per bushel, and the oats king, William Skladan, whose sample went 49.1 lbs. to the bushel.

Prof. James Laughland of the Ontario Agricultural College thought about this for a moment and then allowed:

"Canada's grain is good because of its fertile soil and its climate. The soil is not as 'old,' in the matter of cultivation, as is the soil of many regions in the United States. The 'good' in the soil has not been used up as much as it has in the United States. And the long, cool evenings in Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan are ideal for wheat and oats."

The corn king at the International was a Siamese twin, so to speak, top honors being divided for the first time in history: between E. W. Doubet of Illinois and Floyd Hiner of Indiana, each with a yellow Dent hybrid from a field planted May 20 in rows and hills 40 inches apart that yielded him 104.44 bu. of corn to the acre.

Well, George J. Sauerman of Crown Point, Indiana, showed we know something about timothy and clover, too, producing the two best bales of all. Old stuff for him. as he won the same championship honors in 1930, 1936 and 1937. What's more I'll bet his feet didn't get as tired as mine did. for he had something right solid to sit on.

AGRICULTURE AND DEFENSE

(*Continued from page* 21)

building $88.20. As we increase the amount of defense work, available industrial jobs are going to be increased also. How long, and how much labor do you believe you can hold on the farm in the face of such inducements?

This labor is needed particularly on dairy farms. May I call to your attention that the average amount of hired labor needed per thousand acres on a dairy farm is $1,725 as compared with $898 on the ordinary farm. Inasmuch as the dairy farms have been the larger employers of labor they are naturally the ones

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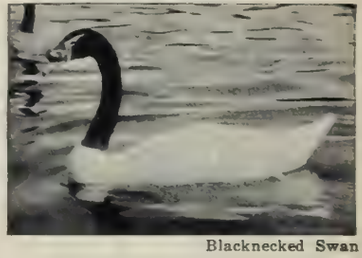

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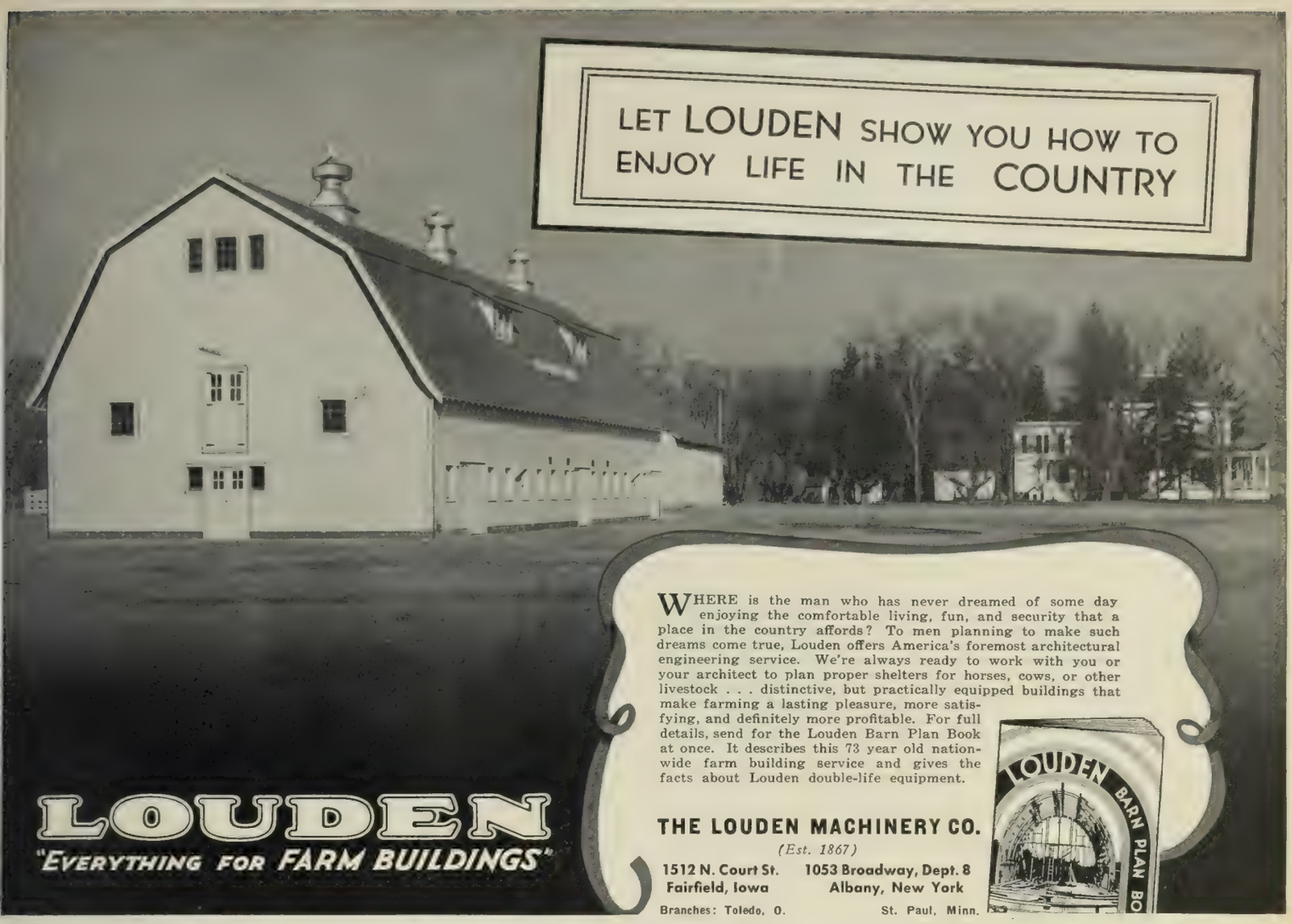
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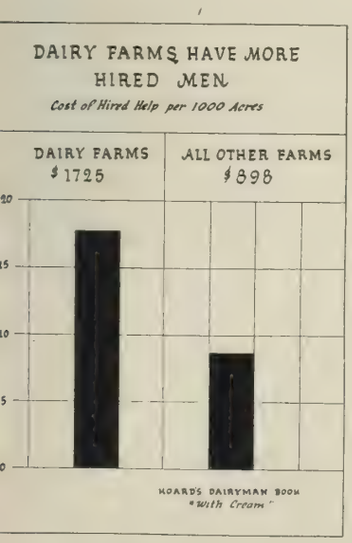

CHART XI

rm. I saw women pitching bunes in the field—doing work 'way eyond their strength. We all now that working hours were retched to 15, to 16 hours a day.

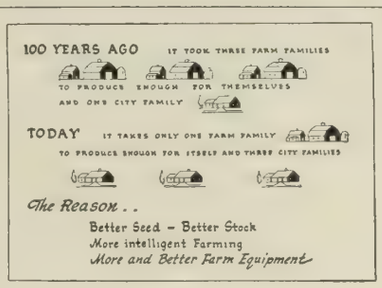
100 YEARS AGO
IT TOOK THREE FARM FAMILIES TO PRODUCE ENOUGH FOR THEMSELVES AND ONE CITY FAMILY
TODAY
IT TAKES ONLY ONE FARM FAMILY TO PRODUCE ENOUGH FOR ITSELF AND THREE CITY FAMILIES
The Reason . .
Better Seed – Better Stock
More intelligent Farming
More and Better Farm Equipment

CHART XII

We know that children were withheld from school, and if you don't believe this I ask you to look at the records of rural schools in your own vicinity. Farm labor has gone the limit. You have no right to ask more, unless you want to break down the health of our farm people.

I don't care what your politics are, you have got to admire the administration for its social reforms. They have made child labor a thing of the past; they have ended the sweat shop; labor in industry is limited to 40 hours a week and made to pay a penalty for more, and I don't believe, and you don't believe, that an administration that has shown itself so social-minded would ask the sacrifice that it would take to produce these quotas by increased hard labor. 'It would mean not 40 hours a week; not 60 hours a week; not 80 hours a week, but 100- and 120-hour weeks for the farmer and his wife, and it would mean violation of child labor laws.

In the last one hundred years we have greatly increased production on the farm. One hundred years ago it took three farm families to produce enough for themselves and one city family. Today, it takes only one farm family to produce enough for themselves and three city families. The reason for this is better seed, better stock, more intelligent farming (for which, to a great extent, we have the farm press to thank) and more and better farm equipment. Each year the farmers of America are better equipped. Had it not been for the depression, a great deal of the human exertion now necessary on the farm could have been avoided.

In the year 1930 probably half of

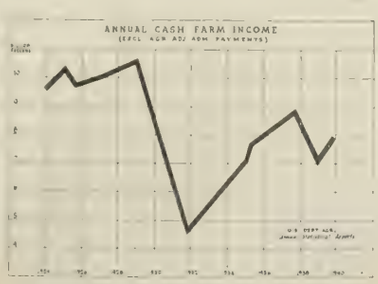

CHART XIII

the machinery on the farm was ten years old. In 1931-1932-1933, as you will note from this chart, the income of the farmer was so low that in many cases he could not pay his

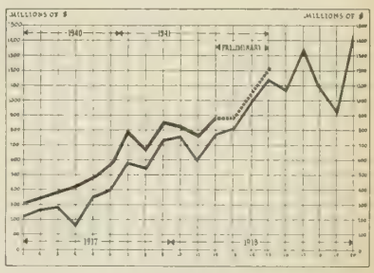

CHART XIV

taxes, or the interest on the mortgage, let alone buy equipment. It is only in the last year or so that he has had money for needed farm and barn equipment. You can get the proof of this in the sale of agricultural implements, and sanitary barn equipment, during this period.

It is 1941 now, and the implements that were ten years old in 1930 are twenty-one years old now. Many of them are worn out, and many of those that are not, are obsolete. Barn equipment also is antiquated and unsanitary, in many cases. Modern barns are labor-savers. Old barns are often labor-con-

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sumers. Remember, from four to six hours a day are spent doing chores. Here is often the greatest opportunity for labor-saving.

Some months ago the Department of Agriculture made a survey through its various agencies. I am informed that in spite of the fact that the farmers were asked how little additional equipment they could get along with because material was needed for defense, the replies that were returned called for over 140% of 1940's purchases. And farmers generally had reason to comply with the request "how little" from an administration to which they were deeply indebted.

I know that steel is needed for defense and war, just as it was needed in 1917 and 1918, and it is rather interesting to note the comparison of the millions of dollars of defense contracts placed, and to see how

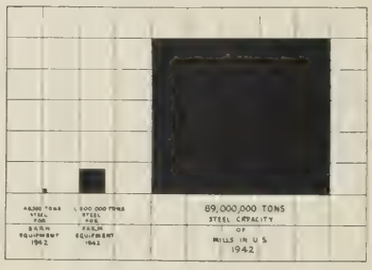

CHART XV

closely they parallel. Therefore I would assume that the consumption of steel was comparable. In 1917 and 1918 we had no shortage of steel as is reported today.

Of the 89 million tons capacity, the entire farm equipment industry would consume but 1.800.000 tons —and the barn equipment industry, so essential to dairying, but 48.500 tons. The office equipment industry last year used 300,000 tons—I understand they are cut to 200,000 tons this year. That is four times what the barn equipment industry needs, and surely barn equipment for food production, is more important than swivel chairs.

Let us take just a momentary glance at the steel ingot production. May I call to your attention that in 1935 all civilian needs of this nation were taken care of with approximately 56% of the total capacity of production. As late as 1938 we took entire care of civilian production with about 62% or 55 million tons of ingots. The largest estimate that I have heard given by anyone for defense needs has been given by Leon Henderson, as 35 million tons or approximately 50 million tons of steel ingots, there being about a 30% waste in turning steel ingots into steel. Add the 50 million tons to the 55 million tons (which was ample for civilian needs in 1938) and you have a total of approximately 105 million tons, or about 15% more than our entire production.

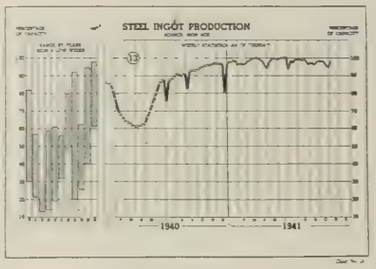

CHART XVI

Let us see how this is distributed. The automobile industry uses 5,-993.000 tons—and their use has been cut in half. Building construction, 4 million tons—containers 3 million tons—railroads 3 million tons—export 2 million tons, and so on. Surely, out of these we could easily cut enough to take care of the farm equipment industry if food is really needed for defense.

Agriculture has had its task laid out. It has been definitely said that FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR. Agriculture must not fail. If it is to reach these goals, it must have concentrates and the necessary labor.

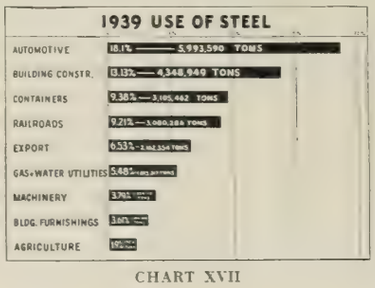

CHART XVII

Or, failing to obtain the labor, it must have concentrates and the necessary tools, and I am fearful that it needs both.

But above all, Agricultural America must have an appreciation of the fact that Production for Defense carries with it, not only an opportunity for profit, but even more important, an obligation to produce for the nation's good. The man with a pitchfork has a powerful voice in Washington: this voice must speak.

SWAN SONG OF A FISH

(*Continued from page* 30)

and help the sportsmen of those states.

The League learned that not only the sportsmen were concerned in the preservation of striped bass, but that resort towns along the coast had suffered as a result of the reduced numbers of bass when they no longer had inducements to offer visiting anglers. Hotels, boarding houses, garages, restaurants, and in turn other small business agencies in these towns suffered financial losses.

The commercial fisheries industry continued to oppose the protective measures despite the reasonable arguments advanced by the sportsmen and the chambers of commerce of the resort towns. This, despite the fact that the losses suffered in recreation and income by the sportsmen and resorts were hundreds of times greater than the financial value of the striped bass catches.

Then the legislators entered the picture. Despite the financial power of the fisheries group, individual legislators realized that the sportsmen were attaining considerable power. The fisheries had the money but the sportsmen had the vote, so they decided to make their compromise with the sportsmen.

An historian engaged in writing a true account of American legislative procedure would find a wealth of interesting material by following the progress of various bills introduced for the protection of striped bass in New Jersey. Certainly a novice politician should consider these bills as required reading, for in no other legislation will he find more outstanding examples of legal political skullduggery, artful dodging and deceitful diplomacy.

"If this striped bass bill reaches the floor of the legislature for vote," the legislator would promise, "you may be assured of my support."

Having thus gone on record with the sportsmen he went behind the political scenes and did everything possible to make certain that the bill would never reach the floor for vote.

The point that has puzzled the writer for some years is this. Striped bass fishing, having declined to a point where it is hardly profitable as a commercial industry, why have the commercial interests spent so much money and created such political pressure against a bill that, if enacted, would cause them so little loss in revenue? I think I have the answer. The commercial fisheries industry is afraid to give the sportsmen an entering wedge. The industry fears that victory in the matter of striped bass would create only a momentary lull, that having won their battle the sportsmen would turn toward measures to protect other species that are on the fringe of the danger zone, such as menhaden, weakfish and bluefish.

In combating the sportsmen, the commercial industry, even certain agents of the Bureau of Fisheries, has stated that there is no reason to believe that the removal of the striper from the commercial market would result in an increase in numbers. One agent of the Bureau had the temerity to state that in his belief there would be just as many striped bass as a result of 100 bass spawning as there would if 1,000 bass spawned. This is a fair sample

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of some of the ridiculous arguments employed by opponents to the protective legislation.

Another opponent tried to obtain support by appealing to human sympathy. He pointed out that in the final analysis, fish was the staple food of the poor, and that by preventing the marketing of striped bass the sportsmen were taking food from the poor who could not afford to buy meat.

In making this statement he did not mention that the average retail price of striped bass was somewhat higher per pound than the average retail price of a good beefsteak. The marketed striper is a luxury item and when it appears on the table of the poor man the chances are that man caught it on rod and reel.

But to return to the statement by the commercial industry that there is "no reason to believe that elimination of the striped bass from the commercial market would result in an increase in numbers." That is the worst lie of the lot.

The status of the striped bass in California is a perfect example of what protection from commercial fishing can accomplish.

In 1879 a few striped bass were introduced in California coastal waters, where the species was previously unknown. The fish flourished and a few years later became an important commercial fish. As a result of intensive commercial fishing the fish reached a danger point, and after a long battle with the commercial fisheries there, a law was finally enacted making the striper a game fish and prohibiting its commercial sale. This bill became a law in 1935, and what is the status of the striped bass in California today?

Here is the answer.

The fish has multiplied to the point of abundance, with the result that striped bass fishing for recreation is one of the largest industries in California. The commercial fish markets are still complaining that the sportsmen are causing them a financial loss as a result of this, but how do the commercial fishermen themselves feel about it? They are convinced that the striped bass law was the best thing that ever happened to them and they would fight its repeal with the sportsmen.

Why?

The answer is very simple. They are making many times more money through the sale of sardine bait to striped bass anglers than they ever made through the sale of striped bass. Striped bass are so plentiful in California that tremendous striped bass derbies are held each year at various points, some of them having no less than 10,000 entrants, and offering automobiles as prizes.

When confronted with this example the opponents to full protection on the Atlantic coast can only say: "Well, we don't know that it would work that way here."

Several sportsmen, in joining organizations to aid the fight, seem puzzled at the attitude of the Bureau of Fisheries in the matter. Having read the various bulletins published by the Bureau containing reports from leading experts made following careful surveys, and noting that each of these experts stresses the dangerous decline of stripers and urges more adequate protection, he wonders why the Bureau would permit any one of its agents to oppose any measure that would increase the protection of the fish. He wonders, in view of the fact that every survey has brought forth proof of this decline, why the Bureau has not acted vigorously on the matter.

Last year a powerful odor of fish emanated from the Bureau's handling of the West Coast salmon fishery, and when that odor became so strong it could not be ignored, the Federal Bureau of Investigation took a hand in the matter. A bit of snooping by the F.B.I. on the East Coast might very well be in order, according to salt water sportsmen and conservationists who feel that such an investigation might result in the instigation of some necessary conservation measures.

Of course, the sportsmen have been tossed a few sops. For example, after considerable opposition laws were passed in a few states making the possession of stripers under sixteen inches in length illegal. Most of these bills were passed after considerable battle with commercial interests, and we know of no instance where a representative of the Bureau appeared at one of these hearings to plead for conservation.

In conclusion it might be well to cite the experiences of sportsmen in one of the New England states where such a bill was passed. The bill was made a law after a long and, at times, dirty fight. In their haste to put the measure through the sportsmen had failed to include a clause requiring that undersized stripers be returned to the water.

A week or so after the law was passed, surfcasters on a certain stretch of beach were routed by the activities of a crew of seiners who were making a haul right through the surf. The seiners finally beached the net. After a dozen or so legal-sized stripers were removed from the net it was found that there were more than a thousand undersized fish in the meshes. The seiners rolled the net up on the beach and

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sat down to wait until the bass died before dumping them back.

One of the surfcasters approached the head of the seiner crew and demanded that the fish be returned to the water immediately. The boss seiner pulled out a copy of the law and asked the angler to show him the clause saying this must be done.

"The hell with you sports," he said. "You put the law through, but it doesn't say we have to return the bass to the water immediately. We'll dump them back when we're damn good and ready, and that'll be when they are dead."

A halfhour later the crew made another haul, but while they were doing it the surfcaster was not idle. He had rounded up almost a score of other sportsmen. They dismantled their rods, placed the tips carefully in their sandspikes, and waited in the shelter of a sand dune while the seiners hauled the net.

When the legal sized fish had been removed the seiners once more prepared to roll up the net and wait until the undersized bass were dead. At this point the surfcasters, each carrying a stout red butt, advanced.

"Put those bass in the water right away, while they are alive," their spokesman told the seiners, "or we'll roll you up in the net with them and give you a bath."

The bass were returned to the water immediately.

This is a sample of the fine conservation practices employed by some of the commercial fishermen. But this is not indicative of the spirit of the entire industry. I know of many commercial men who are aware of the need for additional conservation measures and willing to back such measures. But they are a minority, and are so outnumbered by those who are interested only in bleeding the fishery resources today that they have no voice that can be heard.

This is but a small segment of the striped bass picture, but it may offer some illumination of the situation for those who have not known what the striped bass war was all about. The surfcasters have had many setbacks but they are not discouraged. Their plea is for the support of all sportsmen. In the protective measures they are sponsoring they have not ignored self-discipline, for in every bill advanced there are clauses limiting the number of fish that may be taken by any means. They are determined that the striped bass will have his chance for survival, and eventually they will win.

DO NOT READ NOW

ANSWER

to question on page 70

1. Riding over crops.
2. Riding too close to hounds.

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THE BRIARD, FAITHFUL AND COURAGEOUS GUARDIAN AND COMPANION

THIS month, as we promised, Briards are to be the subject of discussion, so we'll go to Sydney Farm, Norristown, Pa., where Mrs. George W. Jacobs has a fine kennel of these shaggy, lovable fellows, and let Mrs. Jacobs tell you about her favorite breed. First will come a little of their history; then a description of the breed as it is today.

"Gentle and intelligent with long hair, loose, easy gait, and double dewclaws on each hind leg, Briards have been cherished by the French for many centuries as working dogs, shepherds, guardians of flocks and herds, the home, and children. It is reported that the great and dog-loving Emperor Charlemagne owned this splendid breed and sent a gift of Briards to his protege King Ealhred of the British Isles. Thus, from the eighth century through the ages to modern times we find Briards woven into the pattern of French history.

P. T. JONES

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"A high spot in their past is the story of the dog of Aubry de Montdidier, who in 1371 was a gay and rich courtier in the court of Charles V. Whenever he rode abroad Aubry was followed by his faithful Briard —except the time he rode alone into the forest and was murdered.

"His faithful dog followed his trail, and reaching the scene flew into a frenzy of rage as he tried to find the murderer. One Macaire was suspected, and the King ordered a sort of duel to take place between man and dog on the Isle of Notre Dame, near the magnificent Cathedral completed the century before.

"Heralded by a blare of trumpets, prisoner and dog were led before King Charles and his lords, the prisoner was armed with a stout club and the faithful dog was unleashed. Instinctively identifying Macaire as the murderer of his master, the brave dog leaped upon him, and in spite of the club the king soon had to order his men to intervene.

"The profusely bleeding, and thoroughly frightened Macaire confessed his crime and was led away to the gallows. To commemorate the heroic Briard the family of Montdidier ordered a carving of his head to be combined with their coat of arms on the portico of the Cathedral of Montdidier.

"As space only permits the skimming of the high spots, we now come to the fifteenth century and that gallant, pathetic figure, Jeanne d'Arc. She too had a Briard named Pitu, and Pitu is carved at the foot of her statue in Paris.

"And of the painters, Jean Francois Millet has immortalized the breed in a tender painting of sheep guarded by a Briard which is now in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. There are also various lesser works of Millet in which Briards may be seen.

"During the first World War the breed was nearly exterminated. They lived in the trenches, carried messages for the soldiers, and above all had a remarkable instinct for finding life in what the stretcher-bearers might have considered corpses. Many a wounded soldier owes his life to these dogs.

"In modern times Briards are, as always, pets, watch dogs, guardians. Nicknamed 'matdog' in France because of their confirmed stay-at-home habits, they are big dogs, the males often standing 27 inches at the shoulders. They have no disagreeable doggy odors, no nasty habits of rolling in filth, and they will swim if the opportunity offers."

"Briards are easily trained and should never be punished; just talk to them and they will do what is asked as soon as they understand. At home on the foot of your bed, by your tea-table, in your car, in your nursery or out in the storm guarding your estate, they are the dog with the lapdog soul and the lion heart."

The accepted standard of the modern Briard is as follows:

General Appearance. A strong and substantially built dog, fitted for field work, lithe, muscular, and well proportioned, alert and active.

Size. Height at shoulders: Dogs, 23 to 27 inches. Bitches, 22 to 25½ inches. Young dogs may be below the minimum.

Head. Large and rather long. Stop well marked and placed at equal distance from top of head and tip of nose. Forehead very slightly rounded. Line from stop to tip of nose straight. Teeth strong, white, and meeting exactly even. Muzzle neither narrow nor pointed. Nose rather square than rounded, always black. Hair heavy and long on top of head, the ears, and around the muzzle, forming eyebrows standing out and not veiling the eyes too much. Eyes horizontal, well opened, dark in color and rather large; intelligent and gentle in expression. Ears placed high, not too large, and not carried too flat. In France the tips of the ears are generally cropped, causing the ear to be semi-erect.

Conformation. Neck muscular and distinct from the shoulders. Chest broad and deep. Back straight. Rump slightly sloped. Legs muscular with heavy bones. Hock not too near the ground, making a well marked angle, the leg below the hock being not quite vertical.

Tail. Uncut, well feathered, slightly curled at the end, carried low and twisted neither to the right nor to the left, the feather on lowest point reaching to point of hock.

Feet. Strong, round, with toes close together and hard pads; nails black.

Coat. Long, slightly wavy, stiff and strong.

Color. All solid colors are allowed except white. Dark colors are preferable. In France the preference is given to black or dark animals. Usual colors: Black and black with some white hairs, dark and light gray, tawny, and combinations of two of these colors, provided there are no marked spots and the transition from one to the other takes place gradually and symmetrically.

Dewclaws. Two dewclaws on each hindleg are required. A dog with only one cannot be given a prize.

Faults. Muzzle pointed. Eyes small, almond-shaped or light in color. Rump straight or too sloped. White spot on the breast, a large white spot is very bad). Tail too short or carried over the back. White nails.

Disqualifications. Size below the limit. Absence of dewclaws. Short hair on the head, face or feet. Tail lacking or cut. Nose light in color or spotted. Eyes spotted. Hair curled. White hair on feet. Spotted colors of the coat.

Mrs. George W. Jacobs, Jr., and four of her Briards: Ch. Nanne, Jeannette, Ch. Baron and Morceau, all "of Sydney Farm"

The Young Sportsman

JACQUELINE Elmore's well proportioned drawing of the washerwoman wins this month's five dollar prize. I hope you will notice how well she has handled the difficult problem presented by the arms.

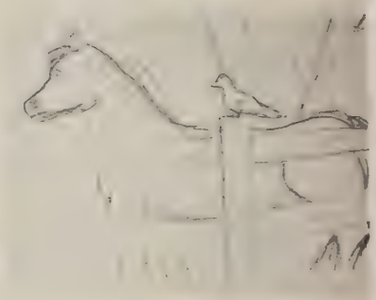
There is no reason why you young people cannot show more originality in your drawings nor why those of you who can write do not sit down and send us a good story.

Subjects for next month: "Winter Day," "Down the Mountain," "Cruelty to Animals."

All contributors must be under 18 years of age and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent that it is neither copied nor traced.

WHAT IS WRONG?

Answer will be found on page 68



Drawn by Edward Hancock; Gwynedd Valley, Pa.; aged 10

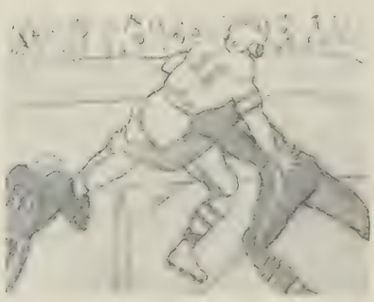
Drawn by Phyllis Ann Thompson, Mansfield, Ohio; aged 12

Drawn by Howard P. Kelly, Port Chester, N. Y.; aged 8

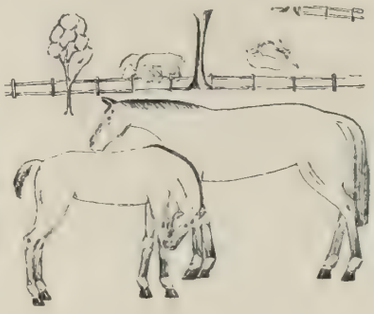
Drawn by Jill B. Landreth, Lafayette, Pa.; aged 14

Drawn by Al Bassett, Quincy, Fla.; aged 11

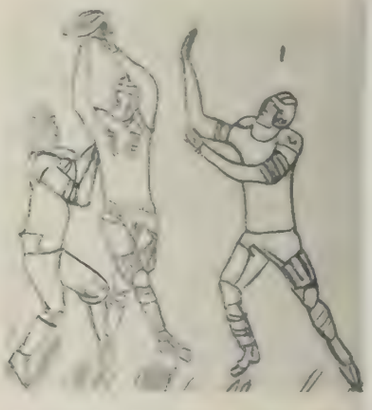
Drawn by Mary Davidson, Wheeler Field, Hawaii; aged 12



Drawn by Austin Dill, Hastings, Neb.; aged 16



Drawn by March Enders, Avon, Conn.; aged 12

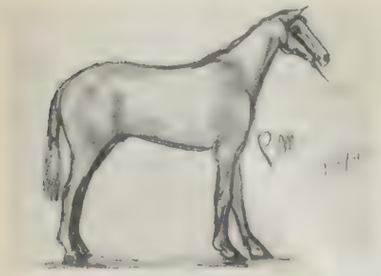


Drawn by Douglas Doyle, Evansville, Ind., aged 14

Drawn by Carlo Zezza, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; aged 5½

Drawn by Jacqueline Elmore, Chicago, Ill.; aged 12

Drawn by Bill Clay, Pasadena, Calif.; aged 15



Drawn by Pixie Marshall, Philadelphia, Pa.; aged 13

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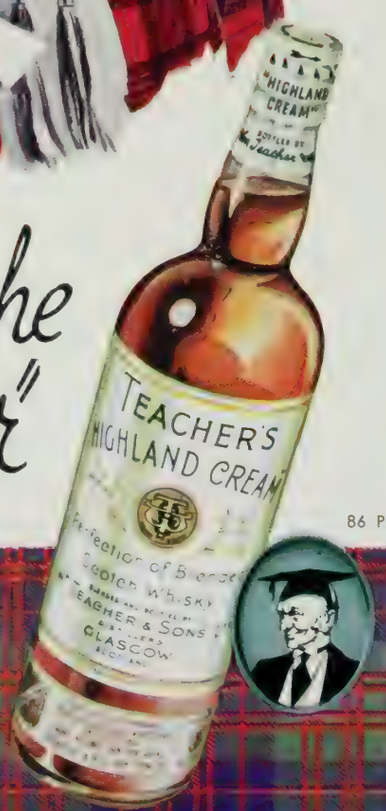

86 PROOF

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*FANAR Chestnut, 1931	PHAROS	Phalaris	Polymelus	Cyllene
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			Bromus	Sainfoin
				Cheery
		Scapa Flow	Chaucer	St. Simon
				Canterbury Pilgrim
			Anchora	Love Wisely
				Eryholme
	CAMOUFLAGE	Picton	Orvieto	Bend Or
				Napoly
			Hecuba	Isonomy
				Helen of Troy
		Mystery	Troutbeck	Ladas
				Rydal Mount
			Vampire	Galopin
				Irony

*FANAR'S RACING RECORD

*FANAR, chestnut, foaled 1931, bred in France by Lord Derby, is by PHAROS, out of Camouflage by Picton. *FANAR, as a two-year-old, raced in France, winning 2 races and 85,000 francs. As a three-year-old, in France he won 2 races and 34,000 francs, and in Jamaica (B. W. I.) he won the Grand Prize of $7,500, distance 1½ miles.

*FANAR won the Prix Thormanby (two-year-olds) over a field of eighteen, including Le Maestro, winner in France and England; Prick, winner in France of six races and 97,000 francs, also of Royal Hunt Cup (England), worth $14,557 in a field of 37; Silverplated, winner as a two-year-old of 4 races and 67,200 francs, and as a three-year-old of 4 races and 223,835 francs.

*FANAR won the Prix La Fleche over thirteen others, including Zenadore, winner of 3 races and 143,821 francs; Makila, winner in France as a two-year-old of 3 races and 72,940 francs, as a three-year-old of 3 races and 82,420 francs, and in England second in the Wokingham Stakes; Aviso, winner of 2 races and 123,306 francs; Astyanax, winner in France as a two-year-old, and as a three-year-old in France and England. In the Prix La Fleche, *FANAR again beat Le Maestro.

*FANAR was second in the Prix Morny to Brantome, whom he brought to the whip. *FANAR had behind him Mary Tudor, winner of 5 races, including the French 1,000 Guineas; Macestar, winner in France; Easton, winner of Prix Ladas, and the Grand International d'Ostend, worth 600,000 francs, and in England of the Select Stakes, Newmarket; was second to Colombo in the 2,000 Guineas, and second to Windsor Lad in the Derby; also winner of Lingfield Park Spring Stakes, $2,670, the March Stakes, $3,750, and the Ribblesdale Stakes, $24,250; also second to Windsor Lad in the Coronation Cup at Epsom; Easton was purchased by Lord Woolavington.

*FANAR'S SIRE—PHAROS (See description under *ST. ELMO II)

*FANAR'S DAM—CAMOUFLAGE

CAMOUFLAGE, dam of *FANAR, is also dam of Farndon Ferry, winner of 2 races in England worth $3,750; Eldorado; Farfadet, winner in France; Camouflage is by Picton, winner of the Dewhurst Plate; he ran second to Spearmint in the Derby, beating Troutbeck, White Knight, Radium and others; Picton is also sire of Light Brigade, winner of 16 races and $57,220, and a successful sire in England and the United States.

*FANAR'S GRAND-DAM—MYSTERY

MYSTERY, grand-dam of *FANAR, is by Troutbeck, who won the St. Leger and nine other races up to 2 miles, and was third to Picton in the Epsom Derby. Mystery is also dam of Syntony, winner of 6 races and $13,035; Hidden Gem, 2 races and $5,170; Mystic Night, winner of 2 races in England and a winner in Brazil; Mister Mark, winner in United States. Mystery is half-sister to Ballymany and to Haurdina, and a grand-dam to Badnabay.

*FANAR'S GREAT-GRAND-DAM—VAMPIRE

VAMPIRE, great-grand-dam of *FANAR, is by Galopin, winner of the Epsom Derby and sire of St. Simon. Vampire won two races in England, and is the dam of seven winners of over $255,000, including Flying Fox, winner of the Triple Crown (the 2,000 Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger).

*FANAR was purchased and sent to Jamaica (B. W. I.), where he stood privately at stud.

*FANAR stands 16.2 high.

PRIVATE CONTRACT

*ST. ELMO II

*ST. ELMO'S RACING RECORD

*ST. ELMO II, a handsome, well-made grey, 16 hands, raced in France, England and Jamaica. He won eight races, six of them in England. His English victories were distances from one mile to 1¾ miles, and he carried up to 133 lbs. In Jamaica, he ran a dead heat for first place in the Jamaica Grand Prize of $6,250, over 1½ miles, carrying 126 lbs. In 1938 he was imported to the United States, in 1939 making his first season at stud.

*ST. ELMO'S SIRE—PHAROS

PHAROS, sire of *St. Elmo II, bred in England by Lord Derby, was a top-class stakes winner in England, winning 14 races and $78,470 in first money. He was second to Papyrus in the Derby. As a sire Pharos was one of the greatest horses of the century. He got the unbeaten Nearco, winner of 13 races in Italy, victor over the English Derby winner Bois Roussel in the Grand Prix de Paris, and afterwards sold for $300,000, and the unbeaten Pharos, outstanding 3-year-old of Continental Europe in 1939. He is also sire of Cameronian, winner of the Derby and Two Thousand Guineas; Firdaussi, winner of the St. Leger; *Rhodes Scholar, winner of the St. James' Palace Stakes, beating the Derby winner *Mahmoud, and of the Eclipse Stakes, beating the St. Leger winner *Boswell; Bernina, best filly of her year in Italy; The Nile and Mary Tudor, winners of the French One Thousand Guineas; En Fraude, winner of the French Oaks; Fastnet, Semiramide, Lighthouse, and numerous other high-class racers. Since the death of Blandford, Pharos has been the most successful sire in Europe. He is a brother to the leading English sire Fairway. Pharos is also sire of *Muzzie II, dam of Shot Put, winner of inaugural running of Exterminator Handicap, Pimlico, 2 miles and 70 yards, carrying 122 lbs. Shot Put won over a field of nine. In three years he has won $64,070.

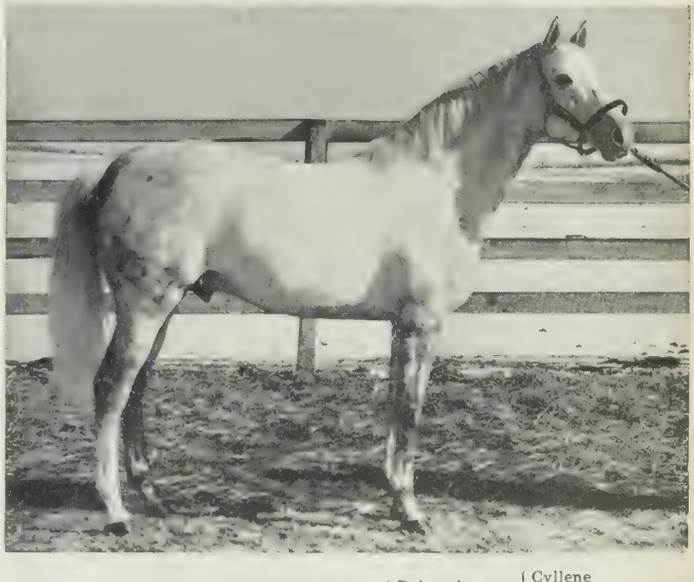
*ST. ELMO'S DAM—FRISKY

FRISKY, dam of *St. Elmo II, was one of the best fillies of her year in France. At two she won the Prix Eclipse and the Prix de Honfleur. At three she won the Poule d'Essai des Pouliches (One Thousand Guineas equivalent) and Prix de St. James. She has also gained distinction as a producer, being the dam of Turbulent, top 2-year-old in France in 1938, winner of the Grand Criterium, etc.; Reel II, winner in France and prominent stakes winner in South Africa, including the Metropolitan Handicap of £4,000, Farewell Handicap of £400, dead-heat in Peninsula Summer Handicap of £1,500, second in Durban July Handicap, £6,000. Reel II is now a successful sire; Satrap, winner of the Prix du Lys, Prix du Prince de Galles and Prix d'Avril, second in Prix Hocquart, etc.; and the winners High Spirits, Featherhead (also producer), Lighthearted (sister to *St. Elmo II), Fol de Rol and Jongleur.

ISARD II, sire of Frisky, was a stakes winner of 286,900 francs (about $47,000), and sired numerous good horses, including Filibert de Savoie (French St. Leger, Grand Prix de Paris, etc.), *Belfonds (French Derby, etc.), *Lizard (noted steeplechase stakes winner), etc.

*ST. ELMO'S GRAND-DAM—VIERGE BLONDE

VIERGE BLONDE, dam of Frisky, produced eight winners, including the prominent steeplechase stakes winners Kakimo and Nattier. Vierge Blonde was a half-sister to Marsan, stakes winner of 193,044 francs and prominent sire. Vierge Blonde's get have won over 537,200 francs.



*ST. ELMO II Grey, 1932	PHAROS	Phalaris	Polymelus	Cyllene
				Maid Marian
			Bromus	Sainfoin
				Cheery
		Scapa Flow	Chaucer	St. Simon
				Canterbury Pilgrim
			Anchora	Love Wisely
				Eryholme
	FRISKY	Isard II	Le Samaritain	Le Sancy
				Clementina
			Irish Idyll	Kilwarlin
				Flitters
		Vierge Blonde	Gardefeu	Cambyse
				Bougie
			L'Orangerie	Accumulator
				Versailles

* ST. ELMO'S BOOK WAS FULL LAST YEAR

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VOL. LXXXI FEBRUARY, 1942 No. 4

OUR COVER

John Pike's boldly treated water-color entitled, "Sleigh Ride," which portrays with such striking effect the power of the draft horse, is the subject of this month's cover. Reproduced by courtesy of Ferargil Galleries.

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PETER VISCHER, *Publisher* FRANCIS BREWSTER, *Circulation Director* • *Published monthly by* POLO MAGAZINE, INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 1270 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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COUNTRY LIFE is obtainable in the United States and all other countries in the Pan-American Postal Union, at $5 for one year, $8 for two years. In Canada, $6 for one year, $10 for two years. In all other countries, $7 for one year, $12 for two years. Entered as second-class mail matter November 3, 1941, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers are requested to send notice of change of address five weeks before it is to take effect. Failure to send such notice will result in an incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must be given. *Please report all changes direct to us.* ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York, 1270 Sixth Avenue. Chicago, Archer A. King Company, 410 North Michigan Avenue. Seattle, Wash., W. F. Coleman, Henry Building. San Francisco, Cal., W. F. Coleman, 550 Montgomery Street. Los Angeles, W. F. Coleman, 530 West Sixth Street. Miami, Fla., Sylvan G. Cox, Ingraham Building. Atlanta, Ga., Sylvan G. Cox, 75 Third Street, N. W. COUNTRY LIFE is printed in the United States of America, Copyright, 1942, in the United States and Great Britain by POLO MAGAZINE, INC.

Calendar

RACING

To Feb. 17	Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La.
To Mar. 7	Hialeah Park, Hialeah, Fla.
Mar. 9-Apr. 10	Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.

HORSE SHOWS

Feb. 20-21	Virginians' Horse Show, Camden, S. C.
Mar. 7	Inter-School Horse Show, Watertown, Conn.
Mar. 21	Kimberly School Horse Show, West Orange, N. J.
Apr. 11	Wall Street Riding Club, New York, N. Y.
Apr. 18	Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn.
Apr. 23-25	First Company Governors Foot Guard, Hartford, Conn.
Apr. 24-25	Lynchburg Junior League, Lynchburg, Va.

DOG SHOWS

Feb. 11-12	Westminster Kennel Club, New York, N. Y.
Feb. 14	Elm City Kennel Club, New Haven, Conn.
Feb. 15	Muncie Kennel Club, Muncie, Ind.
Feb. 21-22	Dayton Kennel Club, Dayton, O.
Feb. 22-23	Eastern Dog Club, Boston, Mass.
Feb. 28	Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.
Mar. 1	San Bernardino Valley Kennel Club, San Bernardino, Calif.
Mar. 4-5	Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mar. 7-8	Oakland Kennel Club, Oakland, Calif.
Mar. 7-8	Western Reserve Kennel Club, Cleveland, O.
Mar. 8	Providence County Kennel Club, Providence, R. I.
Mar. 14-15	Cincinnati Kennel Club, Cincinnati, O.
Mar. 14-15	Tucson Kennel Club, Tucson, Ariz.
Mar. 21-22	Mahoning-Shenango Kennel Club, Youngstown, O.
Mar. 21-22	Mississippi Valley Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo.
Mar. 21-22	Santa Anita Kennel Club, Santa Anita, Calif.
Mar. 22	Saw Mill River Kennel Club, White Plains, N. Y.
Mar. 28	Kennel Club of Atlantic City, Atlantic City, N. J.
Mar. 28-29	International Kennel Club of Chicago, Ill.
Apr. 4	Springfield Kennel Club, Springfield, Mass.
Apr. 11-12	Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, Ohio
Apr. 12	Union County Kennel Club, Elizabeth, N. J.
Apr. 18	First Company Governor's Foot Guard A.A., Hartford, Conn.
Apr. 19	Kennel Club of Northern New Jersey, Teaneck, N. J.
Apr. 19	Tri-State Kennel Assn., Wheeling, W. Va.
Apr. 24	Virginia Kennel Club, Richmond, Va.
Apr. 25	Old Dominion Kennel Club of Northern Virginia, Alexandria, Va.
Apr. 25-26	Tri-City Kennel Club, Rock Island, Ill.
Apr. 26	Baltimore County Kennel Club, Pikesville, Md.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

Feb. 1	North Shore Dog Training Club, Chicago, Ill.
Feb. 22-23	New England Dog Training Club, Boston, Mass.
Mar. 22	Saw Mill River Kennel Club, White Plains, N. Y.
Mar. 28-29	International Kennel Club of Chicago, Ill.
Apr. 11-12	Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, O.
Apr. 19	First Dog Training Club of Northern New Jersey, Teaneck, N. J.

FIELD TRIALS (Pointers and Setters)

Feb. 2	Southern States Amateur Championship, Hernando, Miss.
Feb. 2	The Quail Championship, Albany, Ga.
Feb. 7	California Quail Championship, Los Angeles, Calif.
Feb. 9	United States Field Trial Assn., Holly Springs, Miss.
Feb. 15	Ada Field Trial Assn., Ada, Okla.
Feb. 16	National Amateur Quail Championship, Holly Springs, Miss.
Feb. 22	Marion Conservation Club, Ocala, Fla.
Feb. 23	Memphis Amateur Field Trial Assn., Memphis, Tenn.
Feb. 23	National Field Trial Champion Assn., Grand Junction, Tenn.
Mar. 16	Virginia Amateur Field Trial Assn., Orange, Va.
Mar. 26	Northern Indiana Field Trial Club, Winamac, Ind.
Mar. 28	Sewickley Kennel Club, Sewickley, Pa.
Mar. 28	Central Ohio Field Trial Club, Mt. Victory, O.
Mar. 30	Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Assn., Leedstown, Va.
Apr. 8	English Setter Club of America, Medford, N. J.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

Mar. 5-6	Iowa State Breeders Assn., Des Moines, Ia.
Mar. 12	Mercer County Breeders Assn., Aledo, Ill.
Mar. 16	Texas Breeders Assn., Fort Worth, Tex.
Mar. 16	Central Iowa Breeders Assn., Marshalltown, Ia.

(Continued on page 6)

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THE CALENDAR

(*Continued from page 5*)

Mar. 23	Oklahoma Breeders Assn., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mar. 25-26	Nebraska State Breeders Assn., Columbus, Neb.
Apr. 6	Central Missouri Breeders Assn., Columbia, Mo.
Apr. 14	Central Illinois Breeders Assn., Congerville, Ill.
Apr. 16	Indiana State Breeders Assn., Lafayette, Ind.
Apr. 20	Howard County Breeders Assn., Fayette, Mo.
Apr. 27	Marion County Breeders Assn., Knoxville, Ia.
Apr. 27	Ohio Breeders Assn., Columbus, O.
Apr. 28	South Dakota Breeders Assn., Brookings, S. D.

HOLSTEIN SALES

Mar. 30	The Capitol Sale, Harrisburg, Pa.
Mar. 30-31	28th Anniversary Sale, Waukesha & Watertown, Wis.

JERSEY SALES

Feb. 9	Harry Beckner Dispersal, Oelwein, Ia.
Feb. 18	C. M. Hutton, Minden, La.
Feb. 21	Dick Whitehouse, Tipp City, O.
Mar. 7	John Ridgeley, Towson, Md.
Mar. 9	H. Jewett Orth, Jr., Frederick, Md.
Apr. 11	Ohio Jersey Cattle Club, Columbus, O.
Apr. 27	Mississippi Jersey Cattle Club, Jackson, Miss.

PERCHERON SALES

Mar. 28	Ernest C. Bell, Mt. Ephraim, N. J.
Mar. 30	Madrey Farm, Brewster, N. Y.

WINTER BRED SOW SALES

Berkshires

Feb. 2	Lindley-Towne, Blencoe, Ia.
Feb. 3	Ernest Hayck, Moorland, Ia.
Feb. 5	Royal Tri Farms, Westpoint, Neb.
Feb. 6	Art. Stevenson, Ludlow, Ill.
Feb. 7	Ridglydale Farms, Decatur, Ill.
Feb. 9	Harold Wehrman, Belle Plaine, Ia.
Feb. 10	Calara Farm, Thornton, Ia.
Feb. 11	Dennis-Hargrave, Spencer, Ia.
Feb. 11	John Hay, Warren, Ill.
Feb. 12	Watne Bros., Davis Junction, Ill.
Feb. 13	Lynnwood Farm, Carmel, Ind.
Feb. 14	Fairholme Farm, Lewisville, Ind.
Feb. 14	Tyson-Long, Herman, Neb.
Feb. 16	Grandview, Lenox, Ia.
Feb. 16	Whitmoreland, Burlington, Wis.
Feb. 16	Ohio Breeders, Columbus, O.
Feb. 17	Hillview Farm, Sigourney, Ia.
Feb. 17	Illinois Breeders, Sherman, Ill.
Feb. 17	Teegardin & Runkle, Ashville, O.
Feb. 18	Eugene Gosch, Idagrove, Ia.
Feb. 18	L. A. McGrew, Adair, Ill.
Feb. 18	Indiana Breeders, Indianapolis, Ind.
Feb. 19	C. E. Conover, Holstein, Ia.
Feb. 19	Carl G. Engel, Cantrall, Ill.
Feb. 20	Iowa Breeders, Des Moines, Ia.
Feb. 21	Rhea Bros., Arlington, Neb.
Feb. 21	Grundy Co. Breeders, Dwight, Ill.
Feb. 23	Pflederer Bros., Tremont, Ill.
Feb. 23	Bellows Bros., Maryville, Mo.
Feb. 24	H. W. Hobkirk, Williamsville, Ill.
Feb. 24	Vernon Rouse, Mallard, Ia.
Feb. 25	Anderson, Bros., Oneida, Ill.
Feb. 26	Everett Williams, Iowa City, Ia.
Mar. 5	L. A. McGrew, Adair, Ill.
Mar. 11	David W. Burch, Divernon, Ill.

Hampshires

Feb. 2	Timberline Farms, Congerville, Ill.
Feb. 2	Frank Noggle, New Madison, O.
Feb. 3	Lloyd Truesdale, Lafayette, O.
Feb. 5	Emrick & Farwell, Aledo, Ill.
Feb. 6	Ridglydale Farms, Decatur, Ill.
Feb. 6	Southwind Farms, (Earl Groth), Ossian, Ind.
Feb. 7	Gilbert Gardner, Connersville, Ind.
Feb. 7	John Mayhew, Aledo, Ill.
Feb. 9	Willard Guckian, Camden, and Gebhart Bros., Germantown, O.
Feb. 11	Charlie Lord, Swayzee, Ind.
Feb. 11	Lambert Bros., Sheffield, Ill.
Feb. 12	Earlham Farms, Richmond, Ind.
Feb. 12	Amana Society, Homestead, Ia.
Feb. 12	Ed Schetter, Fostoria, O.
Feb. 13	Frantz Bros., Grand Junction, Ia.
Feb. 13	Henry Hahn & Sons, Zearing & Geo. Hall, Franklin Grove, Ill.
Feb. 14	Henstorf Farms, Farragut, Ia.
Feb. 14	East Side Ranch, Firebaugh, Calif.
Feb. 14	Lawrence Ropp, Gibson City, Ill.
Feb. 16	Harry Knabe, Nehawka, Nebr.

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THE CALENDAR

(*Continued from page 6*)

Feb. 16	Leo C. Johnston, Hawkeye, Ia.
Feb. 16	Madsen Bros., Nebraska City, Nebr.
Feb. 17	Matt Locatis & Sons, Ft. Dodge, Ia.
Feb. 18	Lettow Bros., Alden, Ia.
Feb. 18	K. S. Peltier, Delphos, O.
Feb. 19	Orben Schoff, Lost Nation, Ia.
Feb. 19	Lewis Ryan, Delta, O.
Feb. 20	Robin Lane Farms, Hampton, Ia.
Feb. 21	Jack Creek Farm, Toulon, Ill.
Feb. 23	S. L. Park, Redwood Falls, Minn.
Feb. 23	Ky. Cardinal Farms, Henderson, Ky.
Feb. 24	Ralph Peak, Winchester, Ill.
Feb. 24	Wm. Wittman, Lake Lillian, Minn.
Feb. 24	Walter Schantz, Ada, O.
Feb. 26	O. E. Straley & Son, Paulding, O.

LIVESTOCK SHOWS

Feb. 6-15	Fat Stock Show, Houston, Tex.
Mar. 5-9	San Angelo Fat Stock Show, San Angelo, Tex.
Mar. 13-22	Southwest Exposition & Fat Stock Show, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mar. 26-29	Southwest Louisiana Fat Stock Show, Lake Charles, La.

SKI TOURNAMENTS

Feb. 1	U.S.E.A.S.A. Jumping, Cross-Country & Combined Championships, Salisbury Mills, N. Y.
Feb. 1	Downhill, Slalom & Jumping Meet, Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo.
Feb. 1	Four-Way Junior Championship, Mt. Rainier, Wash.
Feb. 1	Rockford Club Meet, Rockford, Ill.
Feb. 1	St. Paul Club Meet, St. Paul, Minn.
Feb. 7-8	National Jumping Championship, Duluth, Minn.
Feb. 7-8	Four-Man Team Race, Wausau, Wis.
Feb. 7-8	Women's Inter-City Meet, Quebec, Can.
Feb. 7-8	Aqua Piedra Club Meet, Aqua Piedra, Colo.
Feb. 8	Homewood Club Jumping Meet, Homewood Park, Colo.
Feb. 8	Dubuque Club Meet, Dubuque, Ia.
Feb. 8	Seattle Club Meet, Seattle, Wash.
Feb. 12-15	Banff Winter Carnivall, Banff, Alberta.
Feb. 14-15	Downhill, Slalom & Combined Championships, Mt. Spokane, Wash.
Feb. 14-15	Steamboat Springs Club Meet, Steamboat Springs, Colo.
Feb. 15	Gogebic Range Club Meet, Ironwood, Mich.
Feb. 15	Munising Club Meet, Munising, Mich.
Feb. 15	Blue Mountain Club Meet, Tollgate, Ore.
Feb. 21-22	National Classic Combined & Cross Country Championships, Brattleboro, Vt.
Feb. 22	Ishpeming Club Meet, Ishpeming, Mich.
Feb. 22	Downhill & Slalom Championships, Sun Valley, Idaho
Feb. 28-Mar. 1	Central Four-Event Championship, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Mar. 7-8	Interscholastic Meet, Quebec, Can.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

Mar. 14	Sandhills Steeplechase & Racing Assn., Southern Pines, N. C.
Mar. 21	Aiken Mile Track Assn., Aiken, S. C.
Mar. 28	Carolina Cup, Camden, S. C.
Apr. 4	Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va.
Apr. 11	Middleburg Hunt Race Assn., Middleburg, Va.
Apr. 11	My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, Monkton, Md.
Apr. 18	Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md.
Apr. 25	Maryland Hunt Cup Assn., Glyndon, Md.
May 2	Virginia Gold Cup Assn., Warrenton, Va.
May 2	Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Broad Axe, Pa.

ART EXHIBITIONS

Feb. 1-Mar. 31	Rembrandt's Work, Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.
Feb. 1-25	Finger Paintings by Ruth Shaw Studio, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.
Feb. 1-28	Paintings by Dali and Miro, Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass.
Feb. 1-28	Woodcuts by J. J. Lanhes; Photos of Italian Cities by Egone, The Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass.
Feb. 1-28	Prints by Toulouse Lautrec, City Art Museum of St. Louis, Mo.
Feb. 1-28	Prints by Mary Cassatt, Public Library of New York, N. Y.
Feb. 1-Mar. 31	Work by Adolphe Borie; Watercolors "Naval Defense Activities," by Vernon Howe Bailey; Exhibition by Washington Artists; Tempera Paintings by George Harding, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
Feb. 3-14	Paintings by Alphonse J. Shelton, Grand Central Galleries, N. Y.
To Feb. 14	One Man Show by Reginald Wilson, Perls Galleries, N. Y.
To Feb. 23	Works of Henri Julien Rousseau, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
To Feb. 23	Modern Figure Subjects, Pierre Matisse Gallery, N. Y.
To Feb. 28	"Miniature Rooms," Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
To Mar. 8	"Shoes International"; Work of Sidney Mount & John Quidor, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
To Mar. 14	"Scenery for Cinema"; Prints by Matisse and Picasso; Work by Baltimore Water Color Club; Photographs from the Flaherty Documentary Films; Sculpture by Zorach; Memorial Exhibition of Ben Silbert; Paintings by Max Weber, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.

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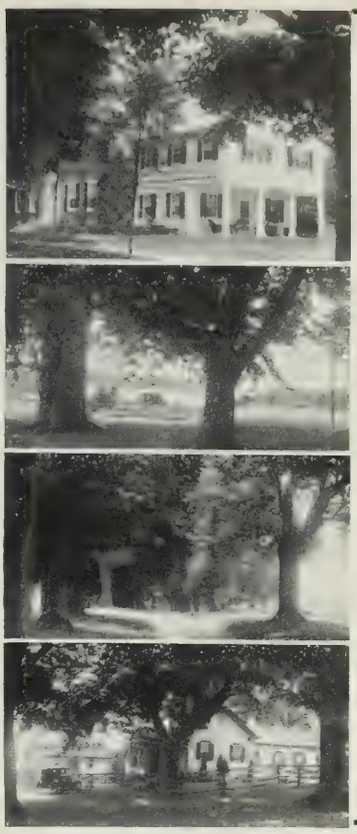

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A STATEMENT

•

WE are at war. We are in a two-ocean war. The greatest armed coalition the world has ever seen is arrayed against us. And we are still obviously unprepared.

How long it will take us to win this war no one can guess. That we are determined to win it is clear. How long it will take is only one of the factors involved.

That the war will affect every part of our economy to the core no one can doubt. It has already caused shocking dislocations: in Pearl Harbor, in the Philippines . . . yes, and in Detroit. It will cause more—many more.

The war will affect the countryside as well as the cities. The demand for more food has already been heard; with it comes the demand for more labor, more machinery, more livestock. Agriculture must be geared to the superhuman effort, along with industry. The forces of preservation must at least equal the forces of destruction.

The readers of this magazine, so many of whom combine industrial with agricultural interests and pursuits, will in this war be doubly affected. Their responsibilities to the land may turn out to be at least as important as their responsibilities to industry—to labor, to their own capital, to the consumer . . . to the nation, and its future.

The readers of this magazine, if they are to be helped, must be served therefore with double intelligence.

"Country Life" must, if it is to be useful in this crisis as it was in the World War of 1914-1918, gear its pages to the war effort—and must do so without shirking any of the responsibilities (military service, for example) that come first.

"Country Life" must, certainly for the duration, present a magazine that is thoughtful and stimulating, rather than merely charming and agreeable; that offers ideas and suggestions not available, at this time, in any other place; that is a factor in modern life, despite any and all restrictions that might be imposed. "Country Life" must play an essential and expanding part in the immense job at hand.

This issue represents the new seriousness of purpose, clothed in befitting style, that shall be "Country Life's" for the duration of the war—and the peace, the true peace. that must this time surely follow.

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Why Do Farmers Plow?

by E. H. FAULKNER

Why Plow?

WHY do farmers plow? That should be an easy question to answer. Plowing is virtually a universal practice. Farmers like to plow. If they did not get pleasure out of seeing the soil turn-turtle—knowing the while that by plowing they dispose of trash[1] that would later interfere with planting and cultivation—less plowing might be done; yet, farmers are encouraged to plow.

Deep plowing is approved; or in lieu of deep plowing farmers are advised to cut deep into the subsoil in every furrow. Such advice comes from farm papers, bulletins, county agents, and a long list of sources from which farmers commonly welcome suggestions and information. There should be clear-cut scientific reasons to justify a practice so unanimously approved and recommended.

If there are such reasons I have failed to find them in more than 25 years of search. As early as 1912 we students in soil management and farm machinery courses brought up the subject, quizzing professors as to why plowing should be the universal land-breaking practice rather than some surface-incorporation method.

A number of answers were suggested, none of a scientific nature; in the end, red-faced instructors had to admit they knew no really scientific reasons for plowing. They suggested that the most important justification for the practice might be that it "turned over a new leaf" for the farmer—by the complete burial of preceding crop residues, thus leaving the land free of obstructions to future movements of planting and cultivating machinery.

Our experience was not unique. The editor of one of the leading American farm papers has this to say in a letter to me under date of August 5, 1937: "It is a subject I became interested in about eighteen years ago. I made a 2,000-mile trip among soil specialists and farmers and everywhere asked the question: Why *do* you plow? I was rather amazed at the unsatisfactory answers I received. Apparently farmers do not really know. When I summed up the answers it seemed that they had only one good reason for plowing, and that was to get rid of weeds."

That there may be good reason to doubt whether the plow does even that is indicated in an article in the January, 1941, issue of this same publication. One writer says plowing may preserve for future germination more weed seeds than it destroys.

So the question as to the scientific reason for the universal practice of plowing is unanswered. If I were advising farmers as to proper plowing the advice would be *don't!*—a position for which there is scientific warrant.

A brief review of the "reasons" frequently given for plowing will give opportunity to point out the error involved in each, so we may take them up in order.

An administrative officer in the Department of Agriculture of one of the New England states suggests in a letter that plowing is designed to let oxygen get to the roots of plants; he suggests, too, that plowed soil will not dry out so rapidly as if left unbroken.

His reasons seem to cancel each other, indicating that he hadn't considered these two suggested effects simultaneously. Letting air into the soil is an efficient way of drying it out, particularly that portion which is disturbed. Since the roots of crops must develop first in this inverted—and necessarily dried—section of soil, it seems my correspondent really gave a good reason for not plowing.

This idea that it is necessary to let oxygen into the soil has been in circulation for many years. It seems that those who pass it on do not pause to examine its implications. In a world organized as this one is, air is all pervading except where something else fills the space.

There is considerable space throughout all soils from the surface down to the level of ground water. Part of this is filled with capillary water clinging to the rock fragments themselves; but the spaces are too large for capillary water completely to fill them, so air must fill the rest. When the water table rises this air is forced out of the soil; when it recedes again the air reënters.

It might be objected that more oxygen is required in the soil than can enter the undisturbed mass. Perhaps. In that case we should study the undisturbed forest floor. The surface of the soil where the giant Sequoias grow was suitable for their needs a thousand years before the mouldboard plow was invented. It is not thinkable that such giants could have developed in the absence of an optimum amount of oxygen in the soil.

It must be, then, that growing plants do not require more oxygen in the soil than naturally enters it in the absence of water.

There may be extreme situations, for instance, where the soil has been excessively compacted by the trampling of animals or people, that would require special treatment. But it is not clear that plowing would be the right treatment. The freezing and thawing of soil during winter usually makes a well-tramped path grow up in vegetation the following season, unless its use as a path is continued.

Ordinarily the publications of the government and of the various state institutions can be quoted freely. The information they carry is designed for public use, and wide distribution is desirable. Ohio State University's Agricultural Extension Bulletin No. 80 is the only exception to this rule that I have seen. It was copyrighted in 1928; reprinted in June, 1940, still retaining the copyright.

The reprinting of this bulletin justifies the assumption that its information is still considered correct. Significantly, along with other government and state publications as well as the books on soils of the last decade or two, it takes for granted that the farmer knows *why* he plows. The text then proceeds to describe "good" plowing as the complete burial of all trash—so completely that none is exposed even between the furrow slices. That, then, must be considered the authentic viewpoint.

Various books on agricultural subjects published around 1910 do give what may be considered hypothetical reasons for plowing. Most of them are vague enough to be interpreted in a number of ways. Here is a list:

(*a*) Structure is made more open or more compact;
(*b*) Retention and movement of water is affected;
(*c*) Aeration is altered;
(*d*) Absorption and retention of heat is influenced;

[1]The advantages of removing trash from the soil surface are all *mechanical*. Naturally, they appeal to the best mechanized farmers in the world—which properly describes American farmers.

There are very definite *chemical*, *physical*, and *biological* advantages that are *lost* to crops because this trash is removed beyond convenient root reach of plants at the most critical period in their lives—the period when their incipient roots are just starting out after food.

These environmental factors are carefully explained in Mr. Faulkner's forthcoming book "Man's Birthright—A Bounteous Soil," publication arrangements for which have not yet been completed.

Why Plow?

(*e*) The growth of organisms is either promoted or retarded;
(*f*) The composition of the soil solution is affected;
(*g*) The penetration of plant roots is influenced.

This list is compiled from a single paragraph of a well known soil text written in 1909. Though the authors did not realize it at the time, it is a bit of literary gumshoeing around a highly dangerous subject. The intent, apparently, was not so much to give information as to indicate in what various categories the student might expect to find it.

The implied assumption is that plowing improves the soil as environment for plant roots. The practice could scarcely be justified otherwise. Just how this improvement is accomplished is left wholly to the bewildered student's imagination. And while he is trying to rationalize this puzzle he's likely to conclude that—if plowing really does improve the soil as a site for plants—the vegetation growing so lush on unplowed land must be to some extent underprivileged. Of course, even an astute student may miss that angle. It is obvious that most of us did.

Assuming plowed land to be better for plant growth, we should find grass growing more freely on plowed land than on similar unplowed land near by. Weeds, too, should show preference for plowed land. Volunteer growth should take over and develop more rank after land has been plowed than before. Do they?

Observation is that until plowed land has subsided again to its former state of firmness, plants develop in it quite tardily, if at all. When dry weather follows the plowing it may be weeks or even months before either natural vegetation or a planted crop will make normal growth.

The fact is that "bare" land, which notably erodes worse than soil in any other condition, consists almost wholly of land that has been disturbed recently by plows or cultivating implements. The only other "bare" land consists of areas denuded of top soil by erosion or other forces. There is significance in the fact that erosion and run-off are worst on bare land, and that bare land is defined as indicated above.

Take a casual glance at the landscape. Not only does the unplowed land continue to support its growth nicely while the plowed land is recovering its ability to promote growth; even the margins of the plowed field itself continue to support their growth.

Such evidence backfires into the argument that plowing produces a better environment for plant roots. Quite the contrary. The loosening up, pulverizing, and inversion process seems a first-rate way to make good soil incapable of performing its normal functions in plant growth. The explosive separation of the soil mass wrecks all capillary connections temporarily; the organic matter sandwiched in further extends the period of sterility of the soil due to dryness. So it is not strange that plowed soil is bare.

Before it is plowed, grass, weeds, and other vegetation grows normally because there is unbroken capillary contact from particle to particle—extending from the water table to the surface; after plowing, this source of water is completely cut off until the organic matter at the plowsole has decayed; hence the soil simply takes time out from its business of growing things until the restoration of its normal water supply.

There is no mystery about it. It is simply the working out of natural law. Wishful thinking is peculiarly ineffective to prevent this undesired outcome of plowing.

Another objectionable feature of plowing is the merciless troweling administered by the mouldboard to that portion of the furrow slice which is brought from the plowsole and exposed to wind and sunshine. This effect is not noticeable, and probably not damaging, if the soil to the full depth of plowing is dry enough to crumble; but in these days when all soils seem to become more troublesome to handle as the years pass it is seldom that spring plowing can be done early enough if the farmer waits for the wet spots to dry out deep enough.

Too often in his haste to get the year's work started he rushes into the plowing while the soil glistens as it leaves the mouldboard. Some men even plow when water follows them in the furrow. Such management of the soil certainly is playing fast and loose with resources which the soil might contribute to crop growth.

Plowing done when the furrow slice is plastic creates clods; and every clod is so much soil mustered out of service for the season. The tremendous pressure necessary to separate the furrow slice from its base compresses effectively any soil that is moist enough to be plastic; and a moderate amount of clay in plastic soil serves to harden the mass upon drying so that adobe-like clods result. Smoothing implements may reduce the size of these lumps, but as clods they are likely to remain aloof from the rest of the soil throughout most of the growing season.

Such evidence of damage done by the mouldboard has passed unnoticed by farmers as well as by most other people. Several reasons may be given to account for the public's blindness to obvious faults in the mouldboard plow.

COURTESY J. WALTER THOMPSON

To begin with, conditions such as modern farmers face were remote indeed when the plow was first used with a crude mouldboard attachment. That was two hundred years ago. The English countryside at that time was chiefly unbroken forest. The land that had been cleared of trees still was not very well subdued, for it was a hopeless task to try to keep the soil free of competing weeds and shrubs while a crop was growing.

The forest was forever trying to recover the lost ground, and the only really effective tools farmers had against encroaching saplings, perennial weeds, etc., were crude hoes, mattocks and spades. Such plows as they had threw the soil both to the right and to the left. They did not cover trash very well, much less uproot permanently the wild growth which cumbered the ground. The "bull tongue" plow of the South is somewhat on the same design as most of the plows which preceded the mouldboard.

Into such an environment the mouldboard was introduced. It was a God-send. Pulled by an ox, or even by men, this plow would actually lift and invert the soil. This made it possible by careful work to eliminate completely the perennial weeds and some of the smaller shrubs. And, which was more important, the farmer (*Continued on page* 46)

Farm Problems

{ I }

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

THE Editor of COUNTRY LIFE *has asked me to do a monthly article on farming life and farm problems. For the opening article it occurs to me that perhaps the best subject would be one dealing with the problems of our own Malabar Farm. It is representative of a great number of American farms large or small and was set up some time ago under the program of diversification of crops and enterprises since launched and promoted by the Secretary of Agriculture.*

The three farms lay among the hills and valleys of Richland County in Ohio at the edge of the Muskingam Conservancy Area set up by the Federal Government as a flood control and water conservation project. It is glacial terrain, the hills formed by the huge piles of gravel loam deposited when the last great glacier coming down from the Arctic Circle stopped moving and melted away, its waters forming new lakes and river beds. In the creek bottoms there are outcroppings of glacial peat, filled with the vegetation, twigs and cones of the trees which grew 500,000 years ago.

It is rich country, once entirely covered by the Ohio forests whose luxuriance in summer once rivaled that of the tropical forests of Brazil. The first pioneers attacked the forests with their axes and stripped many of the glacial hills bare. Their successors plowed the hills to raise crops and presently gullies appeared and the precious topsoil began to disappear. It remained only on the flat lands of the valleys, and even there greedy and shiftless and wasteful methods of farming dissipated the fertility of the soil.

After 150 years, a country which was one of the richest areas of its size in the world, had lost 50 per cent of its fertility and nearly as much of its topsoil. The coming of a second glacier, scraping the country bare by the great weight of its piled-up ice, could scarcely have been more devastating.

That is the history in a paragraph of what American farmers had done to this particular part of our country. It is fairly typical. In some parts of the country they achieved even worse results.

It was my own country. I was born among its woods and hills and valleys and streams. I fished and swam and hunted there as a boy. I was away from it for 24 years, from the moment I went away to the so-called Great War at the age of seventeen until I returned home from Europe after Chamberlain went to Munich and it became clear that the future of the world was to be a dreary one for many years to come. I came back to it for a great many reasons.

In the first place I knew that the Europe where I had spent nearly half my life, the Europe where I felt as much at home as in my native state of Ohio, was doomed. I came back because I had learned many fundamental truths regarding economics and history and politics and because I wanted security, the kind of security which is as nearly fundamental as possible, not the security based upon booms on stock dividends or even upon Government bonds and actual gold, but the security known only to the landowner. I had seen the security based upon banks, stocks, bonds and industry, waver, disintegrate and vanish.

In the 25 years spent in half the countries of the earth I had seen only one form of security which survived everything. That was the security which comes of the land, of owning good, productive earth. I had seen the days in Germany when a newspaper cost 9,000,000 marks. I had seen the banks of France closed and business paralyzed. I had seen Government bonds worth no more than fuel to warm your hands by. But always you could trade a duck for an overcoat, or a pig for enough clothes to supply a whole family. And the landowner always had, despite everything, plenty to eat for himself, his wife and his children. And very often he brought security to others outside the family dependent upon him.

So I returned to my own country and the day after I arrived, because from experience I had no doubts about what I meant to do, I bought three farms totalling about six hundred acres of glacial hill and valley. I had earned the money by my pen. It was to be spent in building a future of security for myself and my family and perhaps a score of other persons. What the future of the world held I did not know, nor did anyone else. Nor does anyone else know today. It was in the hands

Farm Problems

{ I }

of God and anyone who attempted to predict the future seemed to me to be pretentious and even, perhaps, blasphemous.

I might have bought rich, flat, fertile acres in some other part of my rich native state, but I knew that I could never be happy in flat country, and there was in me as well a persistent, deep-rooted desire to salvage and restore earth that had been stripped and pilfered. I have never been far from the earth. At times I have had to satisfy my hunger by concentrating on a few flower pots in a city flat, but most of my life I have lived in the country and had a piece of land, small or large, which I could cherish and cultivate. It was in my blood because nearly all my ancestors had lived on the land. I had a father who spent most of his life buying up abandoned farms and restoring them to circulation. Listening to the dictates of my heart, I bought land in the hills which a good many farmers would have deprecated.

In those hills there was a job to be done, the kind of job which appealed to me more than anything else in the world. The job has turned out to be the most fascinating experience in the life of someone who has been more than lucky in rich experiences.

One of the three farms was a valley farm, one lay on the side of the hills and the third lay mostly on the top of the hills, on a watershed. All of them had been settled at the end of the Eighteenth Century by Scottish or Pennsylvania Dutch pioneers. They had been farmed for 150 years, sometimes indifferently, sometimes badly, sometimes well, but all of them wastefully, in typical American fashion.

The valley farm, originally the richest of the three, had been tenanted or rented for twenty years by men who took everything and gave nothing back. The hill farm had suffered a better fate for it had been nearly abandoned for the same length of time. It had suffered only the attacks of rain and frost. The side hill farm had been in the benevolent hands of an excellent old-fashioned farmer who loved his farm. But love was not enough. No matter how good were old-fashioned methods, they were far from good enough. Something more was needed, for there were deep gullies which every day grew deeper, and the springs and streams which watered his cattle were failing. In rainy weather they ran turbulently, clogged with good soil being swept away to the Gulf of Mexico; in time of drought they dried up in their channels and the stock had to be watered from deep wells at the barn. It had not been like this when the first settlers came there.

I knew a great deal of farming and cattle raising and soil conservation. I had learned a great deal in places like France and England and Germany and India and elsewhere, but I did not know everything. And so I set out to find a man, a young man, from my own country, who had ideas like my own and who, like myself, wanted not only to find security for his family but to salvage and rebuild the wasted earth and achieve something which might be of interest and value not only to himself but to other farmers in his own community and everywhere. After a search I found the man.

His name was Max Drake. He was a young man, with a wife and son (he now has three children). He was the son of an excellent farmer and had grown up on a good Ohio farm. He had graduated from the Agricultural College of Ohio State University. He had worked for the Farm Bureau, the Youth Cooperatives, the 4-H Clubs and had been a County Agent. But he had something more than all this experience. He felt as I did about the whole job we had set out to do.

Together we set out to draw up a kind of five year plan of our objectives.

First, this was to be no city farm project of the usual sort. It was to be an honest-to-God farm, set up upon terms which, by and large, were not beyond the capacities of the average, intelligent, hard-working farmer. There was to be no absentee-landlord involved. The farm was to be my home and my family's home, as the farms of my grandparents and great-grandparents had been. We were to raise no fancy show stock as a pleasure and an extravagance.

The objectives were many and most of them fairly definite, although both of us realized as well as any intelligent farmer, that there would have to be compromises and changes as day by day the adventure became transmuted into experience. We were aware that money would be needed to rehabilitate the three farms and renovate or rebuild the existing buildings and construct new ones.

HENCE we regarded the project as an investment into which I put in a certain amount of money, as I might in a business or an industry, and after a certain length of time when the project got under way, there would be returns. In theory they would be better returns on the investment than one could get elsewhere. There were already farms in the county and state which showed annual returns of as much as ten to fifteen per cent. We had, I think, few illusions. One of our fundamental rules was that we should never make any experiment which our neighbors could not afford to put into practice.

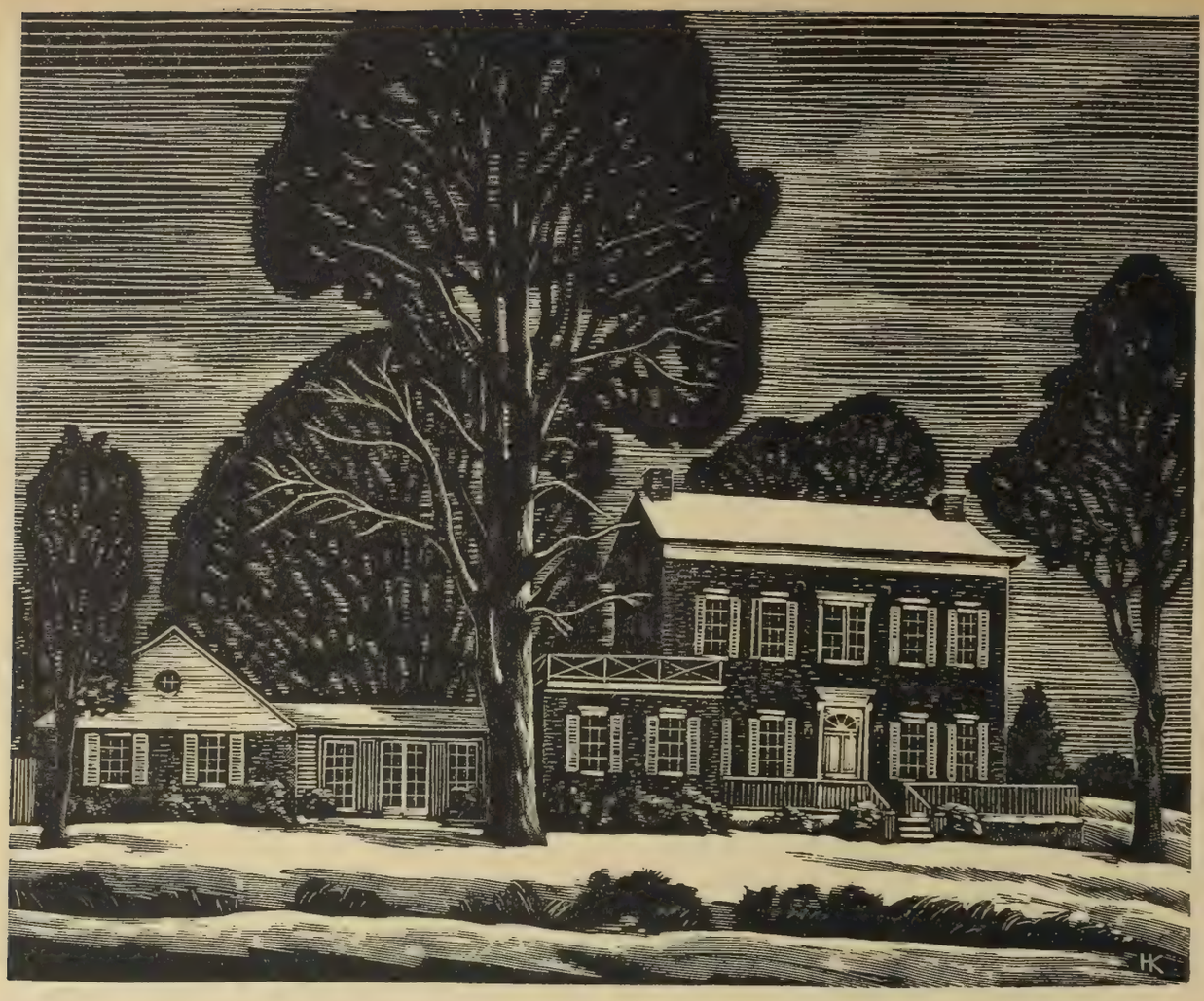
We were interested also in helping to bridge the transition in America from what might have been termed the Era of Waste and Plenty to what might be called the Era of Conservation and Restoration. We were eager also to find the mien, the proper adjustment in the revolution from the hand and horse era to that of tractor and mechanization. Agriculture, we were aware, was not immune to the effects of a world revolution which was manifesting itself in various forces—wars, depressions, unemployment, inflation, repudiation of debts and a hundred other ways. The farm was to become a sort of laboratory for many experiments, but a laboratory above all else which must not be endowed, but a practical working institute. Otherwise half its value was lost. So we outlined our program.

First on the list came the (*Continued on page* 45)

LIBRARY

FARM in WOODCUT

Through most of the years of their long history, woodcuts have been close to the hearts and minds of the people: not the collector's items they have become today, but in every home as part of the furniture of life. They were looked at, studied, talked about, absorbed. So we commissioned the well-known American artist Hans Kreis to do the woodcuts of a farm that you see on the following pages and we think them singularly appropriate for presentation to the readers of "Country Life": the inner warmth of the snowclad old brick house, the lonely sentinel standing guard over the historic countryside, the richly packed hay barracks, the horses at work and play, the peaceful stream . . .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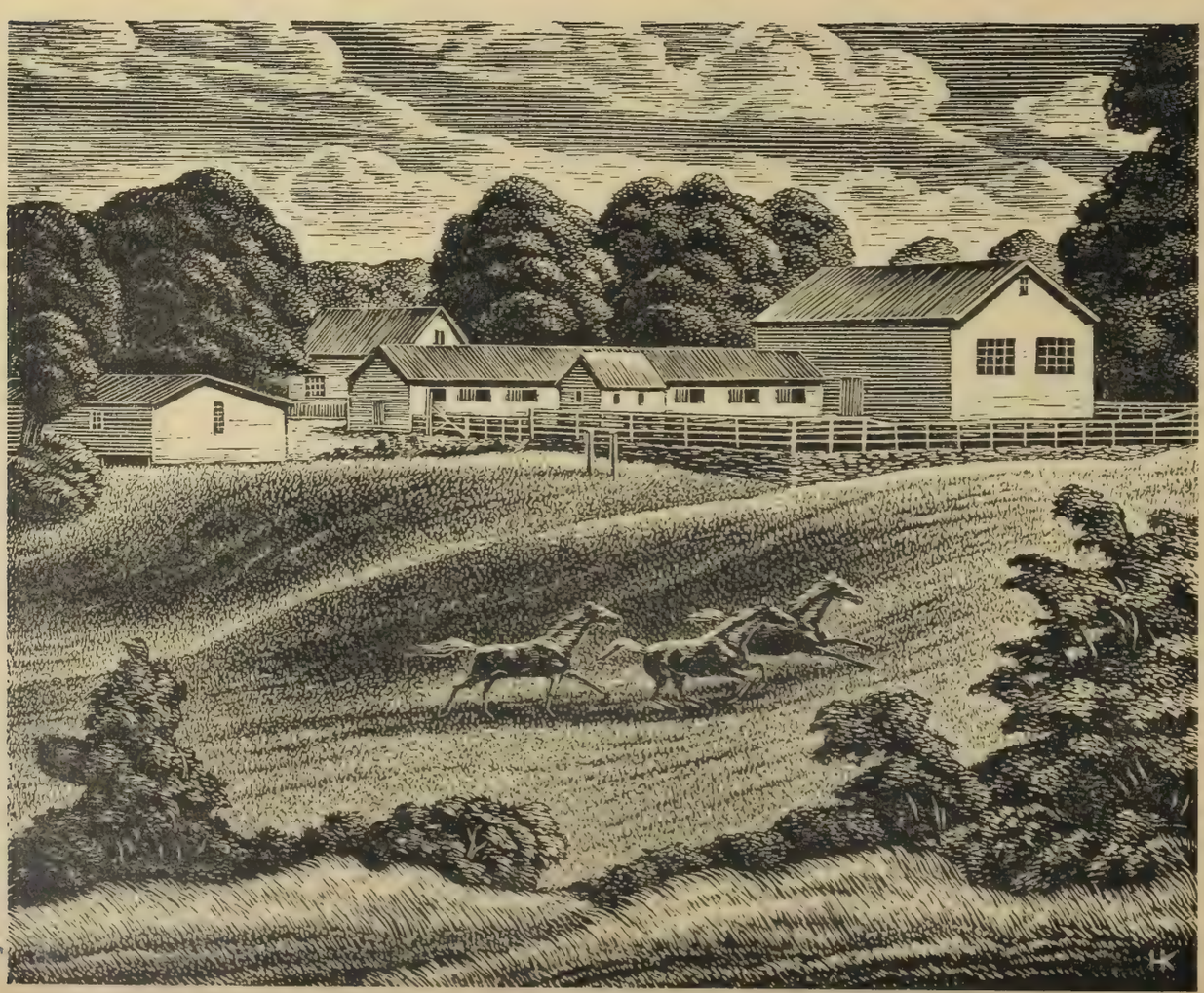


Coöperative Selling

A Successful Horse Breeder Tells How to Sell What You Raise, An All-Important But Often Neglected Farm Problem

by JACK WIDMER

It doesn't matter what you raise—horses, cattle, hound dogs or spotted hogs—you have to dispose of your produce or you'll soon be stumbling your way around the farm over the delightful compounded increases that nature has so abundantly provided. Yet this selling of livestock, no matter what class, is not simple—and it is doubly difficult for horsemen.

Any traveler can immediately determine when he is approaching a horse-producing area, for there is at once audible a plaintive wail from the local bars and tack rooms, a wail of despair that, to the soft-hearted, is sorrowful indeed.

Should he pause to listen, he will hear something like this: "You can raise good horses, you can even raise a winner, but how are you going to sell him—who's going to buy my dinner?"

This is usually accompanied by a second chorus that proclaims the horse business no business, that it's a toy of the idle rich, that the average man is foolish if he tries to buck the tide, that you can't sell horses at a profit.

To all this we offer a resounding "bird," and for proof we invite you to hear the tale of the Colorado Springs Thoroughbred Horse Breeders' Association, who are as successful in coöperative selling as their name is long.

Here is a group of seven equine nursery operators who fiddle while some purebred breeders burn, who apparently haven't the intelligence to realize that horses are a drug on the market.

Instead, they merely go on their ignorant way, sell over fifty horses a year at their annual sale, and, wonder upon wonders, manage to obtain an excellent price considering that they are producing western-bred horses in a locality where feed and taxes are cheap, where they don't need a thousand-dollar average to break even.

To cap the whole mad business, they spend an entire week together (along with their horses) on the grounds of the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and have a rollicking seven days of polo, horse shows, and general good fellowship, climaxed with the sale itself.

Every member takes pride in doing his share of the work in keeping the prospective bidders entertained and happy and in general enjoying what they consider one of the most enjoyable and exciting of pastimes—a good, loud, public auction.

Inasmuch as the principles of coöperative selling are much the same no matter what the breed or class of livestock, anyone in any purebred game should be interested in what this organization is doing, for we feel that coöperative selling is the answer to many purebred marketing problems, and that this group of horse producers has worked out many of the more intricate angles of a slightly complicated solution of an even more complicated problem.

To watch the members of this association frolic about Colorado Springs, one might make the hasty judgment that it's all play and little work—but don't let them fool you. The success of this organization has not been one of chance; instead, it is the result of much intelligent planning and a great deal of old-fashioned hard work.

To begin with, the membership was hand-picked, only those admitted that were known to be reputable producers of better than average Thoroughbreds, and who had that all-important quality, a sense of humor.

They were selected because they knew the meaning of the word, "coöperation," had no time for bickering or petty quarreling and above all, were sportsmen who were willing to sell some of their better horses at a reasonable figure (so that the organization could start off with a "bang-up" sale) and to be good enough sportsmen to take a beating if need be for the first few years of the experiment.

To insure that only animals of quality would be sold, the membership made a "round-robin" trip to all the members' farms and closely inspected all horses that were to be offered. Friendships were forgotten, with the result that a few inferior horses were refused admission to the catalog and consequently all fifty-four head sold in 1941 were of good quality.

The bidder thus knew that not only was he bidding on animals of quality, but that the animal was guaranteed not only by the member who consigned him, but by the entire organization.

Having been on the purchasing end of public sales themselves, the members knew that many people would be interested in purchasing a horse, yet because of lack of experience in judging unsoundness, might be wary of purchasing at public auction. To overcome this, a factor was incorporated that was perhaps the most important reason for their success—the veterinary's certificate.

Each animal entered in the sale was minutely inspected by a competent veterinary, and a certificate pointing out all defects (including the most minor blemishes) was kept in the sale office during the week previous to the sale, and read over the public address system before the animal was knocked down. This seemed to give much confidence to the buyers, for bidding was brisk and, wonder upon wonders, there was not one complaint following the sale.

Inasmuch as none of the members had had any too much experience with the costs of operating a sale or in staging such an event, a tentative budget which seemed to be practical was worked out.

First, it was assumed that the 54 head cataloged would bring an estimated $15,000, and the membership therefore decided to charge themselves a 10% commission on the following basis: (*Continued on page* 54)

The Black and White Breed

There is Good Reason for the Popularity of the Holstein-Friesian, the Big, Rugged Milk-Producer from the Netherlands

by ARLAND R. MEADE

REAL and lasting progress in the development of a breed comes through a better knowledge of the art of breeding itself. Skill in feeding and handling is important in record making but the fundamental factor in success is the animal. If the inherent ability to respond to skillful care is not present the results are bound to be disappointing. It is well, at this time, to take stock of achievements and analyze the reasons for progress.

The Holstein-Friesian breed represents a development of more than twenty centuries. It is true, of course, that during most of this time progress was slow and methods uncertain. However, even in the time of Julius Caesar these cattle—then known as Friesians—were popular for their high production. The cattle were called Friesians because they were brought by the Batavians and Friesians to the shores of the North Sea and there developed in the provinces of North Holland and Friesland.

Probably these cattle were first brought to North America by the Dutch settlers in New York about 1621 but these cattle were not kept pure.

Just before the Civil War, Winthrop W. Chenery of Belmont, Massachusetts, made the first importation, from which a pure line of descendants has come. No Holsteins have been imported from Europe since 1905. It now appears likely that when the war is over American Holsteins will go back to Europe as seedstock for future dairy herds. Among the most important of early importers and breeders were Gerrit and Dudley Miller of New York State. A total of less than 10,000 Holstein-Friesians have been imported from Europe and from these more than 3,100,000 have been registered in the United States; most of Canada's Holsteins also came from these U. S. foundations. There have been many times three million good grades owing their quality to the blood of purebred Holsteins.

The early importers knew that the breed would serve best if kept pure, so in 1871 a registry and herd book association was started, called The Association of Breeders of Thoroughbred Holstein Cattle. A herd book association was started in the Netherlands in 1875, four years after the establishment of the American one. In 1877 another herd book association was started in the United States by a group of breeders who objected to the name "Holstein." They called their organization The Dutch Friesian Association.

Finally realizing that the question of name was less important than the question of unified action for the perpetuation and improvement of these cattle, the two associations combined in 1885 to form The Holstein-Friesian Association of America. This Association has registered more than 3,100,000 cattle and has a membership of more than 32,000 breeders. This growth is phenomenal when we consider the fact that importations practically ceased in 1885 and that fewer than 10,000 head had been imported up to that time. In this country the breed is generally referred to as "Holstein," although the complete official name is "Holstein-Friesian."

Anyone coming into contact with the Holstein breeder for the first time will notice frequent repetitions of such names as De Kol, Ormsby, Korndyke, Pietertje, Posch, Johanna, Prilly and Walker. These are really family names carried along from great foundation animals.

It happens that of the imported Holsteins only a very few really made the breed great in this country. We might call them the most important dairy cattle in all history; and there were about three dozen of them. Nearly all of our high record cows belong to families started by these few animals and we may safely conclude that the great progress and present high standing of the breed are due to the inheritance of these animals, skillfully handled of course.

We will take space to mention only two of the great foundation animals here. Of all of the early bulls, Netherland Prince was the greatest. In fact, detailed study of the pedigrees of the first 75 Holsteins to produce more than 1,000 lbs. of butterfat in one year on official test indicates that every one without exception traces its ancestry to this bull through one or more channels and in one case the pedigree traces to him 71 times! There are now 332 Holstein cows with yearly records of more than 1,000 lbs. of butterfat but no ancestor analysis has been made except the one on the first 75, which was made about 1922.

The greatest of all foundation cows was De Kol 2nd. Seventy-four of the 75 pedigrees above mentioned traced to this cow. De Kol 2nd gave birth to 14 calves in 14 years. The 14th one was born 14 years and one day after the first. Eight sons and two daughters were so prolific and productive that this family became the greatest of the breed in the United States. De Kol 2nd herself was born in Holland and imported June 1, 1885, by B. B. Lord & Son, Sinclairville, New York.

A very brief summary of the characteristics and standing of the Holstein breed of the present day is now in order. We find Holsteins in every state in the Union, in all possessions of the United States and in many other parts of the world including tropical South America and Africa. In most countries they are known as Friesians.

Holsteins hold the official world records for both milk and butterfat production for yearly records at all ages. The world's highest officially recognized lifetime record for milk production is held by a Michigan Holstein (Ionia Aaggie Sadie Vale) that has produced 245,087 lbs. milk and is still in heavy production. The highest officially recognized 365-day record for both milk and butterfat for

all breeds is held by a Holstein (Carnation Ormsby Butter King) with a production of 38,606 lbs. milk with 1,402 lbs. butterfat. The only cow of any breed to produce more than 1,000 lbs. of butterfat in each of her first two lactations is a Holstein (Femco Alma). The Holstein breed is the only one which has a 1,000-lbs. butterfat producer to head every age class, including the junior two-year-old, and 80 percent of all 1,000-lb. butterfat producers of all breeds are Holsteins. In addition there are 500 Holsteins with official lifetime production records of more than 100,000 lbs. of milk—two-and-a-half times the total of the next highest breed.

The United States Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletin No. 1443 in comparing the production of the dairy breeds shows that the Holstein-Friesian leads all others in average milk and butterfat production. The bulletin states that the average of 56,007 Advanced Registry records, including 15,354 ten-months' records, is 16,005 lbs. milk with 546 lbs. butterfat. On the same basis the breed next in numbers in the United States averaged 459 lbs. butterfat and the next, 502 lbs.

The large size and capacity of Holstein cattle make possible the greatest and most efficient use of home-grown roughage of all dairy breeds. U. S. Department of Agriculture studies indicate that Holstein cows produce 79 percent as much milk and butterfat when fed roughage and pasture alone as when fed these in combination with high-priced grains.

This large size of the typical Holstein cow is far from an accident. The dairymen of Holland were obliged to get along with a minimum of concentrates, and had to depend on home-grown roughages for the most part. Therefore, it was natural that they should develop a breed that was large and rugged enough to use this feed efficiently.

The official score card for the breed gives the preferred weight on 1,300 to 1,600 lbs. for cows and 2,000 or more lbs. for mature bulls. Aside from advantages of the large size as a milk-producing "factory," this extra weight nets a large return in meat salvage when a cow's milking days are over.

Coupled with the efficiency of production is the desirability of the product, for Holstein milk is universally accepted by doctors as the best-balanced of all breed milks, and many of the nation's leading specialists in pediatrics endorse Holstein milk for infant feeding. In May 1939, in sworn testimony given to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., one of the nation's leading child nutritionists stated that no other cow's milk had given results in his practice equal to the normal, natural milk of the Holstein cow.

Scientists have also proved that Holstein milk is white because of the unequalled ability of the breed to transform relatively inert carotene (yellow coloring matter derived from the chlorophyl of plants) into potent vitamin A which is essential to the growth, normal vision, hard tooth enamel, and ability of the body to resist bacterial infections.

In passing, it is interesting to note that in those areas of the world best known for a vigorous and energetic people, large numbers of dairy cattle are kept. Even more significant is the fact that these cattle are of large, rugged breeds producing milk of moderate butterfat content. Among these areas one will immediately recall Switzerland, Finland, Scotland and last, but certainly not least, The Netherlands.

All statistics of 1941 Holstein activity have not, when this is being written, been compiled for publication. We can state that more animals were officially classified for type during 1941 than in any other year since the program was started in 1929. This type classification is becoming a major factor in breeding progress.

The following summary of 1940 indicates the trend of Holstein interest that has continued throughout 1941. The herd records made in 1940 have not yet been broken.

1940 proved to be the banner of banner years for the Holstein breed. More animals were registered and transferred than during any other year in the 55 years of existence of The Holstein-Friesian Association. 145,423 animals were registered, which is 20,000 more than the previous peak year of 1929. Transfers were issued for 51,414 animals, the most since 1931.

The 10,371 cows that were on Herd Improvement Registry test averaged 405.2 lbs. of butterfat, the highest average yet made.

A new world herd average for the breed—and probably for all breeds—was made by the Morningside Hospital herd, Portland, Oregon. The herd average was 683 lbs. of butterfat for the nine cows, all being milked three times daily. This same herd had only the year before set the record for herds milked three times daily and this latter record, although made on three times daily milking, exceeded also any made on four times daily milking. The national record for herds milked twice daily was set in 1940 by the eight-cow herd owned by Walter Splinter, Winslow, Illinois. This herd averaged 615 lbs. of butterfat per cow.

More new members of the National Association were admitted during 1940 than during any other year since 1933, a year when the membership fee was temporarily greatly reduced. New York and Wisconsin are the leading states.

The Holstein-Friesian Association of America designates as "Progressive Breeders" those who have successfully followed the several major programs of herd improvement. This honor, the highest given by the Association, has been awarded to 28 breeders in the past three years.

It is a timely fact that the Holstein cow is important to the war effort. She may not yet have a government priority rating, but her characteristics would give her a high one. Why? There is a shortage of casein which is vital for adhesives used in the manufacture of war materials. The Holstein can produce more casein than any other cow by such a margin that it is "no contest."

England asks for millions of pounds of cheese. What cow almost monopolizes all areas where cheese is made because the volume and character of the milk are ideal for cheese-making? Again it's the Holstein, and again it's a case of no contest.

Butter consumption is always stressed by nutritionists, as butter is the best source of vitamin A. Survey the butter-producing areas of the world, and here again the Black and Whites monopolize the bovine population.

Finally, the modern Holstein combines type and production in a practical way. The conformation which is desired is that which tends toward strength, vitality, and a long and useful life. Sturdy legs, large body capacity, well-balanced and strongly attached udders and strong backs all contribute toward the ideal of the Holstein breed.

Racing in Wartime

What is the Sport's Proper Place in this Time of Crisis? What Will the New Year Bring?

by G. F. T. RYALL

CALIFORNIA'S loss is Florida's gain in racing this winter. With Santa Anita closed, and all the big stables that gathered for what probably would have been that fabulous track's most successful meeting scattered to new pastures, the Hialeah races become the most important of the early season of the year.

It's a curious way things have of working out with horses. A couple of years ago ever so many people thought that Challedon was ticketed to become the world's greatest money winner. All he had to do was win the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap. But Challedon developed some sort of leg or foot trouble, and couldn't make it.

Only a few months ago Whirlaway seemed to be a better bet for becoming not only The Horse of the Year, but The Horse of the Ages. He was going great guns at Arcadia: he never was so healthy, nor galloped so well, and there was every indication that he'd be a better four-year-old than he was a three-year-old. Trainer Ben Jones wrote enthusiastically to Owner Warren Wright. Now Challedon is in Miami, training for the Widener Handicap, while Whirlaway is eating the corn of idleness because he was not nominated for the $50,000 sweepstakes.

As a matter of fact, Whirlaway is about the only notable racer not at Hialeah. Among the high-weights in the Widener Handicap are Mioland, Pictor, who was a first-class three-year-old last fall, Porter's Cap, Market Wise, who was quite a remarkable three-year-old, and War Relic, who also was better than an empty stall, and who, incidentally, is coming on so well that morning watchers wouldn't be a bit surprised of he became another War Admiral.

Then, there's Alsab, the best advertisement the cheap yearling market has had in a decade. (You may be tired of hearing that he cost $700, and won $110,600 last season, but lots of people in the horse business hope that some day they may pick up an Alsab, and it keeps them buying.)

Right now Alsab doesn't quite look the wonder two-year-old he was last autumn because he's just been clipped and he's barely started training. Nevertheless, barring the unforeseen, he'll be favorite for the Flamingo Stakes, the Miami Jockey Club's $25,000 race for three-year-olds.

Others nominated for the Flamingo are Requested, who chased Alsab; Bless Me, to whom Jack Campbell gave a high rating in his Experimental Handicap, and Devil Diver, who ran so well for the Greentree Stable. Bless Me and Devil Diver are the earliest of early season training casualties.

I daresay that if Hialeah, and reorganized Tropical Park, had stable room for five hundred more horses, that many would have come from California last month when the Santa Anita meeting was called off. As it was the managements made room—there were nearly two thousand horses on the grounds—for around a hundred.

Now, it's that much harder to win a purse. In cold figures more than 60 percent will go through the season without winning one. But horsemen will run, because they are incurable optimists. They have to be.

What really preoccupies owners and trainers is what's going to happen to racing this summer. The closing of Santa Anita was not unexpected. Although the track might not have been near a military objective, so many people went to the races in automobiles—about 85 percent, and the crowds ran into the twenty thousands—that the roads would have been jammed impassably in the event of an air raid. And there was great danger in that.

Whether the other meetings in California—at Hollywood and Del Mar, which are near Los Angeles, and at Bay Meadows and Tanforan, which are near San Francisco—run is something the commander of that area will decide.

The situation along the Atlantic seaboard is definitely better. Certainly there is less danger from air raids. And unless the race courses are taken over for military reasons racing should go on as usual. It has in England—almost as usual.

Last year, when the Derby Stakes was run at Newmarket interceptor aircraft patrolled the course throughout the afternoon. Epsom, which is near London, isn't used; nor is Royal Ascot, but all the classics, and the major stakes races are run off somewhere. And from all accounts racing is good, even though horses are rationed sparingly, and there is a shortage of grooms and exercise boys.

Racing will go on in New York if Herbert Bayard Swope, Chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, has any influence at all—and I think he has. In his report for the year he wrote: "In wartime the public needs distraction. This applies both to the armed forces and to the civilian population. Morale is, perhaps, the most important equipment for war. Sport makes a real contribution to the maintenance of morale. So do other amusements. Relaxation is absolutely essential. Racing fits into that framework. Betting seems to supply a special escape for those under stress, and the excitement of the turf brings temporary forgetfulness of tension and worry."

Also, racing contributes considerably in direct, and indirect, taxes.

It is only proper to point out, however, that certain ominous signs have already appeared which might affect the continuation of racing in various parts of the country other than California.

In the East, mention has already been made of the fact that race courses have sizeable infields that are without building obstructions. Whether this means that some government agency has an eye on Belmont as a possible parade

—RACING IN WARTIME—

ground or landing field only time can manage to tell.

In the Middle West, certain politicians have already demanded that racing be curtailed for the duration, on the ground that it takes up valuable time and costs money—quite oblivious of the fact that it is sometimes useful to take up time, provided it is an aid to public morale. And the further fact that racing apparently only costs those money who can afford to pay it and turns a pretty fair percentage of that money into the hands of those who need it very much (real estate men, feed dealers, farriers, truckmen, grooms, etc., etc.)—to say nothing of the public coffers.

Incidentally, race track owners and legislators are following the fortunes of Tropical Park and Hialeah with more than casual interest this season because the pari-mutuel take, as the brokerage commission is so aptly called, has been increased from ten to fifteen percent. Heretofore, seven of the ten percent went to the track, and three to the state. Also the track kept the breakage. Now the take is split fifty-fifty—perhaps it would be more accurate to say seven and a half and seven and a half—and the state takes the breakage for old age pensions. And if you don't think the breakage runs into money, you're wrong. In New York last season it amounted to $1,010,443.23. (This was shared equally by the racing associations and the state.) Florida's breakage in 1941 was around $250,000.

It is much too early—this is written before Tropical Park's first meeting is hardly more than half over—to evaluate the effect of the increased pari-mutuel take on the betting public. It's my opinion, though, that the extra five percent won't make the slightest difference. Most of the people who go racing at Tropical and Hialeah are on a holiday. Many come from sections of the country where there is no racing.

But to practically all the mechanics of betting percentage and pari-mutuel take are as nebulous as the theory of relativity. They're too delighted over winning to worry over hidden taxes. And if and when they lose they say well—so what?

Nevertheless Florida is something of a guinea pig in this matter of higher pari-mutuel take. If the betting at Tropical and Hialeah were as big as last season (it was $42,984,398 in 1941), or even ten percent off, it's a good guess that other states—perhaps New York—would boost the take, for additional revenue.

Still guessing, I venture to say that both attendance and wagering at Miami will be less this season than last. But, and I'm not guessing about this, the state will make a lot more money from racing than it ever did. For the record: a comparison of figures for the first fortnight at Tropical showed that although attendance was off 2,158, and the mutuel handle was $229,253 less than it was last season, the state's revenue jumped from $117,858.12 to $322,719.23. Which only goes to show what percentage can do.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Complete figures on the Tropical Park meeting were made public after Mr. Ryall's article arrived from Florida at the COUNTRY LIFE office in New York. They showed that 146,477 people attended the 21-day meeting, a daily average of 6,975. Last year, for a 16-day meeting, the Tropical Park average was 7,898. Similarly, the betting this year totalled $5,648,271, or a daily average of $268,965. A year ago the daily average was higher, namely $281,668. But this year the Tropical Park management gets 7½% of the take, or considerably more money than it took in last year for entertaining more people!)

The New Orleans meeting, I'm sorry to say, hasn't been going so well; both attendance and mutuel handle were pitifully small at the beginning. It's picked up a little, but it's still less than it ought to be. If it gets some of the horses from California that Miami couldn't take care of—and it probably will—that ought to help a bit. Tony Pelleteri will put on a good show if he has half a chance, you may be sure.

However, it's pretty hard to revive interest in racing once the sport has lapsed. People who are considering curtailing meetings, and switching dates, might give a thought to that.

The records are likely to show that whenever racing has been halted for any period of time, it has been difficult to get it started again, on a successful basis. I say that even though racing has boomed tremendously since it was halted just before the last war.

It is, of course, much too early to predict what the effect of the war is going to be on racing in the East—in Maryland, Delaware, New York, or, for that matter, the proposed new tracks in New Jersey.

My best information from Maryland is to the effect that things will start about as usual, and that there is no reason to suspect that any changes of serious importance will have to be undertaken now. In Delaware the prospect is about the same, though racing there is bound to be better if other sections of the country have to give up some of their sport.

New York offers the biggest question mark, but I suppose you saw that George Bull, who is now the head of Empire City as well as of Saratoga, was in Florida breathing confidence out of every pore. He could see no reason why racing should have to be curtailed, he said, and if it did all you would have to do is move it to some less accessible track.

It couldn't be, could it, that Mr. Bull was thinking of moving the Belmont—and maybe also the Kentucky Derby and Preakness—to The Spa? At that, I couldn't imagine a much pleasanter place to be interned for the duration, that is provided it should turn out to be my war job to watch the horses wherever they should happen to be running.

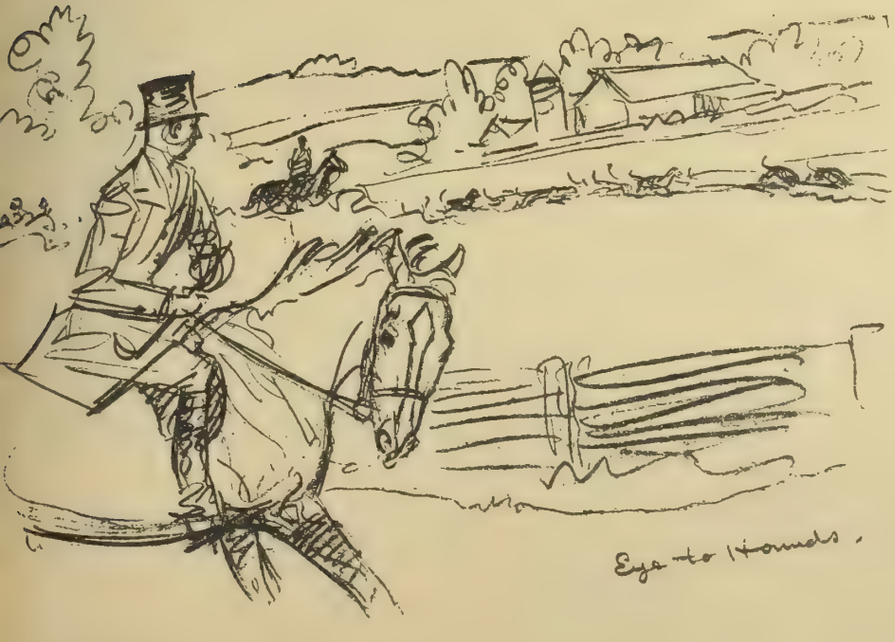
In this connection, one must not forget that racing not only survived the World War but grew stronger through it. And if you wish to counter that we were pretty far away from the World War, all things considered, then it ought to be brought out that our racing survived the Civil War too, and we were plenty close enough to that unpleasantness. True, racing was called off for a good part of the War Between the States, but its revival might almost be accepted by historians as the date on which the fate of The South in that war was sealed.

It is my guess that no one should attempt to guess as to what is going to happen to racing too soon. A lot of powder is likely to go up in smoke before a definite decision has to be made. And when it comes, as I said before, there is always the example of England before us. If they can keep racing going across the English Channel then we ought to manage something like it across the Atlantic Ocean.

American Foxhunting

That typically American sport should be continued through the war not merely for the purpose of maintaining civilian morale today, but even more as a measure of fair dealing with the generations to come, seems to be the consensus of opinion among those most concerned with maintaining the American way of life. Foxhunting is one of the sports we feel deserves preservation and that is why we are here publishing some of the warm preliminary sketches for a new book on the sport by the celebrated

Paul Brown



Dear Diary

The Sportswoman's Diary

January 18th 1942.

Just got back from my first ski trip of the season and it certainly felt good to put on skis and go slithering over the New England landscape again! It was as much of a thrill as ever to go aboard the snow train in Grand Central Station; there was the usual cheerful crowd aboard and the usual array of skis, poles and equipment--and what excitement as we drew close to our destination, the famous Mt. Mansfield country in Vermont. Everyone started talking a mile a minute, waxing skis, and scrambling around until the car was a madhouse. Then the moment came when, with "boards" on, the gay group of skiers — good, bad and indifferent, headed for the trails and practise slopes. Even though you bring back to the tram at night a tired, and sometimes bruised body thrill when you finally manage to do a perfect "christie" or actually stay right side up as you go whizzing down the slope!

F. P. G. PHOTOS

What a bustle there was as the train got close to Mt. Mansfield!

rand Central Station -- we're off!

Above is some of the crowd piling off the train and right, ski tows save you a losing struggle with the law of gravity!

Above, you can sun-bathe at zero in that clear, dry air; right, you feel as if you were flying.

This is some of the equipment you need--minnows are used for bait

The lake certainly looked cold, but there were hungry pickerel under the ice

The first step is to cut several small round holes through the ice

Got one! A nice pickerel like this makes up for the cold

This youngster and his pup had fun too

The best way to keep your catch alive until time to go home is a shallow hole in the ice like this

A PAGE A DAY . . .

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

Sunday, January 11, 1942.

Went fishing through the ice out on the lake to-day, and, believe me, it was some contrast to the last day of warm weather fishing! But if you're a dyed-in-the-wool ice fisherman a few little inconveniences such as a foot of ice to be cut through, near-zero temperatures and the consequent numbed toes and fingers are all in the day's fun. Ordinary fishermen put away their tackle when cold weather comes, and content themselves with glorifying their angling exploits with other fishermen--usually within sound of a steam radiator or spitting range of a hot stove. We ice fishermen, on the other hand, are made of sterner stuff. Armed only with axe, tackle box, and bottle (or demijohn) of chilblain specific we sally forth into the elements--and as these pictures show, we don't have to lie too much about the fish we catch. And there is no denying that this is the kind of sport too few people have a chance to enjoy these days; a brisk day out in the open, good company, a few kids, a dog--and, let's hope not too far away, an air-tight shack with a stove in which to swap yarns with your companions and toast your shins when the cold, wintry afternoon comes to an end.

EUROPEAN PHOTOS

In Praise of Poultry

A Poultry Fancier Explains the Fascination of His Hobby and the Merits of Light Brahmas

by DR. CHARLES W. GERSTENBERG

SINCE a hobby should be a horse that starts and finishes outside of business hours, whose gait is suited to the rider's physical capacity, I chose wisely when I became interested in breeding and exhibiting show birds.

I don't clean coops, I can't toss a hundred pound sack of grain, but I do participate actively and with keen enjoyment in the rest of the work. For example, I poured cod liver oil down the throat of an objecting cock whose period of moulting extended beyond the limits of my patience! And there are other duties that make up for the golf, fishing, tennis and more strenuous avocations of earlier days.

Perhaps I should call this "In Defense of Fancying." But Edward Bok and Disraeli and Chancellor Lyndhurst, whose lives I admire, warned "Never defend." So let me count off the reasons why, instead, I praise.

I praise the fine art of poultry fancying in general and of Brahmas in particular.

The author is typical of the American business man who finds himself slowed up after spending too many years in burning the candle at both ends. He is chairman of the board of the publishing house of Prentice-Hall, Inc., of New York, has practiced law, taught in several universities, written a number of books and committed himself to the usual round of church, civic, university and other extra-business activities. When the doctor told him that golf should be restricted to four or five holes "on a flat course" he turned to a pastime that required even lighter effort. Here he tells of his experiences in poultry fancying; obviously he remains, in spite of doctors, an enthusiast.

WHY POULTRY FANCYING?

1. It's a constructive hobby. Friends, whose philosophy of life is to me soundest, are the ones most interested and most approving of my hobby.

2. It's an invitation to join the great outdoors.

3. It costs nothing. Aside from any revenue through the sale of exhibition stock or eggs for hatching, the hobby does better than pay for itself in supplying eggs, meat and —last but not least—manure. When all other supplies of corn fail in mid-October, delicate ears from four 75-foot rows of early corn planted in mid-July stimulated by fertilizer from the coops win hearty approval from the family and its guests. A waiting line forms at the Women's Exchange for surplus eggs: neighbors know they are the product of strictly-fed aristocrats.

4. It's a vestibule to much interesting old and new knowledge. Vitamins, genes, hormones, calcium, phosphorus, chlorophyl, carotene, the arts of preventive and curative medicine, the Himalaya mountains—these things mean more to me than to the ordinary man about our village. But I hasten to add, good exhibition stock was raised a generation ago, and still can be, by the fellow who prefers to stick to his chickens.

5. It's a means for acquiring an artist's love for the beautiful. Man's admiration of birds is elementary. A college president conducted a scientific experiment to determine children's most precious possession. Toys representing animate objects were preferred to inanimate, animals to plants, and birds to other animals.

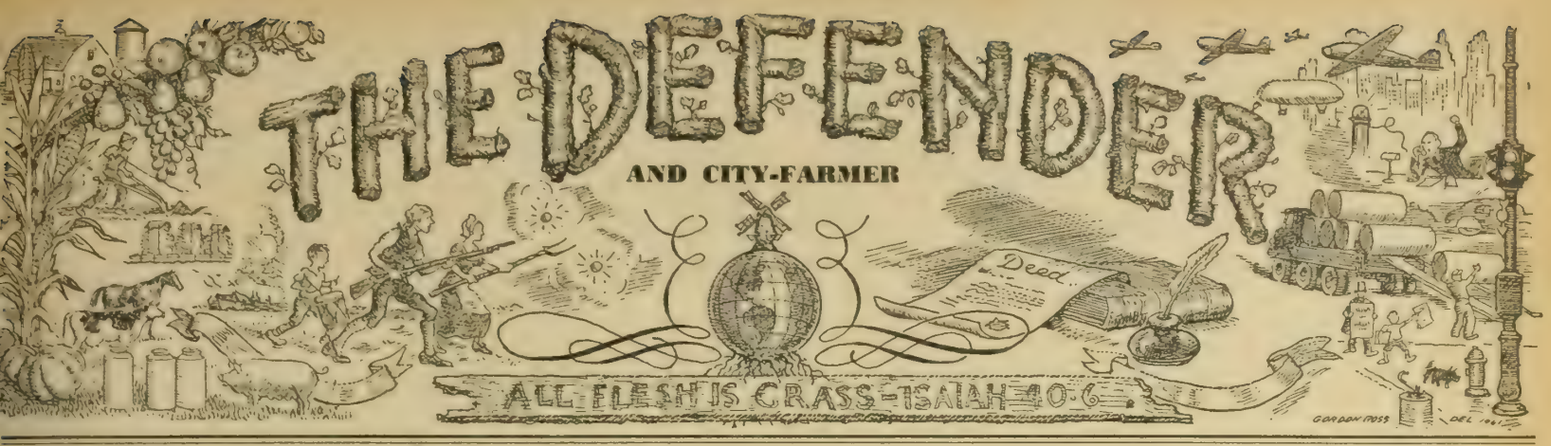
Let's pursue this theme of beauty. A friend—president of a large industrial company—runs a bulb farm as a hobby. He seemed surprised when I ventured to advance my hobby as a competitor of his and asked, "Do you grow them for eh—eh, food, or just to look at?"

I had him. "Jim," I asked, "who comes in here to buy bulbs for the kitchen stove, or tulips for the salad bowl?" I'll match my plumes with his petals any day as objects of art —"just to look at!"

6. It's an answer to man's desire to search endlessly for perfection. The same is true of all animal fancying. You can always divide the distance between present achievement and hoped-for perfection, though you can't eliminate it entirely. A judge of show horses—one of the oldest and most experienced—once told me that not only had he never seen a perfect horse but he doubted if two nearly perfect horses could be found that would cancel out each other's faults. Fancy birds are a constant source of surprise. For the impatient person they have this advantage: they reproduce quickly and abundantly. (However, I may add that the goal of the real fancier is a very limited number of birds hatched out each season from which a few—two or three—candidates for blue ribbons can be picked.)

7. Like gardening, poultry fancying is the soil in which optimists grow. While you enjoy today, you live hopefully in the future, always drawing plans for six months ahead. How to feed and house the adolescents of today was thought out six months ago; today I am planning the matings for next spring.

8. It's a game for all ages. The game isn't as keenly contested as it used to be, but with the recent trend of population back toward the land the big shows may soon again attain the popularity of exhibitions held a generation ago when a hundred or more Brahmas were shown at London or Bristol or Birmingham, at New York or Boston or Chicago. Those were the days when birds carried names as well as leg bands, and brought values as high as £100 (almost $500). Incidentally, if you do go in for breeding, resolve—and stick to your resolve—also to go in for exhibiting. The cost is trifling compared with other pastimes and the results are lasting. The (*Continued on page* 58)



FEBRUARY, 1942 *A special feature of* COUNTRY LIFE

PERSONALS

F. Ambrose Clark has the laugh on his smart Long Island friends. He has the tireless horses and they have the tire-less automobiles. You can guess who's getting the groceries these days.

→ Richard W. Jones, Jr., has bought land in Somerset County, N. J. Wants to call it Millstone Farms, not because it's hanging you-know-where but because it's on the Millstone River, a mighty nice place indeed. Anybody know if the name is already in use?

***Country newspapers are getting a lift. Art Kudner, who can occasionally be captured in his New York office, is now president of the "Queen Anne's Record-Observer" in Centreville, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Vaughn Flannery is making the "Harford Gazette" jump through hoops in Harford County, across Chesapeake Bay.

Ik Shuman of "The New Yorker" was seen last month buying harness.

☞ ADV. Hazel Beckman wants "The Defender" to come out once a week, says it's the perfect reading for Sunday night in bed down Princeton way. Puts you to sleep quickest, does it, Hazel?

Not to be outdone by the George Kents' Buckstone Farm, who sent ye ed that mighty fine sack of home-grown Pennsylvania potatoes, Herb Neal sent a case of apple juice to this office all the way from Ohio, free for nothing. Mighty fine squeezing, Herb, we say, and a very welcome change from the usual run of breakfast licker.

*Now, any reader of "The Defender" who's in the rubber tire business might ship on a couple of samples without getting a complaint. That is from us.

Lt.-Col. Claire L. Chennault, commander of the American volunteer fliers in China, is making the Japs uncomfortable with a pursuit stunt based on a snap roll on top of a loop, "the craziest maneuver ever known." He evolved this bit of acrobatics flying over his farm at Tensas, La.

●Lots of farms will have landing fields when the war is over.

Henry Babson, who makes dairy equipment in the Middle West, has a 5,000-acre farm in Ogle County, Illinois, breeds Arabian horses—and somehow finds time to take part in the Great Lakes Mackinaw races.

When Ladd Haystead feels sick or low, he takes one of those handsome rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria; better than a doctor and less expensive.

THE FARMERS' CLUB OF LONDON CARRIES ON

It is only reasonable to assume that readers of "The Defender" want to know how The Farmers' Club (2, Whitehall Court, London, S.W.1) has been getting along through the present unpleasantness. With characteristic enterprise—and a good deal of coöperation from Frederick L. Wehr, chairman of the Downtown Farmers, of Baltimore, Md.—we are able to tell you.

Suppose we do it in the words of Frank T. Levick, secretary of the famous English club, as written to Mr. Wehr:

"Despite the war, we continue to operate and I trust we shall continue to do so. As a matter of fact, owing to the increasing interest now being taken in agriculture, our membership is increasing and in a week's time we are to have a meeting to decide what steps if any can be taken to mark our Centenary. We were formed about a hundred years ago with a membership of 40; today we have 1,400 members made up of the larger farmers, landowners, surveyors, land agents and others.

"We have a discussion meeting about once a month now when someone prominent in some field of agriculture reads a paper which is afterwards discussed. Prior to the war these meetings were followed by a dinner, but black-out and other conditions have caused the temporary cessation of the latter.

"Naturally, for the time being, our discussions are concentrated on agriculture and the war. These meetings have been held without interruption since 1844—two years after we were founded and are printed in the journal of the club which is sent free to members. A perusal of the titles of these papers is quite a sidelight on the history of agriculture in this country.

"We maintain premises in Whitehall and have the usual facilities of bedrooms, lounges, dining rooms, squash court, etc. We also maintain an extensive library from which members may borrow books by post, or otherwise, free of charge.

"We also run an enquiry bureau and endeavor to help members in any question connected with agriculture—particularly the legislative side, which, as you probably know, is rather complicated in this country. Books on farming are also reviewed in the club journal. We have a Committee of 42, all of whom are prominent in English agriculture, and our membership is rather unique in some respects—often it has been handed down from father to son and the same names appear in our present list of members as they did a hundred years ago.

"The club had rather a parlous time when it was first founded and it used to meet in one of the old City Coffee Houses, namely "The Guildhall," and then at various taverns in old London, such as the "Bull's Mouth," the "Crown and Sceptre" at Greenwich where members sat down to a "farmers' ordinary" at three o'clock.

"Our old minute books are quite interesting, as are also the old complaint books. We still have our horn and silver communal snuff box and the club Bible, which was then largely used. Our membership has and does contain many famous names, such as Disraeli, etc.

"At the principal agricultural show here in peace time, which is the Royal Show, we maintain a pavilion fitted as a club house for members and their guests. Your agricultural attache in London is a frequent visitor to our meetings, as have been E. A. Foley and C. G. Taylor, past Agricultural Attaches.

"At the moment, with so many buildings in London destroyed or damaged, we place a meeting room at the disposal of agricultural organizations, such as the Red Cross Agriculture Fund, Ministry of Agriculture, and others.

"I ought to apologize for the delay in replying to your letter which is not due to discourtesy but apparently to the exigencies of the war. To receive kindly letters from the United States is a great comfort these days and they are very much appreciated as is also the aid which your country is giving us.

"At the moment in London, we are enjoying a lull in aerial attacks. I am a member of our Civil Defence Organisation (an air raid warden). We go out on patrol when the sirens sound, wait for the bombs to fall and then call out the necessary services, such as fire, ambulance, rescue and other squads and then try to get any casualties out from the houses. We have had some trying times but there are, fortunately, always moments of humor to relieve them. One gets quite familiar with the various sounds of raids, to know when to fall in the gutter and when not.

"We all feel, rightly I hope, that the worst is over and that we can now look forward with growing confidence to better times and better news."

CLEVELAND SHOWS LEADERSHIP

The Cleveland Farmers' Club of The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce is studying a program aimed to tie in with the country's intensive war effort.

One of the stated objectives of the club is that of acting as liaison between industry and agriculture, and this objective will doubtless be broadened to include a liaison between agriculture, industry and the United States Government through its Department of Agriculture.

Unlike many organizations, the club continues to show an upward trend in membership, even though to date many of its members have entered some branch of our armed services. This steady growth indicates continued interest on the part of its members, and the very apparent need of such an organization in a city even when that city is highly industrial.

There are definite indications that again in World War II, as in World War I, the citizens of the United States will be called upon to create vegetable war gardens in every plot of really productive ground that can be set aside for this purpose.

The war garden idea was devised in 1917 and 1918 to serve the two-fold purpose of increasing production, and also of building up morale among our people generally. The need for increased production at this time is far beyond that of the last world war, and it is in this connection that the Cleveland Farmers' Club and other farmers' clubs throughout the United States may take a leading part.

The club continues its usual practical type of meetings and will continue to do so throughout the emergency period, and will also conduct the usual tours to farm areas during the clement months of the year.

A rat extermination campaign is being set up to be conducted during a period of at least one year and perhaps longer, and will embrace all of Cuyahoga County. In this campaign, which started in January, the City of Cleveland and other municipalities, as well as the rural areas, will participate. The Cleveland Farmers' Club is assisting in this campaign, particularly in so far as the rural areas of the county are concerned, and it likewise plans to do all it can in fighting the Japanese beetle scourge and other pests. It is felt by this action that the club can make a contribution in conserving food, property and human health and well-being.

THE DEFENDER
and
CITY-FARMER

A Gazette of Rural and City Life for the Modern American

There is nothing better than farming, nothing more fruitful, nothing more delightful, nothing more worthy of a free man.—*Cicero.* The profit of the earth is for all.—*Ecclesiastes.* The best citizens spring from the cultivators.—*Cato.* The value of farm property in the United States, 1940, is $33,641,738,726. — *U. S. Census.* Millions for defense . . .

PATRICK Q. HENRY, *Editor*

FEBRUARY, 1942

ON WISCONSIN!

"The Defender" has been alertly pursuing his patrols around the country and has come to the conclusion that one front, at least, is well protected. And that is Wisconsin.

An all too brief visit to the plains, plateaus, and mountains of this handsome state has been followed by an examination of what it has done, is doing, and planning to do for the protection and rehabilitation of its lands and its people.

Now, of course, the way to do this is to drive from Beloit through Madison, Portage, Wisconsin Dells, Black River Falls, Merrillan, Eau Claire, Menomonie, Prairie Farm, Amery, and St. Croix Falls—where you have to the west and south the broad plateau known as Western Upland, deeply cut by numerous streams, and to the east and north a gently undulating plain. From that line you can take a deep breath and start a most satisfying investigation in any direction.

Another way to do it is to sit in the bar of the University Club at Milwaukee with Ray McCallum, Spud Phillips, Chester Holway, Jay Blake, and kindred souls, and then try to remember the things they told you out of the deep and affectionate enthusiasm they feel for this state in which they've had sense enough to make their homes.

Still another way is to ask the State of Wisconsin Conservation Commission please to send you some of the quite remarkable booklets they publish to tell their people what they are doing and to give an inspiration to those of other states to go and do likewise.

"The Defender" has a dozen or more of these booklets in front of him and to say that he is impressed by the thoughtfulness and thoroughness of the job, the understanding of the problems to be faced, the importance of striking a fair balance between diverse interests, the utter *Democracy* of the manner in which the matter is being handled . . . well, to say that he is impressed is putting it mildly.

Here is a state of 56,066 square miles, peculiarly blessed by Nature from the wild forests of its northern areas to the agricultural lands of the south, all inhabited with a species of wildlife. It has 8,000 lakes and thousands of miles of rivers and smaller streams. It has among its outlying and boundary waters such famous stage-sets as Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and the Mississippi River.

There was a time when there was a rich wildlife through this region. But one group of large mammals and birds retreated northward and westward before the impact of civilization; the buffalo and passenger pigeon could not live in a settled countryside, nor could the cougar and wolf be permitted (or so the earliest farmers thought) to exist near livestock.

Another group of southern species, the wild turkey and the Carolina paraquet, were exterminated because they could not retreat; climate restricted them to the southern counties and the lack of timber cut their retreat westward. Another group was pushed out or decimated because of their value for meat or fur: marten, fisher, wolverine

Waterfowl — geese, ducks, swans, cranes, shorebirds—were overshot and their marshland homes drained. Even now hawks and owls are being removed because they eat game and poultry. Fish-eating birds and mammals are being persecuted. And the animals that have disappeared have by no means been happily replaced by invaders from abroad: jack rabbit, coyote, Norway rat, the house mouse and the feral house cat. . . .

A sad tale, you say? Indeed, it would be but for the intelligent and progressive thought and action of Wisconsin conservationists and sportsmen.

The state still has a rich wild life! Some species—white tail deer, for example—have not only survived the inroads of "civilization" but have actually flourished and multiplied, despite increasing population, deforestation, and other adverse circumstances. Wisconsin's herd of white tail deer is now the third largest in the United States.

Today, thanks to Wisconsin's long-range policy of game management, wildlife is once more plentiful. Wild turkeys, for example, have been induced back into the central western part of the state. Tremendous numbers of pheasants inhabit the state's numberless covers.

Even fur-bearing animals are again on hand; beaver is now so plentiful, for example, that Wisconsin has an open season and is producing an important quantity of peltries for market.

The forests of the state are being made productive—and let us not forget that 25% of *all* Wisconsin labor is dependent upon wood-working and wood-using industries. The forests are being kept green—and let us not forget that the tourist business is now Wisconsin's greatest "industry."

Fishing and shooting have been improved beyond measure—and let us not forget that a Wisconsin Muskellunge is just about the best there is and an economic as well as a sporting asset. And for those who just like to look, where could you find a more glorious sight than the spring and fall migration of waterfowl going through Wisconsin on the Mississippi flyway?

Two other points must not be omitted: (*a*) Wisconsin's leaders have put through a law requiring the teaching of conservation in the schools; (*b*) Wisconsin makes available, without cost, a series of motion pictures in various sizes, each lasting about 15 minutes, showing what is being done with animals, birds, fish, forests and scenery.

Not bad, eh folks? A mark for other states to shoot at.

IN CALIFORNIA

Inspired by "The Defender," a lady named Miss Edith Roberts, who writes a column in our esteemed West Coast contemporary, "The Napa Journal," wondered in print what it would be like to have a city-farmer club in her community.

Said she:

"There is L. M. Ducommun, president of Pacific Paint & Varnish Co., San Francisco, who has an 80-acre farm on the Napa River. Shoemakers have been known to stint their children on shoes, but here is a paint merchant who is not sparing with paint. The immaculate white residence and outbuildings make the DuCommun farm one of the outstanding ones in Salvador district.

"Then there is Evan B. Haynes, dean of the Law College, University of California, who only recently purchased 160 acres in lower Capell Valley.

"And Eliot Underhill, chemical engineer with Pan-American Engineering Co., who a short time ago acquired 126 acres on Dry Creek, west of the main highway. Extensive improvements have been held up temporarily by defense work.

"There is also W. J. Hoyt, of Martin, Hoyt & Milne Chemical Company, San Francisco, who is raising horses on his 141 acres adjoining Napa River east of Oakville.

"And C. M. Reese, associated with Skaggs Grocery, who purchased 126 acres on the main highway west of Trubody Station. He, too, has been lavish in the use of white paint and whitewash and what formerly was a forlorn-looking farm now is most attractive.

"Also Howard L. Guth, Northern California representative of J. B. Williams Co., who has a 30-acre prune ranch at Dry Creek. You will find him in jeans most any week-end working like an old-timer.

"And Phil M. Hunt, of Hoffman Specialty Co., of San Francisco, who acquired the Fern Hill Ranch of 100 acres in Browns Valley. He plans to breed Western saddle horses.

"And also Alan O. Stearns, of Stearns Drug Co., Detroit, who purchased 800-acre Oak Knoll property and is transforming it into one of the show places.

"And Peter Verzic, prominent Oakland baker, who bought 250 acres in Dry Creek section, including a small grove of Redwoods. Verzic bought a little mill, made lumber from his own trees for all his buildings.

"Among the city-farmers might be included J. M. Rodgers, of Rodgers Bottling Co., Vallejo and Napa. Rodgers recently acquired 160 acres on the main highway east of Trubody Station.

"We could go on indefinitely, for there are many others, but space won't permit. Besides, it is not our job to organize a club.

"Many of our city-farmers have acquired pioneer places which, during the years of farm depression and through no fault of their former owners, were in a sadly neglected condition. They are remodeling old buildings, erecting new ones, installing modern farm equipment, developing splendid water systems and otherwise improving their properties.

"The city-farmers are indeed an asset to Napa County."

R. F. D.

LETTER FROM A LADY

To the Editor:

I like your magazine. The articles are splendid. Although many of us cannot afford fine country estates and blooded stock, nor desire to own them, we enjoy reading about them.

The Letters to the Editor are interesting. W. A. Rafferty hit the nail on the head in remarking that the average city-farmer overbuilds his property. He does overbuild and he makes costly errors experimenting. Then, because his "total investment" fails to pay interest, he moans that farming is a losing game. That same city-farmer would scarcely expect a handsome town home to pay interest on its cost and upkeep.

I was raised on a farm. For many years I have been associated with a real estate firm specializing in the sale of country properties. I own a wee ten-acre farm having 69 varieties of fruits—twelve more than the much publicized Heinz varieties.

Long ago I served three years as secretary-treasurer of Napa County Farm Bureau, on many occasions being the only woman present at gatherings of farmers—dirt and city.

Therefore, I think no one can appreciate more than I do The Editor's Cornucopia report of the farmers' meeting in your December issue. It was true to life, full of wit and furnished me some hearty chuckles.

"The Defender" is unique. So much do I like it that I used it as the basis for an issue of my weekly column which, in leisure moments, I wrote for "The Napa Journal."

Your magazine has sufficient character and style to appeal to the elite, yet it does not lack the common touch.

More power to you!

EDITH ROBERTS,
Napa, Cal.

In her article in "The Napa Journal," Miss Roberts did an unusual thing; she listed the people of her countryside who would be the members of a city-farmer club if there were one—thus practically starting one single-handed, unless we miss our guess. We found this bit of wouldn't-it-be-fun-if so interesting that we are printing a little story on it in the adjoining column. After all there's no priority on pipe-dreams or good wishes.

HOW TO START A CLUB

To the Editor:

What are the requirements and procedure to start a city-farmer club?

C. G. GIFFIN,
Giffin College,
Van Wert, O.

We know of no requirements except the urge. We volunteer to help with sample constitutions, by-laws, programs, etc.

We find, too, that most city-farmer clubs are more than anxious to help interested neighbors.

CHICAGO

The Chicago Farmers brought 1941 to a close with an election of new officers as follows: Max H. Hurd, president; Franklin J. Stransky, vice-president; William H. McCaully, secretary; Austin Jenner, treasurer.

New directors were named: Chester R. Davis, Wayne Dinsmore, Max H. Hurd, Austin Jenner, S. T. Kiddoo, William H. McCaully, George E. Rose, George W. Rosseter, Franklin J. Stransky.

This enterprising club can look back upon a year of growth and useful activity. The membership showed an increase of 76, now totals 530. Eighteen luncheon meetings, were held during the year, were well attended. Because they might offer suggestions to other city-farmer clubs, we list them:

"Barnyard Manures and Green Manures," Robert E. Yoder, speaker;

"Beef Cattle," William J. Breakenridge;

"Dairy Cattle, Breeding and Feeding," Prof. E. T. Wallace;

"Hogs, Breeding and Feeding," Philip Cashman;

"Artificial Insemination," Philip I. Higley;

"Inter-Group Cooperation," Dr. Henry C. Taylor;

"Building Soil Fertility," Prof. George D. Scarseth;

"Actual Results on a Chicago Farmer's Farm," Marshall Clark;

"Pastures, New and Renovated," Prof. W. L. Burlison;

"Oats," Prof. H. D. Hughes;

"Alfalfa, Clover and Other Legumes," Prof. J. C. Hackleman;

"Black Sheep and Otherwise," Prof. W. G. Kammlade;

"How Many and What Kind of Sows Shall I Breed and When?", Prof. A. L. Anderson;

"Wintering Dairy Cattle," Gustav Bohstedt;

"Grass Lands: Improving the Yield, Nutritive Content, Palatability, and All-Around Value of Grass Grown Thereon," W. L. Burlison;

"Building Fertility in Winter Months," Dr. T. C. Bauer.

Chicago's other great club—The Agricultural Club of the Chicago Agricultural Association—has an important program at hand, *viz.*:

The annual meeting to be held February 5, for which the following slate for 1942 and 1943 has been proposed: J. D. Harper, editor of "The National Live Stock Producer," owner of a farm at Crown Point, Ind., president; E. E. Houghtby, director of the Illinois Agricultural Association and a well known farmer of DeKalb County, vice-president; Dave Thompson, associate editor of "The Prairie Farmer," vice-president; A. E. Albaugh, secretary-treasurer. The directors remain as before, except that Mr. Harper replaces H. D. Sulcer.

In January, the club held another of its "InFARMation Please" programs, this time on the topic of transportation. Ralph Budd headed the board of experts and it got around that he knew something of his subject, which is as it should be, he being president of the Burlington Road and until recently also Federal Commissioner of Transportation for the vital National Defense Council.

PHILADELPHIA

They made it legal in Philadelphia on January 6, 1942, by which we mean that the constitution and by-laws drawn up for the Quaker City Farmers by Morris Cheston, well known attorney of the firm of Ballard, Spahr, Andrews & Ingersall, were approved by 52 members of the club and it was launched as a going concern. Non-profit.

V. L. Elliott, one-time Oklahoman now living in the Quaker countryside, controller of the Atlantic Refining Co., was elected president. L. Wayne Arny, well known Eastern advertising man with a special knowledge of things horticultural, was named vice-president. William F. R. Munnich, of the Philadelphia Electric Co., was named treasurer and Robert L. Whittaker, head of the investment company bearing his name, secretary.

Additional directors named were the aforementioned Mr. Cheston; Walter D. Griscom, of the Scott Paper Co.; C. A. Hoover, of E. J. Lavino & Co.; J. Kennard Weaver, another attorney; and Victor Wierman, Jr., who might be described as the anchor man of the team, for he represents the York Safe and Lock Co.

The organization started the new year with 38 full paid members; charter memberships, however, remained open until January 31. Beginning in February, applications for membership will have to be made to a committee and an initiation fee of $2 will be charged in addition to the annual $10 dues.

At the January 6 luncheon, Harold Ballou, field representative of the Department of Agriculture's Office of Information, spoke of the Government's hopes and plans so far as farmers and the defense program are concerned.

The first address made before the Quaker City Farmers deserves some special mention, for it was peculiarly adapted to an open meeting. Farm management was the subject under discussion and Prof. Henry Keller, Jr., of the department of economics at the New Jersey Agriculture Experiment Station at New Brunswick, was the speaker.

Prof. Keller's theme song was "brains." Brains and its corollary, management, are badly needed in the operation of farms today.

From 1860 to 1900 a farm under proper cultivation showed consistent improvement and a fair return to the owner. As years went by the owner felt that with average attention to his farm, it would gradually show an increase in value by the time he was ready to quit farming.

From 1900 to 1920 came the development of the commercial aspect of farming. High prices in a certain commodity would influence others to take advantage of that situation. The farming enterprise changed from that of a way of living to one where the price level of a particular commodity, inspired, more or less, the type of farming.

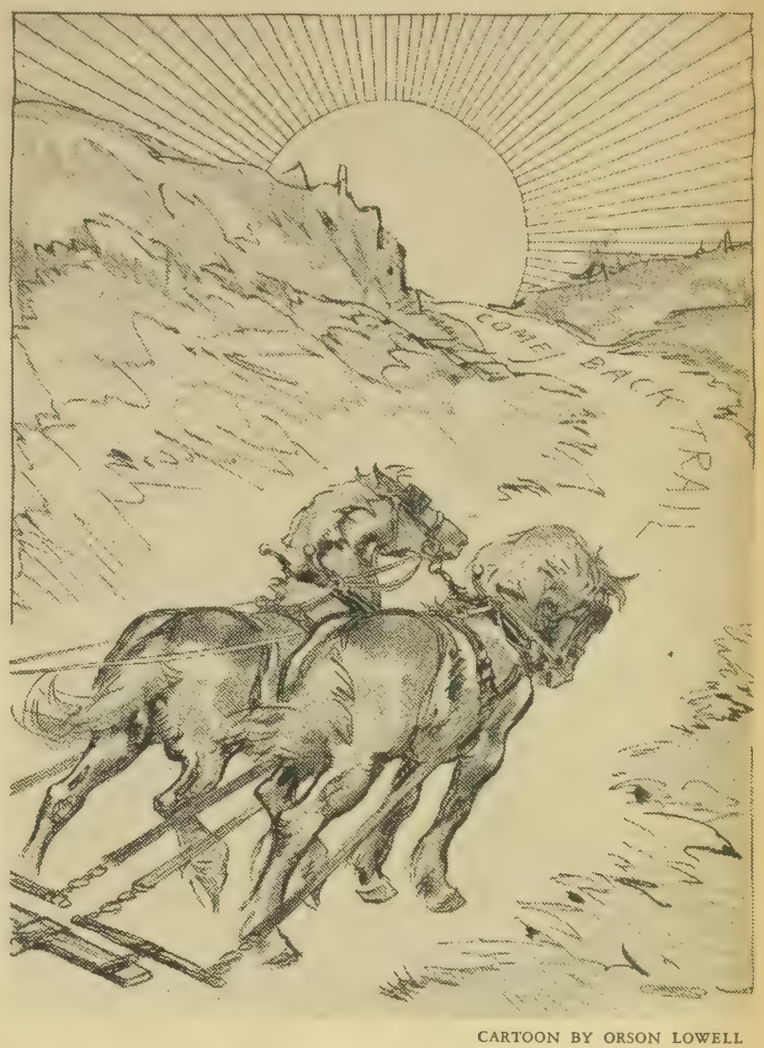
From 1920 on, Prof. Keller maintained, we entered a period of declining profit levels in farming due to higher taxes, purchase of sprays, the use of commercial fertilizers, etc. Taxes jumped from $70 and $80 in 1900 on the average farm to $300 and $400 from 1900 to 1920. As a result of these conditions, farm management had to be resorted to in order to keep a farm from running a loss.

Fundamental in current-day farming is that productivity is limited by the size of a farm. Farms will return on an average, considering today's prices, about $100 profit per acre if properly managed. If one has a five-acre farm, one can realize $500 clear profit. A larger farm will show larger earning power.

Prof. Keller went on to say that the great run of farmers are not particularly successful. Brain power is necessary. Farmers are too tired to do any thinking in the evenings. A farm should have someone who doesn't do any of the work except management. Farming has come to the point where we have to do some thinking.

Meanwhile the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, oldest of our city-farmer clubs, having been formed in 1785, had two most enjoyable meetings. Jay V. Hare lectured on December 18 on "Switzerland and Its Flowers," illustrating his talk with an extraordinary collection of colored slides taken by himself. The motion picture "Combat" was shown on January 6; this is a pictorial presentation of man's fight against economic insects and includes some remarkable photography and micro-photography of common insect pests and their control.

THE COMEBACK TRAIL



CARTOON BY ORSON LOWELL

News Item: The Chicago horse market opened January 20 for the first time in twenty years.

LANSING

The Lansing Farmers' Club, composed of business men who own and operate farms in and around the Michigan capital, has elected new officers, as follows: Glenn Caphey, president; Elmer Dail, treasurer; Howard Cook, secretary. Three new directors were also named: Ralph Hudson, Donald Jones, Wallace Beden.

An audience of 45 greeted M. O. Maughn, representative of the American Dry Milk Institute, of Chicago, who spoke before the Lansing club at its January meeting.

Charles Bachman, head coach of football at Michigan State, was elected a member of the club.

COLUMBUS

Definite plans for the organization of the City Farmers Club of Columbus, Ohio, were completed the latter part of January, according to information sent to "The Defender" by John W. Galbreath, well known real estater and horseman of that busy Midwestern countryside. (He recently bought Burgoo King, winner of the Kentucky Derby and Preakness of 1932, from Col. E. R. Bradley).

FARM CLUB OF NEW YORK

The income tax question came before the Farm Club of New York at its January meeting and did it create excitement! First, the speaker of the day —Dr. V. B. Hart of Cornell University —was taken ill with ptomaine (before he got any lunch from the Farm Club, incidentally) and his manuscript had to be read. Then Prof. Carl Bender, Dr. Jock Bartlett and Otto Schaefer got into a three-sided discussion over inflation and what is it anyway? Things didn't settle down until Lanny Ross sang a song.

Let "The Defender" try to untangle the skeins of this meeting and give you some idea of the matters that came up.

Dr. Hart recommended to members of the club that they send to Cornell for the following pamphlets, each costing 10c: "Farm Inventory for Five Years," "Farm Cash Account Book," "Poultry Account Book," "How to Keep Accounts on Crops," "How to Keep Accounts on Beef Cattle (or Dairy Cows)."

Prof. Bender came up with these suggestions: (*a*) inasmuch as feed prices look as they are going to go out of sight, also molasses will be expensive and scarce and phosphoric acid is already off the market, think of improved pasturage as your least expensive feed; (*b*) if you have planted winter barley or winter rye then you can graze this lightly in the spring; (*c*) step up some of your early pasturage with 250 lbs. per acre of a nitrogen carrier; (*d*) plant Sudan grass to help carry your cows (1½ to 2 per acre) over the drought period next summer; (*e*) plant early rye to get some late fall pasturage. All these measures will extend your pasture season six weeks or more, which is not to be sneezed at if mixed dairy feed goes to $90 per ton.

Dr. Bartlett recommended looking your machinery over *right now*. Repair parts will be available, he said, to the extent of 140% of that sold last year, but new machinery will be scarce and there is going to be a terrific scramble. Also, if feed prices are going very high think of buying some shelled corn as a good hedge.

How to tell you what the members thought about inflation is something of a question, because obviously no two thought alike. The most intelligent remark on his point was made by one modest member who pointed out that generally people don't even know what they mean let alone what they're talking about when they speak of inflation. He said that there are two kinds: (1) credit inflation, which has already been rampant for eight years, encouraged by the government to enable it to finance its requirements on a low-interest basis; (2) currency inflation, which, God willing, we ain't going to have.

Ladd Haystead, ever the optimist, warned members to give thought to their income taxes, pointing out that the government is going to scrutinize these with the most meticulous care this year and henceforth, forever more.

Lanny Ross sang some farmer songs and brought a very pretty secretary to the meeting, both of which were much appreciated at his table.

No word as yet from New York's second city-farmer club, the New York Farmers.

CALENDAR

City-farmer clubs are invited to send the date, time, place and subject of their engagements to "The Defender" for publication in this column:

February 5, 1942

QUAKER CITY FARMERS, Philadelphia, Pa. Discussion of income taxes, with particular attention to city-farmer problems. University Club, 12:30.

THE AGRICULTURAL CLUB OF THE CHICAGO AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. J. B. Hutson, president, Commodity Credit Corp., USDA, speaker. Hotel LaSalle; 12:30.

February 9

LANSING FARMERS' CLUB, Lansing, Mich. "Agriculture's Place in History," J. F. Yaeger, Michigan State Farm Bureau, speaker. Michigan State College; 12:30.

February 11

FARM CLUB OF NEW YORK—Frank Murphy, Department of Forestry, Pennsylvania State College, on "Timber as a Cash Crop," Hotel Roosevelt, 12:30.

February 13

DOWNTOWN FARMERS, Baltimore, Md. "Meat from the Packers' Point of View." Merchants Club, 12:30.

February 26

DOWNTOWN FARMERS, Baltimore, Md. "Home Gardening." Merchants Club, 7 o'clock.

March 3

QUAKER CITY FARMERS, Philadelphia, Pa. "Soybean Cultivation." University Club; 12:30.

March 10

FARM CLUB OF NEW YORK—Dr. Howard Sprague, on "Newer Grasses and Clovers for Eastern Agriculture," Hotel Roosevelt, 12:30.

March 13

DOWNTOWN FARMERS, Baltimore, Md. "Silos and Silage." A. O. Kuhn. Merchants Club, 12:30.

IN CANADA

The newly organized St. Lawrence-Westmount Agricultural Society is in the midst of the extension course of ten lectures given for the benefit of its members at McGill University.

On February 4 Mr. Raymond will discuss root crops, with special emphasis on the seed problem in existence at this time. And on February 18, Mr. Crampton will speak on "Raising Young Stock—Calves, Pigs, Foals," outlining the feed requirements of young stock and how they are met.

The series will come to a close in March when "Corn and Corn Breeding" and "Planning the Farm Feeding Program" will be discussed.

Late in January the club had an enthusiastic meeting at which two films were shown: "The Farmer Makes a Profit" and "Putting Fertilizers to Work."

The new Montreal society has aroused considerable interest. Dr. H. P. Wright is its president, Mrs. T. C. Stuart its honorary secretary-treasurer.

MARYLAND SOCIETY

On July 19, 1805, a group of gentlemen in Maryland's historic Talbot County called a meeting at the court house in Easton and organized an agricultural society.

This association held on until 1818. At that time, an organization was formed on the Western Shore of Maryland's famed Chesapeake Bay, with headquarters in Baltimore. The Talbot County society, formed in 1805, joined with it and from then on the organization was known as "The Maryland Agricultural Society for the Eastern Shore," with headquarters in Easton, although the membership was made up from adjoining counties.

This new society met alternately in Baltimore and Easton and twelve trustees were appointed, nearly all of whom were from Talbot County.

Following this organization in 1818, the society was very active; for example, it sponsored all the cattle shows and other activities pertaining to the advancement of agriculture in that section of the country.

Meetings were held each month and a great deal of constructive work was done. At one period, the society raised funds and sent one of its members to England to buy blooded livestock, which was brought back to Talbot County, thereby improving the quality of the stock immeasurably. In addition to bringing in improved livestock, the association was responsible for the improvement in farm machinery and the methods of cultivating the land.

This society was very active up until about 1900, when the federal and state governments started their intensive agricultural program. Since then, it has become almost entirely a social organization and meets four or five times each year at the seat of one of the members to enjoy a sumptuous dinner.

In the early days the society was in charge of its twelve trustees. Today, the membership has been held down to this number and at the present time, the membership is confined entirely to residents of Talbot County.

The present membership is as follows:

Judge Wm. H. Adkins, president; J. Ramsey Speer, T. V. Ranck, James Dixon, John Dickinson, C. W. Kellogg, Gen. J. Kemp Bartlett, Milton Campbell, Barclay H. Trippe, T. Hughlett Henry, J. McKenny Willis, Jr., Robert G. Henry.

With the above interesting material on the Maryland Agricultural Society for the Eastern Shore, Robert Goldsborough Henry, secretary—mark well the Goldsborough in his name, for R. H. Goldsborough of "Myrtle Grove" was one of the original members of the society in 1818—sent "The Defender" a copy of the original Articles of Association and a fascinating historical sketch written in 1909.

The sketch told of the early days of the society and listed some of its famous members: men such as Gen. John Eager Howard, Gov. Edward Lloyd of "Wye House," Dr. Nicholas Hammond of "Saint Aubin," Tench Tilghman of "Plimhimon," Gov. Samuel Stevens of "Compton," William H. DeCourcey of "Cheston-on-Wye," Gen. Perry Benson of "Wheatlands," and many others.

The sketch noted that four names—Lloyd, Tilghman, Hollyday, Goldsborough—had been on the board continuously since 1823 and asked:

"Where else in the United States can you find an organization composed of the direct descendants of those who tilled the soil nearly a hundred years ago, whose present members are, to a great majority, today living on and tilling that same soil?"

Readers, "The Defender" salutes the Maryland Agricultural Society for the Eastern Shore.

THE BEDFORD FARMERS CLUB

Persistent vitality in a club indicates a sort of combination of happiness and service which tends to a favorable prejudice in judging the organization. That the Bedford Farmers Club has continued for over eighty years and still seems to grow in interest as the members and their friends meet together to listen to a paper, exhibit their successes in agriculture or horticulture, and bemoan their failures, conveys something of surprise as well as delight.

It may be wishful thinking but there is a back-to-the-land movement at least in the hearts of these men and women, many of whom are returning to country life after happy and successful experience of city enterprise.

The club started with a small number of active farmers who would come together in each other's homes to discuss their individual experience with seeds, fertilizers, methods of tillage, and the many ingenuities that men tried to meet what Mr. Kipling calls "the hot and cold ferocity of the American climate."

The tax upon the cooking ingenuity of the ladies of the household and the reputation which spread abroad in the community from these meetings added the genial social touch, and the stories which were exchanged in commenting upon the subject under discussion constitute a lively heritage to the present-day club.

Today the Bedford club meets for its annual meeting in March and each month thereafter until October. There are two fixed meetings: one in May at the home of the great-granddaughter of John Jay, First Chief Justice of the United States, and the other in October at the home of the president of the club, L. Hollingsworth Wood, New York lawyer.

Last year, in March, the club had an open forum on "Roads," followed by a stimulating color film of "How Does Your Garden Grow?" through the generosity and hopefulness of the American Agricultural Chemical Company.

"Apple Tree Root Stock", "The Botanical Gardens of New York City", an illustrated lecture on Old Bedford in England, "The Dairymen's League", ending with a conservation talk on "The Land", indicates something of the catholicity of interest, historical as well as for the present and the future, which is demonstrated in the meetings.

As a cross-section of the citizenry of the Town of Bedford and adjoining towns in northern Westchester County, the sense of neighborliness and friendly acquaintance is perhaps of greater merit than the information which the speakers transmit.

Transition from Peace

The Pastimes Associated With Our Love of the Land Must Survive This Holocaust

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

THREE weeks ago our Sunday afternoon symphony concert was interrupted by the terse announcement of treachery in the Pacific. This morning, while we were at breakfast in our home in this quiet Virginia village, Winston Churchill passed by our door. In the stream of post-holiday traffic made up of people hurrying back to their offices from the country round about, few people noticed England's Prime Minister, or recognized him if they did notice.

He drove down a street that was no more than a country lane in the days when George Washington passed this very way to attend services at our church. For some reason the incident seemed to be more eloquent of great and appalling consequences than the appearance of a host of hostile bombers would have been. War is certainly the most realistic of all human experiences, yet it is odd how difficult it is to recognize the transition from peace to combat. It isn't possible for decent folk to comprehend the black and bitter hatred that starts to kill by the clock.

The truth is that we are like a family in a fiction horror story. We have relations who are homicidal maniacs, cousins and uncles who are cunning and clever enough to present a disarming display of normalcy and affection for years at a time. We let them come down to meals and family prayers when they say their amens with a fervency that makes us pathetically eager to forget the latest occasion when they went off on a bloody bender and were brought back finally, whining and whimpering for forgiveness, to be reinstated at the hearth-stone of the human family.

We know that cousins Fritz and Moto are subject to queer spells and that while these endure it is well to lock them in their rooms, bar the windows and feed them through holes cut into their doors, but being what we are, we hate to believe that murderous treachery exists behind protestations so fair and so friendly. Then there is a night when some dark star appears above the horizon and our mongoloid relatives rise from their beds to pass on tiptoe along the dim corridors of the house of nations, with knives in their hands.

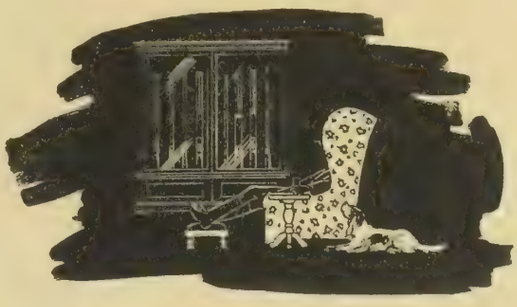
Here is slaughtered Poland and here in the next room is sister France, she who wore her Liberty cap with such insouciance, lying in her blood, and here are all the other victims of this treachery. But Brother John, typified by that man who passed our door this morning, is still on his feet and fighting. The hyenas haven't managed to pull him down. They never will manage it, and there beside him we see—and clearly at last, thank God—our own place to stand.

Once, years ago, on a rainy, dismal morning I came upon a small field of wheat sheltered by a heavy woodland that stretched away to the north. In the field there was a priest who had raised an altar in the mists and vapors in order to give conditional absolution to a battalion of infantry which knelt there before him.

Being of another faith, the tall Chaplain's consolation was not for me, but he finished his ghostly exercise presently and the men rose and at a word of command from their officers, fixed bayonets. The swishing sound of the blades drawn from scabbards, the click and rattle as they were locked in place, the sight of the men moving forward into the dark woods in open order brought me my clearest realization of the meaning of the phrase, "a state of war exists."

So here we go on the red dog's back. The Japanese, for all their guile, have possibly made a very bad bargain. At Wake Island, in Malaya, Hong Kong and the Philippines, they now have a brief opportunity to scurry about among the personal possessions of more cleanly men, poking grimy fingers at photographs, puzzling over private correspondence and trying on articles of clothing much too large for them. In exchange for these simple pleasures they have given us at last unity and singleness of purpose, resolution and a strong cause for vengeance.

At the Battle of Fredericksburg in our Civil War, General Burnside, commanding the Union forces, sent his troops again and again in frontal attacks on the impregnable Confederate positions on Marye's Heights. For a time the Confederate leaders were incredulous of their good fortune, believing that these assaults were designed to cover some



movement less spectacular but more deadly, but at last it was apparent that these waves of cheering blue-clad infantrymen actually constituted the main attack.

An exultant staff officer exclaimed to Lee that Burnside couldn't move his troops more advantageously for the Confederates if he were following Lee's instructions.

"Yes," said the General, very soberly, "but remember that before we have won this war we shall have to assault a crest similar to this, and held by these men."

Thus, Lee foresaw Gettysburg, and our enemies may well take note of Wake Island and consider the situation when, as surely they must, they shall meet such men on terms more even.

I know very well that I have no license to turn our homely, peaceful Guns and Game column into warlike channels and I don't intend to do so once (*Continued on page* 59)

The Quarter Horse—a History

by ROBERT M. DENHARDT

IN the nineteenth century, Texas had a horse of which it was proud: it had no equal in working cattle.

Coming to Mexico with that bow-legged stockman, Cortés, the horse had followed the Spanish northward until it found a haven in the plains of Texas. For three hundred and fifty years it had been working with cattle and it was capable of endurance and endowed with a cow-sense seemingly inbred.

The Texans bet their shirts on the prowess of their horses and thus the stage was set for Steeldust, one of the best Quarter Horses ever bred. The stories of his arrival are so numerous that one can only weave an outline of the truth.

It seems someone had a horse he was mighty proud of and his fame spread as he defeated all comers. Many give his name as Shilo; others say Shilo was another Quarter Horse which had come into Texas. Anyway, at this time, Steeldust arrived.

It is possible that someone brought him with the purpose of defeating the Texas horse, but, it is more likely that his owner was just on the move. We do know that in the early 1800's Steeldust was matched with a champion Texas horse.

Steeldust's quiet demeanor disarmed the natives and the defeat of the Texas horse nearly bankrupted the community. The Quarter Horse was made. Every Texan who had a mare wanted to breed her to a Quarter Horse.

The blood of the Quarter Horse mingled with the Texas, and all his urge to work with cattle came out in the cross. Now the cowhorse of Texas had added weight and a fresh burst of speed without any loss of that intuitive cow-sense which the centuries had bred in the Spanish horse. To this date Quarter Horses, or Steeldusts, as they are often called, are considered by many Texans the best stock horses in the world.

The Quarter Horse has distinct characteristics, which horsemen recognize: small, alert ears, a well-developed neck, sloping shoulders, short deep barrel, great heart girth, heavy muscles in thigh and forearm, legs not too long, firmly jointed with the knee, and pasterns close. All of these features accentuate his peculiar abilities.

Rarely does the Quarter Horse exceed 15 hands, but due to his build will often reach 1,200 lbs. or more. This led Dan Casement, one of the present-day authorities, to say that "here is found more horse for the height than in any other breed."

Much of the origin of the horse is lost, but a few facts are available. Wood, Sandys, and Gookin were the first to import English horses into Virginia about 1620. Soon thereafter, Governor Nicholson legalized racing, which immediately became popular. By 1690, large purses were being offered.

Among horsemen rages a fascinating controversy regarding the Quarter Horse, for years the outstanding stock horse of our romantic Southwest. His story is told here in detail for the first time for readers of COUNTRY LIFE *by Robert M. Denhardt, assistant professor at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas and Secretary of the American Quarter Horse Association. In a later issue he will discuss Quarter Horses and Thoroughbreds in relation to each other.*

For several reasons, among these the lack of tracks and straight stretches of road, it became the habit to run short races, generally along main streets. J. F. D. Smith, who made a tour of the Colonies prior to the Revolutionary War, said that the colonists were very much attached to "quarter racing," generally a match between two horses running a quarter of a mile. He said that the colonists had a breed which performed with astounding velocity.

Horse racing was also popular in Rhode Island. William Robinson, Deputy Governor, raised some of the best running horses in that colony. His original sire, Old Snipe, according to an unsigned manuscript, was found in a drove of wild horses on Point Judith. Although Robinson did not realize it, Old Snipe's ancestors were Arabians, probably bred in Spain.

It was not long until Robinson horses were famous and an inter-colonial match was arranged between Virginia and Rhode Island. So successful were the Spanish horses from Rhode Island that the Virginians obtained some of Old Snipe's progeny to improve their stock. Now the Spanish blood was being crossed with English blood. The Quarter Horse was arriving.

Very likely the Virginia horses already had Spanish blood, as there were Spanish horses in the backwoods of the colony. This is borne out by a description of the Virginia horse at this time; Hugh Jones in 1724 called them "not very tall but hardy, strong and fleet."

Top left is a Quarter Horse of the Billy Horse strain; top right is a Thoroughbred-Quarter Horse cross; lower left is a Copper Bottom-Steeldust cross, and Ballymooney, lower right, is a Steeldust stallion

The wild Spanish horses did not come from DeSoto's expeditions, as has been supposed, but from the Spanish settlement of Guale. This district, the southeastern section of the present United States, by 1650 had 79 missions, eight towns and many ranches, some supported by the Crown. Constant raids of English and Indians on the Guale settlements spread Spanish livestock far into the North.

This Billy Horse stallion, a fine example of the type, is owned by W. B. Warren of Hockley, Texas, president of the Quarter Horse Association

Soon most of the southern English colonies had wild horses in the backwoods. Capturing wild horses became sport, especially in Virginia and Carolina. Wild cattle were also captured in "cow-pens" by the colonial "cowboys," already so-called in the seventeenth century, riding Quarter Horses. A Revolutionary battle was fought at one of these pens.

The short distance horse was established in the colonies too early to allow the English Thoroughbred to have had much influence on his breeding. Later, when raced, he would beat them at short distances due to his quick start. It must have been disconcerting to import these greyhounds of English turfs and have them left at the post by the thickset ducklings of the colonies!

Janus is apparently the only horse imported at the time whose blood influenced the "Quarter-of-a-Mile" runner. William Anson, one of the earliest stockmen to interest himself in the history of the Quarter Horse, says, "From the Januses which appear in pedigrees, he must have been as prolific as our own Texas Steeldust, undoubtedly the most prolific horse which ever lived." (*Continued on page* 47)

Country Ice Box

Frozen Food Lockers Bring the Blessing of Year 'Round Balanced Diets to Many Rural Communities

"THE wealth of the world is equally divided; the rich have ice in the summer, and the poor have ice in the winter." The thought, if not the exact words, originated with Mark Twain, and never, at least as far as country people are concerned, did the master humorist quip closer to the truth.

This little epigram applies particularly to farmers and other rural dwellers because their abundance is strictly seasonal. They have plenty of fruits and vegetables to eat—in the summer; plenty of meat—at killing time. However, after the short seasons for the various kinds of produce are past they are faced with long months of canned vegetables, preserved meats; a drab diet which in thousands of farm homes is seriously unbalanced in nutritive elements.

True, fresh meats, fruits and vegetables can be bought out of season in retail stores —at a price. But who wants to pay big prices for things they grow themselves just because there is no way of keeping them? Certainly this doesn't make for self sufficiency with the consequence that a substandard diet has persisted in many farm homes—to the extent of being a serious national problem.

Now, however, there is daylight. In actual operation, right this minute, in many states a system exists by which country people (and townspeople too), even those who don't handle a great deal of cash in the course of a year, can have nourishing and delicious meals at any season. A northern, snowbound farmer can have fresh home grown strawberries or peas in January. He and his family can have steak months after his steers were prime; roast lamb long after his sheep were slaughtered; he can buy big chunks of meat when the price is low, and eat it while the price is high.

Here is "ice in the summer" for country folks indeed! The secret is the frozen food locker plants which are springing up all over the country. You rent lockers at these plants for a small sum and bring your produce there to be frozen with subzero temperature and kept until you want it. The most delicate of vegetables and most perishable of meats can be thawed and eaten months later in all their original succulence and freshness.

No one knows where this quick freezing locker business started; apparently it just grew out of the cold storage and ice plant business. One of the first plants to undertake it was the Chico Ice and Cold Storage Co., of Chico, Calif. In 1903 this plant rented an upstairs cold storage space to local merchants for storing eggs, apples and other produce. In 1908 it extended this service to farmers for the storing of meat in boxes.

In the fall of 1917 Joseph Winchell, proprietor of a small ice plant in Centralia, Washington, accepted a brace of pheasants for storage from a friend who had just returned from a hunting trip. Winchell scratched his head for a moment, and then said, "I'll keep them for you, but darned if I know how long they will last."

Winchell took the birds inside. Puzzled for several minutes, he finally tossed them in a can of water. He froze the water solid and set it in the storage room. Three months passed, then, on Christmas Day, his friend returned for the birds. When thawed it was found that the meat was as juicy and tender as when the birds were shot. Soon Winchell was freezing rabbits, chickens and general farm produce.

Then, in the early 1920's, Clarence Birdseye went on a fishing trip near the Arctic Circle. The temperature was about 20 degrees below zero, and they had to dig deep holes in the ice to fish through. As soon as the fish were caught and put down on the ice they were frozen solid.

People had been doing this for hundreds of years, but Mr. Birdseye began to wonder why these frozen fish when thawed and cooked tasted as good as fresh fish; much better than cold storage fish. Months of research convinced him it was the instantaneous freezing of the meat that preserved its flavor and he began developing machinery to duplicate the process. His patents were sold to General Foods, pioneers in the development of the frozen food industry.

These two experiences demonstrate the fundamental principles of food preservation through the use of refrigeration. The early locker plants were places where a

KURT SCHELLING AND J. W. MCMANIGAL PHOTOS

The completely modern frozen food "bank" at Flemington, N. J., was designed by Allmon Fordyce to "invite the customer in, but keep the sunshine out"

A locker is hoisted from its subterranean pit so that frozen food can be removed

patron could store his box or basket of food at temperatures that were usually around 32 degrees F., or slightly below freezing. Food stored in this manner freezes slowly and large ice crystals are formed within the tissues, piercing them and allowing the juices and flavors of meats to leak out.

In contrast to this method of cold storage is the quick freezing process, where all kinds of food are frozen—just like Mr. Birdseye's fish—at temperatures around 20 degrees below zero. Food frozen in this manner has only microscopic ice crystals formed within the tissues, and all of the juices and flavors are really "sealed" in with the cold.

Rapid expansion of the locker plant industry can be traced back to 1935 when the idea was introduced in the Middle West. Since 1937 the idea has spread into Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and other eastern states as well as throughout the South. Speaking recently on the radio, Prof. Sleeter Bull of the University of Illinois College of Agriculture said: "It is probably safe to say that there are more than 3,500 plants in operation today with around 1,200,000 lockers or a locker for one out of every six farm families. The most important development in food preservation since the invention of the tin can and the can opener is the process of quick freezing, and low temperature storage."

It has been estimated that from 50 to 75 new locker plants are being opened every month throughout the United States, and that the country's 3,500 locker plants represent a capital investment of over $50,000,000.

Recently, an outstanding example of these "food banks" was opened near Flemington, New Jersey, by Hubert Hilder of nearby Pattenburg. Designed by Allison Fordyce and Glen Gardner, this plant embodies the last word in functional planning, modern design. A brief study of the equipment and methods used here will show the frozen food storage idea at its best and demonstrate the tremendous future potentialities of this method of food preservation both from the point of view of economy and rural health.

The cardinal point of a food processing plant is cleanliness, and the building must convey an impression of spotlessness and careful grooming. The next most important fact is the temperature machinery in the locker pit, freezer and chill room, and throughout the building. Light must have easy access, but sunlight gives heat and the direct rays should be kept out. At Hilder's this double duty is performed by having a shaded skylight over the workspace, and plenty of windows, but these are so arranged that the wide over-hang of the roof shades them from direct sunlight.

The interior plan was laid out in accordance with modern assembly line technique and entering food stuffs are as sternly regimented as any draftee at his induction.

The best way really to understand the workings of this remarkable plant is to follow one of the products through the various processes. Let us say that a woman, whom we shall call Mrs. Smith, has bought a quarter of beef and wants it processed and stored in her locker.

Immediately upon being unloaded the quarter is hooked, weighed and slid on its track into the 33-degree pre-cooler which is a partitioned anteroom to keep the fresh carcasses from the aging meats hanging in the main chill room. Pork, for instance, would never go into the main cooler at all but goes right from the pre-cooler to the butcher block.

After 24 hours the hind quarter is firm and cold, and now goes into a larger cold storage room to hang and age. The aging time depends entirely on the quality of the beef, sometimes requiring two days, sometimes six weeks to be just right.

When aging is finished, the beef, on which there is a ticket stamped with weight, date, owner's name and locker number, is brought into the processing room to be cut into individual roasts, steaks, stewing meat and ground beef packages. This is done entirely in accordance with the customer's personal instructions which are kept in a permanent record.

The hind quarter is now ready for wrapping in special moisture-proof, vapor-proof locker paper in order to keep its juices from drying out under the 20-degree below zero tempera- (*Continued on page* 52)

Another type of frozen food locker; meats, vegetables, fruit and other produce can be kept in perfect condition for months at sub-zero temperatures

Soil AND Man

by RUSSELL LORD

JAY N. DARLING AND THE IOWA TWENTY-FIVE YEAR PLAN

FROM 1934 until 1936 J. Norwood ("J. N. Ding") Darling was the most completely untrammelled and stimulating bureaucrat that I knew. At the suggestion of the President he had been appointed Chief of the U.S. Biological Survey, which is the Fish and Wildlife Service now. He was a bureau chief who kept his drawing board in his office and kept turning out cartoons. He did not like it in Washington but he did grand work there and he left in the Chief's chair a good stout man, Ira Gabrielson, to carry the labor on.

For years from his drawing board at Des Moines, Iowa, Ding had been crusading for overall conservation—not simply wildlife preservation, but better care of the whole living structure of our country from the ground up. He had been the moving spirit in formulating a Twenty-five Year Plan for a replanned and restored Iowa and had enlisted literally thousands of people there in a survey of the State's resources. He hoped that the federal government would accept a more sweeping version of the Iowa Plan and apply it to the nation as a whole.

Among others things Ding did in his breezy spell of service as a bureaucrat was to awaken a number of reporters, rural and urban, to the almost irreparable damage we as a people had done this land and people during the tumult and excitement of the first World War. I know this because I was one of the reporters he aroused. Before he quit as Chief, Ding had an Associated Press correspondent, Stephen McDonough, covering southern Iowa as if it were a battlefield and filing a series of dispatches on the condition of that ground.

Following the dailies in the more leisurely manner of magazine reporting, I went to see Ding at his Washington office and then pushed on to southern Iowa and wrote what I saw and heard. I was writing for a popular magazine at the time, and little of my piece was published. The editors found much of it unbelievable midway in 1934, and anyway it was "too unpleasant," as one of them said. Much of it was indeed unpleasant but all of it was true. I am glad I did not throw my original manuscript away. It is an old story now, but some old stories have a way of recurring and this one seems, as 1941 turns into 1942, timely again.

Ding (I wrote in 1934) fidgeted in the chair to which he had just been appointed. It was one of his first few days of service as a government man. The Washington weather was fierce and muggy. The new Chief of the U.S. Biological Survey was low in his mind. He said that he was no executive; that he ought to be back in Des Moines drawing his pictures; and Washington in summer, he said, is a cross between a Turkish bath and an insane asylum.

I told him that I was out to find something that would get the Retirement of Marginal Land palaver down to names, places, even prices, for a change. The new Chief ran his hand through his proud, surviving forelock and inquired morosely why any one should come to Washington, of all places, in search of anything definite. "Here, we sit on the clouds and plan. Each little group sits tight on its own little cloud," said Ding.

He signs his cartoons J. N. "Ding." The last is a college nickname. His closest friends call him "Jay." Born in Michigan, he went West with his parents to the then virgin Dakotas, and spent his boyhood with gun and tackle, paying little attention to school. His first sketches were of ducks in flight; these still are his favorite subjects in the etchings he makes for his own pleasure.

In point of sanity, distinguished drawing and a direct appeal of common sense and fairness, he is probably the greatest living American cartoonist. No one has spoken longer or more effectively for a decent conservation and restoration of natural resources. Whether Ding is drawing or writing, he talks in pictures.

"Look here," he said, and spread on the desk before him official photographs of eroded lands out in the richest middle section of our States. "What does it look like? Bomb craters. And that's not far wrong. Wounded hills; four thousand miles or more from the Western Front, but they got torn up.

"Grain prices were soaring. The United States Government was shouting to the farmers to feed the Allies. More and more woodland fell before the axe. More and more grassland succumbed to the plow. Our hills washed thinner. Our rivers grew muddier. Water-tables fell. More springs went dry. More game died.

"The whole story reaches, of course, far back from that. It goes back to the beginning of our settlement and pioneer exploitation of this continent. But the War provided a rapid-fire climax to a made picture of destruction."

He crossed to his drawing board, spread a map of the United States upon it and with six quick strokes of his pencil drew a kite. It was a big kite, slanting diagonally across the middle of the country, upside down. Any one can draw it. Join Kansas City with Sioux City, then Kansas City with St. Louis, then St. Louis with Chicago, and you have the top of it. The northern border of Wisconsin is the bottom line. The Mississippi strikes down through it like the midrib of a leaf. A maze of tributary rivers—the Missouri, Illinois, Des Moines, Cedar, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Chippewa and lesser streams—lead into it.

Ding marked in all these moving waters darkly. "They're dirty," he said. "From Iowa alone a cubic mile of the world richest topsoil has been carried down and dumped into the Gulf of Mexico. When you lose that much Iowa land, you've lost something!

"Railroads seeking easy grades give people passing through the idea it's all flat country. It's mostly hills. The lower two-thirds of Iowa, for instance, is broken or rough; and a lot of it is washing.

"This region has been there at least 500,000,000 years. We white men took it over only 260 years ago. What a mess we've made of it! Forests are butchered, lakes and marshes drained to no purpose; streams polluted, fishing ruined; game, except for squirrels and rabbits, almost gone.

"It's shameful and wasteful. Wildlife has value. Money value, for one thing. Forests, fish, waterfowl, upland game, camp sites, and the tourist income that flows into a region which provides these attractions can easily come to more money than that region will ever gather from ordinary farming.

"Here's a part down here in the Southeast corner, where the Des Moines River meets the Mississippi, that we surveyed for action before I came to this job, when I was Game Commissioner of Iowa. We got the data and drew up our plan. It's the plan I'm talking to every official here in Washington I can get to listen. You can write about it if you want to. Only, make it plain I'm not speaking officially or with sanction.

"Here's a piece of 360,000 acres in Missouri-Iowa border counties that were heavily timbered until the war. I wish you could go out there. To Davis County particularly: that would be a good place to see the beginnings of a restoration demonstration; a first attempt to patch the kite.

Typical "Ding" cartoon; Jay N. Darling's pencil has helped to make him one of our leading conservationists

"The patch I'm most interested in is three northern townships, Salt Creek, Soap Creek and Licking—48,000 acres, in a block. Try to get up there. But first go just over the line, in the neighboring county, Wapello. See Dr. W. C. Boone. He's on the State Fish and Game Commission. Tell him I sent you."

Dr. W. C. Boone is a strapping man with sharp, gray, contemplative eyes. "The Iowa Plan is mainly the Ding Plan," he said. "I mean the whole thing: game restoration, clean rivers, 25 new lakes, parks, preserves, forests, landscaped highways, free of billboards—a civilized state, its beauty and resources used wisely, instead of a frantic pioneer exploitation of all God gave us!

"Ding was among those who caught the idea from Dr. Thomas H. MacBride, the first great conservationist in Iowa. The Iowa Twenty-five Year Plan is an outgrowth of lectures Dr. MacBride gave at the University of Iowa 40 years ago. Literally hundreds of us worked on that two-year survey and report; the college people at Ames, foresters, landscape architects, sportsmen, Boy Scouts, Audubon society folks. clubwomen. I believe that everyone who had a hand in it will agree that Ding, with his extraordinary power to reach and stir public sentiment, was the moving spirit behind it.

"The thing that finished Davis County was the war. Rolling farms were plowed and mined for corn and wheat. The Government said, 'Plow,' and against their better judgment, the farmers plowed. We feel that our plan for those three northern townships, and for similar areas, has a moral justification. The Government helped these people up there make a terrible mistake. The Government ought to help them unmake it and get on a sound basis.

"A lot of the land has gone back to the State for taxes. There might be some way to get at that and bring it into the plan. But the main thing I'd like to know is whether, if the offer is ever made, the people up there who still hold title would care to sell and come in on a coöperative game project, with subsistence homesteads of 20 acres, on the side."

"How much do you figure the Government could pay for Iowa hill land?" I asked him.

"Around $20 an acre. Some distressed land in this part of the country is moving for that. We figure the Government could pay even $25 for some land, if it had to, and come out better than even on the project at the end of 30 years. But $20 is a fair price."

"How many people would have to move?"

"In the three townships we're speaking of, there are now eight families to every 3,000 acres, on the average. On every 3,000 acre tract under game management, we'd leave one family as custodians, and move an average of seven to subsistence homesteads, grouped in the valleys. Or perhaps, if the people prefer, their houses could be placed singly, on twenty-acre tracts. Some fifteen families would stay where they are, as game and forest custodians. In all, then, around a hundred fifteen families would be affected on this 18,000 acre tract."

As you enter Davis County from Ottumwa, the good road ends and a faded Chamber of Commerce sign proclaims: "Welcome to Davis County: The Heart of the Bluegrass Country." Bluegrass can not hold the land on some of its tree-mown slopes. "It's wonderful for grass and trees," said T. W. Rogers, the first farmer I talked with. "But stir it up to crop it, and even on the level, it'll go away from you."

We went to some of the best farms in the region and I take these remarks from my notes as typical. In a few days you can't hope to so survey sentiment in a given piece of country as to report with accuracy what the people there feel. There would be, naturally, an instinctive, cautious, opposition to such sweeping moves as Ding proposes; but no one with whom I talked in Davis County, was unfriendly or unreceptive to his idea.

They feel that a bad mistake has been made in local farm policy; and if Ding (his personal following in Iowa is enormous) thinks he knows how to correct it, they are ready to listen, eagerly. In a large sheaf of notes, scratched down after my conversations, I find nowhere a note of hostility. Specimens: *F. and P.C. On relief. "Can't raise shoe money here." Want it. . . . G. F. High-type man. 1-acre, four children, 26 chickens. Straw-boss in quarry, part-time. For it. . . . E. W. and wife, three children. Rents 108 acres for $75 a year. "Would favor it." . . . D. L. Valley landowner; nice place, well-farmed, interested "for others."* And so on.

All this, as I have said, was part of a story written more than seven years ago. I am writing this footnote here at my place in the Harford country of Maryland on January 2, 1942. There is war in this land again. I look out of my window and see on a nearby hillside still another portable sawmill outfit slashing away. Already the pile of sawdust is nearly as high as the nearest house. I have seen the woods where many of these logs come from. Forest practices there are not in general what you could call enlightened. And I see more fall plowing on these hills now than I have seen since I came here to live in Harford County in 1934. Not all of it is contour cultivation, by any means. We know better this time, but will we do better? Just a little better will not be good enough.

Old English Silver

This beautiful, assembled George II Silver after-dinner Coffee Set is comprised of the following pieces. Coffee Pot, London 1746 by John Swift: Cream Pitcher, London 1738 by David Willaume: Porringer (used as Sugar Bowl). Guernsey, circa 1745, maker's mark I. H.: Waiter, London 1740 by John Eckfourd.

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Cellar and Pantry

by CROSBY GAIGE

CELTUCE, THE NEW VEGETABLE: MR. SMITH IS TREATED TO CANNED SALMON

As this particular month of February of this particular year of 1942 comes thrusting its particularly cold, unpleasant personality into the Editorial Chamber, I do not bid it welcome. I would like to send it back to the place from whence it came—to the company, as described by Lord Auckland in writing of the French revolution "of certain miscreants, assuming the name of philosophers, who have presumed themselves capable of establishing a new system of society."

Just at this moment my cat, Mr. Smith, who had been quietly sleeping on my work-table, aroused himself, stretched, yawned widely, read the above paragraph carefully and said:

"His lordship, from a long range, or cat's eye point of view, certainly hit the nail right where a nail should be hit. After a cursory look at some recent attempts at new systems of society, I must say that they leave me cold. I like the society to which I have become accustomed.

"Incidentally, if I may say so, I like you because you do not startle me from my sleep with crude noises and sudden movements and you have learned the science of scratching my ear and my chin just at the right spots.

"I even like dogs; they amuse me. They are simple creatures who can't even give themselves a bath. This dog, Buddy, of yours, which makes such a fuss about the house at night, I honestly believe would be afraid to go to bed alone in his kennel if I weren't there to keep him company.

"I am well aware that there are miscreant cats in the world, that an exceedingly obnoxious one lives over at Ferris's, but after his last visit to my back yard, even though he is the Town Clerk's cat, I imagine he will feel safer at home.

"By the way, now that we have decided to preserve the *status quo*, how would you feel about a little snack? Let's open a can of that Icy Point salmon that John Allen sent me for Christmas. You can fix yours with a hard-boiled egg, some lettuce and a drop of vinegar. I'll take mine straight.

"You know, there's nothing much better than a good can of salmon and Mr. Allen's gift came just at the psychological moment, for Miss Bauer has recently got into the bad habit of buying canned mackerel which is a much inferior product. The first time she served it to me she said 'Come, pretty Kitty, here's some nice salmon for you.' You should have seen the look I gave her. The minute she addressed me as 'pretty Kitty' I knew she was trying to put something over.

"That salmon certainly was a great delicacy," said Smith, sitting back and carefully brushing a flake of fish from his moustache, "and now that we have the library to ourselves, I wonder if I might ask you a personal question. Unlike the rest of the family, I have never pried into your extra mural affairs, but as I sit near you many nights at the dinner table and listen to your accounts of your day in town, they seem to me to relate mainly to hotels and restaurants and barrooms. I have heard you mention The Colony and '21,' The Barberry and El Morocco, but most often The Men's Bar at The Waldorf.

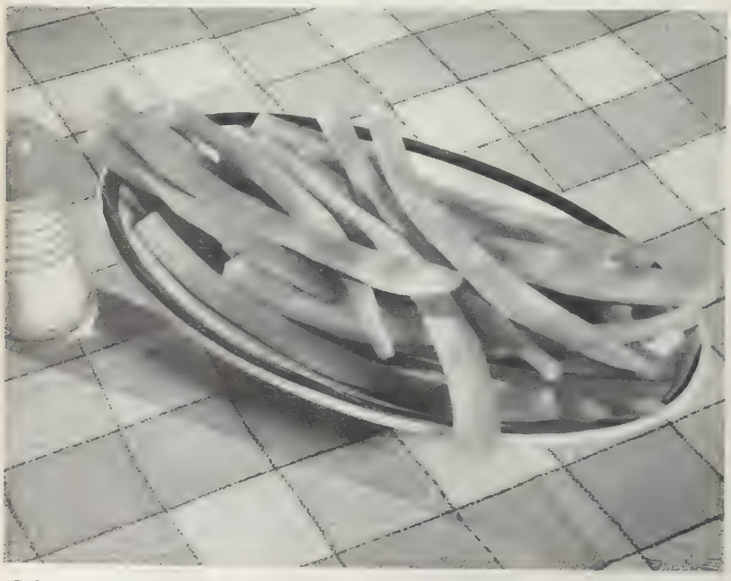
"I have never been in a restaurant or an hotel although René Black once told me that he would give me a luncheon party at The Waldorf on my birthday. What, sir, is the attraction of such places?"

"Smith," said I, "you talk too much. I have to write a piece for COUNTRY LIFE and so I am going to answer your inquiry by reading to you the reply made by Dr. Véron to a similar question, as to his fondness for the *Café de Paris*.

" 'My dear friend, depend upon it that it is a man's stomach which found the aphorism *qui va piano va sano, qui va sano va lontano*. In your own home the soup is on the table at a certain hour, the roast is taken off the jack, the dessert is spread upon the sideboard.

" 'The servants, in order to get more time over their own meals, hurry you up; they do not serve you, they gorge you. At the restaurant, they are never in a hurry, they let you wait. And, besides, I always tell the waiters not to mind me; that I like being kept a long time.

" 'Another thing: at the restaurant the door is opened at every moment and something happens. A friend, a chum or a mere acquaintance comes in; one chats and laughs: all this aids digestion. A man ought not to be like a boa constrictor, he ought not to make digestion a business apart. He ought to dine and digest at the same time and nothing aids this dual function like good conversation. Perhaps the servant of Mme. de Maintenon when she was still Mme. Scarron, was a greater philosopher than we suspect, when he whispered to his mistress—"Madame, the roast has run out, give them another story.' "



Celtuce peeled and ready to be served raw as you would celery or carrots, or to be cooked as you would asparagus

HAIL, CELTUCE!

News comes from gallant China that is not war news. It has nothing to do with bombs and bombers, but is a green and gracious message from the good earth itself. Yes, if you have not already guessed the secret, it is a vegetable, old to the gardens of western China, but new to us in America. I met it for the first time at a dinner party given recently by one of America's really distinguished hosts.

It has finally arrived, after four years of testing, by and with the sponsorship of the W. Atlee Burpee Company under the somewhat uninspired name of "celtuce," which is supposed to connote to the mind a combination of celery and lettuce.

I have often wondered at the vagaries of such names as alligator pear, grapefruit, vegetable oyster, and horse radish. Don't let the name celtuce prejudice you against this new and delicious plant. It is really a member of the prolific lettuce family which is believed to have had its origin in Asia. This variety has the fresh, crispy taste of lettuce and more than a reminder to the palate of celery.

A stalk of Celtuce with the lower leaves removed

The outer leaves may be served as lettuce. The stalks, however, when peeled of the tough outer layers, are the choice part of the plant. They may be used raw in the salad bowl, or steamed and served like asparagus with melted butter, but to my mind they are best boiled and presented hot with Sauce Hollandaise or Sauce Mornay. Celtuce braised in chicken stock and served with slices of poached beef marrow and a touch of grated Gruyère Cheese is an *entree par excellence* to serve with a roasted chicken or young turkey.

Celtuce seed, moderately priced, will be available through the good offices of the Burpee Company of Philadelphia and I heartily recommend this new adventure to the home gardener.

(*Continued from page* 16)

question of conservation of soil and water. In these hills as elsewhere throughout the world, that was the foundation of all else. This plan meant a certain amount of reforestation, the exclusion of all cattle from woodland areas, the refencing of very nearly the whole of the 600 acres, the construction of terrace ditches, the employment of cover crops, of strip farming methods. There were many other smaller projects such as the construction of ponds and the restoration of once drained marshy areas.

Second on the list was the determination to make the 600 acres and the families living upon it as nearly independent of the outside world as possible. This was our own program of agricultural unit self-sufficiency. For me this was one of the important projects, not only because it was one of the keystones of the program of security but because of the knowledge I had acquired elsewhere.

I had seen the good-living and independence that existed on a rich French farm, and I had seen in this country the imbecility of certain farmers at the other extreme of the scale—the farmers of the great wheat and corn areas of the West where wheat and corn grew up to the doorstep and farmers' wives bought tinned vegetables for their families in mid-summer. I had seen the cotton and tobacco areas where there were thousands of acres of cotton and tobacco and most farmers' families lived all year round upon a depleting diet of corn pone and sow belly and hominy grits.

We have near our own farm, even in rich diversified Ohio, farmers who come to us to buy apples when all that is necessary is to plant a few trees and let them go. What we sought was a community on that 600 acres which bought only salt, pepper, sugar and spices. With our big maple sugar grove, we could in a pinch, eliminate even the necessity for buying sugar.

Third there was the question of diversification. Ohio is not in any of the devastated, wasteful, disgraceful single crop areas. General farming and diversification are naturally in the Ohio scheme of things. And so we emphasized this part of the program.

The five year plan included 5000 laying hens, 75 to 100 head of breeding stock for producing baby beef, 100 to 150 head of hogs, 250 breeding ewes, and possibly a program of capon and broilers. The grain was not to be sold. If there was a surplus, we should simply put on more feeding animals. In addition the program included a herd of ten purebred Guernseys to provide milk, butter and cream for the farm community—a herd which, bred to prize bulls by artificial insemination, provided by its annual increase a substantial income and profit. The dairy business was left open. When the price of milk was good we would go into the business; when it dropped below the margin of profit, we should sell out. This program eventually encountered the compromises and changes we anticipated.

Fourth we had a plan for modernizing the buildings and the general set-up so as to make for efficiency and the elimination of waste time and expenditure which is one of the besetting deficiencies of so many farms. We were fortunate in this in having both natural gas and electricity available. Again in this we were to undertake nothing which was beyond the means of any average enterprising farmer.

We might, with the capital I had earned, do everything at once, but none of it was to be beyond the means of the neighbors about us. If they could not do it in six months they could do it gradually over a period of three years at the outside. This part of the program was to include the mechanization of the field aspect of the farm. And here we were aware in the beginning of a curious problem which is typical not only of our farm but of the community, the state and indeed the whole world. We had to find that line between hand labor and mechanization which was sound not only for ourselves economically but sound for the community economically and socially. That is one aspect of a very great national problem which I will have a great deal to say about later on.

Last, my own house, which is large because it was built for a large family, with evacuees from war-distracted Europe and servants, had also to be my own business center, office and a hotel for those who came to do business with me. Therefore it was not to be regarded as a part of the farm itself, as the investment was out of proportion with that necessary for the average farm house. The house, however, was to contain rooms which could serve as a meeting place for Grange, 4-H Clubs, Farm Bureau, Fish and Game, Conservation and other organizations. This was to be a part of the social side of the experiment. To include this house in the capital investment would obviously be un fair to the very project we were setting up.

All this in brief was the program for an enterprise we hoped would not only be satisfying to ourselves

"YOU DONE ME WRONG"

I'm just an INDIFFERENT MARTINI.
Doomed to grow warm in my glass.
I was born to be tasted, set down to be wasted.
I'm just one of those things folks *"let pass"*.

I'm just an INDIFFERENT MARTINI.
I'm harder to take than you think.
And minus the flavor that wins social favor
I'm unfit to sip or to drink.

I'm just an INDIFFERENT MARTINI.
I'm a source of despair and chagrin.
You're *"all wet"* people cry, *"and you ought to be dry"*
And your folks ought to try GILBEY'S GIN.

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH
GILBEY'S
The International
GIN

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA
National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y. — 90 Proof — Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Make a smart WINE CELLAR out of a Kitchen Cupboard!

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but serve as a benefit to the community as well and to all farmers in general. That was three years ago. Since then we have encountered many delights, many disappointments, some disillusionment; but on the whole an immense and growing satisfaction, and on the whole we have already been of use to the world of agriculture and especially to the cause of conservation and that of diversification and agricultural self-sufficiency. The remaining articles of this series will be devoted to the problems we have encountered, the manner in which we dealt with them, the progress of our experiment and its growing success both as a private cooperative enterprise and in relation to agriculture as a whole.

WHY DO FARMERS PLOW?

(*Continued from page* 14)

who previously could manage a few square rods now could raise food on an acre or more.

Such an invention at a time when England was never far from actual starvation captured the imagination of rural people everywhere. It was electric in its effect upon contemporary thought. The population now could eat regularly and well, provided enough farmers could have mouldboard plows.

Inventions did not happen often in the early eighteenth century. New aids to living were rare, indeed. The mouldboard plow, destined to revolutionize the lives of world populations, marked the beginning of a new era. So completely did it fill the greatest material need of a poorly nourished world that it was accorded a place in people's thought such as usually is reserved for saints and priests only. The plow had saved humanity, almost literally.

The farmer of that day had more trouble keeping unwanted things from growing than in getting his crops to grow. For him, then, the use of the plow was excellent strategy because it did create temporary conditions which made it impossible for weeds to grow. This gave him time to get the root and grain crops started before the wild vegetation recovered from the setback caused by the plowing.

Once his crops were well started the incomparable richness of the black loamy soil kept them well ahead of the weeds. Now that the black loamy soil has completely disappeared from most land in this country, our proper strategy may well be the exact opposite of what was advantageous then. His plowing, even though it covered a lot

of organic matter could not create for him the sandwich OMP,[2] for there was too much depth of blackness in the soil.

Those earliest crude mouldboards could not be favorably compared with the mirror-like product of today's factories. Hammered out by hand at forges erected at or near the ore mines, they could become smooth only through much use. Designed by guess after trials, they never became stabilized to dependable shape until a century after farmers began to use them universally.

But, despite its shortcomings—much easier to appraise from our viewpoint than from that of the contemporary farmer—the plow was, in that crude state, the greatest invention of the age. It dispelled hunger as the first oil lamp dispelled darkness. Aladdin's lamp was no more wonderful.

When a century later the first experiment station was established at Rothamsted, England, no one bethought himself to question whether the neat work done by the mouldboard plow might be responsible for the trouble farmers were beginning to have growing crops. To have suspected the plow of contributing to the incipient poverty of their soil would have been considered by those farmers as the acme of treason. Treason to an old friend, begorra!

The men of science who manned that first station, as well as the state experiment stations later established in this country, inherited that unquestioning reverence for the plow. The doctrine of the Divine Right of Plows passed down from generation to generation so that the possibility that the plow might be blamable for the waning fertility of the soil never seriously occurred to anybody along the line.

For decades, to my own personal knowledge, men have sensed that the plowing in of a layer of organic matter at the plowsole must of necessity interfere with capillary movement; but the subconscious feeling that The Plow Can Do No Wrong apparently prevented anybody from doing anything about it.

The result is that, though we have had experiment stations in this country for more than three-quarters of a century, no experiment station ever conducted — prior to 1937 — tests designed to compare directly the effects of incorporating organic matter into the soil by different implements, including the plow. Neglect to do this has definitely handicapped the development of basic soil information which easily might have prevented the debacle into which our American soils have drifted.

When the above facts have been considered one need not be a psychologist to know that the basis of our soil problems may be as much psychologic as otherwise scientific. If the reader thinks this is based altogether upon an imaginative picture of the origins of the plow, let him consider some quotations from authentic agricultural literature of the present century.

The Yearbook of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for 1903 carries this statement on page 284: "Decayed organic matter, by itself or in combination with mineral soil, absorbs moisture much more rapidly than soil containing little or no organic matter; hence, the greater the amount of leaf mould and other litter, the more rapidly will the rain be absorbed. Rapidity of absorption is also influenced by the degree of looseness of the mineral soil. In the forest the mulch of leaves and litter keeps the mineral soil loose and in the best condition for rapid absorption."

If that statement seems old enough for its validity to be questioned, compare its import with the follow-

ing from the Department of Agriculture's Yearbook for 1938, pages 609-610: "Forest litter—the carpet of dead leaves, twigs, limbs, and logs on the forest floor—serves in several ways. Water falling as rain on bare soil dislodges silt and clay particles by its impact. These are taken into suspension and carried into the tiny pores and channels between the soil particles as the water makes its way downward. Very shortly the filtering action of the soil causes the openings to be clogged by the particles; water can no longer move downward through the soil, so it flows over the surface carrying with it the dislodged silt and clay; and erosion is actively under way. A protective layer of litter prevents this chain of events by absorbing the impact of the falling drops of water. After the litter becomes soaked, excess water trickles gently into the soil surfaces, no soil particles are dislodged, the water remains clear, pores and channels remain open, and surface flow is eliminated except in periods of protracted heavy rains."

I can detect no significant difference in the meaning of the two quotations. The latter gives a more intimate picture of the processes involved, but it fully confirms the less graphic description in the earlier statement. Moreover, every experiment ever conducted confirms the truth presented.

A paragraph from a letter dated February, 1940, should be interesting in this connection:

"The Department of Agriculture has long been interested in developing new methods of soil treatment which will maintain and build up

2. OMP—Organic Matter Profile. Sandwich OMP is created by the mouldboard plow when a large quantity of organic matter is laid in on the bottom of the furrow and covered. The well mixed OMP in unused soils is properly known as Surface OMP.

the organic matter content of the soil. Studies carried out by the Soil Conservation Service at a number of locations have already produced unusually outstanding results along this line. At Statesville, North Carolina, for example, it has been found that several inches of pine needles spread over the soil surface reduced the loss of soil by erosion to a point almost beyond measurement. There was also a considerable increase in the organic matter content of the soil and indications point to a worthwhile increase in crop yields. In Nebraska subsurface tillage, which leaves straw and other litter undisturbed on the soil surface, has proved remarkably effective in reducing soil and water losses and in preliminary experiments has led to a material increase in the yield of several crops tested."

This was signed by the Assistant to the Secretary. It may be said that my letter to which this was the reply had mentioned and asked for comment on the fact that the mouldboard plow had never been put to test for validation. No mention of the matter was made in the official reply.

The fact that no advance whatever is apparent when the 1903 statement is compared with those of 1938 and 1940, indicates that effort to implement the earlier findings into general farm practice had been neglected. The statements from the Yearbooks refer to forest soils, of course; but that fact must not obscure the bigger fact that the findings discussed concern principles of universal application.

Principles which are valid in the forest are valid in the field, always; so it seems that researches into the importance of organic matter on the surface of crop land should have been started as soon as the earlier announcement had been made. If any such work was begun earlier than 1937 I have been unable to find any record of it.

Well, that's about the story as to why farmers plow. If there is science back of it, it must be psychology. No other viewpoint seems to make sense.

Though it is notable that agricultural scientists intend to promulgate only such teachings as have been thoroughly tested and found to be unquestionable, the fact that the mouldboard plow had never been subjected to such tests seems never to have occurred to scientific men. There is no evidence whatever that this omission had been detected until early in 1940.

All of which is strong presumptive evidence in favor of the theory that psychology has been an important factor in our thinking about the plow. Farmers plow, then, because they like to plow.

THE QUARTER HORSE—A HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 39)

In Patrick Nisbett Edgar's Studbook we find listed many horses with the following abbreviations: C.A.Q.R.H. (Celebrated American Quarter Running Horse); F.A.Q.R.H. (Famous American Quarter Running Horse); or C.A.Q.R.M. (Celebrated American Quarter Running Mare). It is interesting to read the entries:

"Old Bacchus" . . . F.A.Q.R.H. . . . very heavily made for his height, 14.2 hands, foaled 1774, gotten by C.A.Q.R.H. "Old Babram." Died 1789.

"Little Bacchus" . . . 14 hands . . . sired by "Old Bacchus," foaled 1778.

"Red Bacchus" . . . C.A.Q.R.H. . . . Bay, 14.1 hands, heavily muscled.

"Dash" . . . C.A.Q.R.M. . . . She was one of the swiftest Quarter nags in the world of her day and won a vast deal of money.

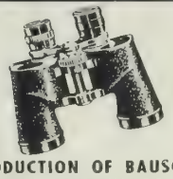
People who feel that the Quarter Horse is an offshoot of the American Thoroughbred should note the dates and see that the Thoroughbred was founded with the help of the Quarter Horse. Indeed, 33 horses and mares in the first two volumes of Bruce's Studbook are described as Quarter Horses in Edgar's. When they were transcribed by Bruce from Edgar's book into his own, this was left out.

It is even possible that Justin Morgan was a Quarter Horse. Anson said this was generally conceded, adding that Stillman and members of the Morgan Horse Club of New York admitted he could have been nothing else. Major Grove Cullum, an authority on Western horses, one-time Chief of Remount and now with the New Mexico Racing Commission, says that, inasmuch as Quarter racing was popular in Colonial times, it is possible that Justin Morgan was a Quarter Horse.

Steeldust is the most famous of Quarter Horses, but much of his life is lost in a maze of legends. As one ranchman put it, Steeldust would turn over in his grave if he knew how many "broomtails" were sold under his name. Every trader who has not recently joined a church will modestly admit that his horses are direct descendants of Steeldust.

Wherever cattle are handled in the open and rodeos promoted by stockmen, Quarter Horse blood can be seen, whether they are called Steeldust, Billy Horses, Printers, Copper-Bottoms, Kentucky Whips, Cold-Decks, Rondos, or any of the names inherited from some Quarter Horse sire.

We have few reliable descriptions of Steeldust, Billy Shilo, and other founders of the strain, but the uniformity of their descendants give us a clear picture. Steeldust can be



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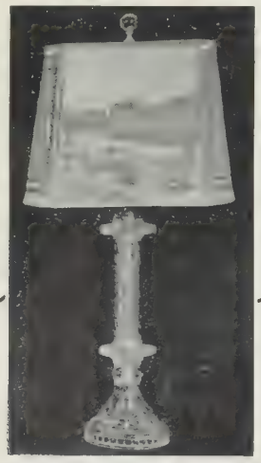

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THE MONTH IN THE SHOPS

is a regular feature of "Country Life"

told from other Quarter Horses as readily as Quarter Horses can be told from other breeds.

To the casual observer, the Billy might resemble a compact Thoroughbred more than would a Steeldust, due to the infusion of Thoroughbred blood between 1890 and 1915. Billy horses, however, do not really resemble Thoroughbreds.

Steeldusts are shorter in the neck and shoulders, more compact and closer to the ground than Billys or Thoroughbreds. The forearm and rear quarters of the Thoroughbred are not so heavily muscled. Seemingly, the Steeldust has more muscle on the outside and inside of the leg and hindquarters, while the Thoroughbred is muscled principally on the inside.

Steeldusts have the smooth and compact shape, short back and deep barrel of the Quarter Horse, but the unusually heavy musculature which stamps the breed seems to reach a peak which "amounts to almost a deformity in his bulging jaw." This explains why the Steeldust strain is occasionally referred to as "Big Jaws."

Anson termed it a "coarseness of the head." Casement says, "these massive jaws serve as a symbol of the tenacity and determination which mark the strain. They make a contrast to the alert little ears that denote the keenness of the horse's sensibilities and furnish a background for the forehead and eyes that bespeak equine wisdom."

Those acquainted with the Criollo horse of the Argentine will see a striking resemblance.

Steeldust and Billy were undoubtedly the first Quarter Horses to make a marked impression on the cowhorses of the West. But other strains established branches of the family in the Southwest: Cold-Decks, Printers, Rondos, Copper-Bottoms, and the Blake Horse. The Blake Horse, one of the best of the Cold-Deck line of Steeldusts, was developed by S. C. Blake of Pryor, Okla. In 1921, Mr. Blake presented the Remount Service with a Quarter Horse called Tramp. Tramp was by Tubal-Cain by Cold-Deck by old Cold-Deck by Steeldust; the dam of Tubal-Cain was by Alsup's Red Buck.

Copper-Bottoms were found mostly in Central West Texas. They normally weighed 100 pounds less than other Quarter Horses, but their splendid withers, fine pasterns and refined heads made them aristocrats among Quarter Horses. R. L. Underwood of Wichita Falls has one of the last pure blood Copper-Bottoms in his old stud, Chief. His horse, Dexter, is a son of Chief and a Steeldust mare and combines many of the best features of both.

Rondo horses are an offshoot of the Billy horses. The original Billy was brought to Texas from Kentucky in 1865 by Bill Fleming. There is evidence that he was a son of Steeldust. Billy sired many top stallions such as Red Rover, Jim-Brown, Midnight, and McCoy Billy. The last horse sired Rondo.

Rondo, owned by Crawford Sykes, produced many good horses such as Big Jim, Old Mae, Little Joe II, Baby Ruth, Nettie Harrison, Kitty, Blue Eye, and Old Jenny. Peter McCue was bred in Petersburg, Ill., by the famous Watkins family, which produced such great horses as Dan Tucker, Barney Owens, and Hi Henry. Peter McCue was the sire of Harmon Baker, Hickory Bill, Buck Thomas and John Wilkins.

One of the earliest stockmen to become known as a breeder of Quarter Horses was the aforementioned William Anson of Cristoval, Texas. Of an old English family, he came to the New World during the last half of the nineteenth century to seek his fortune. He became a real Westerner in the best sense of the word, though he never lost his English accent or manner.

Anson got his opportunity to collect Quarter Horses when buying for the British during the Boer War. While gathering large numbers of horses he was able to obtain for himself excellent Quarter Horses, particularly Steeldusts. With these as a base, he began to breed on his Head-of-the-River ranch on the concho.

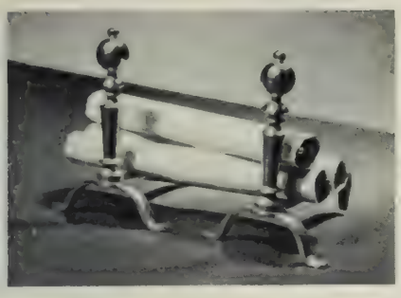
He crossed several of the bloodlines, buying Harmon Baker, a son of Peter McCue, and an Arch Oldham horse, from Crawford Sykes. Perhaps the outstanding stud he produced was Jim Ned. Jim Ned sired two very famous colts: Brown Jug, who went to Mexico, and Concho Colonel, who was bought by Dan Casement.

With Concho Colonel, Casement bred Balleymooney, who in turn sired such well-known modern horses as Red Dog, Frosty, Billy Byrne, and Deuce, all bearing the Casement Triangle-Bar brand.

Thus, we have the Quarter Horse arising in the English colonies with much of his blood coming from Spain. In short races, from ten or thirty yards to a furlong or a quarter, certain characteristics were developed: outstanding were his cool head, compact body, and muscles of spring steel, capable of split-second speed. Endurance and hardness he got from his Spanish dams, speed and grace from Thoroughbred blood.

There is an old saying that Quarter Horses can run as "far and as fast as they can hold their breath." Whether this is true or not is questionable, but anyone who has tried to get an extra ounce of energy for some vigorous action can understand.

IN THE *Shops*



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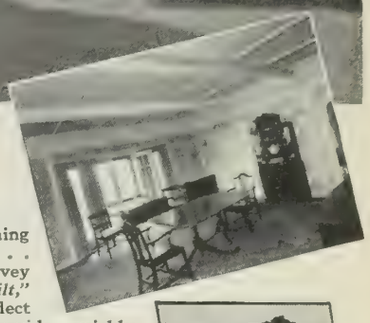

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Gardens

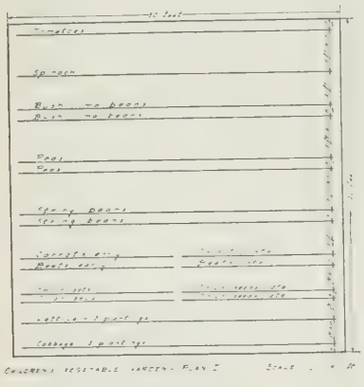
by DOROTHY NICHOLAS

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO THEIR PART BY GROWING VEGETABLES

THIS is a garden article for children; not very young children because I have found anyone still in the fat topheavy age is fairly useless. Practically standing on their heads with fat little "fannies" in the air, they plant enthusiastically, their stubby fingers poking seeds into the ground with vigor.

That is an encouraging picture, of course, but unless carefully guarded you may see almost the identical picture the following day, but with an intent to dig *up* the seeds to see if there is anything doing. This, therefore, is an article for older children, who feel just as deeply as grown ups that they want to do their part in helping their country in its hour of need.

Surely a constructive, far-reaching thing to do would be to raise things to eat. Everybody has to eat; a country right down the line from a small family to an army division relies on nourishment for its effectiveness. So, boys and girls, if you live in the country or in the suburbs and have the use of a piece of land, how about a cracking good, little vegetable garden for your defense work? If you are with me, here goes for some suggestions on planning, sowing, tending, reaping, and (incidentally) loving a garden all your own.



Start planning now in February; it gives you time to think things through and not have to hurry and scurry and get a little rattled when spring suddenly descends upon you, and you have not figured things out.

You will see here three plans. No. I is the simplest one imaginable. No nonsense about it, just straight rows of vegetables. This plan is for a small garden, twenty feet square. If you like the simple layout, but wish a larger garden, it is easy to push it out and make it 30 or even 40 feet square. The general layout would still hold good, only the rows would be longer and you could add a patch of sweet corn at one end.

Plan II is for the boy or girl who wants something a bit more exciting than just a square piece of land devoted to vegetables. Here you have two V's for a Victory Garden, plus an outline of flowers to make it gay and colorful.

Plan III is a community garden so to speak, and operated by four children. Suppose for example, there are two boys in the same family near of an age, who each wants a garden; they have two friends, next door neighbors, who also want gardens but have no available land. The four young people can pool their interests and have one garden, divided into four plots.

It is always fun to have company when working; also a spirit of rivalry soon appears, and each one will try to out-do the others in having his garden produce the most, and look the handsomest. (No fighting, mind you; I am referring to good friendly rivalry, not a free for all over whose garden is the best.)

These plans are merely suggestions. You may think of some other design that you like better, and you may also want to discard some of the vegetables I have suggested and substitute others. I have put in the basic, easy to grow kinds, with an eye to putting away some for winter use, but if you want to throw some out, throw away! Perhaps some of you feel like the little girl I knew who, when asked what her greatest wish in the world would be, answered: "That spinach didn't grow!"

Following is a list of items you will want to work on, and just because it may look a little like your home-work, don't let that dismay you, because I believe this table may be a guide, philosopher, and friend in your enterprise. If so, I advise cutting it out of the magazine and tacking it up some place, so you can refer to it whenever you want to.

I. LIST OF QUESTIONS AND REQUIREMENTS (TAKEN UP LATER IN DETAIL).

(I). SIZE OF GARDEN:

1. This depends on how much time and work you can put into it. Don't try too large a garden as it is discouraging if you cannot keep it going. A plot 20 x 20 thickly planted should feed about four people, 30 x 30 five people, and so on up.

(II). LOCATION OF GARDEN:

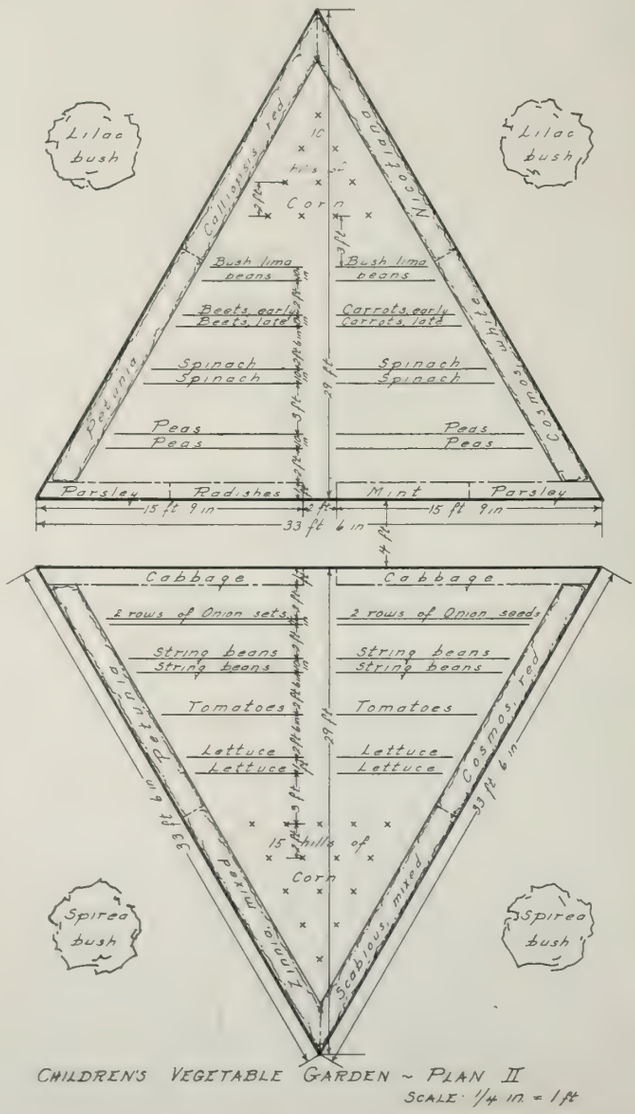
1. It should be in a sunny place and on a level piece of ground if possible. If planting is done on a slope the rain and moisture will run away from the plants, which is not good. Try to find a place that has the right kind of soil, which means a dark crumbly soil, neither sandy nor too sticky. You may need advice on this; if so ask a farmer, or gardener to give it to you.

(III). PREPARATION OF GARDEN:

1. This is the way to go about it and you will probably have to ask for a little help, as it is no joke to do it alone.
   A. First measure out your space, and drive some stakes in the corners. If you are going to use Plan II or III you will need a lot of stakes and probably some string to stretch between, to outline the general plan.
   B. There should be a *heavy* layer of manure (well-rotted horse and cow manure mixed, is O. K.) put on top of the ground and dug in deeply with a strong digging fork. It should then be raked all smooth and nice, with no stones, lumps, or bumps. It is sometimes a tough little job to prepare a garden *right*, but success or failure depends on it, so don't weaken!

(IV). HOW TO FINANCE:

1. If you need capital (that is cash money) to pay for the manure, seeds, and the help of a strong armed digger, I would advise going to your family and asking for a loan. Before doing so, find out:
   A. What you can buy manure for in your vicinity.
   B. If you need a man to help dig for half a day, inquire the price.
   C. Figure out from catalogue prices what the cost of the seeds will be. By the way, it pays to buy only the best, so don't economize on seeds. Go to a reliable seed store; and don't be lured by pretty packages at the village grocers.
   D. Add total; then make arrangement to borrow necessary cash, with agreement to pay back indebtedness in vegetables, say $1 worth a week. After that you can do what you think best with your produce. Give it to your family, to a nearby can-



CHILDREN'S VEGETABLE GARDEN ~ PLAN II

SCALE 1/4 IN = 1 FT

teen, to a canning kitchen, to a local relief agency, or to anything else that seems of vital importance in your vicinity.

V). VEGETABLES TO PLANT, HOW TO PLANT, AND HOW TO CULTIVATE:

1. Peas:
   - A. To me the most "yummy" of all home-grown vegetables.
     - a. Sow about April 10.
     - b. Plant early, medium, and late varieties, and they will give you a succession of luscious peas, for over four weeks from the date of planting.[1]
   - B. Varieties: There are so many good ones, it is hard to choose, but you will make no mistake if you try the following; they are all little dwarf fellows, so they do not have to be staked, which is a tedious job.
     - a. Early Market. (early)
     - b. Laxton Progress. (early)
     - c. Dwarf Alderman. (medium)
     - d. Dwarf Juno. (late)
   - C. About ¼ pint or ¼ lb. is needed to plant 20 ft.
   - D. How to plant:
     - a. Stretch a piece of string between stakes or use a regular garden line (if you have one) where the rows or drills are to go. Throw a light coating of commercial fertilizer over the area and rake it in.[2]
     - b. Make drill about 2 in. deep and 3 in. wide. Sow peas in drill, cover with soil, and tamp down gently with back of rake. Put two rows close together, 8 in. apart, skip 3 ft., then plant two more rows close together.
   - E. How to cultivate:
     - a. That seems an odd word, doesn't it? To be "cultivated" in the world outside of gardens means to be well-read, to know languages, to be able to talk well on art and music. In the gardening sense, it means to be constantly stirred up! For just as soon as the tiny plants break through the soil, and start poking their little noses out for air, you must commence *cultivating*. This means to gently hoe or stir the soil between the rows to the depth of an inch or two with an instrument known as a cultivator.
     - b. This cultivator comes with three prongs on a long handle. If three makes the cultivator too wide, remove one of the prongs and use two, or in an extremely narrow place just one.
     - c. I truly cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of keeping a garden well cultivated. It makes or mars the success of your whole enterprise, for it not only keeps the weeds down, but the stirring of the soil does all sorts of underground, secret, and wonderful things for the welfare of your plants. If you will do this job religiously once a week, you should have no further trouble until the vegetables have developed and you proudly pick, and pick, and pick!
2. Spinach:
   - A. Fresh garden spinach is so good and so different from the bought kind.
   - B. Varieties:
     - a. Early Savoy, plant April 10.
     - b. Long Standing, for main crop, plant May 1. (About ½ ounce is needed to sow a row 20 ft long.)
   - C. Plant seed in drills 2 in. wide, and ½ in. deep. Make drills 12 in. apart.
   - D. When plants come up, thin out to 3 in. apart.
3. Beets:
   - A. Varieties:
     - a. Early Wonder, first planting—April 15.
     - b. Blood Turnip, second planting—May 15.
     - c. Winter Keeper, third planting—July 1. As per its name, this is the variety to put in the root cellar for winter use. (About ¼ oz. or 1 package of seeds for a row 20 ft. long.)
   - B. Plant in double drills, 8 in. apart, leaving 2 ft. between. Plant seeds 1 in. deep.
   - C. When plants are about 3 in. high, thin out to 3 in. apart.
4. Dwarf Green Podded Beans:
   - A. A delicious and free-growing vegetable.
     - a. "Bountiful" is a good standard variety.
     - b. First sowing—May 5.
     - c. Second sowing—June 1.
     - d. Third sowing—June 15. (About ½ pt. or ½ lb. of seed for a row 20 ft. long.)
   - B. Plant in double rows, 8 in. apart, and 2 ft. between the rows. Plant seeds 2 in. deep.
5. Dwarf Bush Lima Beans:
   - A. Almost as "yummy" as peas, especially if picked when small.
     - a. A good variety is Early Giant Bush.
     - b. First sowing—May 15.
     - c. Second sowing—June 1. (About ½ pt. or ½ lb. of seed for a row 20 feet long.)
   - B. Plant in double rows, 8 in. apart, with 2 ft. between. Look for little eye on seed and put eye downward in ground. Sow 1 in. deep.
   - C. When plants are about 3 in. high, thin them to 5 in. apart.
6. Carrots:
   - A. Not as exciting a vegetable perhaps as some of the others, but very good just the same, especially when small and tender. Also a great stand-by for storing away for winter use.
     - a. Varieties: Danvers Half Long, first sowing—May 1.
     - b. Imperator or Long Orange Improved, second sowing—June 15. (About 1 package of seed or ¼ oz. for a row 20 ft. long.)

[1]Dates listed are for climates comparable the vicinity of New York City.
[2]Use same method for planting all vegebles unless otherwise noted.

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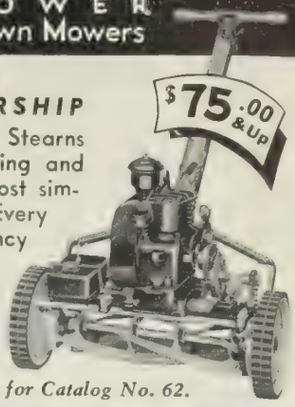

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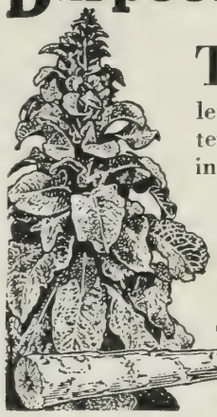

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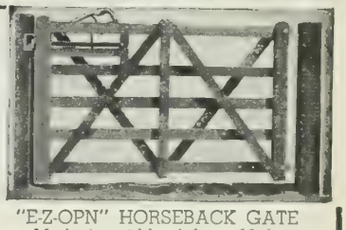

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GARDENS

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B. Plant in double rows 8 in. apart, and 1½ ft. between. Sow 1 in. deep.
C. Thin out young plants to 3 in. apart.

7. Cabbage:
A. A useful vegetable cooked or raw. For a small garden, it is best to buy the few plants needed.
a. For summer use, put plants in about April 15, and get Copenhagen Market or Jersey Wakefield.
b. For winter, put plants in about July 1, and use Premium Flat Dutch.
B. Plant in a row 1½ ft. apart. Water when planting.

8. Lettuce:
A. Buy little plants.
a. Commencing May 15, put a few plants in every two weeks until late summer.
b. Good varieties: Big Boston, and New York.
B. Plant in a row 1 ft. apart. Water when planting.

9. Tomatoes: (Makes your mouth water to think of them.)
A. Buy little plants and put them in about May 20.
a. Early Market and Ponderosa are reliable varieties.
b. Eight plants needed for a row 20 ft. long.
c. Put plants in row 2½ ft. apart, and rows 2½ ft. from each other.
B. Water when planting.
C. Give each plant an extra dash of manure for good luck.
E. When vines get long, a trellis must be put behind them, and the vines tied up gently with pieces of soft twine.

10. Eggplant:
A. A delicious vegetable, not used enough.
a. Buy plants and put them out June 1.
b. Black Beauty or New York Improved are very good varieties.
B. Put plants in a row 1 ft. apart, and 2 ft. between rows.
C. Water when planting, and give plants an occasional extra drink because they like plenty of moisture.
D. They would appreciate a dash of manure when the little plants are set out.

11. Corn:
A. So good, and so particularly good when picked and eaten the same day from one's own garden.
B. Varieties:
a. Golden Bantam. First sowing—May 10.
b. Country Gentleman. Second planting—May 20.
c. Stowell's Evergreen. Third planting—June 1.
(About 1 package or 1/10 lb. of seeds are needed to sow a single row, of hills, 20 ft. long.)
C. Instead of rows, you plant corn in "hills." Make a wide-ish hole less than an inch deep. Put about five or six seeds of corn in the hole and cover up. Make hills 2 ft. apart in both directions.
D. When plants come up, thin to three plants to a hill.

12. Onions: There are two kinds, both important.
A. Onion sets:
a. They are planted early in April, and will be ready to eat in about six weeks.
b. Variety: "White Onion Sets" are my favorite, but you take your choice.
c. Plant in double drills 6 in. apart, and 1 ft. between. Plant the little onions 2 in. apart, and about 1 in. deep.
d. 1 qt. of sets for a row 20 ft. long.
B. Onion seeds:
a. Plant April 15.
b. Yellow Globe Danvers is a reliable stand-by, and will keep well in the root cellar for winter use.
c. About 1 package or ¼ oz. of seeds for a row 20 ft. long.
d. Sow in double drills 6 in. apart, 1 ft. between. Plant about 1 in. deep.
e. Thin out little plants to 3 in. apart.

13. Parsley: (Lovely to decorate a dish with, and lovely growing in a garden.)
A. "Emerald" is a good variety.
a. First sowing—April 15.
b. Second sowing—May 15.
(About 1 package or 1/10 oz. for a row 10 ft. long.)
B. Sow in drill, putting seed firmly in the ground, about 1 in. deep.

14. Radishes:
A. They pop up and ripen more quickly than anything else.
a. Scarlet Ball, a good variety—plant April 15.
b. 1 package of seed for row 10 ft. long.
B. Plant 1 in. deep.

15. Mint:
A. This is a permanent plant. Leaves used for sauces and seasoning.
a. Buy small clumps of roots.
b. Plant May 1.
B. Plant clumps 1 ft. apart.

I hope many young people will try these gardens, and it would give me great pleasure to answer any questions or give further advice. Incidentally, these gardens could be readily used by grown-ups, and I would enjoy hearing from them too. Large plans, like the small ones shown, can be obtained by writing to COUNTRY LIFE. So good luck, and, as Tiny Tim said in the Christmas Carol: "God bless every one of us."

COUNTRY ICE BOX

(*Continued from page* 41)

ture it will encounter in the quick-freezer and its long hibernation in its zero locker. These packages are dated, stamped with the locker number and the type of cut and are sealed with colored tape which marks it as beef.

Other meats, pork, lamb and veal, have their own colored tapes so that the patron can find at a glance what she is looking for.

The following packages from one hind quarter of beef are stowed in wire baskets and placed in the quick-freezer to be lowered by an electric crane into their 20-degree below zero pit under the floor:

Two rib roasts of four to five lbs. each, three rump roasts of four to five lbs. each, six rump steaks, five soup bones (usually taken home to conserve locker space), 10 2-lb. packages of hamburger, 18 round steaks 1½ to two lbs., one pot roast four to five lbs., one kidney, eight sirloin steaks one to 1½ lbs., one pin bone roast 3½ lbs., and one boiling beef two to 2½ lbs.

After several hours the sharp-frozen and board-stiff packages are hoisted to the surface and, after careful checking, are placed in the patron's locker, with an inventory card which is kept up to date with the patron's coöperation. This imposing array of packages does not nearly fill the locker, so Mrs. Smith orders a supply of commercially frozen fruits and vegetables which are on display in a storage cabinet.

These are bought by the dozen, assorted and hence provide Mrs. Smith with a wholesale saving. In addition she may glance at the bulletin board and note the Mr. Jones of a neighboring town will butcher a fine hog in two or three weeks and is looking for a customer for one-half. She writes her name and address on the notice and asks Mr. Jones to get in touch with her, because by that time home consumption of her frozen food supply has given her space in her locker for additional storage.

As Mrs. Smith drives off, Mrs. Brown parks her car and enters the plant with a market basket filled with cartons of home processed vegetables and fruits. These quart and pint sized, cellophane lined, waxed cardboard containers were bought at the plant and enable her to make a saving by bringing them in by the dozen. The linings may either be heat-sealed at the patron's home or brought to the plant for inspection and sealing before the icy sojourn in the freezer.

These two ladies represent thousands of others throughout the United States who find that they have brought variety to their dinner table with not only a great advance in quality, but a considerable monetary saving. The best for the least is a well known fact in seasonal buying, but heretofore canning was the only way to preserve these foodstuffs and a cold cellar was the only place to keep them. The seasonal factor as regards farm killing has also been practically eliminated, as the animal may now be fattened, finished and slaughtered at any time, quick frozen and stored away for future meals months ahead in the modern locker plant.

DO NOT READ NOW

ANSWER

to question on page 62

Never water a sweating horse.

NOTES ON Horses

by PETER VISCHER

SANTA ANITA

The cancellation of the great race meeting at Santa Anita as the first casualty of the war on the American mainland brings up an important question: "Is it the business of patriotic Americans to accept every decision of the governing authorities during wartime without question or shall the right of criticism and free speech so vital to democracy continue to be exercised?"

If the answer is that this is no time to criticize, then there is no further comment to make regarding Santa Anita than that as patriotic citizens the horsemen of the nation accept the decision dictated by the military.

If, on the other hand, it is the right of the press—nay, its duty—to continue to take the long range view of life and to express sincere and honest opinions as intelligently as it knows how, then there is nothing to say but that the cancellation of the Santa Anita meeting at this time seems an unnecessary and unwarranted interruption of life and business calculated to do far more harm than good.

For America to go into a tail-spin in regard to racing when its participation in the war is only a few hours old makes an unwelcome contrast to the actions of England (and, so help us, even Germany) when faced with a similar situation.

RACING IN GENERAL

That the decision to call off Santa Anita has added one more to the growing problems of the horse world is quite aside from the hardships caused to the general public—is obvious at once when one reads that efforts have already been instituted to call off all racing for the duration of the war *in Illinois.*

It seems to us that this is the time above all others when racing as a sport and as a business must justify itself. Either the business of racing and racing horses is useful to the general economy or it isn't, and now is the time to prove or disprove it.

We believe, of course, that it is useful. Specifically, we believe that the raising and testing of race horses is essential first for the proper defense of this land, a point which is little understood and, being little understood, generally scoffed at. We believe that horses, particularly Thoroughbreds, are essential to the continued development of our agricultural economy. We believe that the horse is the respectable cause of much useful business, certainly much useful revenue.

That the horse, that is the Thoroughbred horse, also provides an opportunity for a lot of punks to bet a few dollars—and that the various racing commissions concern themselves so greatly with this sordid type of interest—is the basis of our principal criticism of racing and the way it is being run.

Also, that racing provides needed recreation for our hard-fighting people seems to me a specious argument; I got a laugh out of Joe Palmer's comment on the point of relaxation in "The Blood-Horse," to the effect that it didn't make much sense to him because he always came home from the track dog-tired.

HORSE SHOWS

This seems as good a time as any to say that the American Horse Shows Association, led by Adrian van Sinderen, seems to have taken a most sensible and useful attitude toward this serious question.

Let us not forget that we are in a war, said Mr. van Sinderen in an address before the delegates of the association and their guests at the Waldorf-Astoria on January 7, and that we intend to win this war. The war effort comes first and if any sporting event really interferes with the progress of the war, that event should be called off. Then he added:

"But it is equally true that we shall be wise in continuing a normal existence insofar as the fighting program permits. It is definitely a fact that part of the enemy's effort is to create an hysteria, to cast over us a pall of discouragement, to arouse in us a state of nerves. In all countries these methods have been tried by our opponents. The counter blow for this form of attack is to be found in activities such as the one you are met here today to discuss. Therefore, our traditional activities in the show ring should not be turned upside down merely to evidence in an emotional way our understanding that an emergency exists. It is your obligation to divert from the normal course wherever such action will aid its war effort; and to preserve the heritage of your sport for future generations."

Mr. van Sinderen then made some thoroughly constructive suggestions:

(1) let our horse shows be useful by helping our children: this war is for adults and we should do all we can to soften the blow for our youngsters; let shows, therefore, double their children's classes; let those of us who are too busy to show horses let their children do it, even if they get licked;

(2) let the proceeds go to a useful war end, like the Red Cross, and let's redouble our efforts so that they shall be bigger than ever;

(3) give Defense Bonds as prize money, which has the added advantage of enabling the shows to operate more economically, inasmuch as these bonds can be bought at a discount;

(4) don't add to the general economic distress by calling off shows unnecessarily;

(5) continue to raise horses; the war will not last forever and we shall need more and better horses when it is over; continue to breed your best mares.

"I believe that a complete cessation of horse show activities will result in harm to the country," he said, "and I am equally sure that the carrying on of this sport within proper limits will help."

Mr. van Sinderen discussed also many details of particular interest to delegates of the association, which might better be discussed at length later: such matters as the campaign to enroll 600 more shows in the association; the plans (certainly doomed to disappointment) for holding athletic games, including equestrian sports, in Buenos Aires in 1942; permission henceforth to show barefoot horses without prejudice; methods intended to exterminate the falsification of entries; election of officers, etc., etc.

Also, the awarding of the Horse Shows Association Medal for winning the most points in 1941 to Janet A. Meade, of Scarsdale, N. Y., a personable and intelligent young lady, judging from the little speech she made, and certainly a first-rate horsewoman.

CARL KLEIN

Miss Janet A. Meade, outstanding young horsewoman

RACING AGAIN

Perhaps if racing had a national organization, a viewpoint as sensible and useful as that expressed by the Horse Shows Association might have been available at the critical moment and carried some weight when the question of Santa Anita's continuance or discontinuance came up.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt came forward last month with the suggestion that a national commission be organized to serve racing for the duration. Said he:

"Racing has always needed a guiding group which would have jurisdiction through the country.

"Now that the war has forced suspension of racing programs and all sorts of unemployment and other problems, the need for guidance is more urgent than ever. I propose a commission of men like William Woodward, New York; Marshall Cassidy, New York; James J. Dooley, New England; Carleton Burke, California; Matt Winn and Major Louie Beard, Kentucky; Sylvester Labrot, Louisiana; to handle the situation. Once established, racing would benefit by it, not only for the duration, but in the years to come."

Mr. Vanderbilt said such a group could arrange extended racing schedules for inland courses for the benefit of those who face the threat of having their meetings cancelled by the War Department, so that horsemen left stranded by the rulings might have a chance to race somewhere.

It would have charge, also, of regulating purses and the type of racing at all courses. Because many of the big tracks, such as Santa Anita, would have a lot of high class horseflesh standing idle when forbidden to operate, the problem of where to race will probably be the most important.

"Racing is geared differently at many tracks," explained Mr. Vanderbilt, "and programs are arranged to fit the type of horses on hand. If high-class horses are dumped into a small track you can imagine the confusion it will cause. The commission I speak of could prevent this and work out additional events to fit the ability of these 'refugee' horses."

Mr. Vanderbilt added that somebody will have to take care of the thousands of racing people, stable hands, grooms, jockeys, etc., who might be blacked out of their jobs. He thinks extended racing seasons at courses not in vulnerable districts provide the best hope of solving that problem.

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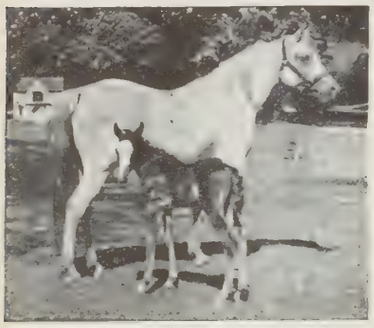

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The paper may be obtained by Thoroughbred owners who are potential nominators to stakes, breeders, trainers, and members whose names are proposed by the officers of any bona fide national or state owner-breeder organizations. Subscriptions are paid by the racing associations.

STEEPLECHASING

During the past month representatives of hunt race meetings have been discussing with officials of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association plans for 1942 in the light of war conditions, and as a result it has been determined to carry on in spite of the difficulties involved.

As in the first World War, devotees of steeplechasing have been among the first to answer the call to the colors. This is going to mean particularly a scarcity of riders and exercise boys, which will make it necessary for the young boys and men outside the military age limit to not only ride, but to take care of horses as well.

In addition, the restricted use of automobiles promises greatly to affect these country meetings as time goes on. However, it is felt that the hunt meetings are definitely a part of the effort to bolster civilian morale, and the same may be said about hundreds of people who are dependent on the sport for their livelihood.

Last week W. C. Hunneman, Jr., chairman of the Radnor meeting, presided over a session of representatives of the various race meetings in Pennsylvania—Rolling Rock, Radnor, Rose Tree, Huntingdon Valley, Whitemarsh and Pickering. At this meeting present conditions were discussed at some length and it was the unanimous feeling of those present that every effort would be made by their associations to carry on during the war, with little or no curtailment of purses.

A very encouraging word was offered by Lt. George Strawbridge, who, in the past, has been a leading amateur rider, now aide to Col. Edwin N. Hardy of the United States Remount Service. He stated that Colonel Hardy was very much in favor of continuing the hunt meetings and would lend his support to that end.

With the pledges of support that have come in, the hunts committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association has met, and approved a schedule of early spring meetings, which corresponds to that of 1941. Applications for the later meetings are usually considered at the annual meeting of the hunts committee scheduled for January 30.

The feeling is growing in hunt race circles that these meetings should be run for the benefit of the American Red Cross or some other charity, which directly contributes to the war effort, and while this decision must necessarily rest with the individual race meeting, the hunts committee is sending a letter to every owner, trainer and rider, and all others who are directly interested, asking them to give their full support and coöperation.

COÖPERATIVE SELLING

(*Continued from page* 22)

Commission of 10% on $15,000, $1.500. Expenses:

Auctioneer	$200
Printing and distributing of 1,500 catalogs	200
Advertising in national magazines and local newspapers	500
Preparation of grounds	100
Preparation of bidders (buffet supper previous to the sale for all and sundry)	200
Rental of public address system	20
Clerical help, postage, etc.	50
Veterinary's fees for examination and certificate	50
Total expenditures	$1,320

Of course these figures could be expanded or contracted, depending on the state of minds and pocketbooks of the association members, yet even at a 10% commission it will be seen that after all expenses had been deducted there was a balance of approximately $200. As a matter of fact, the sale grossed over $15,000 and with 54 head sold, the cost of selling per head was less than $25—a reasonably low figure for any auction.

Let's take a closer look at this budget. The item, "auctioneer's fees," will depend largely on locality (the distance the auctioneer has to travel to the sale) as well as the type of man desired. The cost of printing of catalogs could have been reduced by half had the association members not been of the opinion that the distant prospective buyers might be influenced by their quality.

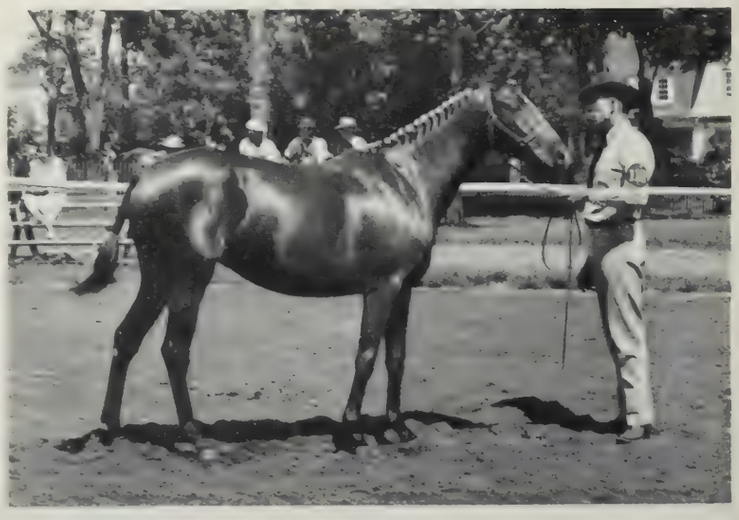
Concerning the hundred dollars for the preparation of grounds, the leasing of bleachers, etc., this, too, could have been reduced, yet this organization felt that it paid to have the prospective purchaser as comfortable as possible.

As to veterinary fees, the membership thought this expense very well worthwhile; the $200 item for the supper party comes under the heading of "good will" and good clean fun; and good will at $200 is cheap indeed.

The $500 spent for advertising could easily have been increased, for it brought a strong return on the money. Yet advertising (like anything else) must be handled intelligently, for promiscuously placed advertising is of little value. Publications must be studied carefully, their circulations checked against their space rates and care being taken that the "right" people are reached.

Approaching this problem, and realizing that they were operating on a limited budget, but two sportsmen's magazines of national circulation were selected, the remainder of the money divided among smaller publications that served the horse localities of various regions.

What information should these advertisements contain, and what are the results of such a campaign? In content, the amount of copy will of course be affected by the space to be purchased; however, a good rule might be to under-, rather than over-



This is the type of horse sold at auction in Colorado

write; to have as much white space around the advertisement as possible.

Time, place, what is offered, by whom and under what conditions, are the important items; yet perhaps the most consequential part of this is the line that invites correspondence, *i.e.*, "For a complete catalog of all animals listed, please communicate with ———— at ————."

As to results, the effect of an advertising campaign can be reasonably accurately measured by the number of requests in answer to various advertisements. Should an association be interested in knowing what publications are doing them the most good, they may give each magazine or newspaper a code letter, *i.e.*, "For a complete catalog of all animals listed please communicate with ———— at ————, Department A." "Department A" will of course be the code letter for one magazine, "Department B" for a second, and so on.

But what do these requests for catalog signify? What are they worth in actual dollars and cents? The answers to these questions were (to this association at least) quite startling: 487 requests for catalog were received for the $500 expenditure, and 196 persons making these requests actually were in the audience; 20 head were sold to these persons for a total of $9,400, more than half of the total monies taken in.

The returns from each magazine and newspaper was as follows:

Magazine	Number of requests for [illegible]	Number of [illegible]	Cash return in gross sales
A	195	53	$3.505
B	63	14	1,100
C	47	19	700
D	39	4	630
E	83	74	1,700
F	49	31	1.765
G	11	1	
Total	487	196	$9.400

It is, of course, impossible to know how many of the animals listed above would have sold without this advertising and at what price, nor is there any way of knowing how many of the above listed bidders would have made an appearance; yet it is an established fact that 196 live bidders were obtained from this $500 advertisement investment and left a total of $9,400 behind them.

We were also interested in the figures concerning the number of requests in relationship to the number of persons that actually appeared at the sale (after having requested catalogs), for we had been unable to obtain average figures from any text book on advertising.

At this particular event 196 persons actually appeared out of a total of 487 that had applied for catalogs. No doubt many of the original requests were the handiwork of letter-writers who write for anything and everything; yet the figure of 40% actually coming to the sale was both interesting and, to the association, surprisingly high.

It is also interesting to note that, but with few exceptions the higher-priced horses were purchased by the group who had come to the sale as a direct response to the advertising campaign.

In the actual mechanics of the sale the Colorado association has done an admirable job. They hold their sale at the peak of the Colorado Springs summer season, the evening following the afternoon performance of the Colorado Springs Horse and Colt Show, in which most of the sale lots have been shown, giving the prospective purchaser the opportunity to see the horses that are to be included in the sale in direct competition with other horses of their class.

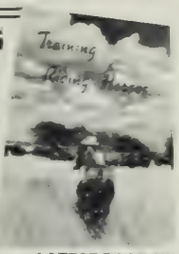
As to the conduct of the sale, everything is done to hurry matters along, to be sure that there is little delay between horses and that the crowd is kept awake by the mixing up of the ages offered. The association has made it a practice to sprinkle the very top consignments throughout the auction, drawing lots for the balance. In this system the audience has no way of knowing which horse is coming up next, and if anyone is interested in bidding on any certain animal he must stay awake throughout the sale.

Yes, through intelligent handling, this small organization has developed a steady market for their produce. By discriminate selection of horses they have maintained a high standard of quality, and by the use of the veterinary certificate have been able to develop a feeling of confidence in the buying public. In return, bidders from many states have been attracted to this annual event; realizing that they are to be treated fairly, they bid briskly, and have made this sale an outstanding success.

And so it can be done—even in Colorado. Coöperative selling seems to be the answer to the pure-bred breeder's prayers. In comparison to private sales (many breeders are trying this method of disposition of their increase), expenses through joint sales can certainly be reduced, larger crowds can be attracted due to the larger numbers being put under the hammer at one time and, if the proper people are included in the organization, there is a great deal of sport to be had from such an event.

And enjoyable sport, we would like to point out, is the only reason for being in the horse production business in the first place, and it might just as well be included in the selling end of the pastime; which end, to many of us, has in the past been considerable of a headache.

THOROUGHBRED STRONGYLEZINE
(WORM TREATMENT)
WORM YOUR YEARLINGS WITH THIS SAFE WORM TREATMENT
*Approved by leading Breeders**
Thoroughbred Strongylezine is less disturbing to yearlings easier to give, more thorough. Requires no fasting, no starving, no dehydrating. Not a Paste to administer—no injection to break in the mouth—can be used with complete safety for suckling yearlings, brood mares and horses in training.
Price—$6 per bottle or $30 per dozen bottles from your dealer or send direct, postpaid in U. S. A. Send name of your dealer. Write for free booklet "Worms in Horses." P. O. Box 200.
California Representative
KINGS PHARMACY, ARCADIA
*Write for names of users.
Man-O-War
REMEDY COMPANY
LIMA, PA.
Complete Line of Veterinary Remedies

TRAINING for Profit

New book just off the press ...packed full of valuable information from great trainers.
Gives photos and suggestions that will help you train horses for more work, more pleasure, greater profits in service or when you sell.
Market for properly trained horses is upstanding. This book will help make profits more dependable. Not theoretical but based on actual proven experiences. Worth many times its cost. For your copy send only 25c.
LATEST BOOK ON THE BREAKING, TRAINING AND HANDLING OF RIDING HORSES
HORSE AND MULE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
WAYNE DINSMORE, SECRETARY
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Let Your Horses Salt Themselves

It is the safe and convenient way. The horse alone can judge how much salt is needed. Too much or too little does not keep them in the best condition. Play safe by giving them
PURE SALT BRICKS
in the handy holder. Absolutely prevents your forgetting—just put one up where the horse can reach it. Made of refined dairy salt—no impurities. Economical, safe. Ask your dealer or write for booklet—free.
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KEYSTONE COMPRESSED

WRITE TO US
FOR ANY BOOK ON THE
SUBJECT OF HORSES
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THE
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FREE Lawrence SADDLE CATALOG

● Pictures, descriptions, prices on Lawrence saddles...standard equipment of Western riders since 1857. Write for your free copy.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS
THE GEORGE LAWRENCE CO., PORTLAND, ORE.

It's Always Tee-Time in the
VALLEY of the SUN
Fore! There's golf every day in warm, sunny Phoenix! You'll be in top form on the many, velvety, all-grass courses—and the dry, exhilarating climate makes the Valley of the Sun a sportsman's utopia. If horses are your hobby, you'll glory in brisk canters over desert trails, or mile-a-minute polo. There's tennis, and badminton, too, on palm-lined courts, and archery, skeet, cycling and swimming. You can fish in bubbling streams or canyon-walled lakes, and hunt birds or big game in desert and mountain strongholds. Forget winter in the carefree Valley of the Sun! Modern accommodations—hotels, apartments, bungalows, dude ranches and desert inns.

Phoenix ARIZONA
Valley of the Sun Club
2216 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Please send free illustrated booklets and folder containing camelback map of Arizona
Name
Address
City State

Noble Performance
Depends on a Balanced Ration
Famous Parade Palomino "LA REINA" Receives Vigortone Daily

VITAMIN-REINFORCED
VIGORTONE
Builds Stamina, Energy, Pep
NOW is the time to start feeding your horses this energy-builder! It furnishes the vitamins, minerals, and salts essential [illegible] Vigortone for 30 years. In convenient fibre-pak [illegible]
PRICES — CASH WITH ORDER
Freight Paid in U.S.A.

10 lbs.	$2.85	100 lbs.	$16.00
25 lbs.	5.60	300 lbs.	45.00
50 lbs.	9.50	500 lbs.	72.00

Order NOW!
DR. FENTON'S
VIGORTONE COMPANY
700 F Ave., NW.
CEDAR RAPIDS IOWA

for sale

Four-in-hand Hackney horses, Wheelers sixteen hands, well broken and mannered · · · · Any lady or gentleman can drive them · · · · A beautiful four · · · · Can be driven single, double or in fours · · · · Harness and coach also available · · · · Priced to sell.

FOR CONSERVING TIRES AND GASOLINE

We have available a very desirable pair and several single Hackney horses and Hackney ponies suitable for driving to and from the railroad station, school, and local stores.

Hawthorn Farms LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS

Intelligent Planning

ILLUSTRATED is an old barn intelligently remodeled and equipped by JAMESWAY to provide the utmost in protection and comfort without unnecessary expense.

In this sort of building counsel, just as much as in design of the most elaborate new buildings, JAMESWAY knowledge and experience is at your service. There's a trained JAMESWAY man near you, who will call at your convenience.

Write our nearest office.

JAMES MFG. CO., Dept. CL-242
Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Elmira, N.Y. • Oakland, Calif.

Jamesway

English Type—Rail and Hurdle Fence

LARGE STOCK—PROMPT SHIPMENTS

WOOD PRODUCTS CO.

Write for catalogue TOLEDO, OHIO

Livestock

by GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

NEWS IN THE POULTRY WORLD: HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN AND GUERNSEY ITEMS

In spite of a scarcity of pens, uncertain shipping facilities and other priority difficulties, the poultry show once more came to Manhattan, bringing an array of 5,000 chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigeons and other fowl of every conceivable size, shape and shade to the Palm Gardens on Fifty-second Street.

With more roomy quarters than have been available for the last couple of years the fowl were displayed to better advantage; the scarcity of exhibition pens was overcome by patching up old ones, and the feed and water containers were paper cups instead of the accustomed aluminum ones. Though some of the birds arrived too early and others came quite late—shipping facilities are congested these days and exhibition poultry obviously have to play second fiddle to war materials—all the entries finally appeared and the show was a considerable success.

There was the usual comprehensive large fowl show, topped by the splendid twelve-pound dark Cornish cock belonging to Silas H. Andrews which won the grand championship plus the handsome golden weathervane which is symbolic of this, the most important win at the show. Also as usual there was a good showing of bantams, the miniature counterparts of the big fowl—one little game bantam cockerel weighing but twelve ounces! Pigeons were represented in like numbers and seemed to be as well represented through the breeds, and of course, there were some fine specimens of turkeys, ducks, geese, swans, as well as pheasants and other "fancy" birds.

In the turkey department there was quite an important and interesting innovation. Realizing that the prevalence of small families in limited living quarters with iceboxes and ovens to scale have increased the demand for meat in smaller "packages" (the popularity of "baby beef" is one manifestation of this), T. M. Godde's Deltim Farms have for years been experimenting with a smaller breed of turkey, a bird that would be just the size for these small ovens and iceboxes—and pocketbooks.

They have perfected it now, this smaller breed, and it was exhibited for the first time at the New York Show. Called the Royal Palm, it averages from eight to ten pounds in weight, and is a highly attractive bird—white with black "trimmings" on some feathers. The basis of this new breed is said to be a Bronze-White Holland cross.

There was news in the poultry classes too. First of all, there was a mysterious entry in the Bantam division listed as a "Squirrel-tail, Black cock." It sounded like a new breed

STROHMEYER AND CARPENTER

Ruth Schnare and the millionth purebred Guernsey registered in this country; the owner is Frank Kummer of Climax, N. Y.

but on investigation proved to be nothing but the old familiar Japanese breed under a wartime name!

Among the heavy fowl there really was a new breed, the "New Yorker" developed by Fred H. Bohrer of Marcy, N. Y., and given a special award at this show. A meat breed, the New Yorkers are big-boned with broad, deep breasts, thick-set bodies and handsome fawn-colored feathers. They are considerably heavier than the Cornish and other meat breeds, and while they don't look to be as big as some of the fluffier fowl, they are so compact that they weigh a lot more.

Other winners at the New York show were the 35-lb. bronze yearling tom, owned by Westmoreland Davis, lionth purebred Guernsey recorded by The American Guernsey Cattle Club. Meadow Brook Monitor Million is this animal's name.

Mr. Kummer a "dirt farmer" has been breeding Guernseys for 25 years. He brought his first purebred bull about 1920 to increase the test of milk from his grade herd. A few years later he added two purebred females and by using a series of well-bred bulls has raised a herd of about 40 Guernseys.

HOLSTEINS

Each year for the last twenty, a committee of America's outstanding judges of dairy cattle select an "All-American" Holstein-Friesian show

King Bossie Senator, owned by E. H. Ravenscroft, was proclaimed All-American Holstein-Friesian aged show bull

which was proclaimed best turkey. The fact that Mr. Davis won the top turkey award could scarcely be called news, however, because he has acquired it annually at the New York Show for the past ten years!

Best pigeon was a Blondinette black laced cock owned by Henry Clausman of Baltimore; it was selected from 67 pigeon breeds. The bantam winner was a trim little black rose-comb cockerel owned by Harold B. Wideman.

BOSTON

Another poultry event, and one of paramount importance, was the Boston Poultry Show, held in the Boston Garden shortly after the New York event. The results of this event are not in as this goes to press, but several exhibitors who get around and know their stuff say that it had every indication of being the outstanding poultry event of the year.

GUERNSEYS

Among Guernsey news items which should prove of interest to friends of the breed is that Frank Kummer of Climax, N. Y., recently had the honor of breeding the million herd, and the judging of the current group of top Holsteins has just been completed. The committee of sixteen leading judges made its selections from pictures of first prize winners at state fairs and the first and second prize winners at national and regional shows of the United States and Canada.

Units of a complete show herd, totaling seventeen registered Holsteins in fifteen classes make up this All-American herd.

Franlo Farms, owned by F. W. Griswold, Hopkins, Minn., led the field for the second consecutive year, with five All-Americans, and two reserves. One of the All-Americans and two of the reserves were partly owned by others but showed entirely with the Franlo herd.

Other Holstein breeders who were among the 1941 winners include: Hill-Man Farms, Rockford, Ill., with two All-Americans and four reserves; Carnation Milk Farms, Seattle, Wash., with two All-Americans and one reserve; Ravenglen Farms, Antioch, Ill., with two All-Americans; Maytag Dairy Farms, Newton, Ia., with one All-American and one reserve; Kenneth Worner, Washington, Ill., with one All-American; Harold James, Sarnia, Ont., with one reserve.

BELGIAN DRAFT HORSES

MEET OUR COUNTRY'S NEED FOR ECONOMICAL FARM POWER

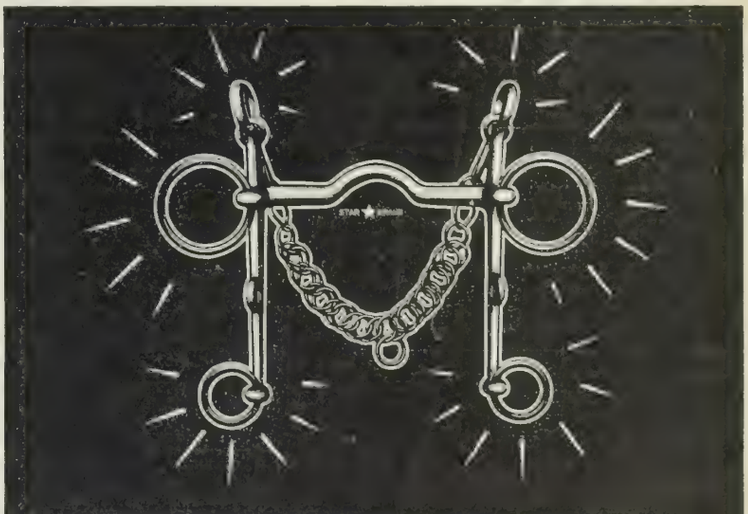
Their use will release steel, gas, and rubber for our armed forces.

Breed your grade mares to a good registered Belgian stallion and raise colts which meet the market demands.

For the illustrated booklet, *Belgian Horses for American Farms*, a sellers list, a list of members, and the *1942 Belgian Review*, write to

BELGIAN DRAFT HORSE CORPORATION

H. J. BRANT, Secretary — WABASH, INDIANA



Flash! Sunlight hits burnished metal . . . and you'll think you're riding with bit, spurs and stirrups of silver. They're even better – they're Star Steel Silver – a special new metal with "built-in" beauty to withstand rust and tarnish – "built-in" strength to withstand the shocks of hard riding. Only Star Steel Silver Riding Hardware gives you *both* beauty and strength. See Star Steel Silver at your dealer's. North & Judd, New Britain, Connecticut.

STAR STEEL SILVER ★ RIDING HARDWARE

ANDELOT EDICTOR

Andelot Edictor, a son of the famous Revolution Blackcap, was Champion of Maryland in 1939.

We now offer a beautiful lot of heifers bred to Edicator and our other great herd bulls. These are well grown and in just good thrifty pasture condition. The best producing blood of the breed is behind them.

A fine selection of young bulls now available.

Send for free booklet on Aberdeen Angus.

ANDELOT STOCK FARMS
W. ALAN McGREGOR, Manager
WORTON MARYLAND

We Invite You

—who own farms—to select your next Holstein herd sire from information in the 1942

BULL BARGAIN ISSUE
of the "Holstein-Friesian World."
FOR COMPLIMENTARY COPY, WRITE:
The Holstein-Friesian Ass'n of America
Box 1027, Brattleboro, Vermont

TREMENDOUS *NEW* OPPORTUNITY for MILKING SHORTHORN RAISERS ★★ DUE TO DEFENSE PROGRAM!

U. S. and Great Britain urgently need all milk and meat this country can produce. Greatest opportunity with Milking Shorthorns. Hold official world's records for milk and butterfat production. Greatest salvage value of all milk breeds. Trial subscription **Milking Shorthorn Journal**, six months, 50c; one year $1.00.

MILKING SHORTHORN SOCIETY, Dept.R-3,7 Dexter Park, Chicago, Ill.

BLUE EGGS
from
ARAUCANA CHICKENS
(rare South American breed)
LEWIS H. SCHWARTZ
Pinecliff Farm
Trumansburg New York

WINNERS
We won the CHAMPION PHEASANT and CHAMPION WILD DUCK prizes in the New York Poultry Show.
FOR SALE
Black Ducks, Mallards, Ringnecks, young Silvers, Goldens of this champion strain.
BEROL LODGE, Inc.
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SUFFOLK SHEEP
Purebred Registered Stock
HOWARD E. JONES
Pawling, Dutchess County, New York
Write—ERIC DAVIS, Sheep Mgr.

RAISE DAIRY GOATS

For every household use you will prefer goat milk—finest flavor, judged by Agricultural Experiment Stations. Learn about it in this monthly magazine—3 years $1; introductory ... sample 10c

DAIRY GOAT JOURNAL
Dept. 204E Fairbury, Nebr.

Minnesota and Illinois tied for first place among the states, each with five All-Americans. Minnesota also had three reserves while Illinois had four. Thirty-four exhibitors located in eleven states and five Canadian provinces shared in the All-American, reserve and honorable mention awards.

Among the repeaters in the 1941 contest are Rocky Hill Dewdrop Burke and King Bessie Senator, All-American Aged Cow and Aged Bull respectively. Both of these Holsteins are now owned by E. H. Ravenscroft of Antioch, Ill. Senator is the only bull that has ever been All-American choice for every age class from calfhood to maturity. This is Dewdrop's third All-American and Senator's fifth.

Others of last year's All-Americans that repeated this year are: the three-year-old bull Villisca Iowana Ollie Burke, owned by Franlo Farms; the senior yearling bull Iowana Ormsby Aaggie Burke, owned by Hill-Man Farms; the four-year-old heifer Montvic Bonheur Pietje B, owned by Mount Victoria Farms. Repeaters for reserve All-American honors are: Baker Farm Johnnie Walker, two-year-old bull, and the get of Echo Helbon Mercedes, all owned by Baker Farm, Exeter, N. H.

IN PRAISE OF POULTRY

(Continued from page 32)

more competition the more progress.

9. I'm sure there are other "why's", but let this final one be enough: poultry-fancying expands your heart.

The fellow fancier, be he of high or low or your own degree, easily becomes a friend. North, East, South, West, Maine, Texas—all are the dwelling places of friends whom you have met at shows, corresponded with about stock to sell or to buy—and all must be good fellows; for do they not share your hobby, like your likes and dream your dreams? All are fellow artists.

WHY LIGHT BRAHMAS?

(NOTE: *I won't deny you your right to call them "Braymahs"—but they are so paternal looking I prefer to make the first syllable rhyme with the first syllable in father. If you agree, you will be siding with the dictionary—a powerful ally.*)

1. They are a noble bird with a romantic background. Their name derives from the Brahmaputra River from whose banks in India they are said to have come a hundred years ago. The river's name signifies "Son of God." Read the story of that river in the Encyclopedia Britannica; it's something to stir the arm-chair traveller's blood!

2. They are beautiful. So white are they in the main that they seem to have come from a bluing bath, an effect produced by the blue-gray inner half of the white feathers. The comb, restrained in size as are also the wattles and ear lobes, give just a crowning touch of regal red; the hackle and saddle feathers seem black but vibrate with opalescent hues and are framed in pure white. And the spreading black-green tail held proudly but not vauntingly adds to the majestic appearance from whatever angle the bird is viewed. The feathered toes add stability to the general appearance. A thing of beauty, and a joy forever!

Don't forget the ladies. A neighbor whose taste in home decoration and the selection of clothes is conceded to be—put it mildly—discriminating, described my Brahma hens as "dear old ladies with ruffles on their pantaloons. I'd rather admire them on a dung heap than endure Bob's (her husband's) brats in their insulated, whitewashed coops."

3. They are the show bird supreme. We'll grant that in the eyes of other fanciers other breeds may be the choice, but the "Man in the Street," whose eyes recognize only sheer beauty and misses the expert's technicalities, lingers at the Brahma cages.

Charles W. Gerstenberg, teacher, publisher, poultry breeder

4. They're robust, vigorous. Look at 'em.

5. They're an eyeful in size. I've had them tip the scale at 14½ pounds. Rajah, who was Grand Champion of the 1941 New York Show, is a smallish prince, but at six months two of his sons had gone over 10 pounds. (Remember, size and form come from the females, color from the males.) Harvey Wood, one of the foremost breeders, told a writer for "Country Gentleman," twenty-five years ago, that he knew of a light Brahma cock that had weighed well over 17 pounds.

WHEN to BUY and SELL
Professional guidance on marketing, daily farm operations and the business aspects of agriculture
available in
The D.A.S. AGRICULTURAL DIGEST
Semi-monthly cumulative outlook and reference service on agriculture. Used by business corporations and farm operators
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3663 Lindell Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.
The oldest and largest farm management, appraisal, consultation and research service in the United States.
Operating in 20 midwest states.
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Ring Neck and
Mutant Pheasants
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INDIAN ROCK GAME FARM
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Swans, Peacocks, Wild Ducks & Geese, Rare Pheasants, Guineas, Wild Turkeys, Cranes, Bantams, Pigeons, Foreign Doves

Blacknecked Swan

The largest and most complete collection in America. Free price list with attractive prices.
SUNNYFIELDS FARMS
Box L, Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A.

ANGUS & GUERNSEYS
The Best
Come Visit Us
DUNWALKE FARM
Geo. A. Porteous, Sup't. Far Hills, N.J.

FREE to HORSE OWNERS

Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for FREE Catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Describes over 400 popular items of English and American "tack." I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. Wiesenfeld Co., Dept. X 112 W. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.

6. They are gentle. A three-foot wire fence will confine them. A well-bred Brahma if handled properly will soon allow itself to be picked up without complaint. And with all their size and impressiveness, they indeed do look gentle, an effect to which the dewlap (the membrane running downward from lower bill) and overhanging brow contribute.

7. They're intelligent. They've definable personalities. It's not uncommon to hear fanciers speak of them with recognition of their qualities years after they have passed on. Out of a half hundred birds grown to early maturity, my superintendent and I speak of most of them, not by numbers, but by some striking characteristic.

8. They do have some utility value. Harvey Wood's slogan was "They win, weigh, lay, pay." At the New Jersey egg laying contest, the January, 1941, blue ribbon went to a Brahma lady on points—quantity and weight of eggs laid during the month. Whenever the family has had a real cook in the kitchen we have had succulent 12-pounders on the table even if their age had gone beyond two years.

9. They are challenging. In some part of some feathers—and there are thousands to be grown and annually moulted—color is required, but in other parts and completely in other feathers, color is taboo. A bird may seem perfect, a veritable dream bird; pick it up and spread the wing, lift up its feathers: it may not seem so good. Hatch 100; twenty may be of show quality; only three or four probably will be really outstanding.

10. The Brahma has a proud ancestry. At one time the Light Brahma Club contained over 2,000 members. The names of Shaw, Wood, Hendrickson, to mention only a few, are those of fanciers who devoted years of highly intelligent effort to the selection and breeding of the modern streamlined, though impressively massive Light Brahma that wins at modern shows. The Light Brahma has every reason to believe that

"The sun rose o' purpose to hear him crow."

TRANSITION FROM PEACE

(*Continued from page 37*)

I've rid myself of these first impressions. I am no arm-chair strategist breathing fire and vengeance from this safe place, but I must confess that for many days I've found no satisfaction in my ordinary employments. There are times—and this is one—when the tool that seems to fit the hand best is the rifle.

Viewing the sacrifices already made and anticipating those yet to come, we shall find it difficult to take our thoughts from subjects that are grim and terrible. Suddenly everything that we do or plan to do has become related to the war effort. One doesn't feel the same enthusiasm for ordinary pleasant pursuits, knowing that during our gayest moments our young countrymen, flung out in a long battle line across both oceans, are in deadly combat with evil, treacherous foes.

It is particularly difficult for those men who know what war is like to be compelled, because of age or disability, to stand aside and watch the youngsters go in. Buying defense bonds and making contributions of one sort or another seem poor substitutes for active service. Yet this is the way that it must be if we are to come out on the top eventually.

Recreation and relaxation are essential to the maintenance of the national morale. One of the things helping to make the English unconquerable is that they are a race of great sportsmen. Even between waves of hostile bombers they are able to renew their interest in pleasant activities.

The Nazis, so far as I can learn, have no pleasant activities remaining to them. Their regimented playtime is about as inspiring as the exercise hours of convicts in a jail yard. Somehow you can't imagine a group of Nazis in a dugout in Russia discussing salmon flies or the management of a grouse moor as I've heard Britons do in like circumstances. Their savage cult permits no such amenities. Perhaps if it did, the race would not be so easily driven to war and suffering.

It is our responsibility to see that these pastimes that are associated with our love of the land survive this holocaust for the benefit of those who must bear the burthen and the heat. There are those who will say that we can get along very well without our shooting and fishing and other outdoor sports. I don't believe that is true. These are things of vital importance to Americans, a part of those privileges that make this fight worth while.

Another responsibility that falls upon us is to see that all attempts to exploit our natural resources under the guise of emergency requirements are defeated. We shall hear of schemes to kill off the game and take fish to help the food supplies, to cut off the forests, plow up the parks and denude our wilderness areas to provide defense materials. Before any of these things are done let us, at least, make sure that the material is actually needed, and then that none of it is wasted. When this business is over we shall need our woodlands and lakes, our clear trout streams, our marshes where the wildfowl come, and our sun-splashed hillside coverts more than we have ever needed them before.

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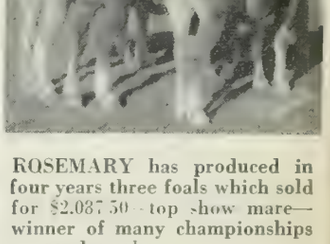

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SPECULATION ON THE FUTURE OF THE DOG GAME: WESTMINSTER

At this stage of the game it's hard to tell what 1942 will bring forth in the dog world; will present conditions affect breeding shows and field trials adversely or will things go on in a more or less normal way? That, of course, is a question that no man can answer now, but insofar as it is possible to predict at present, there is no reason why the competitive features of the dog game should materially suffer, and indeed it is to be hoped that normalcy will be approached as closely as possible. Such relaxations as bench shows, field and obedience trials are going to be sorely needed in the days to come.

One thing we do know however, is that 1941 was the greatest year for purebred dogs that this country has ever seen. American Kennel Club registration figures for the first ten months of the year totaled 3,575 more dogs than for the same period in 1940. The total from January 1 to October 31 was 72,000, a gain of 4,000 over the previous year, and if the registration for November and December equals the total for those two months in 1940—and it will almost certainly exceed it—a new record will be established, beating the high of 84,525 registered in 1937.

During the year 350 show dates were granted, this also the largest number on record—the total for 1940 having been 335. It is expected when the final figures are computed that the total entries in all bench shows for the year will reach an all time high somewhere in the neighborhood of 90,000. Field trials also passed all previous marks in spite of the fact that the A. K. C. controls but few of the Pointer and Setter events.

WESTMINSTER

As this goes to press, entries are closing for the sixty-sixth annual Westminster Kennel Club show. In spite of a few totally unfounded rumors that this time-honored event would be called off, there is every indication that it will be as successful as it has been in the past.

The Westminster, like the National Horse Show, is far more than just another exhibition of purebred animals. It is an institution, and one that must draw the interest of people in all walks of life, many of whom have only a passing acquaintance with purebred dogs. Therefore, the various entertainment features which have been wisely added to this show are designed to appeal to those who may be a bit mystified

P. T. JONES PHOTOS

Heartsease Heritage, the Spaniel Specialty winner

by the judging, and needless to say, they have a definite relationship to the "gate" at such a show.

Last year, the Obedience Training exhibition put on by the New England Obedience Training Club brought the house down and we are happy to state that a similar exhibition is to be staged this year. Also to be repeated is the popular show of the New York Fire Department Dalmatians. Finally there will be a Red Cross parade of some sort; exact details have not been worked out at this writing.

Many innovations which were introduced at last year's show have passed the experimental stage and been adopted as regular procedure. With the exception of puppies, entries will again be limited to dogs which have been placed first, second, or third in a regular official class at which championship points were awarded. To be eligible for this year's show, wins must have been obtained at a show held on or before January 13.

Puppies are not required to have had a previous win and may be en-

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tered in the puppy, or any other class for which they are eligible. Wide central aisles will permit spectators to circulate freely throughout the arena, and, except for the last night of the show, there will be no additional charge for arena seats back of the boxes.

In addition to the many cash prizes and silver trophies offered by specialty clubs and members of the Westminster Kennel Club, the club will offer cash awards for best of breed at the rate of $1.00 for every dog entered in that breed, with a minimum of $5.00 and a maximum of $100.00. Cash prizes are also offered by the club in each class as follows:

In classes having thirteen or more entries $25 for first prize, $15 for second, and $10 for third; in classes having ten, eleven or twelve entries, $20, $10, and $7; in classes having seven, eight or nine entries $15, $8, and $5; in classes having four, five, or six entries $10, $5, $3; and in classes having one, two, or three entries $5 will be given for first prize, $3 for second, and $2 for third. There will also be $10 for Best in Brace classes and the same amount will be awarded for best in Team Classes.

Headed by Mr. Herman Mellenthin, who will make the best in show selection, an all-amateur slate of breed experts will officiate as judges. Groups will be judged by Dr. Samuel Milbank, Sporting Dogs; Mrs. Sherman Hoyt, Hounds; George N. Owen, Working Dogs; Mrs. Flagler Matthews will do the Terriers; Miss Jean Hinkle, Toys; and John G. Bates will place the Non-Sporting Dogs.

There are a few last minute changes in the breed judging slate. T. Llewellin Francis and H. W. Nichols, Jr., will do Collies and Shetland Sheepdogs because of the illness of Robert M. Outhwaite who was originally scheduled to do both breeds. Joseph P. Sims will do Irish, Lakeland and Lhasa Terriers in place of W. Edgar Baker, and Francis F. H. Fleitmann will judge the wire-haired and long-haired Dachshunde, taking the place of the late Howard Eric.

Jai Bee of Dah-Lyn, the eight-months-old Pekingese owned by J. B. Royce, was best in show at the Pekingese Specialty

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The Young Sportsman

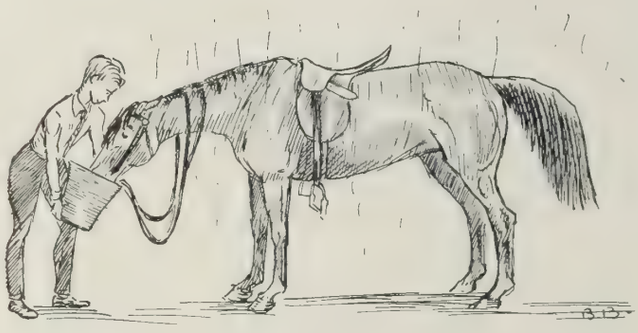
THE five dollar prize winner this month is Georgia Braun. Her sketch of Main Street shows a knowledge of perspective unusual in one of her age and a nice sense of tone.

The most pleasing sketch is that of Paul De Teresi whose sureness of touch and excellence of composition is seen in all his work. The drawings of the two seven year olders, Nancy Frederick and Marilyn Rounds are exceptional. Nancy's turkey is without doubt a turkey and Marilyn's penwork is extraordinarily sure and strong for one so young. All the drawings on this page have merit.

Subjects for next month are "How I Mean to Help My Country," "Spring Ploughing," "Home Scene."

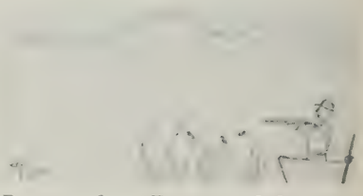
All contributors must be under 18 years of age and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent that it is your own original work neither copied nor traced.

WHAT IS WRONG?



Answer will be found on page 52

NOTICE: *Will Betty Miracle, whose drawing appeared in the November issue, please send us her correct address*



Drawn by Eugene Schwanke, Galesburg, Ill.; aged 9

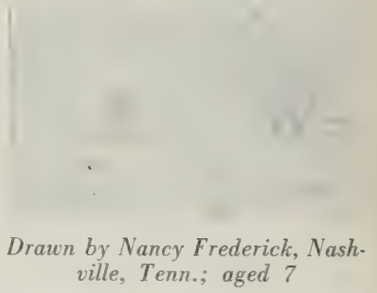
Drawn by Marjorie Atwood, Ellensburg, Wash.; aged 11

Drawn by Sylvia Bengston, Galesburg, Ill.; aged 9

Drawn by Barbara Miller, Washington, D. C.; aged 13

Drawn by Rhonda McComas, New York City, N. Y.; aged 10

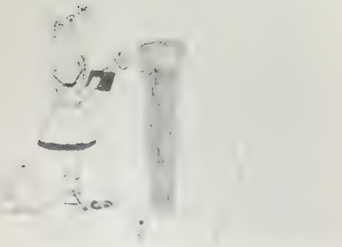
Drawn by Paul DeTeresi, North Andover, Mass.; aged 17



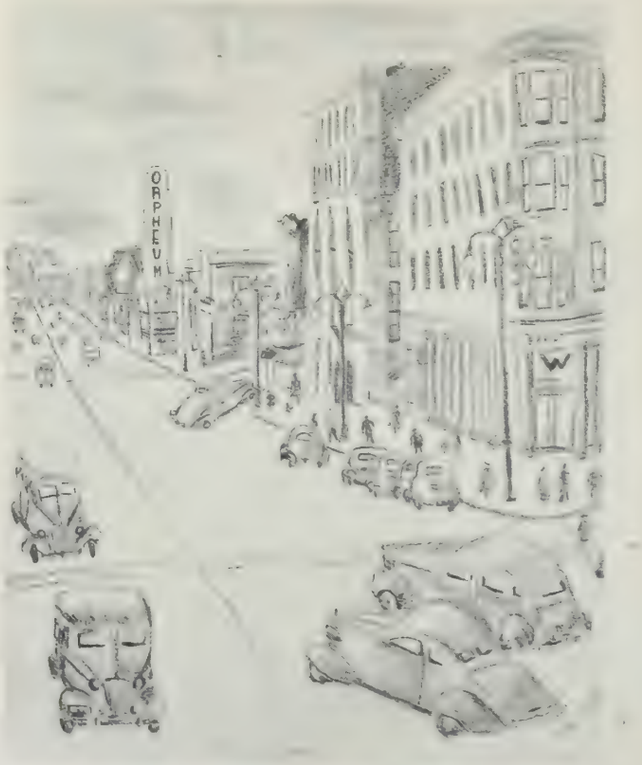
Drawn by Nancy Frederick, Nashville, Tenn.; aged 7

Drawn by Billy Schmitt, Elmhurst, Ill.; aged 12

Drawn by Bobbie Lozier, Cora, Wyo.; aged 14



Drawn by Marilyn Fern Rounds, Shawnee, Okla.; aged 7



Drawn by Georgia Braun, Madison, Wis.; aged 13

Drawn by Joan S. Zell, Kingston, N. Y.; aged 16

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VOL. LXXXI MARCH, 1942 No. 5

OUR COVER

Once again the work of Charles Morris Young, not unknown to our readers, comes to adorn our cover. The title of this delightful oil painting is "Kitchen Garden," reproduced by courtesy of McClees Galleries, Philadelphia, Pa.

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PETER VISCHER, *Publisher* FRANCIS BREWSTER, *Circulation Director* • *Published monthly by* POLO MAGAZINE, INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 1270 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

COUNTRY LIFE is obtainable in the United States and all other countries in the Pan-American Postal Union, at $5 for one year, $8 for two years. In Canada, $6 for one year, $10 for two years. In all other countries, $7 for one year, $12 for two years. Entered as second-class mail matter November 3, 1941, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers are requested to send notice of change of address five weeks before it is to take effect. Failure to send such notice will result in an incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must be given. *Please report all changes direct to us.* ADVERTISING Offices: New York, 1270 Sixth Avenue, Chicago, Archer A. King Company, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Seattle, Wash., W. F. Coleman, Henry Building, San Francisco, Cal., W. F. Coleman, 55 Montgomery Street, Los Angeles, W. F. Coleman, 530 West Sixth Street, Miami, Fla., Sylvan G. Cox, Ingraham Building, Atlanta, Ga., Sylvan G. Cox, 75 Third Street, N.W. COUNTRY LIFE is printed in the United States of America.

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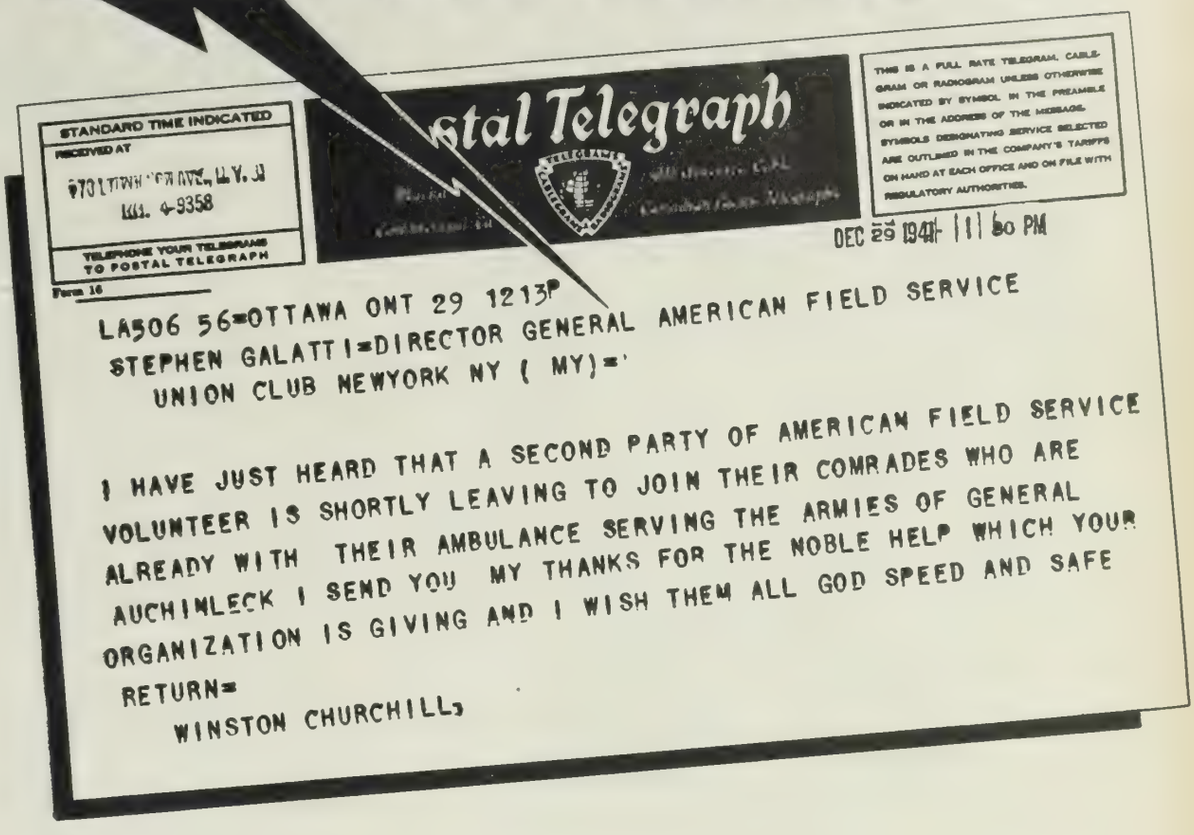
A MESSAGE TO VOLUNTEERS...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LA506 56=OTTAWA ONT 29 1213P
STEPHEN GALATTI=DIRECTOR GENERAL AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE
UNION CLUB NEWYORK NY (MY)=

I HAVE JUST HEARD THAT A SECOND PARTY OF AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE VOLUNTEER IS SHORTLY LEAVING TO JOIN THEIR COMRADES WHO ARE ALREADY WITH THEIR AMBULANCE SERVING THE ARMIES OF GENERAL AUCHINLECK I SEND YOU MY THANKS FOR THE NOBLE HELP WHICH YOUR ORGANIZATION IS GIVING AND I WISH THEM ALL GOD SPEED AND SAFE RETURN=

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

OVER 200 American volunteers are now serving as ambulance drivers in the American Field Service with the British Middle East forces. Additional men are needed. Full details as to qualifications can be obtained from representatives.

In order to maintain and aid the American Field Service as an effective supplement to the British combat forces in Africa and the Middle East, it is necessary not only to increase the number of volunteers in the Field Service, but likewise to supply these men with additional and other materials. The American Field Service would therefore welcome your own contribution to the work of this important branch of the American war effort.

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

60 BEAVER STREET
New York City

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

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(This advertisement has been contributed by a friend of the American Field Service)

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Calendar

RACING

To Mar. 7	Hialeah Park, Hialeah, Fla.
Mar. 9-Apr. 1	Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.
Apr. 9-May 9	Jamaica, L. I.
Apr. 9-23	Keeneland Park, Lexington, Ky.
Apr. 11-May 9	Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, R. I.
Apr. 25-May 16	Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.
May 11-June 6	Belmont Park, L. I.
May 11-July 18	Suffolk Downs, East Boston, Mass.
May 18-June 20	Lincoln Fields, Crete, Ill.
May 23-30	Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont.
May 29-July 4	Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.
May 30-July 4	Fairmount Park, Collinsville, Ill.
June 1-8	Thorncliffe Park, Toronto, Ont.
June 8-27	Aqueduct, L. I.
June 9-16	Long Branch, Toronto, Ont.
June 22-Aug. 1	Arlington Park, Arlington Heights, Ill.
June 25-July 2	Hamilton Park, Hamilton Ont.
June 29-July 25	Empire City, Yonkers, N. Y.
July 4-20	Fort Erie, Canada.
July 20-Aug. 8	Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H.
July 27-Aug. 29	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

Mar. 14	Sandhills Steeplechase & Racing Assn., Southern Pines, N. C.
Mar. 21	Aiken Mile Track Assn., Aiken, S. C.
Mar. 28	Carolina Cup, Camden, S. C.
Apr. 4	Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va.
Apr. 11	Middleburg Hunt Race Assn., Middleburg, Va.
Apr. 11	My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, Monkton, Md.
Apr. 18	Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md.
Apr. 25	Maryland Hunt Cup Assn., Glyndon, Md.
May 2	Virginia Gold Cup Assn., Warrenton, Va.
May 2	Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Broad Axe, Pa.

HORSE SHOWS

Mar. 7	Inter-School Horse Show, Watertown, Conn.
Mar. 21	Kimberly School Horse Show, West Orange, N. J.
Apr. 11	Wall Street Riding Club, New York, N. Y.
Apr. 18	Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn.
Apr. 23-25	First Company Governors Foot Guard, Hartford, Conn.
Apr. 24-25	Lynchburg Junior League, Lynchburg, Va.
May 3	Hutchinson Horse Show, New Rochelle, N. Y.
May 8-9	Horseman's Assn., Orange, Va.
May 15-17	Washington Horse Show Assn., Chevy Chase, Md.
May 16	Staten Island Horse Show, West Brighton, S. I.
May 16-17	Rockwood Hall, Tarrytown, N. Y.
May 16-17	Watchung Riding & Driving Club, Summit, N. J.
May 17	Oaks Hunt, Great Neck, L. I.
May 21-23	Wilmington, Del.
May 22-23	Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
May 23	Women's Club Horse Show, New Kensington, Pa.
May 25-30	Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa.
May 30-31	Secor Farms Riding Club, White Plains, N. Y.
May 30-31	Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va.

DOG SHOWS

Mar. 1	San Bernardino Valley Kennel Club, San Bernardino, Calif.
Mar. 4-5	Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mar. 4-5	Canton Kennel Club, Canton, Ohio.
Mar. 7-8	Oakland Kennel Club, Oakland, Calif.
Mar. 7-8	Western Reserve Kennel Club, Cleveland, O.
Mar. 8	Providence County Kennel Club, Providence, R. I.
Mar. 14-15	Cincinnati Kennel Club, Cincinnati, O.
Mar. 14-15	Portland Kennel Club, Portland, Ore.
Mar. 21-22	Mahoning-Shenango Kennel Club, Youngstown, O.
Mar. 21-22	Mississippi Valley Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo.
Mar. 21-22	Santa Anita Kennel Club, Santa Anita, Calif.
Mar. 22	Saw Mill River Kennel Club, White Plains, N. Y.
Mar. 28	Kennel Club of Atlantic City, Atlantic City, N. J.
Mar. 28-29	International Kennel Club of Chicago, Ill.
Mar. 28-29	Tucson Kennel Club, Tucson, Ariz.
Mar. 31-Apr. 1	El Paso Kennel Club, El Paso, Tex.
Mar. 31-Apr. 1	Tennessee Valley Kennel Club, Knoxville, Tenn.
Apr. 3	Nashville Kennel Club, Nashville, Tenn.
Apr. 3-4	Rio Grande Kennel Club, Albuquerque, New Mex.

Apr. 4	Springfield Kennel Club, Springfield, Mass.
Apr. 6-7	Chattanooga Valley Kennel Club, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Apr. 6-7	New Mexico Kennel Club, Santa Fe, New Mex.
Apr. 9-10	Atlanta Kennel Club, Atlanta, Ga.
Apr. 10-11	Colorado Kennel Club, Denver, Colo.
Apr. 11-12	Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, Ohio
Apr. 12	Union County Kennel Club, Elizabeth, N. J.
Apr. 12	Birmingham Kennel Club, Birmingham, Ala.
Apr. 14	Macon Kennel Club, Macon, Ga.
Apr. 16	Columbia Kennel Club, Columbia, S. C.
Apr. 17	Greenville Kennel Club, Greenville, S. C.
Apr. 18	Asheville Kennel Club, Asheville, N. C.
Apr. 18-19	Seattle Kennel Club, Seattle, Wash.
Apr. 19	Kennel Club of Northern New Jersey, Teaneck, N. J.
Apr. 19	Tri-State Kennel Assn., Wheeling, W. Va.
Apr. 20	Roanoke Kennel Club, Roanoke, Va.
Apr. 21	Lynchburg Kennel Club, Lynchburg, Va.
Apr. 23	Hampton Roads Kennel Club, Norfolk, Va.
Apr. 24	Virginia Kennel Club, Richmond, Va.
Apr. 25	Old Dominion Kennel Club of Northern Virginia, Alexandria, Va.
Apr. 25-26	Tri-City Kennel Club, Rock Island, Ill.
Apr. 26	Baltimore County Kennel Club, Pikesville, Md.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

Mar. 7-8	Western Reserve Kennel Club, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mar. 8	Obedience Training Club of Rhode Island, Providence, R. I.
Mar. 14-15	Cincinnati Kennel Club, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mar. 21-22	Mahoning Shenango Kennel Club, Youngstown, Ohio.
Mar. 22	Saw Mill River Kennel Club, White Plains, N. Y.
Mar. 28-29	International Kennel Club of Chicago, Ill.
Apr. 11-12	Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, O.
Apr. 19	First Dog Training Club of Northern New Jersey, Teaneck, N. J.

FIELD TRIALS (Pointers and Setters)

Mar. 1	Saginaw Field & Stream Club, Pheasant Trial, Saginaw, Mich.
Mar. 2	All-America Field Trial Club, Brownsville, Tenn.
Mar. 7	Oregon Field Trial Assn., Harrisburg, Ore.
Mar. 9	East Texas Field Trial Assn., Tyler, Tex.
Mar. 9	West Tennessee Field Trial Club, Brownsville, Tenn.
Mar. 13	Hill City Field Trial Club, Lynchburg, Va.
Mar. 14	British Columbia Gun Dog Club, Sumas Prairie, B. C.
Mar. 16	Virginia Amateur Field Trial Assn., Orange, Va.
Mar. 21	Cumberland Valley Field Trial Club, Hagerstown, Md.
Mar. 21	Stillwater Field Trial Club, Stillwater, Okla.
Mar. 21	Keystone Setter & Pointer Club, Reading, Pa.
Mar. 21	Charlestown Field Trial Club, Charlestown, R. I.
Mar. 22	Maumee Valley Bird Dog Club, Toledo, Ohio.
Mar. 23	Carolina Amateur Field Trial Assn., Hoffman, N. C.
Mar. 26	Northern Indiana Field Trial Club, Winamac, Ind.
Mar. 28	Sewickley Kennel Club, Sewickley, Pa.
Mar. 28	Central Ohio Field Trial Club, Mt. Victory, O.
Mar. 28	Mid-Atlantic Winners' Stake, Harveysburg, Ohio.
Mar. 28	St. Louis Pointer & Setter Club, Troy, Mo.
Mar. 28	Delaware Setter & Pointer Club, Wilmington, Del.
Mar. 28	Venango Grouse Trial Club, Fryburg, Pa.
Mar. 29	Sportsmen's Club of Southwest Missouri, Springfield, Mo.
Mar. 30	Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Assn., Leedstown, Va.
Apr. 2	Jockey Hollow Field Trial Club, Clinton, N. J.
Apr. 3	Oriole Field Dog Assn., Catonsville, Md.
Apr. 3	Anthracite Field Trial Club, Orwigsburg, Pa.
Apr. 4	Bridgeville Pointer & Setter Club, Bridgeville, Pa.
Apr. 4	Michigan Grouse Field Trial Assn., Sanford, Mich.
Apr. 5	Pleasant Grove Field Trial Club, Linton, Ind.
Apr. 8	English Setter Club of America, Medford, N. J.
Apr. 9	Indiana Field Trial Assn., Versailles, Ind.
Apr. 11	National Capital Field Trial Club, Potomac, Md.
Apr. 11	Irish Setter Club of America, Clinton, N. J.
Apr. 12	Egyptian Amateur Field Trial Club, Belle River, Ill.
Apr. 12	Saginaw Field & Stream Club, West Branch, Mich.
Apr. 17	South Jersey Field Trial Assn., N. J.
Apr. 17	Southern New York Field Trial Club, Bedford Village, N. Y.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

Mar. 5-6	Iowa State Breeders Assn., Des Moines, Ia.
Mar. 12	Mercer County Breeders Assn., Aledo, Ill.
Mar. 16	Texas Breeders Assn., Fort Worth, Tex.
Mar. 16	Central Iowa Breeders Assn., Marshalltown, Ia.
Mar. 23	Oklahoma Breeders Assn., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mar. 25-26	Nebraska State Breeders Assn., Columbus, Neb.
Apr. 6	Central Missouri Breeders Assn., Columbia, Mo.
Apr. 16	Indiana State Breeders Assn., Lafayette, Ind.
Apr. 17	Central Illinois Breeders Assn., Congerville, Ill.
Apr. 20	Howard County Breeders Assn., Fayette, Mo.
Apr. 27	Marion County Breeders Assn., Knoxville, Ia.
Apr. 27	Ohio Breeders Assn., Columbus, O.
Apr. 28	South Dakota Breeders Assn., Brookings, S. D.

SHORTHORN & POLLED SHORTHORN SALES

Mar. 6	Breeders Sale, Moultrie, Ga.
Mar. 11	Bernard Mullady Dispersal, Buffalo, Ill.
Mar. 13	Annual Spring Sale, South Omaha, Neb.

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Mar. 23	Ohio Breeders Assn., Columbus, Ohio.
May 4	Merryvale Farm, Grandview, Mo.
May 4	Miles-of-View Farm & Roanridge Farm, Kenneth, Kans.
May 5	Sni-A-Bar Farm, Grain Valley, Mo.
May 6	National Congress Show & Sale, Indianapolis, Ind.

GUERNSEY SALES

Mar. 27	Consignment Sale, Coatesville, Penna.
Apr. 4	Heifer Sale, Columbus, Ohio.
Apr. 4	Riegeldale Sale, Trion, Ga.
Apr. 15	Waukesha Breeders Sale, Waukesha, Wis.
Apr. 18	Dairy Calf Club Sale, Lincoln, Neb.
Apr. 23	Eastern Ohio Consignment Sale, Wooster, Ohio.
Apr. 24	Knox County Sale, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
May 4	Quail Roost-Maxim Sale, Rougemont, N. C.
May 12	Ohio Quality Sale, Wooster, O.
May 14	Middlewest Invitational Sale, Elmhurst, Ill.
May 15	Chicago Guernsey Farm, Hinsdale, Ill.
May 16	May Royal-Steadfast Sale, Mansfield, O.
May 23	Consignment Sale, Topsfield, Mass.
May 25	Kitchener Farm Dispersal, Billerica, Mass.
May 29	Eastern Guernsey Sale, Doylestown, Penna.
May 29	Ohio State Sale, Wooster, Ohio.
May 30	Coventry Sale, Trenton, N. J.

HOLSTEIN SALES

Mar. 30	The Capitol Sale, Harrisburg, Pa.
Mar. 30-31	28th Anniversary Sale, Waukesha & Watertown, Wis.
Apr. 2	Michigan State Holstein-Friesian Assn., East Lansing, Mich.
Apr. 8	Annual Earlville Sale, Earlville, N. Y.
Apr. 20-21	Bell Farm Dispersal, Coraopolis, Penna.

JERSEY SALES

Mar. 7	John Ridgeley, Towson, Md.
Mar. 9	H. Jewett Orth, Jr., Frederick, Md.
Apr. 11	Ohio Jersey Cattle Club, Columbus, O.
Apr. 27	Mississippi Jersey Cattle Club, Jackson, Miss.
June 4	National Jersey Sale, Biltmore Farms, Asheville, N. C.
June 6	Happy Valley & Green Fields Sale, Rossville, Ga.
June 20	New York Jersey Cattle Club, Meridale Farms, Meredith, N. Y.

PERCHERON SALES

Mar. 28	Ernest C. Bell, Mt. Ephraim, N. J.
Mar. 30	Madrey Farm, Brewster, N. Y.

LIVESTOCK SHOWS

Mar. 5-9	San Angelo Fat Stock Show, San Angelo, Tex.
Mar. 13-22	Southwest Exposition & Fat Stock Show, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mar. 26-29	Southwest Louisiana Fat Stock Show, Lake Charles, La.

SKI TOURNAMENTS

Mar. 1	McGill-Dartmouth Slalom, Mont Tremblant, Canada.
Mar. 1	Club Ski Races, St. Adele, P. Q.
Mar. 1	Central 4-Event Championship, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Mar. 7-8	Interscholastic Meet, Seigniory Club, P. Q., Canada.
Mar. 8	Quebec Kandahar Downhill & Slalom, Mont Tremblant, Canada.
Mar. 22	Ladies' Meet, Mont Tremblant, Canada.

ART EXHIBITIONS

Mar. 1-25	Oil Paintings by Norman Rockwell, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.
Mar. 2-31	Paintings by James Patrick, Los Angeles County Museum, Calif.
Mar. 3-28	Scenes by Anthony Thieme; Annual Exhibition, American Etchers; Art of the Western Hemisphere, Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.
Mar. 4-31	Printed Cottons; Watercolors by Mass. Art Project; Paintings by Berkshire Artists, Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass.
To Mar. 5	Exhibition by Serge Novin, Barbizon-Plaza Art Galleries, N. Y.
To Mar. 8	"Shoes International"; Work of Sidney Mount & John Quidor, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
Mar. 9-21	Sculpture by Hesketh, Ferargil Galleries, N. Y.
Mar. 9-23	Exhibition by Victor DePauw, The Fifteen Gallery, N. Y.
Mar. 9-28	Exhibition by Gloucester Artists, Milch Galleries, N. Y.
Mar. 14-Apr. 26	Los Angeles Artists Exhibit, Los Angeles County Museum, Calif.
To Mar. 14	"Scenery for Cinema"; Prints by Matisse and Picasso; Work by Baltimore Water Color Club; Photographs from the Flaherty Documentary Films; Sculpture by Zorach; Memorial Exhibition of Ben Silbert; Paintings by Max Weber, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
Mar. 19-June 14	Miniature American Rooms, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
Mar. 20-Apr. 20	"Art in the Home"; Famous Paintings by Old Masters, Albright Art Galleries, Buffalo, N. Y.
To Mar. 28	Exhibition by Darrel Austin, Perls Galleries, N. Y.
Mar. 31	Rembrandt's Work, Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.
Mar. 31	Work by Adolphe Borie; Watercolors "Naval Defense Activities," by Vernon Howe Bailey; Exhibition by Washington Artists; Tempera Paintings by George Harding, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS....

...at LENOX

This handsome home is about 1½ miles from the center of Lenox, Mass., high on the West Mountain Road in the Berkshire Hills, convenient to Tanglewood where the Berkshire Symphonic Festival is held and summer and winter sports.

The location of this property combines seclusion with most interesting views of the surrounding countryside.

The dwelling is soundly constructed of stone, wood and stucco, and all is in first class condition; with Johns Manville guaranteed roofing of asbestos shingles. The living room, dining room, library, study, kitchen, laundry, pantries, servants' dining room, 2 lavatories, are all on the first floor. 6 master bedrooms and 5 baths, 4 servants' bedrooms and bath, and linen room are on the second floor; also 3 rooms on the third floor.

Fireplaces are in all the living rooms on the first floor and in several of the bedrooms.

There is a built-in safe for silverware on the first floor and one for papers and treasures on the second floor. The closets are large and numerous. The kitchen has modern counters of stainless steel and excellent cooking equipment.

The steam heating system is air conditioned with American Radiator oil burner. In the cellar is a vegetable storage room, two wine cellars, tool room and toilet. Town water supply.

There is a two-story guest cottage with 5 master bedrooms, 4 baths, 2 servants' rooms and bath.

2-car garage, the same construction as dwelling, is adjacent to rear service entrance.

Of the 20 acres in the estate, about 4 are woodland and the balance is in garden and fruit trees. The architecture of this estate was carefully planned to make it luxurious and comfortable and the upkeep low.

The price, partly furnished, is $40,000, far below cost.

A COLONIAL about 1800 A.D.

AT SHEFFIELD, Massachusetts in the BERKSHIRE HILLS

This excellent example of Early Colonial home, surrounded by century old maples, has real charm. The central hallway through the dwelling leads to a terrace in the rear and a formal garden, and in the distance is Mt. Everett. The architecture of the structure is dignified and provides comfortable sized rooms with ample closets and many beautiful fireplaces.

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Letters

APPRECIATION

To the Editor:

Country Life's designation of the undersigned as the "Horseman of the Year, 1941" is deeply appreciated as a tribute to the organization I represent, as well as to myself.

I did thank you while you were here at our annual meeting, but as a matter of record, I hereby tender you the sincere thanks of myself and my associates, for the high honor Country Life has conferred upon me.

Wayne Dinsmore,
Horse and Mule Association,
Chicago, Ill.

WANTS A SEAL

To the Editor:

A friend of mine would like to purchase a young seal for a pet. May I ask if you can tell me where it could be purchased? I'm a reader of Country Life.

Andre A. Blum,
Chicago, Ill.

Capt. George McGuire, 1401 de la Gina, Santa Barbara, California, would be glad to arrange such a purchase.

HORSEMANSHIP

To the Editor:

I have just read the letter in Country Life by the "one-and-only" Slykhouse. He gives his thoughts on horses, favoring the simpler side of everything pertaining to them. He takes a rap at jumping horses and riders. He bases it, apparently, on the cruelty and senselessness involved, maintains that riders are people with an over-abundance of money and a deficiency in brains, as well as a lack of interest in this life. He might have added—"riding horses as crazy as they are." These remarks usually go together, I believe.

Mr. Slykhouse has had no experience with jumpers, so his remarks could well be ignored. Unfortunately, however, these thoughts are general. I have frequently heard comments of this sort around show rings—especially the smaller ones, attended in the main by the uninitiated. Even amongst horsemen, "Hunting men are saddle men with their brains bashed out." Of course, this is said in jest, although I have my suspicions.

In any event, the comments remain unanswered—perhaps because it is unimportant what non-jumpers and spectators think. I, for one, have no sympathy with this attitude. There definitely is a lack of knowledge and so much honest curiosity as to the reason for it all that it seems some one should take the time to give a few thoughts of explanation.

It does seem logical that a sport capable of attracting so many thousands of devotees can hardly be passed off so simply as to assert that its participants are a reckless lot with more money than brains—two items which, unfortunately, never seem to go together.

It is certain that (for some people, at least) the juvenile mind becomes irksome. Yet it is exhilarating for some of us to come in contact with the nimbler, more developed mind, human or animal. Just as it would be a tragedy not to allow an intelligent child to develop mentally, so it is with a horse. A "top-lepper" has this to the *nth* degree.

Some of you will maintain this reasoning to be offside—that a horse has little mentality and no reasoning powers. Statistics lend credence to this remark. It can be shown where some statistician has rated a horse well down the list of animals in intelligence. These ratings, I think, are wide open to question, however, because, so far as I know, they are all based on the animal's ability to learn tricks. I grant that a horse is no trickster.

P. T. Cheff has a few words to say about horsemanship

I would suggest a different method of rating a horse's intelligence—one more in his field. Let that same statistician mount a 'lepper, head him toward a good upstanding fence which neither he nor his mount has ever before seen, pick a section to his liking, and ride for it.

The approach would look good from a distance. But just in the last stride, before taking off, a small ditch, so overgrown as to have been

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unnoticed before, would suddenly demand his entire attention (or perhaps it would be a low pile of rocks or logs buried in the grass). In any event, in that split-second before the take-off, the rider, unable to pull out, would look desperately for a clear spot to allow his horse a firm enough take-off to clear the obstacle.

If he were smart and could think fast enough in that moment of danger, he would then more than ever leave his horse completely alone. If he did, he would find that the crash he was expecting would not materialize. Instead, he would find himself safely on the other side. Being a statistician, he would rein up weakly, dismount, and on wobbly knees climb back over the fence to see what sort of miracle had happened.

He would be amazed to find that there had been one barely discernible clear spot which his fast-thinking mount had calmly picked out and used. He hadn't been shown, nor taught, nor driven to it. He figured out the problem for himself, which was in his own field, and which for him was simple.

Mr. Cheff says these frightening fences are really easy

You may say, "Why get in a spot like that in the first place?" To which I can only answer that it was not nearly the spot you thought it was. This was a horse with a developed mentality, remember, doing what he greatly loved to do.

You will perhaps grant for the moment that I am right in my reasoning, but you now take exception to that last comment. You have heard that no horse likes to jump; otherwise why is it in a show ring that you have refusals, with riders whipping and tugging at their mounts? The point is well taken—that does happen; but 99% of the time it is not the horse's fault.

First, the horse may have been so badly ridden that he is spoiled. He is afraid—not of the jump, but of what the rider will do. Through bitter experience, his confidence has been destroyed.

But, granting that the horse has not been spoiled and still refuses—that is again because of his extreme intelligence. The rider may be looking very brave up there. He may be acting very determined and efficient, but way down inside, near the seat of his breeches, hidden from all but his clever mount, is a quivery feeling.

Put a capable rider up, one who really enjoys it, and watch with what pleasure and confidence that same animal performs! He would have been foolish to have jumped with the frightened rider. And please don't condemn that rider too quickly. The fear he was experiencing in no way reflects upon his courage. He just hasn't been properly taught. He may have ridden for years, but perhaps only one or two horses over the entire period—horses he knew and that were wise enough to take care of him. Now that he is astride one he doesn't know, he feels lost. A good instructor would be of assistance there—not for his actual riding, perhaps, but to teach him a little psychology as applied to the horse. Believe me, that is most necessary.

You may say that I am overly enthusiastic, as any one is about his favorite pastime. Perhaps you are right. Any sport or hobby or interest is good. I am in favor of them all, especially in these times, and there definitely is no desire here to draw any comparison with this one to any other; so hold your fire, please.

It is true that I have known thoroughly qualified sportsmen in almost any other line to give it up entirely. It is equally true that I have known staunch upholders of other sports to sustain nervous breaks—a condition a good hobby should prevent.

I have never known either of such things to happen with a really capable jumping man. You may be right, this probably is an alibi for taking time out occasionally, but it is still true. There is enough concentration required to take one's mind from whatever is bothering him. If a four-foot fence won't do it, a four-and-one-half one will. And there is enough constantly to learn to keep one permanently interested.

There is, aside from knowing your horse (his reasoning, conformation, soundness, etc.), the art of jumping itself. You will find the split-second timing required, the absolute teamwork and coordination necessary, to be ever intriguing. It is always trying for those perfectly synchronized leaps that gets one. It is possible to come out of the ring with a blue and be quite unhappy over the performance—and, again, to be back in the ribbons and immensely pleased.

I have attempted here to answer the questions most frequently put to me, as well as those implied in Mr. Slykhouse's letter. If you are still a disbeliever, I would suggest the following procedure:

Mount a wise old hunter. Take him to some rolling meadow, surrounded by a good three- or four-bar rail fence. Break him into a canter. Watch the intelligent prick of his

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ears as he finds he is being sent at it. Note that extra surge in his stride as he eagerly, and with complete confidence, approaches the obstacle. And feel that explosion as he rises up under you and gleefully soars, with perfect balance, spacing, and timing, over what, for a lesser animal, constitutes an absolute barrier!

Once you experience that ride in just that way—no matter what your former beliefs or hobby—you are sunk, my friend, but good!

P. T. Cheff,
Holland, Mich.

WHY PLOW?

To the Editor:

To say that I was excited by the article entitled "Why Do Farmers Plow?" is putting it mildly. Who is E. H. Faulkner, the author, and what are his qualifications for writing this provocative article?

P. F.,
Hopewell, N. J.

We asked Mr. Faulkner to reply and this is what he said:

E. H. Faulkner was born during the first Cleveland administration at a tiny pin-prick along the bottom edge of a large scale map of Kentucky—nearest town Jellico, Tennessee. Our own village, Boston (Lot, in the records of the Postoffice Department), had been an educational center of sorts prior to 1883 when two railroads finally penetrated our hills to the site which later became Jellico. Our village, which had educated a generation of important local business and professional men, thereafter waned to insignificance.

Educated, in so far as that process has been accomplished, in a variety of places, including the customary one-room school within a stone's throw of my home, Williamsburg Institute (now Cumberland College) from 1902 to 1909, Kentucky College of Agriculture, 1911 to 1914. Almost by default I acquired the degree B.S. in Agr. from Kentucky.

The farmers of two counties (Whitley, in Kentucky, 1914-1918; and Gallia, in Ohio, 1918-1920) seemed willing to continue the education of their first county agent; as did the fathers of a score or more of boys enrolled in Smith-Hughes courses in high school agriculture from 1920 to 1925. The transition from Appalachian Kentucky agriculture to Corn Belt Ohio agriculture—from one-row, horse-drawn implements to tractor drawn giants of level fields—forced me to confess to some of these kindly farmers that I had never even seen such equipment before, much less operated it.

So, with the tolerance characteristic of farmers toward scantily educated scientific men thrust upon them, they proceeded to let me try out some of this equipment so I wouldn't be too green standing before a class. Honestly, this is the first time so far as I know that the story is being told. They didn't tell on me. The Board of Education, none too kindly anyway, would have made a quick job of canceling my contract if they had.

During these four decades I had picked up fragmentary information about plant behavior under a great variety of soil conditions. As a starter I had helped, as all farm children do, with the work on our own farm. It had been "worn out" when father purchased it. At any rate, it would not grow 25 bushels of corn per acre, and there was land nearer the river which without manure or fertilizers grew 100 bushels or more per acre. Our land was low enough to overflow every winter, but the water never stood long on it, and dropped very little sediment; so the constant cropping had resulted in its being abandoned for the richer lower bottoms.

The fact that father restored to high productiveness—higher even than the best of the richer bottoms eventually became, under intensive tillage and less valuable inundations—formed a background of thought which has been invaluable to me in stubbornly continuing my own test work when nothing but failure resulted year after year. I knew high production was possible; for father had restored it in land not so good as what I was working with.

It should be said here in order to give proper credit where it really is due, that few men have taken over badly worn land, brought it to high productiveness, reared and educated six children—four of them through college—entirely from the crop yields of such land without mortgage or other incumbrance. Some have done so; but it certainly is a small number; and I was fortunate enough to be the son of one of those men. He lived his life all unconscious until his very last days that he had done anything worthy of note. When the New Deal began paying farmers to do the very things he had been doing all the time, he began to suspect that he had been slightly ahead of the procession.

When in 1937 I began to be vocal about the failure of scientists to recognize the folly of plowing, father gently chided me for being so bold as to question the validity of practices so hoary. He probably never became reconciled to my activities. In March, 1940, he died. He was the best farmer, considering the handicaps in spite of which he succeeded, that I have ever known; and, unsuspectingly, he was my best agriculture teacher.

There is little else to be said. The four and a half years of constant effort to get the new ideas established are at last bearing fruit. We are about to enter an entirely new phase of agriculture.

It's Summertime in SAN·DIEGO

THIS month, this week, today, the sun is friendly, the air is soft, flowers are everywhere, birds sing early . . . living is living. Nature forgets the rest of the Country, this time of year, and comes out here to play with us. So why don't you! The trip takes but little time and little money, nowadays. And the good it will do you is more than ever to be desired. You know that's true, don't you . . . so come!

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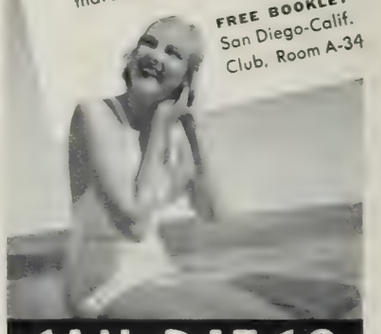

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THE Editor's Cornucopia

A FEW SIDELIGHTS ON WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FARMER GOES RACING

WE won a horse race the other day. . . . Aw, shucks, let's not be blasé about it! That's the first race we ever won in our lives.

Don't let us try to kid you that we're racing folks from 'way back. There's no tradition of the turf behind us. And we have a tiny stable. Indeed, if it were any smaller it wouldn't exist, for it consists of just one horse. (Please don't scoff; our stable used to be much larger. A

hundred per cent bigger, in fact. Last year we had two horses.)

You'll get a fairly accurate idea of the character of our racing when we tell you that our colors—"Burgundy, white 'V,' white chevrons on sleeve, and Burgundy cap"—were stitched up at home.

Nevertheless, up to the other day, all we had in the way of race horses were two well-bred and well-named if somewhat lackadaisical fillies. The five-year-old, Cafe Society, is by Display out of Ornate. The four-year-old, by Jock out of Annabell Lee, dam of the once celebrated Robert E. Lee, is named First Family.

(We wanted to name her F.F.V., or First Family of Virginia, inasmuch as her sire was named after Jock McLean and her dam was the mother of such a very distinguished Virginian, but the Jockey Club wouldn't stand for the initials and we couldn't see Eff Eff Vee as the name of any horse we owned.)

Now we have a winner.

Not only is it a very satisfying experience, but the steps leading up to it are most enlightening to anyone who is trying to understand what racing is all about, what fun it might be, how economically useful or difficult it is, how sensible or ridiculous.

Naturally, it never entered our heads that we would be factors in the vast racing scheme. Quite the opposite. When we built the stable at Pleasant Valley Farm we tried to design it in such a way that it couldn't possibly be enlarged. Eight stalls we put up in the shape of a Gothic C, more or less, in such a way that we couldn't ever tack on a ninth without making us feel that we were making fools of ourselves.

We thought we wanted to get together four good Thoroughbred broodmares; never more. And we decided it would be fun to get the first four as yearlings, one a year, bring them up on the farm, race them ourselves, and then take them back to be bred if worthy. The fifth would displace the worst of the four, until that happy day when we might be satisfied that we had four good enough to console even a critical observer.

Cafe Society was the first of the four. First Family the second. The third and fourth have been held off, until the end of the war.

The first time First Family ran, at Empire City, as a two-year-old a year and a half ago, she flew out of the gate, led by three lengths at the far turn, led by three lengths coming into the head of the stretch—and finished fourth. As she had been broken at the farm, wintered at the farm, trained in some part at the farm, and started at 65 to 1, there was a bit of excitement for a moment among those familiar with our famous stable.

After the race, we bumped into the Negro chauffeur who drives one of our more affluent friends, a keen and observant gentleman by the name of Grady, of whom we're very fond.

"That was awful tough luck," said Grady. "But what ever made you put that jockey up?"

"Gosh," I said, "what's the matter with the boy?"

"Don't you know what they call him in the jockey room?" asked Grady.

"No," I said, "what do they call him?"

"Why," said Grady, "he's known as The Human Anchor."

We've had our share of laughs; all right.

Quite in the normal course of events we sent First Family from the farm to Pimlico early in the spring. It takes about a hundred days to get a horse ready to run, so she went with her trainer, Tommy Bonham, from Pimlico to Wilmington to Empire City. He and she tended to their business and we made occasional visits to see how she was coming along.

There's a secret language between horses and trainers and one day First Family—and nobody ever calls her that, for her stable name is Dixie—told Bonham she was about ready to run. To prove it she had an excellent work one morning at Empire City.

Imagine our surprise when we find that the newspapers have unearthed a sinister plot. According to the "New York World Telegram," clockers have discovered that Bonham has a filly that he would like to hide from them and that she is likely to burn up the track—but you can't fool them and they have ferreted out the fact that her name is Cafe Society. (Cafe was that morning jumping two-foot fences at the farm and none too gracefully, either.) The "Journal-American" announced in a two-column head that "3-Yr-Old Display Filly Speed Demon in Trial," which couldn't have been more inaccurate. The "Morning Telegraph" went them all one better and had the name of the trainer as well as the horse wrong, and predicted that as punishment for this effrontery the clockers would probably make our horse an 8 to 5 shot!

That was a new one on us. We thought we were in racing for our own pleasure and amusement and for such purses as we might honestly win with our simple horses. But apparently not. Apparently owners are in racing not merely for the benefit of the public and the state and the stockholders of the racing associations, as we all knew, but also for the enlightenment of a group of quite important boys known as clockers.

We didn't know that clockers (and their friends of the daily papers) were supposed to be notified when an owner decides to work a horse. Next time we must send out engraved invitations. . . . Remind me to take this up with Tiffany's.

It might help racing if the clockers had an association to which a blanket invitation might be extended. Come to think of it, they probably already have one, as have the trainers and the jockeys and the breeders and even the commissioners. Apparently only owners seem to be completely devoid of the elements of protection.

Well, we don't get discouraged easily; we still think racing is fun.

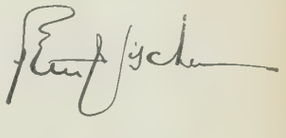
It's especially good fun when the little thing you've been fooling around with at home comes in a winner.

My charming bride says I ought not to spend much time talking about racing in the Cornucopia at a critical time like this. After all, it's only a fractional and unimportant part of our life on the farm and we certainly don't want to give people the idea that we're crazy about spending our mornings with clockers and our afternoons with the fascinating mobs that go to racing nowadays. Particularly

SKETCHES BY GORDON ROSS

when the nation—and that includes its farmers and their horses—have so much important work to do.

But I thought you'd understand when I told you that we'd just won our first race.



GOD INTENDED HORSES TO Work

by ***ANGUS McDONALD***

My father was a Presbyterian minister, but during the last fifteen years of his life (he died in 1925) he spent most of his time with land and horses.

He was the best hand with horses I ever saw. He could take a wild colt and train it to do anything.

I remember the first year we lived on the farm near Sallisaw, Oklahoma, he bought a team of young mares. They were supposed to be broken, but they'd run away every chance they'd get. The farmers and cowpunchers around Sallisaw used to laugh at him for buying mustang stock.

One of the mares calmed down after a few weeks of work, but the other one was as wild as ever. My brother and I called the fiery one Nell and the gentle one Star.

Star came to realize that the old man was boss. She got so she didn't cut up much. You could catch her in the lot. But Nell was as wild as a March hare. You couldn't catch her in the pasture at all. The strange part of it was that the old man thought Nell was one hundred per cent the better horse.

"I'll break her to the Agent stallion and her colt will make one of the finest saddle animals in the country."

That winter Uncle Cagey and his family came to see us and he helped us haul rocks. We had got one load of rock hauled and had started on the second when somebody came to see the old man about something. It was a cold morning and both the mares were still prancing and the old man hated to leave the rock hauling in charge of anyone else. He was afraid the team would run away or be overloaded, or spoiled in some way. The old man said to our hired hand, "Now Charley, be careful—watch the team and handle it just like I would."

Uncle Cagey spoke up. "Don't worry about this team, I'll handle them. I didn't spend twenty years breaking colts for nothing."

"You let Charley handle this team," said the old man.

We had been hauling light loads of rock because when we started the load Nell would lunge and if her weight didn't move the wagon she would rear up and lunge again. We had the wagon about half-loaded and Charley said, "That ought to be enough," but Uncle Cagey said, "You don't mean you're going to let that mare bluff you out of hauling a load. Put a load on that mare and it'll learn her to prance around."

Charley argued with Uncle Cagey, but it did no good. He took charge of everything. "Don't try to teach your grandmother how to milk ducks," he told Charley.

We went ahead and loaded the wagon. When the rock bed was full Uncle Cagey climbed up on the seat and braced his feet. "Giddap, you hussies," he hollered.

When Uncle Cagey yelled at the team Nell jumped as if she had been shot. She lunged forward and reared up. Because Uncle Cagey had fastened the stay chain and because the wagon was heavily loaded she scarcely moved it. Uncle Cagey stood up in the wagon, "I'll learn you, you hussy," and using the end of the long lines for a whip he cut Nell across her hips.

That mare simply went wild then. She lunged from side to side; she reared straight up in the air. Uncle Cagey held on to the lines and tried to calm the mare down but it was too late.

Suddenly the old man appeared and made for Nell's head, talking to her as he came. "Steady now—steady old girl, everything is going to be all right. Whoa, girl, whoa." In a minute the old man got hold of Nell's bridle, but she lifted him clear off the ground. It looked like her front hoofs would hit him when she reared up. I thought the old man would be killed. He seemed all mixed up in the harness and the horse's feet.

But he kept talking to the mare, and in a minute she quit rearing up so much. As soon as he could get his feet on the ground, he began rubbing her throat and petting her. She quieted down some more then, but she still pranced and champed her bits. It was cold but Nell was in a lather. She was wet around the britching, the backhand, and the collar.

"Go get a blanket," said the old man to me. So far he had taken no notice of Uncle Cagey, who was standing in the wagon, for once quiet. "Unload that rock, Charley, all of it."

Uncle Cagey climbed down and started to unfasten the trace chains. "Leave this team hooked up," the old man said. I gave the blanket to the old man and he covered Nell with it and he was careful to show it to her first and

POSITE: ETCHING BY LOUIS SZANTO
URTESY ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS

then hold back the blind on the bridle so she could see him put it on her.

"Brother Mac, aren't you going to take 'em out?" asked Uncle Cagey. But the old man didn't answer. He was still busy talking to Nell, who had become quieter, though she was still prancing up and down.

"There's no use—that mare won't work," said Uncle Cagey.

When Charley had the rock unloaded, the old man said, "Now take the rock bed off." The rock bed was made of heavy two-inch oak boards that weren't fastened together and could be taken off one at a time. When we had got the bed off, there was nothing left but the wagon frame.

"Now, Charley," said the old man, "put your shoulder to the wheel and roll the wagon a little when I lead the team forward." The old man was still holding Nell by the bridle and he told her to step forward a bit. Nell, of course, thought the wagon was still loaded and she lunged but the old man held her back as much as he could and Charley rolled the wheel a bit so that she wasn't pulling anything at all.

Around the field we went. The old man stopped and climbed up on the standards and drove back to where we had unloaded. "Now, Charley, put the bed back on." When the bed was on again, we drove around the field again. Nell lunged a bit when she felt the added weight but she soon quit that. When we were back again, the old man had us put a few rocks in the wagon.

Then he'd drive by and have a few more put in, until the load gradually increased to about what we had been hauling. We drove around nearly all day hauling light loads of rock.

All this time Uncle Cagey had been helping us but the old man hadn't even spoken to him. About 3:30 the old man said, "Well, that'll be enough for today." We thought it was enough too because we hadn't had any dinner and we were nearly starved.

When we had taken the team out and got them fed, the old man went over to where Uncle Cagey was standing in the lot. "Cagey," he said, "never lay a line over any of my stock again. You nearly ruined that mare."

Uncle Cagey mumbled something, but the old man didn't hear him because he was walking toward the house.

II

THE old man had a hard time getting Nell bred. She would get in heat and by the time we'd get her to the stallion she'd be out of the notion and fight the stud like a hyena, or else if he covered her it wouldn't do any good. The result was that Nell's colt was almost a year later than Star's.

One morning I went down to the lot and saw a little scrawny thing standing by Nell. That colt was the ugliest thing I ever saw in my life. His hocks were so big that they looked like satchels tied on his jay bird legs. His little body was poor and his flanks were hollow and his legs were so long it looked like he was standing on stilts. He had lack-lustre eyes, a gaunt head, and a long neck.

We decided to call him Don.

At six months Don was just as wild and almost as ugly as ever. When we put him in the stable or lot to separate him from his mother, he butted his head and skinned his knees on the stable door and he jumped into a barbed wire fence two or three times and got cut nearly all over. It's a wonder he didn't kill himself. He was so high strung and excitable nobody could do anything with him.

My brother said, "I doubt if anybody will ever even ride that horse, much less work him."

The old man said that a colt's education should begin within a few days after it was born. "Horses," said the old man, "are like people. Without training they are no good to themselves or anybody else."

Don was wild and nervous and when we put a surcingle on him he was scared to death. It was a long time before we could put the little jockey's saddle on him without his raising Cain.

By the time the colt was a year old he was beginning to develop some points I had overlooked. He held his head very high in the air. His eyes were bright and sharp and his mane was getting long and silky. His nose was long; his head was narrow and his ears registered everything he saw. He was constantly on the alert. Although he had filled out some, his body was long and thin. His hips were not rounded, but steep, and his legs still gave the impression he was on stilts.

Although Don gave you the impression that a puff of wind would blow him over, and at rest he looked ungainly and awkward, when he ran and skipped and played every movement was graceful. He never slipped and fell on the pond when it was frozen over, as the other colts did. I've seen him slide twenty feet on the ice across the pond and hit the rough on the other side as graceful as a cat.

My brother and I worked him a little bit in spite of his wildness. During the second year we led him around with the saddle on.

Finally the time came to break Don to ride, and I got on him. He was used to the saddle and bridle, so he wasn't afraid of that. My brother had a halter over the bridle with the lead run through the bits and was holding him so he couldn't run. When my brother started leading him off Don took a few short steps, then he lunged forward and walked on his hind legs. He reared up so straight that I had to hug him with my knees to keep from sliding off.

My brother pulled him down the best he could and continued to lead him around. The colt would take a few steps very gingerly as if he were walking on eggs, then he'd rear up six or eight times in rapid succession. We led him around about an hour, then unsaddled him and turned him loose.

After a few months Don got to the point where he took a pride in being ridden. The main idea, the old man said, in training a saddle colt, is not to let him break his gait unless you want him to. Don was a natural born fox trotter, single-footer, and pacer.

One day the old man and I rode to town. I rode Don because he thought he was too heavy for him. When we started home we met Mr. Agent and a horse doctor friend of his. Mr. Agent owned the stud that sired Don and he was as proud of that colt as we were.

"Trot him down the road a ways and then gait him by," said Mr. Agent, "so the Doc can see him." I turned Don around and rode him about three hundred yards down the road. Then I turned him around and put him in a regular smooth fox trot. In a hundred yards or so I leaned over in the saddle and tightened the reins slightly. The colt glided into the prettiest single foot you ever saw. He was heading towards home and he was feeling good. I had got almost to the railroad line before I saw a train coming about a mile down the track. (*Continued on page* 55)

The War at Our Feet

There is Danger that With Our Eyes to the Sky We May Ignore the Damage to Our Soil

by RUSSELL LORD

We have many people watching the skies for portents of attack and evil nowadays; and this is necessary and right and all to the good. But there is danger that with eyes to the sky we may ignore, as we did in 1917-'19, the damage done a country when a people flay and diminish in productive vitality the soil at their feet.

At a dinner party in Washington recently a lady on my left was the widow of Julian Friant. As personal assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture, Julian Friant did a manful and killing job building up the much greater staff needed by the department after it took on the job of Agricultural Adjustment in 1933. He did this without a rigid Civil Service priggishness on the one hand, and with no important concessions to party-hack or spitoon standards on the other.

Properly used, the Agricultural Adjustment machinery can be worth the price of many battleships or planes to our nation in war. And all who have a part in it should remember Julian Friant with gratitude.

Since her husband's death Bertha Friant has served as a field worker in the Department of Agriculture. She spends at least three weeks of every month on the road, in cars, in county-seat hotels and on sleepers, helping to organize the wives and daughters of Triple-A farmers to aid the push for an overwhelming wartime production that will at the same time protect and conserve the source. Her work is mainly beyond the Mississippi, in the West.

It is hard work travelling like that, at this time of the year especially, but there is no work in the world Mrs. Friant would rather do. I wish you could have felt the enthusiasm with which she told me about Mrs. Lewis Young, a South Dakota farmwife, and a talk Mrs. Young made—"a really great talk"—at a meeting at Huron late in 1941. It sounded good and I asked Mrs. Friant to try to get hold of a copy of it for COUNTRY LIFE. Now she writes:

"It seems a very long time since we dined with our friends, the Carl Robbins, and you asked me for a copy of the speech I told you about. So much is happening to make the time so crowded. I am leaving for the West tomorrow and want to make good my promise. This talk of Mrs. Young's, I realize, is back in the pre-Pearl Harbor Era now, yet the spirit reflected in it shows an awareness, some three weeks ahead of the event, which the rest of us might well have emulated.

"You know this Great Plains country. You know how valiantly this woman and others like her fought during those lean years after the First World War, how tenaciously, how courageously, they still held on to their homes during the drought years following.

"They face the world with a courage, straightness and dignity that is profoundly moving. And I think even now in these words of this South Dakota farmwife, who has been through the first post-war battle out there, there is something which tells what real opportunities we have in America and that they are worth fighting for."

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

by Edith A. Young

"FOOD," said Secretary Wickard, "will win the war and write the peace." Eighty per cent of the increased production must come from our states of the North Central Region. This means that the farmers in this area form one of the most powerful workers' groups in the world today.

Every one admits that dictatorship can be efficient—horribly, murderously efficient. To meet the competition of totalitarian rule we must be thoroughly efficient too, as well as democratic.

Our job is to mobilize quickly and efficiently all our national resources for war. Hitler unified the German effort for war by smashing every grain of opposition, by drafting every man, woman, and child, into units completely under his control, by offering the theory of world domination under the Third Reich.

All this was accomplished through force—ruthlessly, roughshod. Now America is confronted with the task of unifying her people, unifying them to a point surpassing Hitler's greatest efforts.

We can do it. We have a secret weapon, an ace in the hole, an intangible something—and we call it the great American Dream. Call it patriotism or morale or anything you like; this underlying and unifying spirit is not to be expressed simply by waving flags or marching in parades.

It takes root in our conviction that we are the greatest free nation on the face of the earth. It expresses itself in freedom and in the opportunity to get ahead in life. No one who shares this dream will fear that we as a people are unable to defeat dictatorships in peace and in war.

It is a part of our land, and in our blood. This dream drew our rootstock, thousands of families, from the Old World in search of privileges and opportunities they could find nowhere else on earth. It may be that at times in the past we have been so busy thinking about our privileges and opportunities and rights that we have taken our responsibilities too lightly.

There was never an opportunity that did not carry with it a responsibility. We see now that if we expect to retain the privileges, rights and opportunities that we hold so dear, we are all going to have to shoulder a heavy load of responsibility and go down the road with it.

The fight is on. We must not wait until we are invaded. America can be invaded in so many other ways than just by an army at her ports. The battle is on now. The battle line runs through every home, every office, every factory, every farm. It takes more than guns and battleships to

keep this line intact. Food from American farms will be the very sparkplug of the war.

We must not be afraid to use whatever resources are at our command to put this food program across. If it takes more milk, more eggs, more pork to see this thing through, the farmers of the nation must realize their responsibility—and once the realization is clear, the demands will be met.

There isn't a farmer who wouldn't feel it was but a small thing to milk two more cows, feed five more pigs, keep fifty more hens, if by so doing he was preserving America—and taking a crack at Hitler.

But good intentions won't answer the purpose and neither will haphazard spurts of activity. There must be a period of careful, definitely planned action and no letdown till our goal is reached. No matter how rosy things look, no matter how near victory seems, don't be fooled into relaxing.

Once there was a little nation that built a wall around herself; she lived behind it; she felt secure; she laughed at her enemies. Suddenly one morning she found the invader within her gates. He hadn't stormed the wall, he hadn't gone around it; he simply bribed the gatekeepers.

We in America must build a wall today, but not a wall of steel and stone. We must build a wall of unity, of understanding and determination—a wall so carefully braced with facts and information that there is no gate left open. That's our job now.

We shall greatly increase production. But this does not mean that we are to scrap our whole farm program and rush out on a production spree without any regard for our soils and our needs. This would repeat a mistake we made before, a mistake we're still paying for.

This time we're going to use horse-sense. We're going to increase the things we need and cut down on those things of which we have a large supply. And we're going to protect the soil, the farmer's income and the consumer's prices. The "adjustment" in our Agricultural Adjustment Administration really gets a tryout now. We'll adjust upwards in needed foodstuffs and downward in commodities we now have in abundance.

We are all going to be asked to make sacrifices. Let us make them cheerfully. After all, what's an aluminum pan, or a new radio, or a new car, or silk stockings compared to the sacrifices being made in other parts of the world today? Just how much does it mean to you—this American way—this great dream?

Have you ever stopped to think about the things we have that are typically American? Well, there's Thanksgiving. There's Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. World Series baseball and double-feature movies. Joe Lewis and Charlie McCarthy. Ice cream bars and hot dogs with mustard. Labor unions to protect the rights of the workmen who cannot work if the strike boss says "no." Nylon hose and free paper matches, shoes on our feet, food in our stomachs, and a song in our hearts. The right of every man to consider himself an authority on any subject whether he knows anything about it or not. The right to talk about it, and the right to shoot off his mouth when things don't suit you.

A goofy way of living? Well, maybe. But it's the best in the world today and the best that man has devised in over five thousand years of experimenting.

Fly over the spine of the Allegheny barrier, from North Carolina into Tennessee, as I did in mid-February, and you see many a hopeful sign of groundline progress. Up from the red hills to the high mountain farms around Asheville you see many a farm that has reformed its fields and fences according to the contour design. These crescent fields dress the land beautifully, and they are safe. Also, you see grassland between the cotton strip-fields that was there as little as five years ago. It has taken nearly three hundred years over most of the Southern Piedmont, but at last we are really learning to farm.

I had a Sunday in Knoxville and spent it with Dr. H. A. Morgan and other workers on the ground in T.V.A. Conservation has received a setback over most of the country because of the war effort. But this is not true of the region served by T.V.A. Bill Young drove me in from the Knoxville airport on a new defense highway with plants rising on either side of it, and the whole scene was astir with the spectacle of new power sources coming into development with extraordinary speed.

"This whole little valley will be under a lake by the time the spring rains have ended. We're having to move these farmers somewhere else," Young said. From the looks of it, that ground will make good and suitable lake-bed. As farmland it is thin, red and rutted—cottoned-out.

Conservative resistance to the advance of the T.V.A. program blew up abruptly about a year ago. As the defense drive formed, it became apparent that of all parts of America, T.V.A. and its developing power and land sources was best equipped for industrial and agricultural combat. More dams were authorized and rushed into construction. A dozen new dams have been built or will be under construction within the year.

The Cherokee is finished and the great new lake behind it is filling. It will be as big as the lake behind Norris, nearly 40,000 acres of water. The engineers are removing their construction equipment and personnel intact to start a like new dam and lake, the Douglas, twenty-five miles away. They will have it finished in about a year. Also, a number of smaller storage dams, made of earth, are being constructed. Two of these will catch spring rains on the Hiwassee, and make more power, quick.

If you feel that America has slept, and lost its stride and vitality, go to the T.V.A. area now. A new and dynamic America is in action there. And back of all the proud new gleaming strength of the tall dams and the great dynamos and towering new factories T.V.A. is preserving the source of all power and might, the land.

Here are fields once gullied that have healed; here are homes that were sagging rebuilt strongly; here are lives, human lives, that were being wasted and now are strengthened and saved. It isn't spectacular, this part of the T.V.A. program, but it is the kind of thing that will assure a nation of continuing strength and power through all the years to come.

A forest replanted, a farm on a mountainside terraced, groups of farmers arranging cooperatively to grind their own limestone and restore soured and beaten soil. A school where the children are learning about the earth which supports us, and carrying on work projects in safe farming. Phosphate plants turning out strength for the soil again. Creeks running clean again. Great clear lakes.

You can't see much of all this in a single day. All you do is to catch fleeting glances of it; but the tokens of America's returning strength through all of this great Valley are at every hand. I hope to get back there when the weather opens and spend a week or so.

What Makes Meat Tender?

What Are the Factors Involved: Breeding, Feeding, Age, Processing, Cooking, Carving?

by O. G. HANKINS

Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture

A SERVING of meat may have "eye appeal" and be flavorful, juicy, and well-balanced with respect to proportions of lean, fat, and bone—but if tenderness is lacking it will be unsatisfactory to the consumer. There is no attribute of wholesome meat worse than toughness.

Basic Factors

What are the basic factors responsible for toughness? There is insufficient information to enable one to give an entirely satisfactory answer to that question. Moreover, a detailed, technical discussion of it would be out of place here.

However, for the many readers interested in general information, it may be said that the following inherent factors, at least, are believed to have a bearing on toughness (or tenderness, depending on the point of view): size or, more specifically, diameter of the very fine hair-like muscle fibers and of the fiber bundles that give grainy appearance to the meat; proportion and distribution of connective tissue; fatness in the gross and, especially, the proportion and distribution of fat in the muscle or lean meat that is here under consideration.

WE have published countless articles, in COUNTRY LIFE, *on the breeding and feeding of fine beef animals. Now, for the first time, we have had the simple sense to start at the other end. What makes the meat we eat tough or tender? What can the breeder or feeder do to make his product more acceptable to the butcher, the processer, the cook, the carver—and the ultimate consumer? This article, by the nation's outstanding expert on the subject, tells.*

Measuring Tenderness

Probably it would not occur to the layman that a difficult problem is involved in measuring the tenderness of meat. Most of us are convinced that we can readily detect difference in tenderness, and within broad limits that is true.

Probably differences in tenderness are as easily recognized as those in any other characteristic—possibly more so. However, it has been found that the individual varies from time to time in his ability to judge tenderness and, moreover, as differences become smaller, the accuracy with which he does the job becomes less.

In scientific work on the subject it has been considered desirable, even essential by many, to supplement the opinions of human judges by values obtained through the application of some objective method. Some research workers are now strongly of the opinion that laboratory technic of such dependability has become available that the human judge may be omitted.

A number of objective methods for determining the tenderness of meat have been developed by different experimenters. Most of them involve the use of a mechanical device of one kind or another. The illustration on page 47 shows an apparatus used successfully in the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture and in a number of other research institutions.

It was first described in Technical Bulletin 217 of the Department of Agriculture and is usually referred to as a shearing-strength device. Values obtained from its use represent resistance to shearing, expressed in terms of pounds, and have been found closely related to judgments on tenderness given by committees of experienced persons. The apparatus is adapted for use with cooked meat.

What are the controllable factors responsible for meat being more or less tender? How can meat be made more tender? How much tenderization can be effected? Practical questions such as these are often asked and with them this article is principally concerned.

It is logical that consideration be given first to animal production factors in relation to tenderness. Next come processing and preservation factors. And finally the factors of preparation for the table.

Breeding of the Animal

Evidence has been accumulating rapidly in recent years that the breeding of the animal may have an important influence on the tenderness of its meat. It is obvious that assured tenderness of the meat would be a great asset to any type, breed, strain, or cross.

An interesting example of the relation between breeding and tenderness is found in the results of a cöoperative study by the Wyoming Agricultural Experiment Station and the Department of Agriculture.

First-generation and second-generation lambs of Lincoln x Rambouillet, Corriedale x Rambouillet, Columbia x Rambouillet, and Romney x Rambouillet breeding were produced in the experiments. Subsequent, well-controlled laboratory examination indicated that the meat of the animals sired by the Lincoln rams used in the study was not only the least tender but was actually lacking in tenderness.

In a series of experiments with the North Carolina Station, the Bureau of Animal Industry made comparisons, including that relating to tenderness, of the carcasses and meat of native or unimproved cattle with those of Hereford-sired cattle from native cows. The two groups of cattle were fed the same kinds of feed for the same period of time and both were slaughtered at approximately two years of age.

Although the difference was not striking, the meat of the grade, or Hereford-sired, cattle was definitely and significantly the more tender. It was also the fatter, considering

the entire edible portion, though there was actually more fat within the muscles of the native cattle.

Thus it was shown that the greater tenderness of the test sample—the large muscle of the well-known standing rib cut—of the grade cattle was not a matter of relative fatness. Some other inherent factor, or factors, must have been involved.

Dealing with another phase of the subject, the Bureau of Animal Industry has obtained experimental results which indicate that the strain within the breed may have an important bearing on tenderness. In order that more rapid progress may be made on this line of research, a study of rabbits now supplements that dealing with the larger meat animals. From the work on rabbits some extremely interesting and promising results have been obtained.

Feeding of the Animals

Feeding is another major animal-production factor that calls for consideration. Great differences in the tenderness of meat have not been produced experimentally by different feeds or rations fed to the animals. Especially has this been true when the feeding was such as to result in about the same rate of gain in weight and the same degree of fatness.

For example, in a recently-completed series of experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture in coöperation with the Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station, two similar groups of cattle were fattened on corn and cottonseed meal with hay and on bluegrass pasture. It is obvious that these are widely differing types of feed.

The feeding of the grain-hay combination was so controlled, however, that there was little difference between the two groups of cattle with respect to either rapidity of gain or fatness. Little difference in tenderness was produced under these conditions.

On the other hand, there is good evidence that it is possible for feeding to be responsible for significant differences in tenderness. This appears to be the case when the feeding is such as to promote wide differences in gains and fattening.

As an illustration may be mentioned the result of research by the Department of Agriculture and the North Carolina Station in which yearling steers were fed corn and lespedeza hay in comparison with lespedeza hay alone. In that instance, associated with a much lower gain and degree of fatness, a materially lower degree of tenderness occurred in the meat of the cattle fed only the hay.

A further illustration is found in the case of lambs fed a combination of corn, cottonseed meal, corn silage, clover hay and salt by the Department. Paired lambs were used—with one of each pair full fed and the other so limited in feeding as to prevent any appreciable gain in weight. According to the shearing-strength test the meat of the full-fed lambs was approximately 25% more tender than that of the others.

Other Production Factors

It is far from true that the meat of all young animals is tender, whereas that of old animals is tough. However, there is a general tendency for toughness to vary with age and the latter must be included among the animal-production factors that have a bearing on this characteristic of meat.

Exercise also must be included and, surprisingly, work at the Illinois Station indicated that the meat of exercised cattle was more tender than that of cattle having little opportunity to move around.

The reader is reminded, incidentally, that there are variations in tenderness among the various cuts and muscles of the same animal.

Processing Factors

Aging or ripening is probably the most widely-known method of tenderizing meat. It makes use of the action of enzymes occurring in the meat itself. As to its effectiveness there can be no question. However, the method is time-consuming and ordinarily necessitates considerable trimming away of deteriorated surfaces.

A study in the Department of Agriculture showed that on the average the tenderness of legs of lamb increased continuously during a 10-day storage period after slaughter, the temperature being approximately 36° F. After ten days there was little further change in tenderness.

Another example appears in the results of Department work on porterhouse steaks from low-good grade carcasses. In that instance the meat was ripened at approximately 34° F., for 5, 15, 25, and 35 days after slaughter. There was a continuous increase in tenderness between the 5-day and 35-day stages, the change approximating 27%.

Recent years have seen a commercial development in the United States that takes advantage of enzymes occurring in the meat and employs relatively high temperature with ultra-violet light for a short period to increase the tenderness of beef.

The high temperature permits the enzymes to work more rapidly than under the usual temperature conditions, while the ultra-violet light retards the growth of micro-organisms. Theoretically, this method should and probably does have a tenderizing effect.

A report from the Michigan Station is the only one that has come to the attention of the writer in which the extent of the tenderization has been given exactly. In that instance beef held at 60° F., and irradiated for 48 hours, then chilled at 36° for an equal period of time, was approximately 10% more tender than comparable meat held at 36° for 96 hours.

For the purpose of increasing tenderness certain enzymes have even been applied to meat. For example, papain, which is an extract from the papaya tree and can be obtained on the market, is used by some barbecue stands and other eating places. The juice of fresh pineapples, also containing an enzyme which attacks the protein of animal tissues, is utilized to some extent for tenderizing natural sausage casings.

Although the Federal meat inspection regulations permit the latter under specific conditions, this is not true in the case of the former. That is, meat treated with papain cannot enter into interstate commerce. In fact, neither can sausage in instances where the meat itself is subjected to the action of pineapple juice.

Another interesting development of recent years is that relating to the tenderized ready- (*Continued on page* 47)

Sailfishing is Too Easy

Why Has the Enthusiasm of Our Top-Notchers Turned to Bonefish, Tuna, Marlin?

SUTLINSAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

by **MORTIMER H. COBB**

WHY has the angling enthusiasm of the top-flight sailfishermen of yesterday turned toward hunting bonefish, giant tuna, and blue marlin? Certainly not because the Florida sailfish is no longer plentiful; any one of them could tie into, fight, and release at least fifty sails during the course of a season's fishing. The real reason lies in the fact that today's sailfishing has become so mechanical that it's a sport for inexperts.

For the past several winters, the catch off Miami and Palm Beach has amounted to nearly 2,000 sails. The number of anglers with some ability may have increased, but not sufficiently to account for sails in such numbers. It's been done with the outriggers that have made the clumsiest rod handlers the equal of the deftest.

When that great Miami fishing guide, Capt. Tommy Gifford, introduced outriggers to Florida and Bahama waters, their purpose and use was intended to facilitate raising the giant blue marlin off Bimini and Cat Cay, Bahama islands lying on the western side of the Gulf Stream about opposite Miami. But Palm Beach and Miami fishing guides, frustrated for years by the inability of sailfishing parties to handle rods and reels correctly, were quick to see that outriggers would solve their problems, make an expert of everyone, and consequently boom their business.

Outriggers consist of port and starboard mast-like creations of bamboo or metal that tower amidships thirty to sixty feet above a cruiser's waterline.

For trolling, these spars are lowered so that the tops are clear of the cruiser yet high above the surface of the sea. An intricate belt-like pulley arrangement makes it possible to connect an angler's line to a clothespin which is then raised to the top of the outrigger. Thus the actual fishing line leads up to the clothespin and then trails down at an angle that makes a bait skip sixty or more feet astern and clear of the cruiser's wake.

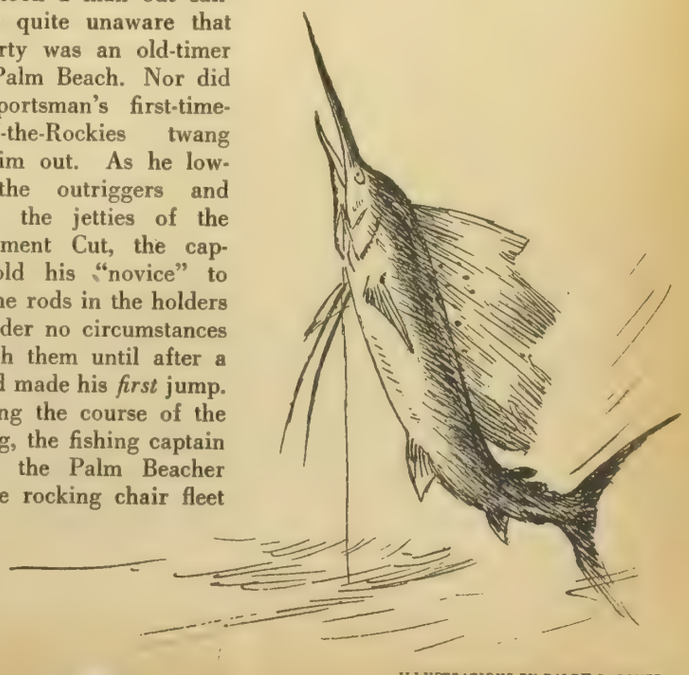
With this ingenious contraption functioning, no one need know anything about the art of hooking sailfish. Today they hang themselves. With his rod held in a holder and the drag of his reel set, a "sportsailfisherman" watches his bait skip a hundred feet away. Seated comfortably at almost water level, the chances are against seeing the sail come up behind a bait. That thrill is reserved for the guide running the cruiser from topside controls.

The sail hits the bait until he snaps the angler's line from the clothespin atop the outrigger. At this point the captain yells "Fish!" As more than a hundred feet of slack line falls limp on the surface of the sea, the old time dropback is automatically effected. To assist further, the captain idles his motor.

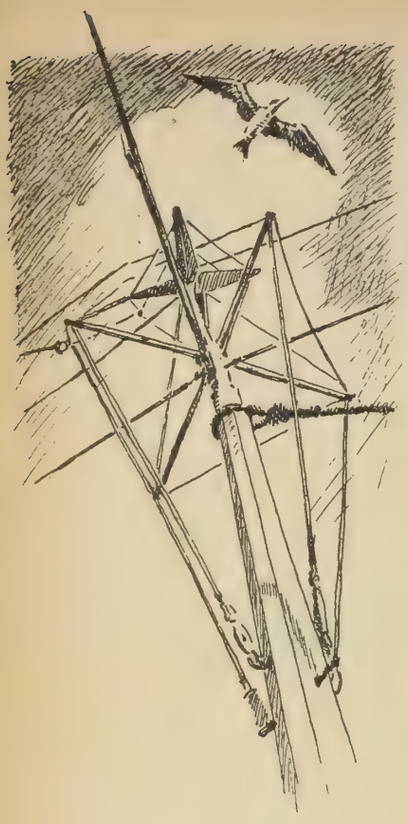
When the line begins to straighten out, the captain guns his motor and the present-day "expert" hooks his sail by merely holding the rod tight.

Last winter, a Miami guide took a man out sailfishing quite unaware that his party was an old-timer from Palm Beach. Nor did this sportsman's first-time-East-of-the-Rockies twang help him out. As he lowered the outriggers and cleared the jetties of the Government Cut, the captain told his "novice" to leave the rods in the holders and under no circumstances to touch them until after a fish had made his *first* jump.

During the course of the morning, the fishing captain showed the Palm Beacher how the rocking chair fleet



ILLUSTRATIONS BY RALPH L. BOYER



fished. True to his word the captain hooked two sails without anyone handling the rods. About 4 P. M., when the captain was about to adjust a new bait to the outrigger, the expert grabbed the rod, threw off the drag, and thrilled to the dropback for a sail that had tapped the bait as it slithered along not thirty feet astern.

"Now, Cap'n," said the oldtimer as he struck the fish the second time, "put up them damned riggers and let's git to fishin' regular fer the best two hours of the day."

The Florida sailfish [*Istiophorus Americanus*] did not bring about the construction of the Florida East Coast Railroad, but the popularity of this Gulf Stream gamester among men and women has certainly contributed through the years to keeping Florida rolling stock rolling—please believe me.

A pioneer Florida East Coast sportsman, a Mr. Armes, took the first rod and reel sailfish, about an 85 pounder, just before the turn of the century. But the sport did not really get going until several years later when Capt. Bill Hatch, now dean of Florida sportfishing guides, concluded correctly that a sailfish used his spear [bill] as a cutlass not a rapier.

The taking of a sail in those early days of the sport seems to have required a combination of the divining powers of the Delai Lama and proverbial fisherman's luck. Sportsfishermen and guides were figuratively as well as literally at sea. Fishing post mortems consisted mainly of discussions of the merits of theories that erred at the outset.

Sailfish would not take hold except on an early morning flood tide when they fed only on flying fish. Powerful motors and boats that left a marked wake scared the fish away. And green line, at least 18-thread, was the lightest on which they could be taken.

Out of all these experiments came one very sound sailfishing axiom for which there appears no satisfactory reason. Contrary to tarpon, the first love of early sportsmen and Florida boom promoters, night sailfishing was always, and still is, as unproductive as snipe hunting with a laundry bag and baseball bat.

The old method of hooking sailfish, prior to the adoption of outriggers as standard fishing cruiser equipment in 1933-'34, produced an angling thrill that never bored the experts and was the motivating force behind many a winter vacation of men who had never wet a line in either salt or fresh water.

In 1932, when a cruiser used to come in through Miami's Government Cut or the Lake Worth Inlet at Palm Beach with four white flags flying, indicative of the number of sails boated or released, even hangers-on around the docks recognized that the anglers as well as their guides knew their stuff. From 1925-32, a total winter season's catch out of Miami or Palm Beach averaged around 650 sails weighing from 35 to 85 lbs. and varying from 48 to 100 in. in length. The majority of these were fairly and skilfully taken.

How did yesterday's sailfishing necromancers—Alfred and George Vanderbilt, John Charles Thomas, Townsend Bradley Martin, Frederick Johnson, Henry J. and Florence Howell, Ernest Hemingway and others hook and fight their fish before the $25 to $40 a day sailfishing charter boats at Miami, Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Stuart, Key Largo, Upper and Lower Matecumbe, and Key West got equipped with outriggers.

These experts frequently brought to the boat and released as many as fifty sailfish in a single winter season. And it wasn't all luck either. They knew where, when, how, with whom, and with what to go after them!

Categorically, the best sailfishing grounds in United States waters, or anywhere in the Atlantic, lie off Florida's east coast. These Gulf Stream jumping jacks exist in some numbers between Stuart [St. Lucie Inlet] and Key West. But the greatest concentration appears off Palm Beach [Lake Worth Inlet], where the edge of the Gulf Stream varies anywhere from one and a half to three miles off the beach.

This proximity to the coast makes it possible for bait to be driven from close in on the beach to the edge of the Gulf with minimum effort on the part of the small fry. Fishing out of Miami, Lauderdale, or the Florida Keys, the distance to the Stream is considerably greater. Theoretically, this shouldn't make any difference; but it does when the quarry is first and last sailfish.

The fact that more sails are taken off Miami than off Palm Beach is not contradictory. More charter boats troll off Miami through the year than any other fishing grounds in the world.

Were any one of the oldtimers to take a bet on getting a quota of fifty sails in 90 days, he would invariably choose a period running from November fifteenth to the middle of February. The reason: because there is more likelihood of getting the maximum number of days with northerly and easterly winds. Twenty-five of such good days would probably win the bet with fish to spare.

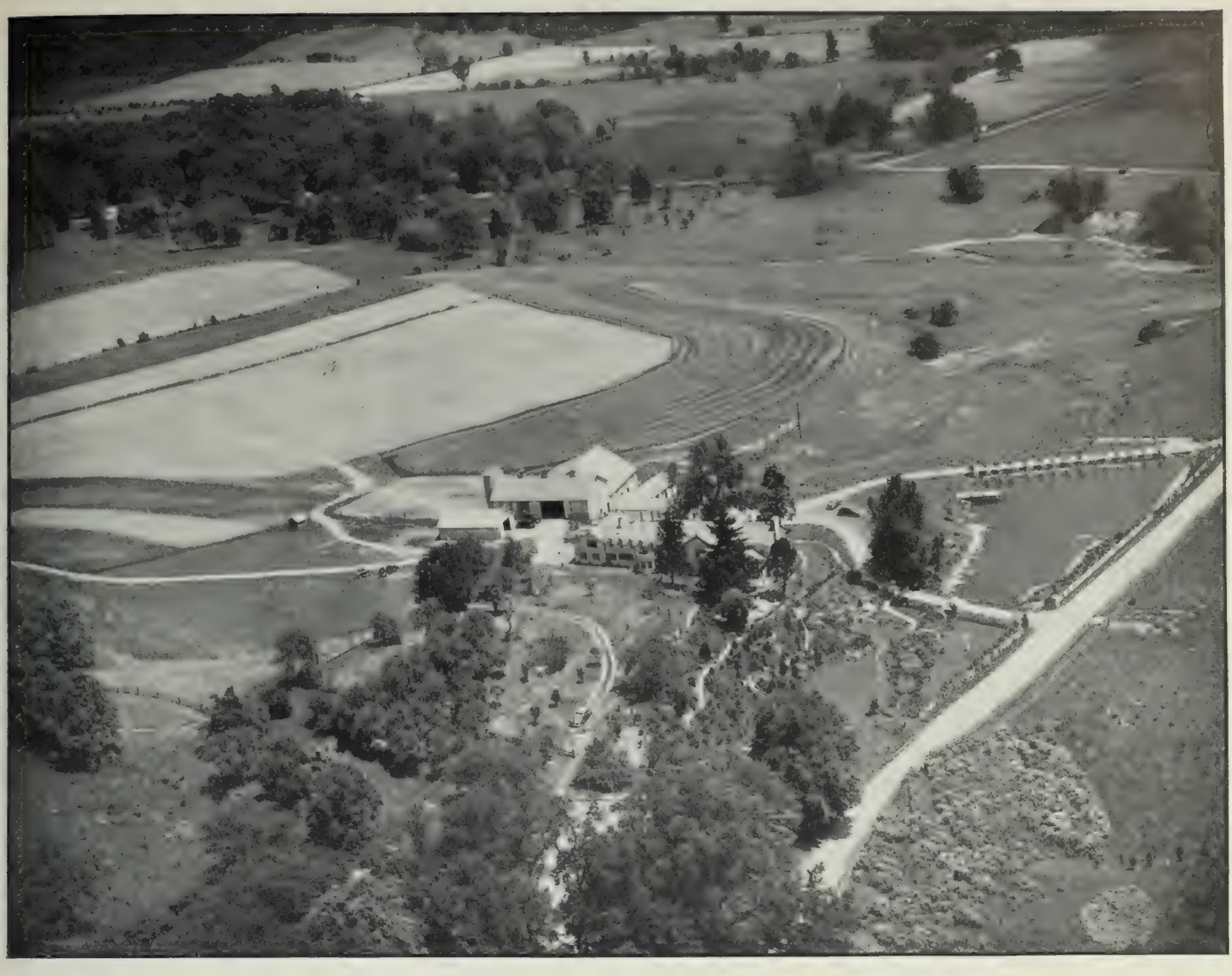
When a cool norther heads down the East coast bringing worries to growers of citrus fruits, it blows against the Gulf Stream, putting little white caps on the surface of a wobbly ground swell. Of course, this commotion isn't what the doctor suggests for weak sea stomachs, but the sailfish will be up looking for bait which, under such conditions, rarely appears without a hook in it. They'll be swimming south, often in pairs, with caudals and sometimes lateen dorsals showing.

With a nice breeze from the East, the Stream is inclined to pile up a good heavy ground swell. Every kind of gamefish is surfacing and the sails will be riding the swells like surf boards in search of schools of small bait fish already scattered and battered by wahoo, kingfish and bonita. During prolonged southerly spells, the old hands either gave up sailfishing or went exploring on the Bahama side of the Stream.

Nothing expresses sailfishing during a west wind better than the following ditty:

"When the wind is North, the sailfish bite:
When the wind is East, it's quite all right.
When the wind is South, the sails go deep;
When the wind is West, your memories keep."

To get fast to a sail during light southerly and westerly winds is not absolutely impossible. The secret is a live silver hooked just back of his dorsal fin and weighted sufficiently to assure his going down from thirty to fifty feet below the surface. When using live bait, a cruiser drifts along the edge of the Gulf Stream (*Continued on page* 65)



A view of Louis Bromfield's "sidehill farm," showing the main buildings, one of the spring ponds, the old orchard, the fields

Farm Problems

{ III }

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

THE history of Malabar Farm was largely the tragic history of many good American farms in rolling country. It goes back a long way, to the year 1798, when a Scotsman called John Ferguson built a cabin by a big spring on the forested hillside overlooking a big stream which wandered through marshy lands frequented in the late summer and autumn by bear, deer and all kinds of game.

Near the cabin John Ferguson cleared away the virgin forest —and virgin forest in summer in Ohio was like the tropical forests of Brazil, a tangle of great trees, of vines and wild flowers. He built his cabin over the spring itself on a foundation of sandstone cut out of the hills of which this sandstone is a base.

The spring was important because when stray bands of Indians laid siege to a lonely cabin it was well to have water inside the house. The spring is important, too, in the story of the salvaging of the land which made up the Malabar Farm of 150 years later.

In 1820, the Government stepped in, surveyed most of Ohio and John Ferguson laid claim to 640 acres, of which he was duly recorded on a sheepskin deed signed by James Monroe as the first owner of that land since the beginning of time.

Farm Problems

{ II }

John Ferguson went about cutting down trees and planting corn and clearing pasture. He died at last in 1848 and the 640 acres was divided. Part of it went to a son and two daughters, and part of it was divided and sold off, and by this time the process of ruining the land was well under way.

His descendants and the new owners carried it further. Trees were cut down from steep hillsides which should have been left in forest and instead were turned into pasture. Other slopes less steep were put into cultivation with plough furrows running carelessly up and down the slope. Less was put back into the soil than was taken from it. Sometimes straw piles were burned and nothing put back at all.

The work of destroying the land went on all through the Nineteenth Century until by the time the Twentieth Century was born, the 640 acres had been robbed of half its fertility. Thousands of tons of precious topsoil had washed down the denuded slopes into the Mississippi and thence into the Gulf of Mexico.

One of the original farms cut from the section had reached the point where it had become virtually useless as usable land and was good only for pasture, and even in the sodded pastures gullies appeared to eat away what remained of the good earth.

Eventually the farm was abandoned and fell into the possession of the man who owned a farm on the lower slope, gently rolling and not so steep as the "top farm." He was a good old-fashioned farmer who loved his land and put back into it more than he took away, but he fought a losing struggle against the relentless greedy process of erosion. He had gullies which no amount of refilling could check. When it rained he lost most of the precious downpour which ran away into the Gulf.

This good soil was slipping away from him. The farm was, like so many American farms, moving out from under his feet. Hard work and love of his place was no answer, or at least not a good enough one. Each year his good farm grew a little poorer and a little less productive.

A third part of the original Ferguson section lay in the valley. Of the three it was originally and potentially the best, but it suffered from slipshod farming and eventually fell to the tender mercies of renters and bad tenants, who stripped it of everything and put nothing back.

It was these three farms, once wild and beautiful forest rooted in the most fertile soil on earth, that went into the making of the present Malabar Farm. The three farms, like so much of Ohio, and indeed the whole country, had been reduced in a little over a century to the first stages of becoming a dust bowl.

It is a country of hills and small streams and springs. The small streams flooded, dark with good earth, in heavy rains and in midsummer they ran dry. Some of the springs had dried up entirely and others, even the best ones, had so decreased in flow that in midsummer they were useless for watering cattle, sheep and horses, or as a source of water supply for the horses and barns.

The cheery house in which the Bromfields live

And this in a country once famous for its even distribution of rainfall, its streams and springs. There was a problem here, a tough one, not only of checking the ruin but of restoring that land to something approaching its original beautiful fertility.

We could have gone north into the flat counties and bought drained deep-soiled marsh land, but then the adventure would have been dull, no matter how great the profits. My partner, Max Drake, and myself made the decision. We bought what made up the original section of land cleared by John Ferguson. It included the three farms described above.

We took on as well some neighboring acreage which included fields in much the same condition as the farms and a piece of swampy jungle of about 75 acres which was unproductive but beautiful as natural forest, fishing ground and game refuge.

The prospect was one which caused many good farmers to regard us as fools. Both of us being of independent minds, were not much concerned about outside opinion. We were impatient to go to work. The total acreage came to about 800 acres and it offered in some shape or form every problem to be faced in any program of soil conservation—eroded fields, overpastured woods, gullies and ravines, worn bare hill tops, steep partly denuded slopes, failing springs; in short everything.

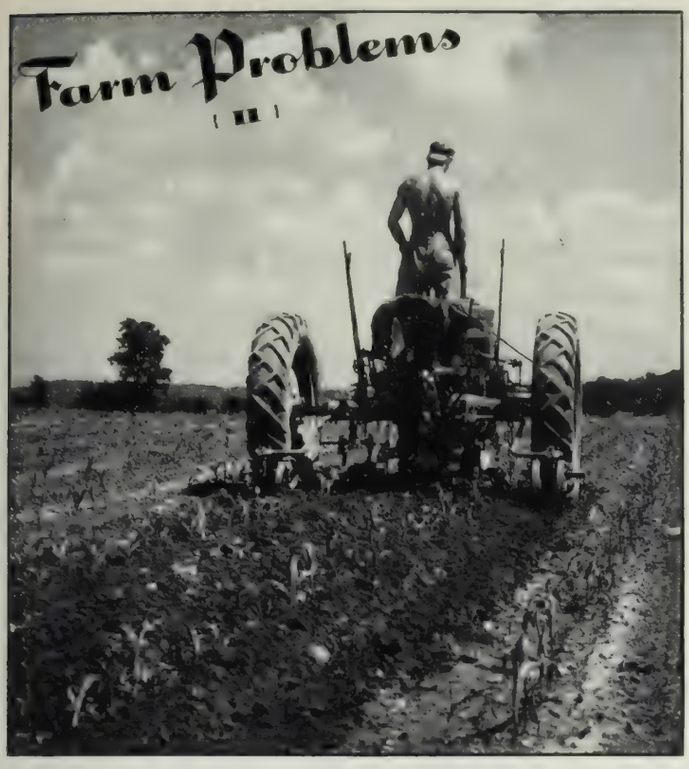
It had one great advantage. Nearly the whole of the acreage lay on a watershed with no higher lands above it. Because of this we would be able to judge exactly the effect of our program of restoration. Benefits or failures could not be attributed to the activities, good or bad, of farms lying above us. The 800 acres would be a perfect laboratory in which results would come exactly from our plan and efforts with no margin of error.

At the same time we imposed upon ourselves the task of restoration, we undertook obligations which made the problem infinitely more difficult. We determined not only to carry on a program of restoration as well as a demonstration of the value of conservation practices, but we meant to prove that such an experiment could be in a comparatively short period of time a profitable adventure and a good commercial investment. We meant to conduct not only an experiment but to farm at the same time, as our neighbors or any good farmer in the whole of the United States farmed.

The rule we established steadfastly from the beginning was that we should do nothing "high falutin' " which our neighbors could not afford to do. To be successful, we must be of service not only in theory but in practice and on a commercial basis as well. If we could achieve this—the taking over of 800 acres of largely eroded land in poor condition in hilly country and at the same time turn it into a profitable farm, we should be accomplishing a service.

And so we set to work, almost from the moment we took possession of the land, sticking firmly to the rule that we should undertake nothing which our poorest neighbor could not afford to do. It might take him a little longer, since his farm was smaller and the available labor was restricted, but none of the changes involved large expenditures of money. Many involved only a change of method and no expenditure of cash whatever.

Our first step was to make a contract with the Government Soil Conservation Department. The good men employed by the Government were to aid us in return for our promise to follow out certain recommended practices. As these were on the whole practices which we meant to establish in any case, there were few difficulties, in fact only one disagreement and that a minor one. Except in a plot to be used as a wood-lot demonstration area, we declined to cut out all dogwood and wild grapes. As we had about 100 acres of woodland, some of it in the deep ravines still primeval woodland, we sought to preserve or recreate the original special beauty of the Ohio forests.



Charles Gunder, assistant manager, on the tractor-cultivator; all plowing and cultivating is along contours

The barn, typical of Ohio, and, in the foreground, the "cow parlor;" the cows are brought in only at milking time

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE C. PACE

The house and principal barn on the "sidehill farm," also a spring pond twenty feet deep created out of a deep ravine formed as the result of many years of wicked erosion

Farm Problems

{ III }

This was not possible if dogwood and wild grape-vines were eliminated.

Sitting down with a typographical map and in accordance with our contract, Max and I set out to lay out the whole of the farm into new divisions. The first thing which had to go were the old square fields, in themselves the cause of so much of the disastrous erosion. With the aid of Government engineers we condemned old fences and set up lines for new ones.

In the process of establishing a program of strip farming and contour ploughing, 50% of the permanent fencing disappeared entirely. The only permanently fenced areas emerged on these fields given over to permanent pastures, or those fields near the barns which were designated as areas for growing supplementary crops necessary in early spring or late summer on a general livestock farm, such crops as rye, rye and vetch, Sudan grass, rape, etc.

Government engineers surveyed the contours of the new fields and there emerged on the 800 acres of hilly or rolling land a whole new pattern beautiful not only on the map but as it later proved, in reality as well. The old square fields with their "thin spots" and disastrous "washes" and gullies were gone.

In their place appeared serpentine patterns designed not only to hold back the precious top soil but to keep on our farm the precious rainfall which God had given us and which until we came was largely leaving not only our piece of land but the whole State of Ohio. That first pattern marked the beginning of what was to become one of my proud boasts—that we have not a square field nor, if we can help it, a clean fence row on 800 acres.

By the time the changes were plotted out on the map it became apparent that we were not simply changing a few fences and laying out a few ditches, we were changing the whole appearance of the landscape on 800 acres of hilly, partly wooded country.

As soon as the winter frosts were out of the ground we set to work on the hills patched and gullied by the old square fields. There was excitement in the sight of the first furrow following across the wide hill the line laid out by the Government engineer. It made a beautiful curving line filled with promise of moisture and regained fertility, crossing now a field left bare after the corn harvest, now an old meadow which had never been seeded and was grown up in weeds, now the corner of a field of blue grass sod which had been included in the plant as tillable ground.

Furrow after furrow followed the first as the plough and tractor moved across the side of the hill. Then half-way down the hill a wide strip was left to be seeded in summer cover crops to be followed by wheat and meadow. And farther down the hill, the tractor and plough drew a new line that followed the curves, level from one end to the other. Slowly the last vestiges of the old square fields disappeared and in their place, changing the whole landscape, appeared the long strips and the curving furrows. The hillside had taken on a new beauty full of rich promise.

But this was only the beginning.

Through the very midst of the farm from end to end runs a valley and a stream called Switzer's Creek named for a Swiss settler who came into the country at the end of the Eighteenth Century. Bordering the creek, half a mile distant, was a long outcrop of red sandstone honey-combed with caverns taken over by the foxes. Above outcrop lay the top farm, bare and badly eroded. The water sweeping down in heavy rainstorms from the top farm poured across the sandstone outcrop on the side hill farm, cutting gullies on its way down to Switzer's Creek. This was a problem. We solved it by what is called a terrace ditch.

Again the Government engineers came to our rescue, made a survey and the loan of a terrasser, which is a specially designed scraper. With the terrasser and the tractor and our own labor in a day and a half we constructed a terrace ditch fifteen feet wide and about three feet deep, nearly half a mile long, level from end to end. This was designed to hold runaway water coming down from the upper farm. In case there was a cloudburst and the ditch filled completely it was arranged for the overflow to run off at each end gently through heavy permanent sod where there was no danger of creating new washes or gullies. This was the first of a number of terrace ditches designed not only to prevent erosion but to keep on the farm the hundreds of thousands of gallons of precious water which formerly had run away into the Gulf within 48 hours of a heavy rainfall.

Next came the question of cover crops. It was planned never to have a square foot of bare earth winter or summer. Soy bean and Sudan grass fields went into rye grass or rye or rye-and-vetch combinations. Wheat was sown with a one horse drill between the rows of standing corn before the corn was harvested. Certain formerly cultivated areas on the top farm which were too steep for decent cultivation were turned back into blue grass and white clover permanent pasture.

And from the hundred acres of wooded area following the sandstone outcrop, cattle and sheep (*Continued on page* 47)

Louis Bromfield and Max Drake, partner and manager at Malabar, with an Angus-Shorthorn feeder and a purebred Guernsey

TREE CROPS IN A PERMANENT CIVILIZATION

by JOHN W. HERSHEY

Fourteen-year-old grove of improved black walnuts, owned by Dr. Frank Baum in Berks County, Pennsylvania

THE other day I ran into the onetime virgin known as Miss America—she who, some two hundred years ago, married that rollicking buccaneer named The White Race. Taken in by his glib line that he had been abused in the Old World, she committed the social sin of divorcing herself from The Red Man, with his primitive but chaste life, and gaily took on the sordid and prostituted glamor of "civilized" matrimony.

She was a sorry sight when I saw her: rutted, gutted, ravaged, wind-eroded, plowsick, and dying of thirst.

Nor is that all. Her rich dowry had been plundered. Its wanton destruction is pictured all too clearly—so far as her soil is concerned, at any rate, and the same is true regarding her timber and minerals—in the carefully compiled figures of one of America's best agricultural economists at Columbia University. Here is the sorry record:

50,000 acres, or the same acreage Japan has used to feed her 65 million people for many, many centuries, lost—and much of this the best land we had;

125,000,000 acres minus all or the greater part of their humus; hence, useless to agriculture except as scanty pasture.

100,000,000 more acres in nearly the same despoiled condition.

Crow over the findings of our halls of science if you will, *but* let us not forget that any nation that has lost its soil has lost all!

When the white man settled in America there were five things new to him: the potato, tobacco, corn, cotton, and the terrific American thunderstorms that wash and erode clean cultivated fields. Cotton is an old crop but it was new in this environment. A blush arises to my manly brow as I mentally compare our bragging of scientific progress with the slowness we've shown in adjusting ourselves to fundamentals in a new environment, and the ruin associated with it.

THE question may now be asked, is it true that we would be better off had we permitted the virgin forests to remain?

Should we have seen and appreciated the great virtue of the natural tree crop flora of the virgin forests of America, spent a small fraction of our horticulture research effort on them, we would not now be on the brink of economic and social disaster.

The products of a harnessed virgin forest such as we found, plus the plow products of the treeless Central States and irrigated West would feed our present-day industrial population as well as supply them unlimited and perpetual resources in raw

materials. Perpetual because a managed farm or forest soil never wears out, whereas our present-day mining of soil, timber, minerals, and the human masses, must bring disaster shortly with a terrible vengeance.

The night is far spent, our adolescence is past. Wake up, America, and *to work* on a permanent tree crop agriculture for hills and mountains!

Plastics

Today is the day of organic plastics. Home and industry depend on a myriad of things made from plant growth of forest, soy bean, or the fodders of the field. But in this program we find an involved, complex commercial set-up that, should it fail to function under such disastrous national sicknesses as revolution or political incompetency, millions would starve to death.

I discussed the great future of tree crops with Arthur Morgan, former chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority. He went into heights of fancy regarding the unlimited possibilities of the laboratory in creating things convenient for man from plant life. I replied, "Dr. Morgan, the problem of the hour is solving the individual's problems when he must depend on himself and on his own ingenuity."

White oak at Oxford, Pa.; three such monarchs provide the hog feed of an acre of corn—without plowing, cultivating, harvesting

Solution

Develop rapid-growing timber strains bearing mast and fruits. Select strains of mulberry, persimmon, paw paw, several varieties of walnut, hickory, chestnut, honey locust, acorn and wild fruit to feed sheep for wool and meat; hogs, cattle, horses, poultry, wildlife, family and for market. We can do all this on cheap, steep slopes of abandoned lands with the European peasant's soil-handling tactics, essential to soil conservation.

Isn't it startling to know that Pennsylvania has seven million acres of idle land; New York, four million; Tennessee, five and a half million acres—idle because it clashed with the American way and came out second best. Many other states have a parallel amount of acreage of no economic value, either in helping to feed man or in producing taxes to sustain the political economy.

In addition, every state in the Appalachian range has approximately the same number of forest acres, mostly poorly managed by incompetent government forest agencies.

Even in the intense agricultural belts of the East there are knolls, steep slopes and flood land, which, planted to tree crops, will serve to increase the farmer's income.

In the plains country, when economic pressure forces us to rely on our own ability instead of depending on government doles, the selections I have mentioned can be used for shelter belts and gullies, adding greatly to the richness of farm life economically and culturally, supplying all with a richer assortment of valuable foods.

Idle Acres, Idle People

The machine age has created, except for war-time emergency, two million idle people in Pennsylvania. The other states, with the exception of Tennessee, run about parallel—fodder for relief rolls? Why? Because our scientific knowledge *has not arrived* in solving the problem of cultural permanence and rural contentedness.

An Old Agriculture

This isn't a new agriculture that I propose. We have just grown away from it. It was patriarchally gray-bearded before anyone dreamed of using the plow. According to Dr. J. Russell Smith's book, "Tree Crops," whole populations are maintained on the mountains of the Mediterranean Basin and the Orient with a wide assortment of tree crops—many considered worthless in America's high-pressure economy.

These foreign people eke a nice and simple living by their own hands. Their mountain slopes are passed on from generation to generation, retaining a permanent stand by the simple tradition of planting a new tree when an old one shows signs of senility.

Oaks—Acorns, a Scientific Check

The hog population of the southern hardwood belt practically lives on mast, mostly made up of acorns.

In the fall of 1937, in Coffee County, Tennessee, the County Agriculture Agent —in his enthusiasm to help his constituents to a better farm program—ran the following test:

A two-acre woodlot of white oak was fenced off, 20 Poland China shoats averaging 30 lbs. each were turned in to pasture. Weighed every two weeks, they gained 30 lbs. in 42 days. The acorns then being cleaned up, the herd was turned into an alfalfa field, supplementing with two bushels (112 lbs.) of corn—amounting to 3¾ lbs. per hog.

After 50 days, at which time they were sold, they weighed 192 lbs. each, or a gain of 30 lbs. on acorns alone in 42 days and 132 lbs. on the alfalfa-corn ration in 50 days. The latter gain appears out of reason, except for the fact that in the 42 days of acorn ration the hog was pumped full of oils from the acorns, then on the alfalfa-corn diet, high in protein, the system put in a full-time job balancing the chemistry of the hog by supplying protein.

Acorns were a major food for deer, bear, turkey, duck and pheasant before the axe age in America. They can be again in a bigger and better way, once man learns that man doesn't live by bread alone but by every tree that grows on the breast of Mother Earth.

Chestnuts

The chestnut, which seems to be almost a closed question in America since the blight was introduced, is reviving rapidly.

John Rumbaugh in the Susquehanna River hills of Pennsylvania, unfettered by the ideals and confusion of scientific agriculture, gives the following graphic story:

He saw an article in a farm paper about Dr. Robert T. Morris of New York City experimenting with chestnuts. He wrote Dr. Morris, who mailed him 26 chestnuts of the Chinese species, blight resistant, beautiful and delectable. From these 26 nuts 25 little seedlings grew. The following letter was received a few days ago:

"Regarding my chestnut tree, I had about 500 lbs. of nuts this year from 75 trees. Twenty-five trees are eleven years old; that is my oldest lot of trees. These are the original trees of my mother stock; the other 50 trees are of the first nuts I got to grow from them. There is not much variation in size from the parent stock.

"I have now planted about 750 trees in a grove from eleven years to three years of age, and expect to plant the balance of a plot which will make a grove of 1,000 trees."

Two eleven-year trees bore 25 lbs. of nuts at my place at Downingtown last fall. Put the chestnut on America's list of future food producers.

Improved American Walnuts

Grainger shagbark; wonderful nuts

For nearly twenty years the possibility of making a profit and a good profit from improved, easy-cracking black walnuts has been bandied about. We are proud to say that there are nearly 12,000 trees planted within fifty miles of Downingtown; but the orchards already established have suffered from their owners' complex that the trees can be engines of production without throwing in coal.

A tree bearing 10 bushels of improved Thomas walnuts will produce 100 to 120 lbs. of kernels, equivalent in value to between 400 and 500 lbs. of dressed beef. A tree cannot live by air alone but must have nutriments added to the soil as well as plenty of humus to help digest those nutriments—and to hold water.

Writes H. Gleason Mattoon regarding his successful walnut orchard on the eastern shore of Maryland, with proper fertilizing and cover cropping:

"In the spring of 1932 we planted 600 improved black walnuts of four varieties, spaced on 50-foot centers on a sandy loam.

"In 1935, peaches were used as fillers to make use of the wide spaces and help carry culture costs. These produced crops after the third year.

"In 1941, these walnuts have grown from whips to 20 or more feet high, average 7 inches in diameter.

"The fifth year, 40 bushels of nuts were harvested; the sixth, 60 bushels; the seventh, 120 bushels. An average of $3.50 per bushel was procured for these nuts when hulled, washed and dried. The last two years' crops were lighter, a natural feature

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE TENN. VALLEY AUTHORITY AND THE AUTHOR

Note how the luscious pods of the honey locust remain available as feed deep into the winter; also, on the right, the loaded branches of a ten-year-old persimmon with food supplies for man and beast

of a long life tree while it is still in its youthful stride.

Shellbark, Shagbark, Hickory

This nut, very superior to the pecan in flavor, has been held back due to its thick shell. These, like the black walnut species, have had select varieties lassoed, hog-tied, and reproduced for people who wish better shellbarks.

In the southeastern part of Pennsylvania, where tons of these nuts are gathered each year, it is the custom of city people to drive out to the farmer having his pet type of nut—the price ranging from $2 to $5 per bushel, depending on quality. Practically all the farmer city markets from Pennsylvania to Tennessee sell bushels of nuts for 10c to 20c per quart, depending on the quality. Kernels, 80c to $1 per lb.

The possibilities of profit in the hickory grove, both for thin-shelled nuts and cracked out kernels, has greater possibilities than a country girl crashing Broadway.

Honey Locust

This species, like so many natural resources, was pushed out of the road to grow crops like grandfather did in Europe.

Two thornless strains, selected for their superior quality, produce a large, thick, pithy pod which contains cane sugar to the amount of 28% to 33%, starting to bear in three to five years. Foresters figure they'll add five tons of fodder per acre, containing 1½ tons of sugar—this after the grasses are gone in the fall. The Millwood variety is so large it runs 13 to the pound. Scientists have recently found that bone dry pods also contain, in addition to the sugar:

Vitamin B_1, 165 international units per pound;

Vitamin B_2 or G, 962.48 Sherman units per pound.

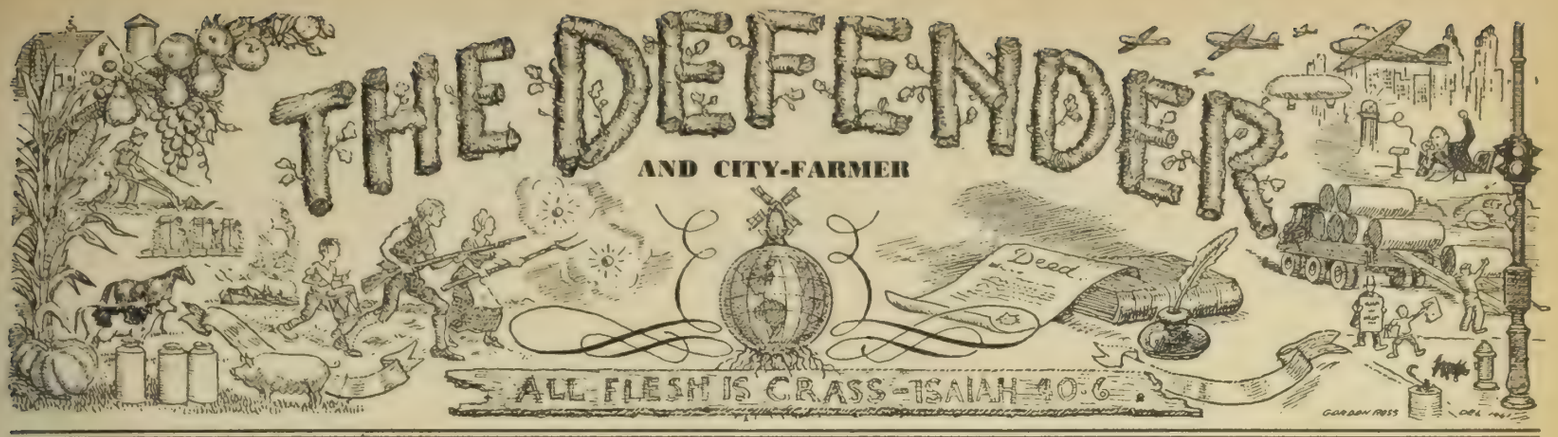
This is a startling revelation and shows the uselessness of paying for synthetic laboratory vitamins in commercial feeds when Nature will grow them on hillside pastures.

This species will thrive almost anywhere. The Extension Forester of Kansas says it is one of the best to withstand the drought and winds of western Kansas and will continue to thrive, competing with a heavy stand of buffalo grass. A tree in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado bears with a rainfall of 15 inches or less, and thrives in the semi-swamps of the South.

Truly a gift of the gods for unplowable hills and plains of America.

The protein content runs 10% to 13%, available as long as the crop hasn't dried too much. When (*Continued on page* 62)

This charming Colonial house in Downingtown, Pa., built in 1756, is nestled in the arms of American black walnuts



MARCH, 1942 *A special feature of* COUNTRY LIFE *devoted to America's city-farmer clubs*

PERSONALS

Ed Queeny, one-time pride of Cornell and now prexy of Monsato Chemical, in St. Louis, has bought a 380-acre farm in Story County, Iowa, which is going to be run on a commercial basis—and no foolin'.

The Gardner Botsfords let the water through the dam on their Pennsylvania farm last month, annoying the neighboring ducks no little.

Arthur Hanna proved he is one of the smartest young men in radio by swapping a chain for an agency, thus giving him an extra day on the farm.

*Margaret Lyon, author of "Take to the Hills" and herself an Ozark Mountain farmer, makes your mouth water with the descriptions of her jams and jellies.

All Joe Roebling's friends gather around Harmony Hollow every time a new foal arrives, he being a bachelor and sentimental about such things.

→ Thomas L. Briggs reports that Rubymede Farm, Brewster, N. Y., has four perfectly healthy blight-resistant chestnut trees ten years old, which have been bearing crops for the past three years. Lots of folks think the chestnut is finished business in the East, but they're wrong.

It's not hard to be wrong these days. ADVT.

Malcolm W. Moss, of Berkeley, Cal., owns a 4,800-acre ranch in Texas and two farms in Iowa.

F. H. Baschen, city real estate operator in Momece, Ill., shows where his heart is by buying three properites adding up to 521 acres out in the country near Kankakee.

***The James T. Wilsons of Harburton presented ye ed. with two mighty fascinating seven-weeks'-old pure-bred Berkshire gilts last month; they have been named Wilma, in honor of the Wilsons, and Erika, in honor of Eric, who runs their place so handsome. The Wilsons have some of the best Hereford cattle in New Jersey but no bull has been seen coming down the road as yet.

Lanny Ross's place is named Melody Farm, which is as it should be. Reminds ye ed. that he once wanted to name his Vischer's Circle, which pronounces quite different than it looks.

Who else has an appropriate name for his farm? And make it at least as good as Gussie (Budweiser) Busch's once projected racing colors: "Amber with foamy white collar."

Edwin S. Friendly, general manager of the "New York Sun," takes his vacations *en famille* "somewhere west of Laramie."

Henry Dunn sat at his Chase Bank desk smiling last month; it was cold enough to make him think he was at the farm in Vermont.

☞ Ohio State University announced the other day that the apples raised by Ivan T. Quick at Steel's Corners, about thirty miles from Cleveland, are 99.59% pure—the cleanest fruit in the state. He bought his 200 acres nineteen years ago, when it came to the Mutual Life Insurance Company (of which he is a director) on a bad loan. Now he has 4,000 apple trees (25 varieties) and 4,500 pear, peach, prune and cherry trees. And nobody knows how many grape vines. He expects to break even after six more years.

Carl G. Bjorkman, well known Chicagoan, has a livestock program on his farm in Kane County, Ill.

C. N. Feast, Colorado state fish and game director, is worried about a shortage of hunters, not game.

A darn nice girl named Miss Friede Smidt is taking a chance on Bob Bliss, one-time secretary of the Farm Club of New York.

Pete Peterson, prexy of Ovington's, New York, has some right good manure-carrier equipment for sale thanks to his recent fire, described by some jealous folks as "a little more famous than the burning of Chicago, Rome, and Atlanta combined." Hey, how about the San Francisco fire?

Lots of folks want us to print the words to Cole Porter's new song, "Farming," but the darn thing's copyrighted and we haven't been able to get permission to do it as yet. Maybe Farmer Porter will see this and tell us to go ahead.

The Myron Fuersts spent some time in Palm Beach or thereabouts last month. What do you want to bet he left some Angus down there?

William Alexander cleaned up with his black cattle at the Pennsylvania State Farm Show at Harrisburg in January.

*Vaughn Flannery has shaken the dust of his Harford County newspaper from his feet and gone to Washington, where he will operate in the Office of Facts and Figures. His wife will run their Maryland newspaper, lucky girl.

Horatio Bigelow has done another shooting book which his friends hope Scribner's will hurry up and publish.

Speaking of good books, Jack Widmer of Colorado's famed Horseshoe Ranch, has just had a horse book accepted by Scribner's.

CINCINNATI

The City Farmers Club of Cincinnati has had an active time since the turn of the year. In January, plans were laid for a broad and liberal growth of the organization. In February, G. W. De Weese, director of the farm management department of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, gave a most interesting talk and showed a motion picture entitled "For Land's Sake."

Officers for 1942 were elected as follows:

Philip H. Cone, president; Frank G. Cain, vice-president; O. Slack Barrett, secretary; J. Richard Verkamp, treasurer.

A mail ballot was taken to elect directors for the club. The results were as follows:

One year—George W. Archiable, Richard Crisler, Carlisle Murdoch, Bradford Sullivan, M. H. Woody. Two years—Leroy Ballinger, Frank Cain, Philip Cone, Homer Toms, J. Richard Verkamp. Three years—O. Slack Barrett, Dr. Harry Holton, Ellsworth Ireland, H. Trimble McCullough, James Rodebush.

M. Raymond Dunn, executive secretary of the club, made this announcement regarding farm machinery:

"A campaign to get existing and usable farm machinery on Ohio's farms in shape for the coming season is in progress by the U. S. D. A. Farm Defense Board. It is urged that every farm operator inspect all farm tools carefully and order the necessary parts now, in order that the defense agencies in Washington can allocate the necessary material, available to the manufacturers, to fill *bona fide* orders from farmers.

"In pursuance of this campaign, every farmer in Ohio will be mailed a machinery check sheet. By checking machinery now and ordering, it will enable your dealer to make arrangements for supplying these parts in time for the 1942 planting and harvesting season. To delay may mean disappointment!"

An "Alert to City-Farmers!" was issued at the same time by Mr. Cain.

"You may have (up to now), operated your farm as an experimental side-issue to your regular business or profession, or as a hobby. From now on we city-farmers must operate our farms as an essential business.

"To help in an important way in feeding the armed forces and civilian population is a worth-while activity . . . a responsibility which carries with it an opportunity for service.

"War has put on our organization greater responsibility than ever before."

BALTIMORE

The Downtown Farmers, of Baltimore, Md., consist of about 120 members at present and conduct a program along rather informal lines, with a luncheon meeting every other Friday at the Merchants Club and about three or four evening meetings a year to which ladies are invited.

Last fall, the club held two evening meetings.

At one, Russell Lord, associate editor of COUNTRY LIFE and an eloquent writer on agricultural subjects well known to readers of "The Defender," spoke on American problems and showed the motion picture made by Robert Flaherty called "The Land."

This important documentary film was supposed to be shown all over the country but is apparently being held up by somebody in Washington who seems to think it wouldn't be good for the American morale for the people to see how they have devastated their own countryside. The Downtown Farmers thought the film most illuminating and inspiring rather than disspiriting. (*Washington please note!*)

At the other fall meeting, K. L. Warner of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, talked on the preservation of home food supplies, with particular attention to frozen foods in home freezing units. Miss Kirkpatrick of the University of Maryland was on hand to answer questions regarding preserving and canning.

In January there were two good talks: Fred Leinbach on "Livestock Problems in Wartime" and Kenneth L. Turk on "Dairying Problems in Wartime." In February the discussions concerned "Meat from the Packers' Point of View" and "Home Gardening." On March 13, A. O. Kuhn is scheduled to speak on "Silos and Silage."

"Our club, the Downtown Farmers, is probably misnamed," writes Joseph Whitney Shirley, Jr., its secretary, "as our members are not really city people living in the country, but real farmers who have grown up on the farms around Baltimore, who consider themselves farmers first and their occupation in the city second."

NOTICE

Members of city-farmer clubs throughout the country are cordially invited to send news of their activities monthly to "The Defender."

THE DEFENDER
and
CITY-FARMER

A Gazette of Rural and City Life for the Modern American

There is nothing better than farming, nothing more fruitful, nothing more delightful, nothing more worthy of a free man.—*Cicero.* The profit of the earth is for all.—*Ecclesiastes.* The best citizens spring from the cultivators.—*Cato.* The value of farm property in the United States, 1940, is $33,641,738,726. — *U. S. Census.* Millions for defense . . .

PATRICK Q. HENRY, *Editor*

MARCH, 1942

"FARM FOR FORTUNE"

It's not easy to come out of your chrysalis, for even the most modest sort of flight, without bumping into a terrific fellow named Ladd Haystead.

Once seen, this raw-boned son of Canada (or what is that accent, the Southwest?) makes a solid picture. Once heard, this blimp-lunged son of the Eastern Shore (or was it California where he went to college?) makes a permanent dent on the ear-drums. Once harbored (he has a thirst like a two-humped camel and an appetite like a rusty baler), this long-striding, long-lounging gentleman with his necktie pulled askew from his handsome throat is not one to be lightly overlooked.

Haystead is a farmer. Or is even *that* right? Come to think of it, most people know him as an advertising executive—and a good one. Others know him as a writer. Still others know him as a clubman, a *bon vivant,* a sort of Beau Brummel in Overalls. As a matter of fact, the warm affection that the author of these meager lines feels for Ladd Haystead comes as the result of a mutual interest in music.

What I am trying to make clear is that here is a rather mixed character, a paradoxical person. He hammers a forge and a typewriter with equal facility. He judges a steer or an actress with equal acumen. He is equally at home at the Ritz or Nigger Mike's, or, for that matter, at the Vischers'. He knows a sour note when he hears one, whether it comes from a Steinway or a Roosevelt. He is, in brief, quite a fellow.

Now he's written a book and we want to call it to your attention, because it will be helpful to you. And we've taken the liberty of thus describing him in our own words, though you probably already know him and have your own mental picture of him, in order to help you to understand the flavor, the gusto, the tang—and the inevitable paradox—of what he's got to say.

The name of the book is "Farm for Fortune and Vice Versa," and while it probably won't alter the lives of any who read this in a major way, it certainly will do so in a minor. I say this only because it isn't a book for those who already have a farm; it's a book for those who are thinking about it. It is a book to give those who are looking at you with envious eyes, who have more crackpot ideas than ever you entertained, who expect to make their fortune by moving to the country—and are pestering the very life out of you with questions.

You will be struck at once with the simple honesty of Ladd Haystead's report. Make up your mind, he says, whether you want to move to the country and make a business of farming or whether you simply like the country as a way of life. If the former, you're in for a hell of a lot of work with very small cash return. If the latter, that's something else again.

What should you pay for a farm? Why is it that $5,000 may be too much for 500 acres in New England with a nine-room house and a barn with 21 ties, while $10,000 may be a good buy for a mere 80-acre place near the metropolis that's only got a modest cottage, a good barn, and no running stream? Don't forget, he says that old houses may have great charm, but the land on which they're situated may have been exhausted years ago.

What about soil, asks our friend—and proceeds to tell you how discouraging and expensive the rehabilitation of land can be. And what do you want to grow, he asks, going on from there to explain that it's all mighty tough work and unremunerative. Cows? Good God. Chickens? Heaven help you. Cattle? Worse than poker with marked cards. Orchids? Ca-tooey! Only pigs get a momentary flash of enthusiasm from our bucolic Chesterfield.

Machinery and equipment get a frightening chapter and the author hints that you haven't a chance unless you're willing and able to train yourself to do things for yourself. If you can be a combination carpenter, plumber, electrician, blacksmith . . . why, then you qualify for another chapter. It all depends on you, no matter how much you yowl about the weather, the equipment dealer, the manufacturer, Wall Street, the Old Guard Republicans and/or the New Deal Democrats.

Tenant farming gets raked roughly over the coals and obviously that's no go, even though the author believes in it. There are just too many soft owners and too few good tenants. Also, there are taxes to worry about, and the lack of labor, and the way machinery breaks when somebody who doesn't own it handles it, and the depression that's going to come when the war is over.

By the time you get through listening to Ladd Haystead on finance and management, you should be pretty well cured of any silly idea you ever had about living on a farm. You are tempted to close the book, thanking a generous Providence for the grief you've been spared, but there are only a few more pages to go and you might as well know the worst.

And then what do your surprised eyes behold? They see these words that somehow slipped out of the Gloomy Prophet's heart:

"I don't find cities a bore (it is Haystead speaking), nor their life that of a squirrel in a cage, as so many of my questioners describe it. If I had to live the rest of my life in a city, I imagine I could make quite a lot of fun out of it.

"But in the country I need no alarm to wake me up. There is so much to be done and I like doing it. There are endless things to be built and I like building. There are years of planting ahead, I hope, and I like to plant.

"There are trees I set out now which will be tall and lovely and will shade me when I am old and can do no more than a little chore work. There's the Kill which sings all summer and which cools me with its faint breeze when I come to the end of the row. When I am old, it will still be there, still be singing, still be cooling. That's a comfort to know in this changing world where so much that is good seems to depart and so much that is bad seems to take its place.

"There are low spots in the fields now, but after they are drained, they'll be the lushest of pastures where I hope fat beeves will stand in that queer listening attitude cattle on pasture sometimes have.

"I am amused by that slap-happy Togo, a mutt of most variegated parentage. There he goes, running down to the Kill for a drink. Here he comes back again at a trot, running first to one side and then to another to look for non-existent woodchucks. He gets back to my feet and he is all tired out—and thirsty. So he gets up and does the whole thing over again.

"And here's my neighbor with an armful of corn. The dew still glistens on it. 'It's the new strain I am trying out,' he explains. 'Eat it for lunch before the dew is dry. I think it beats Golden Bantam.' (It does.)

"There's going to be a sale. They're selling off the old place down by the church. I go and there is everybody for miles around. I get a couple of forks for fifty cents and feel very pleased with myself. And then join the folks in a laugh when the tightest man in the community pays more for a machine second-hand than he would for one new. The bidding carried him off his feet. It's bucolic humor, and I like it.

"Summer's coming and with it all the heavy work. Hope I haven't got too soft during the winter. Not as young as I was ten years ago. Get by somehow, I guess. But—darn it—there'll be tomatoes to pick, peas to pick, beans to pick, and I'll never like messing around with truck garden stuff if I live to be a hundred. Oh well, they taste mighty nice in the winter. And no canning plant yet has found a recipe for catsup as good as the one that's been in the family for generations.

" 'Bosh and nonsense,' my critic snorts. 'There you go pastoral. You say the very things that everyone else says and yet you claim that is wrong, that farming is a tedious, troublesome, worrisome, risky business. "And (with triumph) may I point out that you are more city man than those of us who were born on the pavements? You've lived in big cities everywhere. You love them. You are the worst sybarite of all of us with your love of food, wines, music, color, theater, and all the rest. Bosh again!' "

"Very well, I'll admit it. The reason people live on farms is exactly what the pastoral writers sing about. The reason some city people go to the farm and stay, even after they find it isn't so simple, is because they rate the asset of the joys far above the liability of the troubles.

"But mark you, farm pleasures are sensuous pleasures. If you think of them in the rarefied, intellectual way that some of our writers do, disappointment may be yours. Farm life is simple and beautiful when you see it from a library window with someone else doing the dirty work and with you enjoying only the more esthetic results.

"But if you must do the work yourself, it's something else again. That's when you'll need the benefit of all five senses on the highly alert. Lusty old Horace gives a truer picture than does the editress of the Farm and Garden column.

"It's such things as the *feel* of fresh earth underfoot, the *smell* of a root-cellar in November, the *sight* of an alfalfa field in good catch, the *sound* of bees in the clover, the *taste* of alive spring water at ten in the morning.

"It's the fierce joy of bucking headlong into the storm to get that freshly-dropped calf into the sanctuary of the barn. It's the pride of hearing that your neighbor called you a 'good farmer.'

"And, it's the inarticulate something inside you that makes you smile feebly and keep quiet when your visitor from the city says, 'Why in heaven's name anyone would want to be buried out here in this musical-comedy first-act curtain . . .!'

"Mechanization may go until the traditional farm is hardly recognizable. Scientists may, at least, discover a way to get all meals out of a few pills. Yet, somehow I know there will always be those who choose the farm as a way of life. If a dictator destroys God, church, poesy, and song, the only place man can nurture their originals is on the soil."

R. F. D.

ADVICE WANTED

To the Editor:

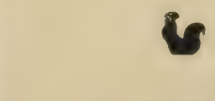
I note in "The Defender" that you are in a position to assist groups which wish to form city-farmer clubs, that you can supply model constitutions, and give them other good advice.

We have formed such an organization here at Huntington, Indiana; we have already had two meetings and the third is scheduled for Wednesday night. We have about fifty members and the secretary is crying for the help that you so generously proffered.

I will be only too pleased to receive the information you suggest. . . .

LEE M. BOWERS, *Secretary,*
Huntington City-Farmers Club,
Huntington, Ind.

Our No. 1 model constitution and other material intended to be helpful being out on loan to neighboring Illinois, we got together the best we could for his Wednesday meeting. Won't secretaries of other city-farmer clubs write to Lawyer Bowers (53 East Market Street) and tell him which one idea has been most helpful in the conduct of their clubs? Thanks.



DAYTON

As a result of the increased demands made on the time of Dayton Chamber of Commerce officials by the war program, the Dayton Farmers Club has for the present been suspended.

DETROIT

After five years of modest activity, the Detroit Agricultural Club recently embarked on a decidedly more active program. As a result of the tremendously increased interest in country living on the part of men still engaged in business in the cities, eight new members were inducted in Detroit in December and one or two more at each meeting held since.

This month the club expects to hear Mr. Wilson, of the research department of the Ford Motor Company, talk on "Fabric from Soybeans." The subject is very much in the minds of the Motor City at this time, obviously.

Two meetings were scheduled in February. At the first, sound motion pictures provided by the Du Ponts showed a fascinating "New World Through Chemistry." At the second, Prof. E. B. Hill, head of the farm management department at Michigan State College, was to speak on "Farm Management During the War."

The Detroit Agricultural Club got off to a good start in January with two keynote speakers. Dean E. L. Anthony of the agricultural department at Michigan State gave a most interesting talk on "Our Agricultural Program During the War." At a second meeting, Prof. L. V. Gunn, of Michigan State's economics department, spoke on "The Agricultural Outlook for 1942."

Prof. Gunn has appeared at the Detroit club's January meeting for each of the past five years and has always brought the members out in full force.

I. T. Pickford is president of the Detroit club, M. E. Farley, Jr., vice-president, and O. B. Price, Secretary. The club's headquarters is in the Michigan Central Terminal.

ST. LOUIS

As a result of the special emphasis the United States Government is putting on gardens this year, as a result of the war, the Farmers Club of St. Louis devoted its first meeting of 1942 to this important subject. Prof. J. W. C. Anderson, extension horticulturalist, of the College of Agriculture at Columbia, Mo., led the discussion with a talk on "Farm Gardening."

"We believe that a great many farmers who in the past have not had gardens are likely to have them this year," said E. W. Mentel, secretary-treasurer of the St. Louis club. "We accordingly invited our members to bring with them their farm managers in order that they might have the benefit of this technical talk."

CLEVELAND

The Cleveland Farmers' Club heard Carl W. Gay, former chief of animal husbandry at Ohio State University, at its February meeting on "Adjustments in our livestock breeding program for the war period." Mr. Gay, who is not only an authority on livestock, including horses, but as well a first-hand student of European countries, had material of importance to present.

PHILADELPHIA

The Quaker City Farmers, newest of Philadelphia's prospering city-farmer clubs, has raised its membership from scratch to 73 since it inception last November. This is something of an achievement in any community, in times like these, and the members of the new Philadelphia group ascribe it to the real need for the dissemination of information on the technical side of farming.

Verl Elliott, president of the Quaker City Farmers, certainly deserves the highest praise for the rapid progress of the group; one grateful member said "knowing him as I do, I can very well say that he has given his heart and soul, without any thought of ulterior return, to the promotion of this group." Farming is a true avocation to this oilman.

The February meeting of the Quaker City Farmers was attended by 55 and addressed by Mark E. Richardson, tax specialist of the firm of Lybrand, Ross Brothers and Montgomery, public accountants.

Mr. Richardson, in his introductory remarks, wanted to be sure that his audience realized he was not a farmer but a tax expert, but due to his experiences, still thought he might be able to give a brief outline of the amount of losses the city-farmer could legally take as farm expenses.

What the government is primarily interested in is whether or not you are really conducting a farm. The language of the law maintains that the average individual who works in a city and runs a farm and is living there is not actually a farmer in the truest sense of its meaning, but our courts have maintained that if proper records are kept and losses are incurred in operating a farm, it can be considered as a business undertaking, even though a continuous loss is shown for farm operations.

Our courts, according to Mr. Richardson, have reasoned that as long as there is a possibility of making a profit, farm operation on the part of a city-farmer is a business, and the resulting gain or loss is taxable. Most of the men in this group probably are not interested in gains, according to Mr. Richardson, as his experiences have shown that most city-farmers suffer losses.

Mr. Richardson maintained that it is absolutely essential to keep extensive records on farm operations. An agent confronted with records and the losses incurred in the farm operations has no alternative except to admit them as a loss. Mr. Richardson could not emphasize enough the importance of maintaining records and is the primary reason why the government is allowing losses to be shown continuously from year to year.

Mr. Richardson suggests that not very many books are necessary to be kept on farm operations. A cash basis rather than an inventory one is the best way to keep farm accounts. An inventory method is a difficult form of keeping farm records and requires an elaborate bookkeeping system. A cash basis requires only the keeping of the receipts and expenses ledger.

Our government allows a high percentage for depreciation to be charged against a farm for cows. The law is definite on this amount. Reasonable allocation of the costs of the upkeep of a residence can be taken as an expense where farm help is given board and room. In case of a large house, reasonableness will enter as to what percentage of the upkeep can be allotted to farm expense where the farmer and his family live in the same residence along with the farm owner.

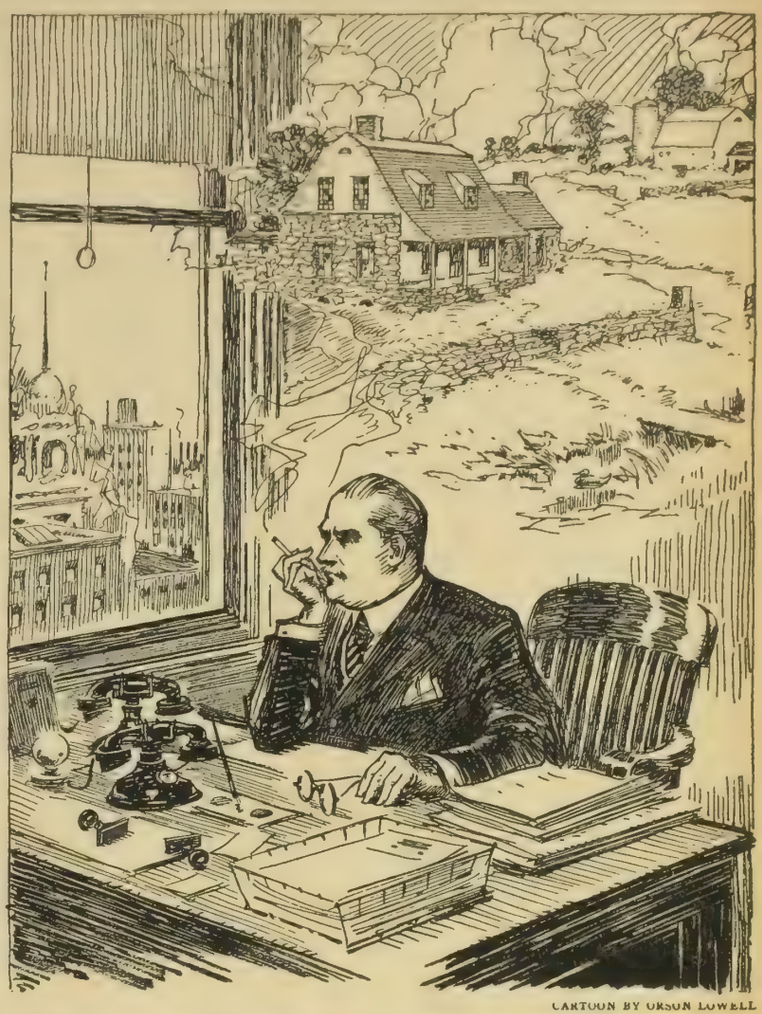
The question of depreciation of buildings and equipment is a serious one. The government allows a reasonable amount of depreciation. Along these lines it is well to remember that in case a loss is incurred in the farm operation and there is not sufficient offsetting personal income to take care of this loss, one can carry the loss over into the following year.

Mr. Richardson also wanted to point out that in case a farm was run on a business basis that any gain from the future sale of the property over and above the actual farm cost less depreciation could not be considered as a capital gain but would have to be considered on an earned income basis. Another thing to remember is that capital assets, such as equipment, must be depreciated, and they can not be considered as an expense.

The Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, oldest of our city-farmer clubs, will discuss the hybrid corn situation at its meeting on March 6. Two speakers have been invited: the first to review his experiences in breeding hybrid strains for higher yields, and the second to discuss the treatment of open pollenated corn with hormones for high yields and stiffer stalks.

In January the society had an interesting evening meeting at the University Club in Philadelphia on the 23rd. The feature was a colored motion picture film entitled "Combat," illustrating modern technique in disease and insect control. Other clubs desiring information regarding this film might write the secretary of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, L. Wayne Arny, at 2136 Land Title Building.

THE COUNTRY BOY



CARTOON BY ORSON LOWELL

News item: Psychologists report that some business men aren't concentrating on their offices as they did in the boom days

ALSO WORTH READING

"THE COUNTRYMAN," *good sense in "The New York Times":*

Others may think of the waning year in their own terms, but the countryman recognizes any year for what it is—another round of seasons, another time of planting, of growing, of reaping. These are matters of eternal consequence, and nothing that man may do can change them. Not even the waste of war can blight for long the upward thrust of a seed, the lovely branching of a tree. And, mighty as man is, he still orders his life by the sun, the tides, and the seasons. . . .

THE NEW YORK FARMERS

The New York Farmers, organized in 1882 and therefore much older than the now more active Farm Club of New York, honored "The Defender" last month with a report of its activities, written by F. R. Appleton, Jr., their president:

"Mindful of the peace and pleasures of agriculture as enjoyed by Washington at Mount Vernon, Jefferson at Monticello, Henry Clay at Ashland and Webster at Marshfield, a group of outstanding New York business and professional men, meeting by invitation at the home of James A. Burden in New York City in January, 1882, decided to associate themselves for the purpose of discussing all matters pertaining to agriculture.

"At the first meeting, February 14, 1882, at the Union League Club, The New York Farmers was founded by 32 members for the purpose of 'the advancement of agriculture, both practical and theoretical, by the maintenance of appropriate investigation and social conference.'

"This aim of the founders has been pursued by the 236 members—including two Presidents of the United States—during the intervening sixty years.

"Four meetings are held each year. At three of them, The Farmers have been addressed by authorities on agricultural theories and practice, including U. S. Secretaries of Agriculture, deans of agricultural colleges, experts in Federal and State agricultural departments, and practical operators in all phases of successful agriculture. The fourth meeting, in the form of 'A Day in the Country,' is spent by invitation at the farm of one of the members or at an agricultural college, for investigation of the experiments and developments carried on at each place.

"At the end of each year, the results of these meetings are published in an annual proceedings, copies of which are mailed to agricultural colleges, experiment stations and public libraries throughout the country.

"After the last World War, practical aid was rendered to the distressed French farmers in the form of financial assistance for the purchase of farming implements to resume their interrupted activity.

"In 1939, The New York Farmers Pasture Research Assistantship was established for the foundation within Cornell University to provide for a graduate assistant to Prof. D. B. Johnstone-Wallace, Agrostologist and Assistant Professor of Agronomy at Cornell, to assist him or his successor in the research work conducted or projected by him in the field of pasture management and improvement. The original three-year commitment of $1,000 annually for this purpose was renewed for the next three years at the last meeting, January 20, 1942.

"The Farmers have also created a committee for the purpose of awarding The New York Farmers Medal of Award with honorarium to individuals attaining an outstanding achievement in agriculture. This Medal of Award has been presented to each of the following:

"To Dr. Leland Ossian Howard of Washington, D. C., in recognition of his more than fifty years of service in the Federal Bureau of Entomology; to Oakleigh Thorne of Thorndale, Millbrook, N. Y., for his work in developing the beef industry in a country devoted almost exclusively to dairying; to Henry W. Jeffers of the Walker-Gordon Laboratory Co., Plainsboro, N. J., for conceiving the idea and for the introduction into practical use of the Rotolactor; and to Col. E. Parmalee Prentice of Mount Hope Farm, Williamstown, Mass., for his widely recognized success in the improvement of agricultural live stock.

"Membership in The New York Farmers is limited to 65, each of whom must be the possessor of land and engaged in the economies of agriculture. The present officers are, Francis R. Appleton, Jr., president; J. Watson Webb, vice-president; Robert Winthrop, secretary and treasurer.

"The trustees are Cornelius R. Agnew, James W. Appleton, William E. S. Griswold, John Henry Hammond, William Church Osborn, E. Parmalee Prentice, Samuel Thorne, Bronson Winthrop, William Woodward and the officers."

The Farm Club of New York offered a double feature at its February meeting and brought out an attendance of nearly a hundred. Knox Phagan, farmer and horse breeder in Tennessee, but more important to members of the club perhaps as a tax expert, spoke eloquently about March 15, emphasizing that the *intent* to make money or not is what the government scrutinizes. Frank T. Murphy spoke about woodlots.

CHICAGO

But let no one think the Chicago Farmers are resting on their laurels. Here is a statement by their new president, Mr. Hurd, to "The Defender":

"With a keen realization of the important part agriculture will be called upon to play in the defense program, our members are making every effort to cooperate with the Government in all its projects having to do with the increased production of farm commodities and conservation of soil."

CALENDAR

City-farmer clubs are invited to send the date, time, place and subject of their engagements to "The Defender" for publication in this column:

March 3

QUAKER CITY FARMERS, Philadelphia, Pa. Wheeler McMillen, president of the National Farm Chemurgic Council. University Club, 12:30.

March 10

FARM CLUB OF NEW YORK—Dr. Howard Sprague, on "Newer Grasses and Clovers for Eastern Agriculture," Hotel Roosevelt, 12:30.

March 13

DOWNTOWN FARMERS, Baltimore, Md. "Silos and Silage." A. O. Kuhn. Merchants Club, 12:30.

April 2

QUAKER CITY FARMERS, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Nixon on "Soybean Cultivation." University Club, 12:30.

KALAMAZOO

New officers have been elected by the Kalamazoo Farmers' Club, one of the most active city-farmer clubs in Michigan. Charles H. Schutz has been elected president, and Foster J. Herman, vice-president; both are Kalamazoo bankers. William L. Fitzgerald, attorney, has been reëlected secretary-treasurer.

The first activity of the new year was an unusual Ladies' Night banquet, which turned out to be a highly successful affair.

The club announces with the deepest regret the death of William J. Lawrence, former president of the club. The following resolutions were passed:

"WHEREAS, the Kalamazoo Farmers' Club has lost its able, highly esteemed and efficient president, William J. Lawrence, and

"WHEREAS, this club as well as its members individually feel that each and everyone has lost a loyal member and friend and one of Kalamazoo's most highly respected citizens;

"AND WHEREAS, this club is desirous of expressing to President Lawrence's wife and family its deepest and most heartfelt sympathy upon their loss;

"NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that we, the members of the Kalamazoo Farmers' Club, hereby extend to Mrs. Lawrence and sons our sincere sympathy in their bereavement on the loss of a beloved husband and father, and

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the records of the club and that the secretary send a copy to Mrs. Lawrence and family."

MILWAUKEE

The Milwaukee Farmers held their first fall dinner meeting at the City Club in October, with a very fine attendance. New scientific information on building materials and construction and repair of buildings was brought forth through the medium of pictures and slides.

A demonstration in beef, hog and sheep management with colored slides made the November meeting one of interest. The Milwaukee Farmers showed their enthusiasm by popping questions at the speaker for a long time after the regular program was over.

At the December meeting the Milwaukee Farmers were told that every dairy farmer should consider poultry as part of the farm business and were shown better ways and means of making the poultry project a success.

"Combat"—an outstanding motion picture—was somewhat different than the usual series of farm programs. This was shown at the January dinner meeting. Insect and disease control had never before been presented in this manner, and through this method it became a most interesting as well as an extremely important subject for every farmer.

The members of the Milwaukee Farmers are enthusiastic. This has been shown by their fine attendance at the dinner meetings.

PAMPHLETS

The number of pamphlets which contain material of interest and use to city-farmers would, if laid end to end, reach right into the waste-basket. "The Defender" here proposes, from time to time, to rescue a few that deserve to avoid such a dire fate.

"FROSTED FOODS"—Maybe we're hipped on this subject but we think this is the most pressing immediate subject in which all city-farmers should be interested. Write the Jewett Refrigerator Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and ask them to tell you about their Arctic Trunk.

"THE MORGAN HORSE BULLETIN"—A series of pamphlets packed with interesting material about Morgan horses, one of the few typically American breeds. Did you know, for example, that of 724 Remount stallions 686 are Thoroughbreds and only 15 Morgans? Also that a recent sale of Morgans in Iowa averaged $513, with the top price $2,300? For sample copies write Owen Moon, Princeton, N. J.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT A LYE"—It's a cute title but the contents of this booklet are no gag. Lye is apparently the real handy man around the place: in the barn, the silo, the hog houses, the poultry house, the milk house, the breeder, the dog house, the kitchen, the cellar. What could possibly make more sense at 10c. a can? Write the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, for this useful and informative booklet.

"PLOWING AND CULTIVATING PRACTICE AND SCIENCE"—This is a well indexed and carefully prepared booklet on the relationship between plowing and cultivating as seen by the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, Milwaukee, Wis. Good pictures.

"MEAT CURING AND SAUSAGE MAKING"—Write Morton Salt Co., 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Yummy!

PLACEMENT BUREAU

"The Defender" is willing to start a placement bureau. If you want help, or want to help place someone, let us know.

We have now heard of an experienced man who seeks a position as farm manager paying $150 a month or its equivalent; he believes that he can save an employer that much. He is 52, married, does not drink at all, is absolutely sound and anxious to undertake farm management work. At present he owns a small grazing farm in Jefferson County, West Virginia, which he can leave at short notice. He has had experience with a herd of commercial and purebred cattle in Oklahoma, owner now deceased; he had in his charge also Thoroughbred and halfbred broodmares, hunters, polo ponies. He has worked with hounds, taught children horsemanship, run clubs. He has had experience with horses in England and Argentina and with the Army of Occupation in the last war.

Write "The Defender" if you have use for this man.

Riders versus Horses

Habits—Bad As Well As Good—Are Determined by Riders and Not Horses

by HAL S. DUGDALE

"My horse is getting one of the deadest mouths I've ever felt! His jaw must be numb. It takes all I've got to check him."

"Takes a strong rider to manage that chestnut of mine. He's just too much horse. For ring jumping, anyway. What he needs is a workout before going in the ring."

"That hack of mine simply refuses to back."

These complaints, heard at a Virginia show at which I had been asked to judge after returning from cavalry service, are typical of some of our attitudes toward the faults of our mounts. It's always the horse's fault—never ours. These conversations indicate the too prevalent idea that the bad mannered horse is a naturally perverse creature.

Perhaps this impression is due to the fact that even we who "were born on a horse" and have "ridden all our lives" may never have suspected that it is possible to have ridden *badly* all our lives. Horses in a natural state, when negotiating obstacles, do not have the behavior faults seen in shows all the way from the country matinees to the equine Mecca at Madison Square Garden.

Creatures of habit, willing to obey whatever they understand, horses have bad habits that have actually been taught them by faulty riding as surely as good habits are taught by capable schooling.

During the show mentioned, I noticed three horses which were good examples of bad habits which so needlessly lose ribbons for capable performers. I had been faced with the same types while on a regimental show team, and was surprised at how simple is the solution when approached by a sub-kindergarten thought on a par with the horse's mental equipment.

The "dead mouth" complaint reminded me of a case I worked on not long before. A Thoroughbred named Cloudy Day. Not easily excited, he'd hold a gait, but it required a strenuous effort to convince him that a reduction of gait, or halt, was wanted. He was willing enough to obey when he understood.

I believe that all horses' jaw structures are the same, and their sensory equipment similar, although different animals will react differently to pain or discomfort. Phlegmatic Cloudy was the type to endure suffering uncomplainingly. Accordingly, it seemed necessary to devise some way of stopping him while applying a light finger request, so that he would associate a gentle request with halting and recognize it as the signal to do so.

I put him on a circle thirty feet in diameter, one edge of which almost touched the wall of a building. Taking the track to the right at a walk, we made several laps to accustom him to the circle. Then, four or five strides from the wall, I asked for a halt by closing the fingers on the reins. The tension probably did not exceed three pounds. This, of course, was completely ignored by Cloudy. However, as the request was applied, he was held straight at the building, not allowed to turn. Faced by the wall, he had to stop.

This was kept up on both tracks, progressing from the walk to the trot and canter. And in less than two one-hour periods, he associated the light request to halt with the fact that he would not be allowed to turn out, and must stop. Four hours of this in one-hour doses over two days saw him halting on request without waiting for the building to stop him.

Next, this request was made further and further from the building, until I could get reduced gaits and halts at any point on the circle. Then he was worked on straight lines in a sand ring, and by the end of the week, out in the open. The rein had again become a signal to him; he associated a light request with stopping and formed the habit of obeying.

The so-called "too much horse" referred to in the second complaint was a case parallel to one assigned to me. A beautiful chestnut had the habit, on entering a ring, of cantering sideways until the rider was ready to put him at a jump, whereupon he would whirl and head for it in a burst of speed resembling a panic-stricken runaway. Out of control, the horse would usually get in too close, or stand back too far at the take-off. On getting over (if not through) the jump, he would again go into his two-track canter until approaching the next one, where he would repeat the performance.

Checking the history of this horse disclosed that prior

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BROWN

to shows he was exercised on trails and roads, then brought into a practice ring and given a concentrated dose of jumping. The sight of wings and rails upset him.

His schedule was changed to include exercise and conditioning in the ring without jumping. He was worked through wings and posts with jumps removed, at the walk, trot, canter, with frequent halts and backs. This continued a week; then a few of the jumps were replaced. The exercise and rating of gaits continued, and only occasionally was he put over one obstacle, then halted before resuming the exercise.

Within a fortnight, the sight of a jumping course did not excite him. To him, it more likely suggested a humdrum exercise period, and the jumps created no mental hazard. Many horses need comparatively little work over jumps. They like to jump.

I have seen horses develop tendencies to rush jumps after being ridden by people who are learning to jump, or are otherwise insecure, and are holding on by the reins. The tendency to rush a jump is the horse's effort to overcome the interference with his balance and freedom of movement.

A big, half-bred, raw-boned bay I knew had been known to jump very well, but for two seasons had been refusing and running out. I could not find out enough of the beast's history to provide a clue. He felt good under the saddle, but frequently, instead of a take-off stride, he'd plant all four feet and slide into the jump. Other times he'd run out. He even cleared a wing that was higher than the jump in a silly effort to avoid the rails.

I recalled a rule which I've found applicable to every phase of schooling: "Make what you want him to do a pleasant experience, and what you do not want him to do an unpleasant one."

He was worked through empty wings for days. Then on serpentine lines around low jumps, occasionally putting him over one as a surprise, with more impulsion than the jump called for. After each, I dismounted to give him a pat on the neck, and possibly a nibble of grain or grass. Gradually raising the jumps, I succeeded in bringing him to take a course in his stride.

In this instance, also, it was not a question of the animal not understanding what was wanted, but of starting him over again, taking it easy, making it pleasant to jump and unpleasant to attempt runouts or refusals. My guess is that most refusals and runouts spring from lack of confidence transmitted from the rider to the horse. This is commonly caused by an insecure seat, and the prevalent practice of "throwing away" the reins.

The comment about a horse which wouldn't back reminded me of a smallish black mare, short coupled, quick, who reputedly couldn't be backed. This was a puzzle, because she had a good mouth and fair flexion. A request to back only drew her jaw down on her chest, and she would "lean back," leaving her forefeet planted. Working with her dismounted also brought no results. A direct request to back, accompanied by tapping her front legs with a crop sent her up on her hind legs. Even picking up her feet did no good.

One day I saw her approximate a trot to the rear when threatened by the hind end of a mule at a water trough. If she could do that for herself, I thought, she ought to back under the saddle.

Sharing her respect for the back end of a mule, I couldn't use that as persuasion. However, a noisy piece of wrapping paper served the purpose. She decided to move back rather than let it get into her front legs. When I asked for a back with an unmistakable request, but no results, an assistant moved the paper toward her front feet. Each time she backed, the paper was quickly removed, whereupon the mare was immediately moved forward two or three steps and halted.

In a short time, she had associated backing with the rein request, and the shift from the paper to the reins as a reason for backing had taken place. This was the beginning of a habit of backing when asked.

If there is any doubt that a habit can't be removed from your four-legged friend, compare his problem with that of Kaiser's. This fine animal was described as "too much horse." A remark in the regiment was that "it takes a real man to ride Kaiser," as if riding a horse were a test of strength between man and beast. I am sure Kaiser had come to believe this. Barred from competition by Division Headquarters as dangerous and unmanageable because he'd broken up so much equipment, and hurt himself and his riders so many times, Kaiser nevertheless, at one time, had jumped very well.

The first time I saw him tried, under a two hundred pound rider, he bolted in a wild runaway, fighting the bit in a variety of ways. These included taking the bit in a stiff jaw, elevating his nose higher than his ears, using a rubber neck, suddenly boring with a descent of the neck. He reared and plunged. These devices were employed so rapidly that the rider ran the risk of being hit in the face by the horse's poll, or being pulled over his head.

Kaiser went into the first jump with his muzzle elevated, and he must have jumped by dead reckoning, clearing a stone wall, crashing a post and rail, and running some two hundred yards off the course before being halted. I noticed that he did not try to run out or refuse.

A few moments later, I had misgivings indeed when Kaiser was assigned to me for training in "stopping with light reins." He was moved to the Regimental Show and Polo Stables, and an acquaintance, and subsequent friendship, had its beginning. When I first went into his box to look over his feet, he picked me up by the seat of the breeches, and dropped me in the bedding. But after that, we had no further passages-at-arms.

About eight weeks before the First Cavalry Division Horse Show, in 1931, I took Kaiser to a rectangular sand ring with deep, loose sand under foot. He resisted any and all feel of his mouth, and when given his head, bolted. Clearly, he had to be stopped with light reins, finger requests, and be re-educated to the idea that the reins were for signal purposes and would not hurt his mouth or interfere with him in getting over obstacles.

Using a hunting snaffle and a modified Pariani type of jumping saddle, we took up the walk on a track to the right in a circle twelve yards in diameter. Assuming the jumping position of the balanced seat, I shortened the left rein to take the slack out of it. The right hand was carried forward on the rein, and as far as I could reach away from his neck toward the inside of the circle, in order to get the greatest possible leading (*Continued on page* 57)

To Breed—or Not to Breed?

What to Do About Thoroughbred Mares in 1942?

...AME
...RARY

by PETER VISCHER

"After this war is over, America will be the seed-house of the Thoroughbred. Other countries will be coming to us for breeding and racing stock."

THE quotation above is from an interview given to the "Lexington Leader" in Kentucky by Arthur B. Hancock, probably greatest of the world's breeders of Thoroughbreds, certainly the largest commercial breeder in the land today. It gives, in my opinion, the sound, long-range answer to the question vexing so many of the owners of Thoroughbred mares today: "Shall we breed our mares this year or not?"

The answer to the question depends in no small measure on how long you think the war will last. Mares bred today will have foals in 1943, which won't be ready for market until 1944, cannot be raced until 1945. If the war is over by 1945, and the latest Gallup poll says that the general public expects a two-year struggle, then we shall certainly have plenty of racing in America three years hence, if not too much, and will at the same time have a tremendous demand for some of our best horses from England, South America, and other parts of the world.

If the war does last until 1945, the situation will depend somewhat on what kind of a war we shall then have. All-out war for three years is terrifying to contemplate. But should the Japanese succeed in conquering the Far East for the time being, Germany remain impregnable on the European continent, most of the world's ocean-going shipping be sunk, and the Americas be successfully defended by our fleets and planes, then we shall have achieved the very thing so many of us set out to avoid—perfect isolation—and life within our sphere of influence may quite possibly settle down to some sort of routine. It might well include racing—and might still include a demand for our horses from South America, completely shut off in that eventuality from any European source of supply.

Mr. Hancock declared that the breeding program at the Claiborne and Ellerslie studs in his charge, where there are 17 stallions and 230 broodmares, will proceed this year as normal. "We haven't tried to cancel any of the seasons engaged for this year," he said, "and haven't been asked to cancel any." (More than 400 mares have been booked to his stallions.) Apparently he does not believe that there are too many Thoroughbreds in America today, as some students of racing do—certainly not too many of the type he produces.

Incidentally, the Army must be pleased as punch by Mr. Hancock's attitude. They feel that the American breeding program of the past twenty-odd years, thanks in no small measure to the Remount Service and the 750 stallions it maintains throughout the United States, has made it possible to equip the American Army in its present emergency with adequate horses.

"Had our horse breeders not bred wisely and generously five or ten years ago," said Lt.-Col. Fred W. Koester, officer in charge of the Western Remount Area, in a statement written for "The Blood-Horse," Kentucky's famous technical horse journal, "we would not now have our great and valuable pool of horses. By the same token, if we do not continue to breed both wisely and generously now we may find ourselves five years hence without the necessary animal resources to meet our needs."

The Army must obviously prepare for a war of any length and must be taking every step it can to guard against horse and mule shortage in the future. Some definite statement as to what the Army would like to see happen during the next few years ought to be made public soon by the Chief of Remount, Col. Edwin N. Hardy.

So, both as a patriotic duty and as an apparently sensible economic move, so far as can be guessed now, it would seem wise to breed this year any Thoroughbred mare good enough for the purpose.

The interest that England is likely to take in American bloodstock once the war is over offers a fair topic for discussion.

More than 40% of England's best Thoroughbred blood was dispersed in 1941. Of the 206 stallions which sired winners under Jockey Club rules in England a year ago, 83 were exported or destroyed. A similar percentage of mares has apparently also been lost to the Mother Country.

Now, for years England has been an exporter of bloodstock, at times practically enjoying a monopoly in this regard. But it is divulging no horse secrets to say that much of the stock England exported was the sort that could well be spared. During the past year or so, however, the story is different: much of England's best stock has gone forth, largely to America.

Nor is this all, for France, which once threatened to provide the British with very lively competition, is hardly likely to be a factor in the horse world for some years to come. We know practically nothing of the condition of breeding in France today, but horses with French backgrounds are likely to be looked upon with grave suspicions for some years to come, under the best of circumstances.

Once the war is over, and English racing is resumed on a more reasonable basis, it is hardly likely that there will be enough healthy horses on hand in the Tight Little Isle to do the jobs required. England will have to take horses back from America, or at least the Americas, to keep her own racing plants going, to say nothing of once more building up a reserve for profitable export.

That the English will be very choosy about the horses they import from the New World, come that happy day when the war is over, is more than likely. After all, the so-called "Jersey Act" is still in existence and might be maintained for the advantage of British bloodstock breeders and dealers even after the war is over.

As most followers of Thoroughbred affairs know, the British have a rule that no horse can be considered Thoroughbred unless all his ancestors (*Continued on page* 58)

A PAGE A DAY . . .

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

For the benefit of future historians I'm here to record a change in the life of what our newspapers call "the American sportsman." Not so many years ago, it was considered right good sense to avoid the chilly blasts of January by taking in the polo at Miami Beach or Del Ray. This Year of Disgrace, 1942, it made far better sense to pay no attention to the chilly winds and take in the National Western Stock Show at Denver, Colorado. What an inspiring sight--and what fun! More fat and breeder cattle than had ever before been brought together in one place west of Kansas City, with carloads of pigs and sheep--and a horse show and rip-snorting rodeo thrown in. Just think of it, they sold 241 car-loads of feeder show cattle--the best in the whole wide world--for $750,000; it was Col. Art Thompson's boast that he sold a carload a minute. A 4-H Club boy from Kansas City, George Crenshaw, had the top steer, an Aberdeen-Angus that sold for $1,080, or a dollar a pound. Over 2,000 bulls were sold, one Hereford going for $7,000; there was tremendous interest in these, because you know Denver is the center of the range country and buyers from all over the West show up every year to get bulls for their herds. Why, they even had Greyhound, the great trotter, on exhibition. Inci-dentally, I saw lots of "Country Life" subscribers hanging over the rails.

JOHN B. GOODMAN, ROCKY MOUNTAIN PHOTO CO. AND J. W. MCMANIGAL PHOTOS

Western flavor at the Denver show

Wow, look at all the cattle they had there!

$7,000 bull, Taussig brothers and W. E. Holland

Come, folks, what's goin' on here?

Rodeo and horse show

They sold carload lots at the rate of one a minute

Dear Diary

The Sportswoman's Diary

February 13, 1942.

That American women are becoming more and more expert in the dog world must have been apparent to the most casual observer at the great show concluded by the Westminster Kennel Club in New York this day. Certainly there were a few males! But my point is, my dear, that there were more women than ever before. And in prominent spots, such as judging half the group classes, which is what Mrs. Sherman Hoyt, Mrs. Flagler Matthews and Miss Jean Hinkle did. In bringing forth the best in show, which is what Mrs. John G. Winant did-- with a bitch, of course. nor is that all, for the best American-bred belongs half to Mrs. Mike White. And the best team was a quartette of Shetland Sheepdogs shown by Miss Elizabeth D. Whelan. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see women taking over the dog world in a Blitzkrieg, one of these days.

Janard Kennels' winning pointers, Mrs. Richard Fried, Herman Mellenthin, Mr. Fried. Also, Mrs. Philip Dater with her Chesapeake Retriever, Trickster Robert of Montauk.

It was pretty exciting when the obedience dogs made their V for Victory! Above, Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge with her famous Bloodhound, Brigadier of Raynalton, seven-time Westminster Champion.

Miss Jean Hinkle, judge of toys, Mrs. Vincent Matta and Moneyboot Currency; Mrs. Robert Choate and her Scaly, Robin Hill Memory; Mrs. Catherine W. Poor and Michael of Wynward; Mrs. Beatrice Clarke and her Minature Pinscher, Nicodemus of Questover. Right, Mrs. Michael Paterno, her Saluki, and Mrs. Jack Okie.

PERCY T. JONES PHOTOS

Miss Mary Browning made a hit with a group of Collies from the famous Tokalon Kennels. Miss Elizabeth Whelan won the team award with her Shetland Sheepdogs.

SCRAM SHERLOCK HOLMES!

I don't need any mystery solver on this case

●Your own common-sense is all it takes to tell you why a good Manhattan is good—there's no mystery about it. It's because it's made with just the right quantities of the right ingredients. And that includes, of course, the right amount of Angostura—because it's the Angostura that gives a Manhattan its real character—blends the whiskey and vermouth into close harmony—literally *makes* the cocktail! Ask any professional barman.

ANGOSTURA
Dr Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

Here's how
TO MAKE IT!
MANHATTAN COCKTAIL
⅔ Rye Whiskey
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
3 dashes Angostura
Stir with cracked ice
strain and serve

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 EAST 45th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY
Write For Free Mixing Guide

Cellar and Pantry

by CROSBY GAIGE

SUNDAY BREAKFAST — WORTH ALL THE TWENTY-ODD OTHER MEALS OF THE WEEK!

EVERY seventh day there is one meal in a life of occupation and preoccupation, of vocation and avocation that is a real and high occasion—and that is Sunday morning breakfast. Properly understood and competently dealt with, it is worth all of the other twenty-odd meals of the week. This Culinary Chronicler, being duly sworn, solemnly raises his right hand and attests to this statement.

In a long life devoted to gustation and degustation, to digestion and hyper-acidity, this Froissart of the frying pan and of *fines herbes* has of course and of necessity taken part in many if not most of the gastronomic rites of his day and place. He has attended hunt breakfasts which are essentially orgies promoted to mitigate frustration; he has attended luncheons given for charitable purposes or to promote causes and inevitably introduced by a serious-minded person and a fruit-cup; he has been to teas both low (which most tea in America is) and high. He has been to cocktail parties, but the least said of these the better; and finally your correspondent has put on a stiff-bosomed shirt, a collar that irked his third chin, a coat with tails, a white vest much too small for his girth, and as a sort of Richard Hakluyt of the hot spots, has fared forth to dine and wine in high estate.

Let us forget such fripperies and take up with due ceremony our Sunday morning breakfast. Of a certainty we are dressed in our best bib and tucker, and that means to me a sleeping jacket, an ample, flowered dressing gown and carpet slippers.

I have already said my prayers in Latin and in the English tongue so that I do not have to worry about Church nor about other religious duties. It is just about thirty minutes before noon when I sit down with the rest of the family and such guests as may have been found lurking on the premises.

A little fire hums a tune to itself on the hearth, near which the dog has made himself comfortable. There is a pile of Sunday newspapers on the chair at my left and on the chair at my right there snoozes a very distinguished and vocative cat who shall be completely anonymous.

The breakfast room with its dusky green walls is redolent, at least on most winter Sundays, with perhaps the most exciting odor that comes to human nostrils. No, I do not mean attar of the rose, the essence of the violet, the heart's blood of the heliotrope.

What I have in mind is the smell of sausages grilling in the kitchen and the aroma of freshly-brewed coffee and the hint of pancakes on the griddle.

At a Sunday morning breakfast there is no need for haste or hurry. The New York Central Railroad or any other similar highway may go about its own business, without interference with your ease and your enjoyment of the friendly smells that drift from the kitchen range.

As this is a publication devoted to country living, it is my purpose and intent to tell my readers how to make a good sausage, and it is my hope that as they enjoy its supreme savor and succulence they will also learn and employ the art of talk and laughter at the table. Then is the time where honest confession, within reason of course, is good for the soul, and an old joke with proper embellishment may serve as well as a new one.

There are as many approaches to the sausage as there are to religion and the subject is nearly as controversial. I do not propose to stir up more international friction than already exists by expressing my frank opinion of most German sausages—those strange concoctions of blood or liver or lungs or tripe or what have you. They all may seem perfect to Prussians, but they're just so much garbage to me.

I bow with respect, however, to the salamis of the Latin races, those creations of Italy and southern France, of Milan, of Arles and of Lyon. None of these foreign inventions has anything to do with the sort of Sunday morning breakfast that I have in mind, however.

This saga deals with fresh pork sausage, 100 per cent pork and good, young pork at that.

Really well-seasoned commercial sausage is just as hard to find as well-seasoned commercial foods in other fields. Most manufacturers have a fear that assumes obsessional proportions of offending the uncultivated palate by properly seasoning their products, when, as a matter of fact, the untutored gullet is just waiting for some Moses, with a baton dipped in fresh natural spices and old-fashioned herbs to lead their procession from the wilderness of culinary despond to a new and better land.

So far as my personal experience goes, there are in this country only two manufacturers of fresh pork sausage on a large scale of whom I can extend my editorial and personal compliments for consistent skill in seasoning and those two are Jones Brothers and the Deerfoot folks. There are probably others, but it is my misfortune not to have met them.

There are, on the other hand, tens of thousands of farm kitchens where true sausage is made, usually for home consumption, every fall when the family porker lets out his last squeal toward a gray, cold and unresponsive sky.

Now, you do not have to kill a pig to make sausage. All you have to do is to buy a sufficient amount of the right sort of pork from your butcher, to own a kitchen meat grinder, to follow a few simple rules of procedure and to learn by divine grace the art of seasoning.

I am going to present a recipe for sausage that suits my own palate. If you should try it and do not like it, you may, with my blessing, alter it to suit your own taste. Let's start on a small scale so that if a mistake is made it will not be a major disaster.

Buy two pounds of lean pork shoulder and one pound of pork fat. Mix the fat and the lean together as you put them through your meat grinder. Spread the chopped meat out in a thin layer. Make a mixture of seasoning as follows: ¾ oz. fine salt, ¼ oz. freshly ground black pepper, 1/16 oz. finely powdered leaf sage, ⅛ oz. powdered ginger. Mix these ingredients well together and sprinkle evenly over the layer of meat. Put the seasoned meat through the grinder twice to assure a well integrated blend.

You now have three pounds of sausage meat which may be easily cared for in one of two ways. It may be firmly pressed into one or more small jars, covered with a thin coating of melted lard and stored in the refrigerator. Or you may stitch up muslin to make cylinders about eight inches long and two inches in diameter. These, when filled with sausage, should be dipped in melted paraffin and will keep for months in the refrigerator against the breakfast of breakfasts which was mentioned at the commencement of this discourse.

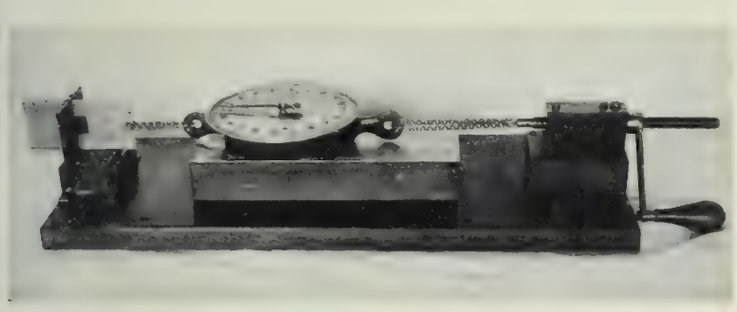
WHAT MAKES MEAT TENDER?

(*Continued from page* 24)

to-eat ham. These hams are smoked under such conditions that they are really cooked at the same time. The cooking rather than the curing or smoking is believed to be primarily responsible for the tenderizing that occurs in the processing.

Freezing is another factor that affects the tenderness of meat. Research workers in the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture determined, for example, that beef frozen at +20° F. was about 12% more tender than comparable unfrozen beef. Samples frozen at —10° and —40° were approximately 18% more tender than those not frozen.

In other Bureau work it was found, among other results, that beef ripened 5 days at 34° and then frozen at —10° F. was fully as tender as beef ripened for the long period of 35 days.



This is the machine that determines the tenderness of meat

Cooking and Carving

Cooking and subsequent carving provide the last opportunities to influence the tenderness of meat. The former is one of the factors of major importance. Through the use of proper methods of cooking, meat that is inherently tough is made acceptable or at least is greatly improved, whereas many cases occur in which meat possessing a high degree of natural tenderness is improperly cooked and in consequence proves unsatisfactory.

It is generally known that roasts, steaks, and chops, believed to have a satisfactory degree of tenderness, are cooked at a high, or moderately high, temperature but to a low internal meat temperature, resulting in a rare condition. Provided the meat is inherently tender, this procedure normally produces good results.

In this connection it was shown at the University of Chicago several years ago that in roasting beef ribs, normally one of the more tender cuts, searing them first at 260° C., and then cooking at an oven temperature of 149°, those cooked to an internal temperature of 61° were more tender than those cooked to 75°.

On the other hand, when the meat is suspected of lacking tenderness, it appears to be the better practice to cook at a low temperature for a relatively long period of time. It was found at the Missouri Station, for example, that beef ribs were more and more tender as the oven temperature varied from 260° to 110°, all roasts being cooked to the internal temperature of 57°.

It is probable that carving can have only a minor influence on tenderness. However, many persons are convinced that the most satisfactory results are obtained when the meat is cut, as nearly as possible, at right angles to the grain or muscle fiber bundles. There would seem to be logic in this point of view.

FARM PROBLEMS—II

(*Continued from page* 30)

were rigorously excluded. Trees were allowed to reseed themselves so that there would be a continuous crop of timber to be harvested in the future like grain when it was ripe. A considerable area was made into a model wood lot with valueless and parasite trees and shrubs cut out and the seedlings thinned at appropriate times.

The program also included the construction of an indefinite number of small ponds, an undertaking which springs and small rills made possible at virtually no expense. During the first summer three ponds were built. The creation of these ponds was not based entirely upon a base of conservation of water, although this was important; they were to provide areas for fishing, for attracting wild fowl and for the pleasures of swimming, boating and skating as well.

Within my memory as a small boy the 800 acres and the land higher up Switzer's Creek had provided water for two grist mills and a sawmill and a still pond. When these were constructed, some of them more

"THE DRINK THAT MEN FORGET"

I'm just an ANEMIC MARTINI
I'm painfully thin and "all wet"
An obvious waste from the very first taste
I'm the kind of a drink men forget.

I'm just an ANEMIC MARTINI
I can't seem to find any taker
Inexpertly made, I started to fade
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than a hundred years earlier, the flow of water had been very nearly uniform the year 'round with very little silting up.

Erosion and the floods resulting from stripped hillsides and square fields had within my lifetime swept away the three mill dams and filled up the still pond with silt. It was our plan to restore these ponds and the abundant animal life which centered about them in the old days.

By the end of the first summer the biggest part of the transformation had been accomplished. The whole of it, including the refencing, cost less than $500. It was accomplished by intelligence, hard work, planning and aid from the Department of Agriculture's friends of the soil. When it was completed all of us felt a little like God. If we had not created a very small world, we had at least recreated one and laid the foundations for a new and more intelligent and decent existence.

Perhaps the most satisfactory result of any conservation program is the rapidity and gratefulness with which nature responds. The wasting of our good earth in America has sometimes been a slow process, sometimes a rapid one, but the wasting has been almost universal since the prairie was ploughed and the forest cleared away. The results of our friendly gesture toward nature were almost immediate.

The most apparent was the immense gain in the moisture content of our soil and the effect on the springs and water level. When we turned that first furrow across the breast of the hill, the farm had been losing eighty percent of every heavy fall of rain. From the moment of the completion of the first phases of the conservation program, this situation was very nearly reversed. During that first summer we kept on the 800 acres after each heavy rainfall at least sixty percent of the water. The second year the effect of the plan became astonishingly evident, and in the third year it was as if the area had been transformed.

The revolution manifested itself in many ways. In the first place, the greenness of pasture and grain land and cornfield became darker and more lush and the yield of the earth increased as much as twenty percent. Much of this change was the direct and immediate result of the rainfall kept on the place and made available to plant life not only as moisture itself, but in the effect of the increased moisture in making fertilizer of all forms available to plant life during the summer months.

When there was a heavy rain, the water instead of running away, carrying with it rich top soil, lay in the long level furrows following the contours of the hills. If any escaped the wide strips of sod held it back and allowed it to sink into the earth. The new growth in the once pastured woodland caused the water to seep into the ground and the underlying sandstone. In winter there were no longer any frozen bare fields.

In the wide deep level terrace ditches hundreds of thousands of gallons of water made a long winding canal-like reservoir, which slowly seeped into the earth and through the fields farther down the hillside. The once cultivated steep slopes now converted to blue grass pasture were no longer gullied by run-off water.

In the third summer, during a long drought, when the corn in the bottom fields of some of our neighbors stood burnt and shriveled in the sun, the corn on our hillside fields stood sturdy and strong and dark green.

The effect on the small streams feeding Switzer's Creek was miraculous. The old silted-up still pond which lay just below the new house, we converted into a flower garden against the warnings of our neighbors. They told us that this was impossible because each spring and summer, the small spring stream which ran through the middle of the area went wild with each thaw or heavy rain, flooding the whole area, tearing away the soil. At times, they said, the water rose above the level of the road and created serious damage.

But no such thing happened. Even in the first year there was no flooding whatever. Not a single primrose or poppy was disturbed by wild run-off water. And even in the first year the water was rarely discolored after a heavy rainfall.

Just below the old still pond area we constructed a dam across a ravine which had largely been created by erosion. This was one of our pond projects. Again the neighbors said, "You're wasting your time and money. The flood water will tear out the dam and silt will fill up the pond within a few years. In midsummer the spring stream dries up and there will be no water for the pond. We know," they said.

None of these things happened. The little spring stream has never flooded. The pond is not silting up; its waters are clear and cold enough for rainbow trout. The silt-filled old still pond, with its nine feet deep of precious top soil washed down long ago from the top farm grows incredible flowers. The stream flows the year round, winter and summer alike, with very little change of volume.

Most remarkable of all is the story of John Ferguson's spring—the one over which he built his house so that he might have a water supply when besieged by Indians. The cabin has long since disappeared but the moss-grown, hand-cut stones of the foundation are still there. When we took over the farm, the spring had a feeble flow of water which in the summer months dried up altogether. I thought, "Old John Ferguson must have been a fool to have chosen so poor a spring as a

source of water. In the summer when the Indians raided, he must have had no water at all."

But old John Ferguson was not a fool at all. His descendants and the men after him who cut the forest, stripped the land, ploughed the steep hillsides were fools. The first year of conservation operation told the story.

The rain that fell no longer ran off the acres above the site of the old cabin. It stayed there, soaking down into the glacial loam and the veins of sandstone. During the second year instead of a mud puddle there was a miraculous pond of clear cold water. When the hot dry months came it did not dry up. There was very little difference in its flow. And in the third year it threw out a three-inch stream of water.

I understood then; when John Ferguson built his cabin, and the forests still covered the hills of the farm, this had been a great spring. The wasteful men who came after him destroyed it.

And the history of the other springs on the place followed the same pattern. Old springs which had dried out altogether came back to life and to give life. Springs with a feeble flow increased 100 to 200 percent and new seepage springs made their appearance in woods and pasture. This was important economically on a livestock farm where water was necessary in large quantities. Today we have water everywhere; there is no water problem, even in time of drought.

A miraculous thing happened to the original ponds we built, four in number. All were fed by big springs or spring streams. The flow of water has increased steadily and the temperature of the water lowered perceptibly. Their outlets flowed into Switzer's Creek and from Switzer's Creek into the Clear Fork, one of the best bass streams in America. At the end of the first summer I noticed around the edges of the ponds hundreds of what were unmistakably small bass and blue gills and crappies.

The answer was simple: fish had come up Switzer's Creek from the Clear Fork into the spring ponds to spawn. Then one day I experimented with a fly rod and made a remarkable discovery. Not only were there fingerlings in the ponds but big fish. They had come to spawn and remained in the ponds, crappies and blue gills and sunfish bigger than your hand and small mouth bass as long as twelve and fourteen inches, flat chub, all the native fish which were sporting enough to wriggle or climb their way up the steep spillways. There was no need to stock the ponds. They had stocked themselves.

For fifty years the game fish from the larger streams down the valley had been searching for the marshy ponds drained and destroyed long ago by the evil farmers of the Nineteenth Century. We had given them back their clear, cold ponds. Again I felt a little like God.

And so, bit by bit, stage by stage, the beautiful miraculous process goes on. With extraordinary speed nature has responded to each small thing we have done. The land is grateful and is giving us back bigger crops, and fish from the ponds, game from the fence rows grown up with sassafras and blackberries and ferns and sumach and from the woods which have again become a little like the damp, jungly forests which once covered most of Ohio. It has given a more and deeper pasture, greener, heavier corn and wheat, new springs and revitalized old ones.

Whatever the experiment cost, and it was very little, has already been paid for five hundred times over not only in satisfaction and in beauty but in hard cash. Neighbors who have known the three farms since they were born, look over the fences and see the new world which has been created and the new crops that are grown, and many of them have followed the example.

These 800 acres are only a small part of Ohio. Because they form a perfect laboratory one can understand what Ohio could be like if the same practices spread everywhere. It would be a whole new world, infinitely more beautiful and infinitely richer economically as farm land. The water table which has dropped forty feet in the last twenty-five years would cease falling and begin once more to climb. Industries would not be forced to close down because of water shortage. Droughts would no longer be a menace. Bankers and insurance men would have enormously increased markets among newly prosperous farmers. Fishermen and hunters would find themselves in paradise. Even the picnicker would discover the wild beauty that his ancestors had known. Billions of tons of water would remain in the state, instead of rushing away to the ocean carrying with it tons of the precious top soil which is man's heritage from remote ages. Large areas of Ohio would not now be in the first stages of becoming a dust bowl.

And what is true of Ohio is true of the whole of the United States. We in America were given a paradise and since the first white man landed we have been bent upon destroying it. Now something will have to be done or the terrors of flood and famine which wrecked and very nearly destroyed the wealth and civilization of China will destroy us in the same fashion. The something costs so little and the results are so great, not only in terms of economy but in terms of beauty and satisfaction and self-respect.

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Guns & Game

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

WHAT TO DO ABOUT FIELD SPORTS IN TIME OF WAR

Now that the initial shock has subsided and we have accepted the grim fact that war is to be our principal occupation for an unpredictable length of time, sensible individuals will do well to form some idea as to the changes which the emergency will require them to make.

There may be some who believe it is unpatriotic if not actually treasonable to listen to good music, see a play, read books, enjoy one's friends, or, in fact, to derive pleasure or relaxation from the normal recreations and diversions of peacetime.

The least profitable way to use leisure time, if we have any left, would be to spend it in wailing and lamentation, in making or listening to gloomy predictions. It will only make the task longer and harder for our fighting men to insist that that the mantle of gloom is the only garment for patriotic Americans who are not in uniform.

Getting on with the war and winning it depends upon the ability of individuals to adjust themselves to all sorts of restrictions and to accomplish this with enough left over to make life worth living and the fight for it worth while.

The question of what may be done about our field sports is one that requires examination. To many, and especially to those who have sons in the services and must brace themselves for the time when they may receive a fateful message from the War or Navy Department, it will seem incredible that anyone could be so heartless as to consider shooting and fishing or any other outdoor pastime.

These are not frivolous entertainments, however. One may look askance at gay festivities, but getting out of doors for the enjoyment of physical and spiritual recreation is quite a different matter, something indeed that people should be urged to do whenever opportunity permits.

There will be shortages in all kinds of equipment, particularly in sporting arms and ammunition. Already .22 calibre rimfire cartridges are available only in small lots. And many of the larger calibre stuff is not to be had.

There are two ways to meet this situation. The first is to conserve ammunition by shooting less and better. We waste a great deal of ammunition, particularly the .22's, in target practice which is so carelessly conducted that we learn nothing from it. The other way is to go through our supplies for arms and ammunition that we once considered obsolete, but which is still serviceable.

There will be game to shoot, no doubt about that, and fish to be caught. In fact, game and fish seem to be the only living creatures likely to benefit from war. Millions of our fellow citizens will be in the armed forces, other millions will be engaged in vital defense work and all the rest will find their sporting expeditions greatly restricted by transportation difficulties.

It will no longer be possible to drive from one shooting ground to another and still to others and do it all in a single day. Shooting will call for more leg work, with good bags as the rewards for those who haven't forgotten how to walk.

During the first World War, so I am told, farmers and landowners were inclined to regard armed strangers with suspicion. Then there was no thought of hostile parachutists. Now there is, and there is also a lively possibility that landing attempts may be made.

Armed men who are not in uniform will certainly come in for a great deal of scrutinizing. Even to carry a cased gun along the street may invite unpleasant investigations. This condition will require a display of tactfulness and consideration on the part of gunners, who must be careful to avoid trespassing and who should always take pains to identify themselves to landowners and proprietors and ask permission to shoot before climbing the fence.

There will be foolish demands made to exploit game birds, animals and fish to bolster the national food supply. These must be rejected. In the first place with the exception of certain fish, big game animals on preserves, refuges and

zoological parks, these creatures cannot be rounded up and slaughtered except at prodigious cost, and if this were done the food supply would not be noticeably increased.

It is, in fact, a food supply that can be used to the greatest advantage and benefit by those individuals who will go afield to capture it. The gunner and the angler profit by vigorous outdoor exercise and their families gain considerable quantities of excellent food, thus releasing equal quantities of standard food products for the use of others.

The good old Bermuda High saved the lives of two or three million water-fowl during the past open season. "Old High," as he is known to his familiars, is a meteorological phenomenon consisting of a great column or mass of high pressure atmosphere which ordinarily has its residence in the vicinity of Bermuda. Whenever warm, wet breezes coming up from the south collide with High, their moisture is condensed and falls upon the just and the unjust inhabitants of the eastern portion of this continent.

Occasionally, Old High moves over to the mainland and with considerable obstinacy establishes himself over the southern Appalachian area with the result that rains which should fall in Maryland fall in Kansas instead. This happened in 1941 and brought drought to the eastern states and floods in the West.

Throughout the past shooting season the weather along the Atlantic side remained uniformly dry and warm. Vainly the fowlers sat in their blinds in their shirtsleeves and eyed great hosts of waterfowl basking and playing off shore in perfect security.

Naturally, there was considerable discontent among gunners because of this. Some of them exhibited a tendency to find fault with shooting restrictions which closed the season on December 31 instead of extending it through January.

Perhaps if the fact were more generally known that many species of ducks have commenced mating activities as early as January, there would be less insistence upon an open season during that month. The potential reproductive value of a pair of birds increases by leaps and bounds as the mating season approaches.

The birds that are now concentrated in the southern wintering grounds are those which have survived the hazards of the past ten months. People who breed horses don't shoot the mares with foal for the value of the horsehide and folks who raise pigs don't kill the sows just before they farrow.

It would seem that we have had sufficient experience with the disasters that follow our attempts to overreach nature in her own domain to have learned our lesson, but there are still many otherwise intelligent men who will look you blandly in the eye and assert that the activities of three million gunners during the open seasons have no effect whatsoever upon the wildfowl population. They speak of hawks and owls, of gulls and bullsnakes, of crows and jack fish and describe the slaughter inflicted upon the ducks by these villains in tones of horror and revulsion.

"That's where our ducks go!" they exclaim indignantly. "Why don't we kill off the predators?" And it is true that a great many of our birds fall victims of predators. But not many individuals, even among experienced wildfowlers, seem to understand the magnitude of the problems encountered in attempts to control the creatures that prey on waterfowl, particularly upon the breeding areas.

It is one thing to protect birds from their natural enemies on plots of a few hundred acres, or even a few thousand, where supervision can be constant and close, but it is quite another matter when the "preserve" extends over hundreds of square miles of northern bog and marshland.

It would require an army of patrolmen to police this vast domain, and if such an army were assembled, transported and supported, its presence would surely disturb the birds and do more to interrupt the nesting and rearing functions than results from the normal activities of the predators themselves.

No; even if it were possible to destroy every predatory creature over the northern half of the continent it would still be necessary to have shooting regulations. When one really understands the situation our generally misguided campaigns to kill crows and other so-called vermin shrink to the relative impotency of a .22 calibre pocket pistol in the Battle of France.

But to return to the erratic behavior of the Bermuda High during the 1941 season. Let us bring our books up to date and check our wildfowl shooting assets and liabilities.

There are two ways to look at the situation. Admittedly we lost a good many shooting days. Bluebird and butterfly days when nothing flew except an occasional merganser or a coot, far outnumbered the raw, blustery, pre-pneumonia ones when ducks fly and gunners freeze. It was a bad season, but it was not a ruinous one, for we still have the birds we didn't kill. They are alive, and just now getting ready to go north and increase their numbers.

The net result is that in all probability the American wildfowler will have next season a great many more wildfowl than he expected to have or would have had if the past season had been one of good shooting throughout.

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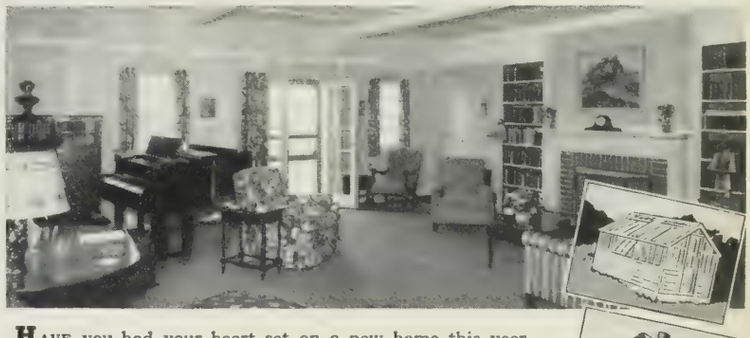

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Gardens

by DOROTHY NICHOLAS

HOW TO UN-DO YOUR GARDEN SENSIBLY, SHOULD THAT BECOME NECESSARY

SOME time ago a friend came to me and said: "I have a strange request to ask of you. I know you *do* gardens, but do you *un-do* gardens? I have bought a new place, there is a large rather useless garden that I want to do away with, and I do not know even how to start tackling it."

Isn't this just the moment when, due to war conditions, many of us are pondering how to un-do those features about our country places that give us anxiety. Whether our places are large or small, there will probably have to be many a readjustment to meet prevailing conditions. Patriotic duty, labor problems, all enter into the picture that may face us for years to come.

Let us go about the readjustment of our country places quietly and thoughtfully and let each one work out for himself or herself what is the most expedient procedure.

On a large estate, even if the owner could afford to keep things going in tip-top shape, there will come the labor shortage. Young men will have to go into the service, and there will be too much work for the older ones to carry out.

How to cut? How, when, and where?

Suppose we start with the lawn. There is nothing that takes more care, time, and money, than a fine lawn—and alas, there is nothing more beautiful! Of course it is hard to cut down on a lawn, but this "undoing" isn't going to be an easy business anyway.

For example, suppose you have a long driveway, leading from the gate to the house with lawn on both sides. You can let that turf grow, scythe it twice during the summer, and just keep a two-foot edging of grass along the road neatly cut and trimmed; you will be surprised what a big labor saving device this will turn out to be.

If you have the very real problem of an extensive lawn of many acres, here is an idea. Purchase ready made sheep hurdles, which can be put up in a jiffy, fence the lawn area in that you feel must be eliminated, and put enough sheep into the enclosure to keep the grass cropped down. In that way you will preserve your lawn for future days to come, as sheep will do the work of three gardeners in keeping it fertile and closely cut.

Also you will be complying with the patriotic request to raise sheep for food and wool, killing the two proverbial birds with one stone!

While we are on the subject of grass an idea has occurred to me that would be practical for either large or small places. Grass paths through shrubbery or gardens are always a care and an expense. They take a beating from much use, and are difficult to keep in order. If you happen to have any idle brick lying about, transfer the walks from turf to brick. If that is not feasible, gravel paths edged with brick or flagstone will make a neat, inexpensive, and an easy-to-keep substitute.

Now for un-doing too large formal flower gardens. The enchanting photograph shown here illustrates an idea of being able to keep the center intact, as a nucleus of great beauty; then, if it becomes necessary, the rest of the garden could be used for low-growing vegetables. In this way the design of a garden need not be disturbed, which would be a sad thing to do, and the rich soil of the former flower beds would raise scrumptious vegetables.

If there is already too large a vegetable garden elsewhere on the place, and it is merely a problem of saving labor, then plant the ex-flower areas with a ground cover like Pachysandra. If this involves too much expense, then sow the spaces with a crop like cow-peas, clover or buckwheat. These crops require no care, and are excellent for the soil when turned under in the autumn.

Personally, it would make me feel less sad to have my garden treated like this, that is to keep the design intact, the center (like the photograph) looking neat and lovely, and the side areas in a cover crop, than to see the poor darling struggling along bereft of its usual care and attention. Nothing is more distressing than neglected flowers.

Another economy idea is this. Suppose on a large place there are two flower gardens. One a show affair, and the other a purely utilitarian

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picking garden. Well possibly a compromise may have to be worked out, if there is not enough labor to keep the two going. Two ideas are feasible. The first is to treat the show garden the way we have just described, taking out the flowers for the substituted vegetables or cover crop, and keep the picking garden up to scratch and adequate for the needs of the house.

The other idea is to do away with the picking garden, and to keep the show garden going, slightly revamped, making sure that plenty of useful picking flowers are included in the beds. Then if *judiciously* gathered, many a vase of flowers could be filled from its ranks, their removal barely noticed. Possibly you might not have quite as many bowls of flowers in the house as usual, but who cares these days?

I realize that so far all my war economy ideas are for the large places, and I can hear somebody say: "How about the little fellows? Little fellows like me, who do their own garden work with possibly the help of one man, where do we come in? We must cut down too."

To begin with, we "small fry" can cut down in much the same way as those I have been talking about, but on a smaller scale. If the lawn is too large and means too much attention and expense, cut down the area and allow some of it to come up in hay. If turf paths are too troublesome, change to brick or gravel. If the garden is too large, put the far end in low growing vegetables or decrease the flower area by putting in some fat low shrubs in the centers of the beds.

If your garden is small and near the house, in fact a beloved out-of-door living room, don't cut it out and give it up unless it is absolutely necessary. When you come home tired and worried from an office or from some exhausting war work, it would seem a healing, helpful thing to have your garden, gay and colorful, waiting for you.

If, however, it becomes impossible to give it attention, then a drastic operation must be performed. A small neglected flower garden is just as dreary, even drearier than a large one, so better take the bull by the horns and turn it into a neat green garden. Dig up the flowers, and put them where they can be picked and used in the house.

Then, without changing the design of the garden, plant in place of flowers English Ivy, Pachysandra, Myrtle, or Asperula (odorata). These plants will grow and spread quickly, and soon you will have a cool green garden demanding little attention and no worry.

If you have an un-used piece of fertile ground, go ahead on a small vegetable garden. Grow peas, and bush lima beans, and tomatoes, and lots of carrots and beets to put away for winter use—and get yourself a pig!

One of the most useful and economical things to do is to tie up a pig and a garden. Not literally, of course, but in this way. Build a small but deepish concrete pig-pen, fill the bottom with old straw, hay, leaves, or whatever is handy, buy a young pig in the spring, and put him in it. Feed him swill from the kitchen, and throw in the pen every conceivable kind of stuff: grass clippings, dead flowers, vegetable tops, leaves, any available horse, cow, or chicken manure, etc.

All summer long, the pig roots about, gradually changing the contents of the sty to fine "goozly" manure. In the autumn, sell your fat, mature pig for what will seem like a big sum, and put the mature manure in the garden. How is that for a strategic piece of economy?

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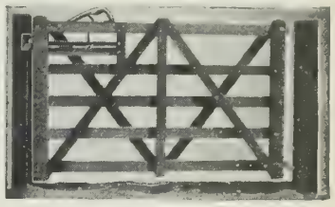

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NOTES ON Horses

by PETER VISCHER

HOT STOVE LEAGUE

Anybody who knows anything about baseball is familiar with the Hot Stove League of the great American pastime, that winter gathering of moguls who sit and gab about their sport. The American Thoroughbred industry has such a league and it met last month in Florida, to do a lot of talking about a lot of subjects connected with racing.

Officially, the meeting was that of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners and it is no secret that they meet in Miami at this time of the year, as a rule, not because they have urgent business calling them together but because Florida is warm then, and hospitable, there are all known conveniences for entertaining visiting firemen, and Hialeah Park is at its best.

This year there *was* urgent business calling the boys together: the future of racing as swayed by the war in which this country finds itself. That the leaders of the industry were deeply concerned, with the example of hapless Santa Anita before them, was at once evident.

Uppermost in all minds was the feeling that racing is ill protected against the dangers of the present emergency; like the British Empire it seems spread out thinly in all directions, with no single forceful directing head, a weak defense, and hardly any offense at all.

The meeting soon showed itself in favor of a national governing board or czar, though it was soon obvious that no such board could possibly be named without a terrific battle between ambitious and jealous personalities.

It was voted that the president of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners — to which high office Beverley Broun of West Virginia was reëlected—should appoint a committee of men prominent in the sport to consider ways and means of implementing racing's contribution to the war effort.

The feeling was general that racing would not be generally curtailed, despite the Army's preemptory order to keep Santa Anita closed. No one predicted a general or even a partial shutdown of racing and no one saw any reason for curtailing racing or, for that matter, breeding.

There was a sincere expression that racing deserves its place in the sun and could prove its worth by voluntary and aggressive action to further the war effort. Bryan Field of the "New York Times" even came forth with the unique suggestion that racing stop apologizing for itself, that it had achieved its own respectability, and no longer needed to beg favors from the public by charities, donations, subsidies for worthy institutions, etc.

Possibly the best address before the association was that made by John M. Gaver, president of the American Trainers' Association, who pointed out that there has been a lot of talk intended to advance racing—higher weights to extend the careers of our jockeys, graded handicaps and graded racing for medium-class horses, better living conditions for stable help, uniform closing dates, more money for better horses, etc.—but little has been done. He offered two new suggestions: national licensing of trainers and changes in the apprentice rules to make more jockeys available during the present emergency.

Herbert Bayard Swope, chairman of the New York commission, whom many are pointing to as racing's czar should one ever be appointed, spoke of racing in his familiar vigorous style as a two hundred million dollar industry, said it certainly was Big Business, could also be good sport, and predicted it would not be found wanting.

The racing was thoroughly enjoyable, the weather was good and the commissioners promised to meet next year—a bit reluctantly perhaps—in California.

POLO

All indications now are that this will be a moderate season among high-goal polo players. The United States Polo Association announced last month that the major tournaments have already been dropped. There will be no Open Championship in 1942, no 20-Goal Championship, no 12-Goal Intercircuit. Whether or not there will be an Intercollegiate Championship will be decided in April.

On the other hand, a considerable amount of informal play is expected to continue, particularly at clubs which never aspired to such national events as made the Meadow Brook Club famous. Some tournaments may be held for the benefit of the Red Cross or other useful charities.

The association estimated for the

United Press that "about 80% of the country's 18,000 polo players" have already entered military or naval service. Where they got either figure was not explained.

STEEPLECHASING

The Sandhills race meeting at Southern Pines, N. C., will be run a week later this spring, March 21, and will be followed by the Carolina Cup meeting on March 28, with the Aiken meeting being held on April 4. The original schedule called for Sandhills on March 14, Aiken on March 21, and Camden on March 28.

However, the first casualty of the war in hunt racing is the Deep Run meeting, which had been held on the outskirts of Richmond for many years. This was to have been held on April 4, but the Curles Neck farm over which the races are run has been devoted to large scale dairying, and this year an all-out production effort is being made to meet the increased demand in the vicinity of Richmond.

Plans for the Carolina meetings are going forward with the later dates expected to be helpful in that the horses in training at southern centers will be nearer to top form. While it is not expected that as many jumpers will be seen under colors in 1942, indications point to medium sized fields for the races scheduled at these meetings.

HORSES FOR THE ARMY

Light weight horses are most in demand for Uncle Sam's modernized Army, and expansion of the nation's defense forces has already brought about the purchase this year of more than ten times the number of animals bought in normal years for military use. An announcement to this effect was recently made in Washington.

Peacetime purchases of horses and mules usually total about 2,000 annually, but this year 23,808 animals have been bought, and within the next few months an additional 3,889 riding horses, 134 draft horses and seventy mules will have to be acquired.

The new Army has only restricted use for the heavy, plodding type of horse, but now buys smaller and faster mounts, for use in rough terrain where mechanized units would be apt to be stalled.

GOD INTENDED HORSES TO WORK

(*Continued from page* 20)

I was just getting ready to put him into the rack pace when he heard the train and he quivered all over and doubled his speed. I had to tighten up on the reins to hold him down. He was frightened but he didn't break his gait. I let him out a little. Then the train whistled again. The colt swept forward.

I tightened the reins, afraid he would break his gait. I felt him flatten out; his long neck stretch out, and I felt close to the ground and vaguely aware of the long legs beating the air like flails. I could see his front hoofs flashing under his neck and chin. I tried to pull him down, but even with the long curb bits couldn't slow him down in the slightest.

It was a mile before I could get that colt stopped; then I rode back to where Mr. Agent, the Doc and the old man were. "Sam," said Mr. Agent, "that's the fastest piece of horse flesh in the country." Old Doc Adams bubbled over, "I was born and bred on the race track, and that colt will stand up with the best of 'em. It would be a sin to work that colt. It would break his heart."

III

Old Doc Adams kept trying to get the old man not to break Don to work.

"Don't work that horse, Brother Mac. It would break his heart."

"God intended horses to work. Of course that colt will work. He'll be pulling the plow along with the rest of the horses. Work is the mainspring of our civilization."

Old Doc Adams shook his head sadly. "Dr. McDonald," he said, "you can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. There's just as much difference in horses as in people. Some are dull and stupid, some are fiery and sensitive, some are wild and proud, whose spirit will never be broken until they die. You might kill them but you could never break their spirit. That colt was made to run. He knows it. I can see it in his eye. He will never wear a collar."

"Now you listen to me," said the old man. "I'll have no drones on my place. My horses work, my boys work, my cows give milk, my land produces food for my family and my stock. For every living thing God has a use. All living things that eat must work. My place must be according to God's plan. Those who do not work should not eat lest they deprive others of the fruits of their labor. That colt must work or I will dispose of him."

"Very well, but you will see that I am right," said Doc Adams.

The day came to break Don to the plow. The colt was now almost three years old and had thickened up some. He was not nearly so thin as he used to be. His hair and mane were fine and silky, and he had as pretty a coat of sorrel hair as I ever saw.

One morning we put the plow harness on him and we drove him around the yard. He didn't like it much. The collar annoyed him and

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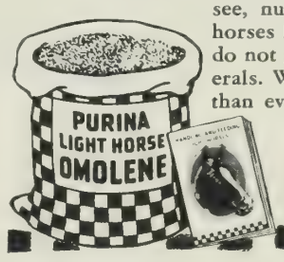

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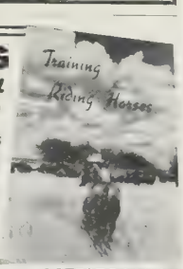

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the clanking of the trace chains frightened him. When we put the blind bridle on him he tried to shake it off.

Along towards noon we hooked Don and Star to the turning plow and let them drag it around the field. I was surprised when he didn't cut up much. We had been breaking that field and had a big land laid off. The old man just drove the team around and around the land cutting a swath about an inch wide. Don turned crossways a few times near the end of the furrow but I was leading him and got him straightened out. At the turn the old man would drag the plow around so the trace chains wouldn't hit his legs and so he wouldn't step out of the traces.

For a few days we didn't have any mishaps with the colt. But I noticed that he was inclined to walk too fast around the field ahead of the other horse so that he pulled most of the load. And when we put a load on him he got faster. The plow was light and he should have been able to pull half of a six- or eight-inch swath without any trouble. But if we cut over three inches with that little plow in the sandy ground he started to lunge.

IV

It was the third or fourth day of labor for Don. There was a high wind which swept across the eight acre field where we were plowing. My brother had one team on one side of the field and I was plowing Don and Star on the other. As I was turning around, the wind picked up a piece of paper and carried it square towards the team.

When the piece of paper came sailing towards the colt he turned and jumped sideways. Some way he got his left forefoot over Star's hame. That was how high he jumped. This threw him off his balance and he fell flat on his side, but he was up in a flash.

The old man had been repairing one of his dams nearby. He came running. "Hold on to those lines, son."

He was at Don's head talking to him, trying to keep hold of the bridle. Don seemed suddenly to have gone insane. He struck at the old man with his forefeet. Then he started kicking. Putting his head between his legs he bucked for five or ten minutes. As he bucked he jumped backwards and his long legs cut the air over my head as I squatted down.

It was an hour before we got him stopped.

All that day we tried to work him. Down one side of the field we would go. For a minute he would walk along quietly enough. Then something would happen. The trace chain would touch his hock at the turn and this would set him to kicking again. Then he would rip and rear for half an hour doing everything but standing on his head.

I was glad when the end of the day came. We were all worn out and had done no work either. For once the old man was ready to rest. My mother begged him not to try to work that colt any more. But he had made up his mind.

In the morning we put the kicking straps on Don, and hooked him up with a big old gentle bay horse we had got a short time before. That day was the same as the one before. We never went over three or four rounds without Don throwing a fit.

He changed his strategy somewhat though. He would act very gentle, then suddenly try to jerk loose from the one that was holding him. But the worst fit he pulled was when he jerked one of the rope lines out of my hands. At the same time he jerked loose from my brother, who had been holding his head. That left me with only one line, the left one, and away that colt went. Round and round he went in a big circle, pulling the old bay after him. All I could do was to pull on the left line and watch him go.

Part of the time the plow was high in the air over the backs of the horses. Once it caught on a stump and jerked the colt flat. To make matters worse the dogs got excited and Colonel, the bulldog, started jumping at his throat. The old man was yelling at the top of his voice; the two hands were shouting directions and all was confusion.

When the plow caught on the stump Don lunged and broke the singletree. By that time I had got hold of the other line and with the old man's help I held him down and that was the end of that day.

The next day was almost the same. The colt grew defiant, vicious. He adopted all sorts of stratagems to take us off our guard to get away from the plowing he hated. His spirit was unbroken. He was determined he would not work and the old man was determined that he would.

We finally got the field broken but the other team did the work. Don didn't turn any ground to amount to anything.

We were going to the house. I was driving the old bay and Don with the plow dragging behind them. Charley was leading the colt. We did not trust him a minute. The old man stopped to pick up a rock to put on one of the dams. Don quickened his pace. When he approached the old man he laid back his ears and reared high into the air.

As he came down he struck twice at the old man, first with one foot and then the other. Although this happened in a second, Charley and I were on guard. I pulled on the lines and Charley threw his weight on the lead rope in his hand. Even

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so he would probably have killed the old man but he jumped to one side. When the colt saw he had failed, he stood quietly.

The old man was in a rage. I had never seen him so angry. Grabbing the bridle, he jerked Don's head down, looked him in the eye. He yelled, "You *would* kill me." His eyes narrowed to pin points. I could see the muscles standing out on his jaws as he ground his teeth. "You no good drone, I'll kill you."

The old man continued to stand for a few seconds and glare at the colt. Then he turned without a word and walked to the house.

We never worked that colt again. The old man would have sold him but he had given him to my brother and it would have broken the boy's heart to have the colt taken away. After that the old man let the colt alone.

RIDERS VERSUS HORSES

(*Continued from page* 40)

rein effect when required. On this rein there was only the weight of the leather on the bit.

In this position, no matter how he reached for the bit with a descent of the neck or ascent of the muzzle, he couldn't find any opposition, because being in balance, my hands, arms and back were free to follow his head movements without displacement of seat or any loss of security.

Next, I made a quiet request for a slow trot, from which he broke immediately to a gallop, boring and reaching for the bit. Not being able to locate any resistance disconcerted him momentarily. Then, feeling no restraint, he proceeded to run away.

No effort was made to check him, but his nose was kept to the inside of the circle by the lead rein, with no traction to the rear. This was done with a series of decisive intermittent movements during the intants his weight was off the forehand, when he was least able to resist compliance. The circle was lightened.

All this time, the old horse had been going all out in heavy sand, and still was unable to find anything to fight, I simply let him run away on a circle, which kept up a surprisingly long time. Even after he was winded, he did not abandon the idea of running away as fast as he could go.

Then suddenly, of his own accord, he dropped into a gentle canter. I let him continue one lap, and then, without warning, jumped off his back and, holding the reins, patted him on the neck and stripped off his tack, leading him back to the stable to be cooled out, groomed, watered and put away to think it over.

The purpose of this sudden termination was two-fold. It served as a reward for coming down to a canter, and put him in his boxstall with no confusion of ideas due to continued or additional requests.

This performance was continued for four days, morning and afternoon, alternating the track to right and left. By this time, he instinctively associated returning to the stable with the change of gait from his crazy runaway to a canter. With his mental effort on his part, we have the beginning of the shift from a runaway to a canter as a defense mechanism.

The fourth day was the last of these, because he came down so quickly that his work periods lasted only a few minutes. This being the case, the reward had to be changed to unsaddling in the ring, a pat on the neck, a nibble of grain and a rest. Then saddling up and taking the opposite track, work went on.

It is worthy of note that after five or six days' work, during which he'd never found any resistance on the bit, his defensive head movements had practically ceased.

In the beginning of the second week, we got the first canter from the trot with no attempt to run away. He was then given invitations to walk, halt, back, walk, trot, canter and repeat, in that order, on the same circle, alternating the track.

I felt he had progressed enough to permit the use of punitive measures when next he broke to his old runaway. He was therefore not allowed to come down to the more effortless canter on his own initiative, but was required to maintain a strenuous gallop until requested to do so.

By then, a tightening of the reins by closing the fingers, the voice request, and the weight displaced to the rear were recognized, and obeyed. This further impressed upon him the pleasant and unpleasant experience rule. He graduated to work, in which one of the gaits would be skipped, halt to trot, walk to canter, and *vice versa*—eventually to halt to canter and canter to halt and back, with never more than a finger squeeze on the bit. If the response was not prompt, he was put into a very small circle which ranged from turning in place to chasing his tail at a trot or canter. By this time, just a threat of turning brought obedience.

Kaiser was then worked on straight lines in the rectangular pen, on figure eights and serpentine movements, with attention to all phases of manner of going. When he'd reached this stage, I tried him outside the enclosure, which brought on a slight set-back, and more small circles. Small circle work was a distinctly unpleasant threat to the old gentleman. He could spot a hint instantly.

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AIKEN, S.C. April 4

Secretary: George H. Bostwick, Aiken, S.C.

—VIRGINIA—

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MIDDLEBURG, VA. April 11

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Virginia Gold Cup

WARRENTON, VA. May 2

Secretary: George W. Cutting, Warrenton, Va.

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Secretary: J. Myers Pearce, Monkton, Md.

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WORTHINGTON VALLEY, MD. April 25

Secretary: James McHenry, Maryland Trust Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

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BERWYN, PA. May 9

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Rose Tree

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Secretary: George W. Orton, 603 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

For detailed information on any of these meetings, write to the Secretary. Or to Fred H. Parks, Secretary, National Steeplechase and Hunts Association, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

By the fourth week, Kaiser was a well-behaved hack, his head carriage and gaits were normal, and he could be brought down from a gallop to a halt with finger signals. He was now faced with the interesting prospect of returning to the scene of the crime—the place he had been dealt so much misery, the jumping course.

I had all the jumps removed, and left the wings and posts standing. The sight of the course brought back his old panic, and we put in nearly a week getting him as calm as when we left the sand ring. Then, one fine day, as he was finishing his morning's work, he suddenly discovered that instead of just another set of wings with no jump, he was galloping up to a 3 ft. 8 in. stone wall. He popped over like a lamb, and two strides later, I lit beside him and unsaddled. . . .

A fortnight before the horse show, we had his name removed from Division Headquarter's "blacklist." He was entered in the Prix des Nations, Olympic jumping course class, Handy Jumper, Touch-and-Out, and he was schooled over these courses. Kaiser liked to jump, and now all his enormous energy was concentrated on hoisting himself over a jump without touching it.

The Prix des Nations was a stiff course. Each regiment had three horses entered. I followed a horse named Whiskey, who broke his neck on the bank jump, and the delay of removing him gave me fidgets, which did not contribute to my performance. Kaiser got a hind fault on the triple bar, definitely my mistake because I was not looking ahead and rode him for a perpendicular jump.

But he won with a 98. Second place was won with a score in the 80's. He won or placed in every class entered except the jumper championship, and he was ridden in that by a man who had never been on him, hardly fair to either of them. He substituted in the ladies' class, and won under a lady who was also strange to him. For two years, he did equally well under riders with good hands.

At the end of that period, he was reassigned to the man who had ridden him prior to being barred from competition. He fell, killing both himself and his rider, at a horse show in New Mexico. It is easy to understand that he would revert to his old behavior. . . .

If, in the next show you see, you count the horses that get into trouble as a result of their way of going, you will realize how much you can improve your horse's chances by working on his worst habit. Horses are creatures of habit, and their habits might just as easily be good as bad. This is determined by the rider—not the horse.

TO BREED—OR NOT TO BREED?

(Continued from page 41)

on both sides of their pedigree are listed in the "General Stud Book." (This is a neat bit of business trickery by which some of our greatest horses and their progeny—Man o' War, for example—are stigmatized by the British as half-breds and therefore unattractive buys in most parts of the world whether they're good enough to win races or not.)

Some students of Thoroughbred history, who have dabbled in political science as well, have expressed themselves as believing that this nation might be more pro-English today "if the people who read the sporting papers and the sporting sections of the big newspapers, had not had more or less of an irritant to their feelings in the Jersey Act."

Mr. Hancock thinks that the British, now that we're their partners in this war, might call this rule off at the end of the war, sort of in payment for their lease-land obligations perhaps. I doubt it. William Woodward, chairman of our Jockey Club, tried earnestly and sincerely to get the British to do something about it a few years ago but even he, with his great influence here and abroad, was unable to get the slightest concession.

If the British do call it off, it is likely that they will do it for another sound commercial reason, namely that new blood is really needed in British studs and American horses have proved their value on the testing ground. Should British Thoroughbreds be consistently beaten by American "half-breds," as happened often enough before the war (Battleship, Omaha, Flares, etc.) and also since the war began (Kentucky, a young horse by Diavolo, was mentioned by Mr. Hancock) it might well pay to make suitable use of the otherwise unwelcome visitors.

It seems likely, at any rate, that the end of the war will see an expanding market for American Thoroughbreds on hand when that moment arrives.

Mr. Hancock included in his interview a plea for the continuation of racing in the United States through the war:

"As I see it, the outlook for the next few years depends on whether or not racing is allowed to continue in the United States. Race tracks contribute substantial sums in taxes to state and federal treasuries and it looks like we'll need all the revenue we can raise. As a sport, racing is a definite asset to morale. If it is curtailed, I won't be surprised if Thoroughbred horse values decline as much as 75%. If it continues, the American Thoroughbred will be in a commanding position after the war is over."

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CLAIBORNE STUD
Paris Kentucky

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Lexington Kentucky

BROKER'S TIP
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Sire of Market Wise
Fee—$500
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Ventura California

*BULL DOG
Br. 1927, by *Teddy—Plucky Liege, by Spearmint
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COLDSTREAM STUD
Lexington Kentucky

CASE ACE
B. 1934, by *Teddy—Sweetheart, by Ultimus
Sire of winners in first crop
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HARMONY HOLLOW STUD
Harbourton New Jersey

CHANCE SHOT
B. 1924, by Fair Play—*Quelle Chance, by Ethelbert
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CRACK BRIGADE
Br. 1927, by *Light Brigade—Crack o' Doom, by Ultimus
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Glyndon Maryland

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Sire of winners here and abroad
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*FANAR
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C. V. WHITNEY FARM
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*KAYAK 2nd
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Winner of Santa Anita Handicap, etc.
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Willits California

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B. 1933, by *Sickle—Silk Tassel, by Superman
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Gr. 1933, by *Blenheim 2nd—Mah Mahal, by Gainsborough
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Season 1942

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SIERRA NEVADA
B. 1936, by Gainsborough—Nevada, by Colorado
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Los Angeles California

SIR ANDREW
Br. 1928, by *Sir Gallahad 3rd—Gravitate, by Rock View
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DOUBLE H RANCH
(H. P. Russell)
Carmel California

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Second on list of sires of 1941
Fee—$1,500 (Book Full)
CLAIBORNE STUD
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*ST. ELMO 2nd
Gr. 1932, by Pharos—Frisky, by Izard 2nd
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The opportunity offered by dairy goats has come freshly to attention thanks to a new and concise, yet quite complete, booklet received from the Purina Mills on the problems of dairy goat breeding, feeding, and management. It is a first-rate book, from the delightful picture of a day-old kid that appears on its cover to the final pages, which deal with goat diseases.

Carl A. Leach, editor of the "Dairy Goat Journal," one of the brightest of our contemporaries, helped prepare the text and into it has gone some of the fruits of his many years of experience with dairy goats.

Some idea of the frankness with which the problems of goat raising are approached is contained in the opening paragraphs, which we hasten to bring to your attention:

"Your venture into goatkeeping, if you are like most people, is not primarily for the sake of having some animal around. No, it's because you want a dairy goat to produce milk. Your object, is therefore, to handle your dairy goat so that she will produce milk efficiently and profitably. If you keep your eye on this point, your practices of management, feeding, breeding, and sanitation won't be far wrong.

"Before investing in dairy goats, you should consider the fact that regularity in care is of primary importance for even reasonable success. You must be able to assure this—either through your own efforts or with outside help. If this regularity cannot be assured, the entire project should be delayed until such time that systematic care can be given the animals."

It is well known that all breeds of dairy goats do well in the United States. Champions of each breed claim advantages for their chosen variety, of course, but it is nevertheless true that the breed differences are so slight in the fundamentals of milk production that they do not, in themselves, justify selection of a breed merely on these differences alone. The main problem is not so much the selection of a breed as the selection of outstanding individuals of the preferred breed.

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NUBIANS—Of English and Oriental origin, this breed is characterized by a short, sleek coat, rich colors, long drooping ears and Roman noses. They might be called the Jerseys of the goat breeds. The best ten-month record is 2,565 lbs. of milk with 139.5 lbs. of butterfat.

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breed of many colors but few established records to date, the best being about 3,000 lbs. of milk with 90 lbs. of butterfat.

ROCK ALPINES—An American breed constituted forty years ago from a mixture of Toggenburg, Saanen, and French Alpine blood.

Other breeds are SWISS ALPINE, NORSKA, MURCIANA. And don't write us to say that there are also many Angoras, for those are of value for fleece and flesh, which has no place in this discussion.

How to buy animals, where and when, depends on individual circumstances. It is interesting to note, however, that pure-bred mature animals cost from $35 up, yearling stock $25 and up, kids $15 and up. Grades cost less. The top price on record, in case you want to beat it, is $2,500 for a single animal.

The precautions to take in buying are well described in this booklet. down to such a detail as getting more than one animal. Apparently no animal suffers more from homesickness than a dairy goat.

How to milk, where to milk, how to take care of the milk, how to market the milk, how to care for dry does, bucks, young stock . . . well, it's all there, down to how to cash in on the skins of unwanted kids. We suggest you write for a copy of the "Purina Goat Book" to the Dairy Goat Department, Purina Mills, St. Louis, Mo.

Incidentally, the booklet effectively disposes of the old saw that goats eat tin cans. They need wholesome nourishing feed—and anyway, we have other needs for our tin cans these days.

PERCHERON SALES

The present demand for good draft horses, especially good pure-bred brood and work mares is vindicating the frequently made assertion that "horses always come back." It is also proving the adage that diversified livestock farming is a sound practice. Each kind of livestock has its ups and downs in price but apparently at all times one or two kinds are always good money makers.

The problem of the horse, however, is a little different than that of most other classes. If hogs, sheep or beef cattle seem a bit too high, a stockman can just hold off and wait a while if he thinks he can buy cheaper later.

But with farm power it is different. When you need a horse, you have to have him and can not let spring work wait until next winter, so it seems that it is best to keep on producing a few good ones.

The horse market has shown a decided improvement but horses are still the only kind of livestock on the bargain counter. The sale at Frederick, Maryland, on March 9, sponsored by the Percheron Association of Frederick County gives those interested a unique opportunity to buy very outstanding show, brood, and work stock at their own price.

The sale will feature the offering of Cabbage, a three-year-old filly that is in foal and was the Junior Champion at both the Maryland State Fair and the Great Frederick Fair and a filly that stood third in a class of 28 at the Chicago International in 1941.

Also offered is Laet's Hazel, a six-year-old mare, in foal to Modeline. As a two-year-old she was Reserve Grand Champion mare at the Indiana State Fair.

One of the oldest members of the association is stopping farming and is consigning three fine mares, two good yearling fillies, and a stallion that has proven himself. This liquidation offers an opportunity to buy fine bloodlines and as well proven show, brood and work animals.

Other features of the sale are mares bred to Calypsdragetude (John) 200597 and Modeline. Calypsdragetude is a grandson of Calypso and LaBelle on his sire's side, a great-grandson of Laet and Etudiant on his dam's side with Dragon and LaBelle also appearing on the pedigree of his dam. Modeline is a grandson of Dragon and of Seducteur (the sire of Laet) and traces back to the famous old Sam on his dam's side. His name suits him as he is a model of the correct Percheron type. Modeline was Grand Champion stallion at the Great Frederick Fair in 1941.

Members of the Percheron Association of Frederick County hope that all farmers in the county would come to own at least one registered mare. This was the status of the Perche in France. It is hoped that this sale will bring that idea closer to accomplishment.

Another opportunity to buy good Percherons is offered through the sale scheduled for March 30 at Mr. and Mrs. Max Dreyfus' Madrey Farm, Brewster, N. Y. At this farm has been developed one of the distinguished herds of the East, and the sale will offer animals carrying the finest bloodlines to be found in Percheron circles in this country today.

Six stallions and 24 mares are offered in this sale, these animals including sons and daughters of Koncarcalyps, herd sire at Madrey since 1937.

The Koncarcalyps family is outstanding. At the recent International Live Stock Show, a grandson, Silver Dawn Koncarno, will be remembered as grand champion stallion, and thirty other Koncarcalyps

descendants placed. At the 1941 Ohio State Fair, a double grandson stepped up to grand championship honors; a son, Koncarcalyps II, owned by Crebilly Farm, West Chester, Pa., was grand champion at both the 1941 Pennsylvania Farm Show and at the New York State Fair; grand championships at Michigan last season went to a grandson and a granddaughter; at the Missouri State Fair a grandson claimed grand championship; and a yearling daughter headed the Eastern States mare division. These winnings present only the high spots of Koncarcalyps family achievements for the one season alone.

The same week-end as the Madrey Farm sale, on March 28 to be exact, three of the good farms in the vicinity of the Delaware Valley are offering consignments to a Percheron sale at the New Jersey Fair Grounds, in Trenton. Five stallions and 25 mares are being sent by Crebilly Farm, of West Chester, Pa., Belmont Farm, of Mt. Ephriam, N. J., and Rushvalley Farm, of Rushland, Pa.

A nice matched pair of mares is being offered in Faustiana Gardenia and Carol Song, both of which have been bred to the great Madrey herd sire, Koncarcalyps II. Faustiana Gardenia was junior champion mare at the International and both junior and grand champion at the Pennsylvania State Farm Show.

Almost everything at the New Jersey sale is related to Koncarcalyps, and among the animals offered for sale is Kalix, who sired the junior champion mare and other winners at Chicago. The three farms offering consignments are well known for producing good horses.

KANSAS IN FRONT

Kansas breeders lead the nation in their adoption of the community plan for official classification of registered Holstein cattle, The Holstein-Friesian Association of America has announced.

As soon as the association made this plan available so that breeders could get their herds classified by one of the seven official inspectors and classifiers at reduced rates by doing it on a community basis, several enterprising Kansas breeders began arranging such a community project with the assistance of Elmer Dawdy, southwestern fieldman for The Holstein-Friesian Association.

Twenty-four breeders of registered Holsteins made up this, the nation's first community-classification group, and invited the national office to send a classifier to Kansas. Clair I. Miller of Medina, Ohio, was sent. He began work on October 26 with the herds owned by Grover Meyer, Basehor, and St. Mary's College, St. Mary.

He was accompanied while he worked by J. W. Linn and Lester Gilmore, Kansas extension dairymen, as well as by Fieldman Dawdy. 428 cattle from 24 herds were classified during the next several days.

The classification of Holsteins by one of these inspectors is recognized as providing the most useful criteria of type comparisons available. The classifications are included in all pedigrees prepared at the national headquarters of the association and are recorded in the Advanced Register and the Herd Improvement Register whenever any classified Holsteins have records reported in these books. In addition the association has recently started the publication of a new booklet entitled "Classified Herds and Sires With Classified Progeny," the first edition listing the names and classifications of approximately 8,000 animals.

Since this program was started to improve the type of Holstein-Friesian breeding stock, slightly more than 10,000 Holsteins have been classified, the 10,000th being in one of these Kansas herds.

TREE CROPS

(*Continued from page* 34)

wholly dried, the bean goes through the animal whole but when ground is digestible.

Approximately 2,500 trees of these two varieties have been made in scattered plantings over most of the eastern states in the last three years, whose performance will strengthen belief in this great tree crop.

PERSIMMON

The persimmon is somewhat better known, although because of so many peoples' experience in attempting to eat it unripe, it has received a somewhat disparaging aspect. It is common practice in the South, where cattle can run all winter, to carry one's cattle and horses on persimmon pastures. Excerpts from a letter published by the Southern Agriculturist in April, 1935, follow:

"One hundred and seventy young bearing trees, cleared, in maximum yield years fed 35 hogs, 2 mules, 2 calves for three months, September 1 to December 1. The first and last two weeks' fruit fall was somewhat limited, but for two months there was plenty. Then I noticed a two-acre patch next to them that had fruit that held on until January 1, so I enlarged my fenced area and have persimmon pasture for another month."

He notes that the persimmon draws little from the top soil, hence they can be grown in pasture or farm fields as well as on poor hillsides.

The persimmon grows naturally as far north as central Pennsylvania, thriving on probably the poorest soils in the world. Its possibilities

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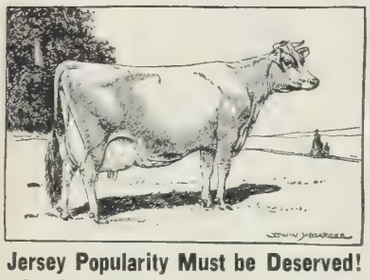

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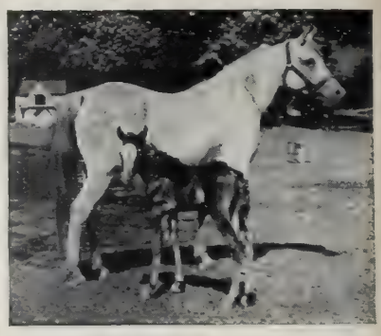

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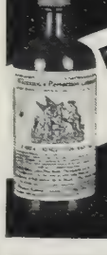

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for wildlife are unlimited. One strain dries like a prune, another remains soft. Both continue dropping all winter until the middle of April, a sustained automatic game feeder. An increasing market for select strains is noted as more come into bearing.

Chickens

I sat in the office of the Chief of Poultry Husbandry of Kentucky a few years ago and studied a survey of 400 average farm flocks over the state. Said he, "We find the loss from disease runs just about what the profit should be and we don't know what to do about it."

The answer is, more natural feeding and less forcing. Plant poultry runs with an assortment of berry and wild fruits for them to feed on as the pioneers used herbs. Let the laboratory of Nature supply the traces of minerals and vitamins unavailable in commercial foods but so necessary to health.

Substituting Commercial Feeds

In 1935, while living in Tennessee, the following test was run with the assistance of Mrs. Hershey with mulberries on poultry:

When the mulberries started to drop the chickens stopped eating mash. All feed was taken away from them and their egg production dropped 50%. The next year only the mash was taken away and the regular mixed ration of grain continued, resulting in a continued sustained egg production with no mash cost.

From data gathered over the South the persimmon, serviceberry, paw paw, white oak acorn and others play an important part in poultry feeding. The only loss is that 10c. bag refund when on commercial mash.

Feeding Wildlife

In some places there is a feeling against game and gunners, but the average farmer has overlooked great potential values in them.

First, the turning of insects and weed seeds into vital, living plant food in the form of bird droppings.

Second, making a profit from the gunner in the form of bedding him down at night and creating a public relationship that will make an outlet for a vast amount of farm crops. With this idea runs the possibility of coöperative game farming with a cash return added.

I mention the value of bird droppings as a plant food. Make no mistake—to have healthy soil the excrement of the digestive tracts of birds and mammals must be supplied. The fact that the soil scientist has missed this secret of Nature matters not to the gods controlling our destiny. Show me a soil that's been healthy for centuries and I'll show you a population of bird and animal life on it. Mr. Farmer, give heed to birds on your farm and forest as the machine age sneaks up on you!

But to retain a population of game and song birds a permanent feeding program must be initiated. Fence rows, edges of woods and gullies should be planted to a mixture of woody bird-food-bearing plants and trees, where birds can not only gather to feed the year round, but be protected from the "bomber" of the air. Yes, the wildlife phase for farm and forest has profitable possibilities.

Social Treks

The answer to social questions has been found wanting in the herd movement to the city and white-collar jobs.

Economists in soft berths advise a countryward trend. It is started (except for the war emergency) and will become an avalanche after the war. Will it be as disappointing as the city trek? Yes, if they return to the plow, only.

The Bankers' Opportunity—A Challenge to Private Enterprise

College room idealists, social zealots and plain hard-headed captains of industry are thinking of post-war planning to forestall economic chaos.

Will business rise to the occasion? Or will it do as in '33, rush to Washington for its answer and come home with another edition of state socialism and incompetence, as a millstone around its neck. Remember that what handicaps business, handicaps all.

The answer:

Form land corporations. Buy large acreage—millions of acres. Develop along a balanced tree crop (this includes raw material for plastics)—timber—pasture—plow agriculture. Decentralize by attracting workers and industry to the medium-sized town on such holdings, and coördinate factory and land labor on a part-time cash, self-sustaining basis.

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Take it away, America!

DO NOT READ NOW

ANSWER

to question on page 66

The horse will fall back upon his rider, because, instead of leaning forward, loosening all pull on the reins, the rider is pulling the horse off balance.

GUERNSEYS—At Auction

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Saturday, April 4th, 1942, 12:35 P.M.
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60 Head 16 Bulls 17 Cows 14 Bred Heifers 13 Open Heifers

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Monday, April 20th, 1942
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18 Bulls 22 Cows 15 Bred Heifers 25 Open Heifers

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Monday, May 4th, 1942
ROUGEMONT, NORTH CAROLINA
8 Bulls 10 Cows 14 Bred Heifers 18 Open Heifers

CHICAGO GUERNSEY FARM SALE
With Other Consignments
Friday, May 15th, 1942
HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

MAY ROYAL STEADFAST SALE
Saturday, May 16th, 1942
RAEMELTON FARM, MANSFIELD, OHIO
55 Head 5 Bulls 35 Cows 15 Heifers 55 Head

17th COVENTRY SALE
Saturday, May 30th, 1942 — Decoration Day
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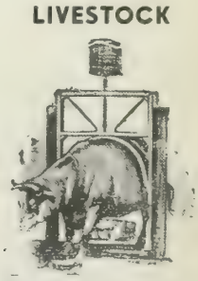

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Kennel & Bench

THE GREATEST HONOR TO BE WON IN THE DOG WORLD

To the owner of show dogs, the annual exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club in New York's famous Madison Square Garden, of which this year's was the sixty-sixth, represents the greatest honor that can be won in dogdom. (Particularly now that the biggest outdoor show of the year, Morris & Essex, has been cancelled on account of the war.) It is, therefore, not merely a show to be enjoyed but also one to be endured, for the prize at the end of the rainbow is worth it.

I am referring, of course, not to the pleasure of stepping lightly into the center of that vast ring and happily accepting before an applauding crowd the ribbons and plate and money that go to the winner of Best in Show—which is what Mrs. John G. Winant, wife of our earnest Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, could have done as a result of the inquisitive performance given by her West Highland Terrier, Wolvey Pattern of Edgerstoune—if she had not been sent unceremoniously home to New Hampshire by a nasty cold.

I am not referring, either, to Mike White and his pretty wife (Mr. and Mrs. W. Holden White, of Cleveland, O., is how they are listed in the catalog), who had the distinct pleasure of scooping up ribbons and silver and cash because they showed the best American-bred, a cheery smooth Foxterrier named Desert Deputy, son of James M. Austin's great Nornay Saddler.

Or to Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Fried. whose Janard Kennels brought forth the best brace, a pair of Pointers. Or to Miss Elizabeth D. Whelan, whose quartet of Shetland Sheepdogs was adjudged the best team for the third successive year. Oh no, the strain of a two-day show is considerably less on winners such as these. . . .

Than it is on the owners of some 2,000 other dogs huddled disconsolately together in hopeful misery in the overheated cellar of New York's historic sports palace. It is to these patient, tired, appreciative lovers of the dog, these hundreds who pay their money and never get a warm nod from a judge, that I sing this lay.

And I do it to give thanks. The thanks of the public, who, through their efforts, get a chance to enjoy the great show of purebred dogs that they help to make. The agony they suffer living two days on exhibition with their curious friends, two-legged and four, in the cellar of Madison Square Garden, is, one might say, a public benefaction.

Every participant in dog shows has a pretty good idea what the Westminster show is like, even if he hasn't ever been there. The big arena, chopped up into 16 separate rings on the first day, for the judging of the various breeds by various judges, presents a familiar scene. The single vast rectangle in which the group classes are judged by still other judges on the closing night is a space in which many a reader of this magazine has found, or imagined himself. Even the final spotlight, into which the Best in Show is dramatically led, can be easily visualized.

The public's reaction of pleasure not merely at the activity in the rings, but as well the extraordinary picture presented downstairs, behind the scenes, is something else again. That can come only once in a lifetime, the first time it's seen.

Particularly appreciative is the audience of the exhibition given by the New England Dog Training Club, under the leadership of Bert Turnquist. Here dogs of all breeds get together for fun and frolic and a touching bit of business as well: retrieving, guiding, obeying, and, this year, also doing their part in the performance of military duties. I think this is the most exciting animal act of each year, far surpassing in human appeal any event at any horse show, ice carnival, or for that matter circus.

Obviously, of all the 2,388 dogs in the show, the judges thought the terriers much the best, for not only did the Best in Show and the best American-bred come from this group, as aforesaid. But the American was not second in this outstanding group, judged by Mrs. Flagler Matthews, but third! Between the West Highland White Terrier that Mrs. Winant imported from England and the brilliant Smooth Foxterrier bred on Long Island stood Mrs. Consuelo V. Warburton's Iradell Kennels' Skye Terrier, Brăcadale Henry.

Which is not to say that the other breeds were below class by any means. It just happened that the terriers were extra fine.

There was, for example, an excellent sporting group judged by Dr. Samuel Milbank. This was won by R. E. Allen's beautifully balanced English Springer Spaniel, Timpanogos Melinda, brought on to New York all the way from Provo, Utah. The excellence of this bitch may be judged from the fact that Herman E. Mellenthin, who picked the Best in Show, had the most awful time deciding between her and the West Highland who ultimately received the award. At one time Mellenthin stood between the two dogs with his arms raised in a gesture of helplessness.

Mr. Mellinthin's great Cocker, My Own Brucie, was Best in Show at Westminster last year for the second consecutive time. I wonder if he had a worse time pinning the ribbons this year than he did the past two years waiting for the verdict?

Second in this good sporting group was the great English setter, C. G.

ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO

Best in Show at Westminster: Wolvey Pattern of Edgerstoune

Dimon's Daro of Maridor, who was Best in Show at Westminster four years ago. Third was R. H. Mathiessen, Jr.'s Irish Setter, Domino of Gadeland, and fourth the representative of that popular breed of the day, the Cocker Spaniel, Foxspan Legacy, also owned by the Whites.

The hound group, judged by Mrs. Sherman Hoyt, was another good one, though the Borzoi she placed first, Louis Murr's Tyddo of Romanoff, was truly outstanding. Second to him was Mardormere Kennels' famous Whippet, Flornell Glamorous, and third the celebrated veteran Greyhound, Windholme Blank Check, belonging to Harry T. Peters, Jr. This class was so good that a pretty perky little Dachshund and what looked from a distance like a mighty fine Saluki had to be left out of the ribbons.

The working group was no cinch, either, as George N. Owen, its judge, soon found out. He gave first place to Mrs. H. M. Lewis's Old English Sheepdog, Merriedip Master Pantaloons, with a Collie, a Boxer, and a Doberman Pinscher ranged behind him. This group, incidentally, brought forth the best team in the show in Miss Whelan's Shetland Sheepdogs, as aforesaid.

John G. Bates, who has been looking at dogs with conspicuous success for many a year, judged the nonsporting group, smallest of the variety offerings, and he was particularly smitten with Mrs. P. H. B. Frelinghuysen's Miniature Poodle, Ramoneur of Catawba, placing him above Mrs. David Wagstaff's Chow Chow, Ledgelands' Blueberry, and two bulldogs of real class, Kamet White Knight and Nap Phoebus.

In the huge toy group, judged by Miss Jean Hinkle, first place went to Mrs. Vincent Matta's Pomeranian, Moneybox Currency, which she called "the best Pomeranian I've ever had the pleasure of judging." Mrs. James M. Austin's Toy Poodle, Karitena de Muricíar, was second, and Mrs. Richard S. Quigley's celebrated Pekingese, Jai Son Fu of Orchard Hill, a good third.

It was, in summary, a grand show from every point of view. Let's hope there will be many more like it.

SAILFISHING IS TOO EASY

(*Continued from page* 26)

with the motors cut off. Dull? Not at all.

The ten to thirty seconds prior to actually hooking a sailfish in the old-fashioned way [without the use of outriggers] has rightly been mentioned as one of the greatest individual sporting thrills that can come to a man.

From the moment the brownish form [a sailfish looks brown when swimming just beneath the surface of cobalt Gulf Stream] appears behind a bait trolled from forty to sixty feet behind a cruiser, the deftness of rod and reel handling marks an angler as a tyro or expert. Picture yourself as one of the top-flight sailfishermen trolling about a mile and a half off Singer's Blue Heron—unfinished boom hotel—situated on the north side of the Lake Worth Inlet, Palm Beach. With the wind north, your fishing captain correctly makes his 4 m.p.h. offshore tack to the southeast to take advantage of the fact the fish will work south against the Gulf Stream and thus the baits should cut across in front of the finning sailfish.

You're fishing the port side chair, holding your rod angled astern so that the pull of the splashing, diving, but never spinning whole or cut mullet, balao, or cut strip bait will put no unnecessary strain on the rod. Good split bamboo light tackle [6 oz. tips] cost from $35 up. The star drag of your dependable 400 yd. reel [from $35] is thrown *off* and your right thumb ball is pressed against the already wet 9-thread line just hard enough to offset the weight of the line and bait moving through the water.

The captain, controlling the cruiser from topside, has spotted a sail 100 feet behind but following your bait. You're on your feet instanter with your knees braced against the cockpit coaming to offset the cruiser's pitching and rolling. You can hook and fight sailfish better standing up. It's hard to see as the fish has gone down a few feet.

He's "tapped" your bait! At this point, you, a good sailangler, react. Knowledge of sailfish habits have taught you that your bait, which has been towed along the surface, must lie inert and still instantly after a sail has "killed" it with a sideswipe of his bill. To make your bait "dead," you execute the "drop back" by releasing the pressure of your right thumb on the spool of the reel [drag released] enough to let the line pay out at the rate the cruiser is trolling.

As the line runs out, you wait for the speed of your reel to *increase*. It does—with a zing! You feel weight and life simultaneously.

Suddenly but not unexpectedly the revolutions of your reel *decrease* and you know your sail has slowed down or stopped to swallow the bait. Then he goes off faster than ever, and you throw in your drag that has been previously adjusted to about 10 pounds. With rod pointing down the line, you wait until the line comes tight to strike, and take up slack, and strike again. The job's well done; you felt the 9/0 hook go home.

Then with your tip held high and the butt resting in a leather rod belt, you ease the drag to 8 lbs. to avoid breakage during the sail's first long run and his ensuing acrobatics that may include everything from tailwalking to a fantastic double scissors jump.

With sailfish, as with all jumping fish, there is one primary fighting rule. *Don't give 'em any slack!* A few experts who like to bring their sails alongside for releasing in the least possible time, use a very effective reel technique that no tyro should try because he will break lines or rods, and lose sailfish.

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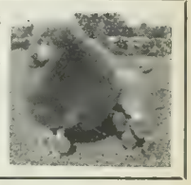

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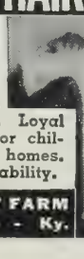

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The Young Sportsman

ANNE Mickle's fine and strong drawing of the horse's head is one of the most promising drawings ever received by the Young Sportsman.

Donald Bassett is only nine years old. His sketch of Phelps' Slope is amusing and clever. The other drawings on this page all have merit, particularly that of Carmela Cantalupo where good composition and quality of "aliveness" more than makes up for weakness in draftsmanship.

Remember five dollars for the winning drawing each month and a dollar for every drawing published. All contributors must be under 18 and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent that it is your own original work, not copied nor traced.

Suggested subjects for next month, "Spring Ploughing," "The Horse Comes Into His Own Again," "My Grandmother's Parlor," "The General Store."

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN AND WHY?

Answer will be found on page 63

Drawn by Carmela Cantalupo, East Boston, Mass.; aged 13

Drawn by Donald Bassett, Lakeport, N. H.; aged 9

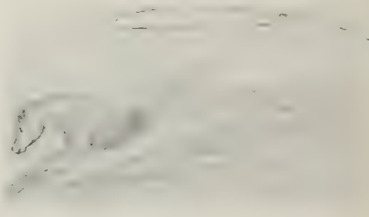
Drawn by Osborn Schultz, Kenwood, Calif.; aged 17

Drawn by Julia C. Fox, Cazenovia, N. Y.; aged 12

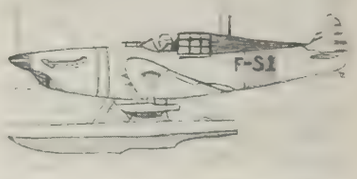
Drawn by Julianne Kemper, Kansas City, Mo.; aged 14

Drawn by Anne Mickle, Centreville, Md.; aged 12

Drawn by Bette van Sciver, Philadelphia, Pa.; aged 16



Drawn by Marcia Mills, St. Charles, Ill.; aged 12



Drawn by Jack Kehr, Temple City, Calif.; aged 12

Drawn by Rosemary Howe, Santa Fé, N. M.; aged 15

Drawn by Peggy Keith Hamilton, Warrenton, Va.; aged 12

Drawn by Betty Walker, Greenwich, Conn.; aged 13

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NEXT MONTH: *The Future for the Thoroughbred, by Salvator*

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86 PROOF

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VOL. LXXXI APRIL, 1942 No. 6

OUR COVER

On Lonely Bedding Grounds . . . by F. Tenney Johnson, N.A.

On a quiet moonlit summer night, such as is depicted in this painting, the task of the night-herder was, as a rule, not at all unpleasant. The long hours were whiled away by riding slowly around the sleeping herd and perhaps singing some plaintive cowboy song which had the tendency to quiet the cattle and lull them to sleep. In stormy weather, however, his lot was not always an enviable one. A flash of lightning, the howl of a coyote, or a tumbleweed rolling over the prairie, might bring the cattle to their feet in an instant and away in a wild stampede. Here was a dangerous work which required all the bravery, skill and endurance that the cowboy possessed.

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PETER VISCHER, *Publisher* FRANCIS BREWSTER, *Circulation Director* • *Published monthly by* POLO MAGAZINE, INC. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 1270 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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COUNTRY LIFE is obtainable in the United States and all other countries in the Pan-American Postal Union, at $5 for one year, $8 for two years. In Canada, $6 for one year, $10 for two years. In all other countries, $7 for one year, $12 for two years. Entered as second-class mail matter November 3, 1941, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers are requested to send notice of change of address five weeks before it is to take effect. Failure to send such notice will result in an incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must be given. *Please report all changes direct to us.* ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York, 1270 Sixth Avenue. Chicago, Archer A. King Company, 410 North Michigan Avenue. Seattle, Wash., W. F. Coleman, Henry Building. San Francisco, Cal., W. F. Coleman, 550 Montgomery Street. Los Angeles, W. F. Coleman, 530 West Sixth Street. Miami, Fla., Sylvan G. Cox, Ingraham Building. Atlanta, Ga., Sylvan G. Cox, 75 Third Street, N.W.

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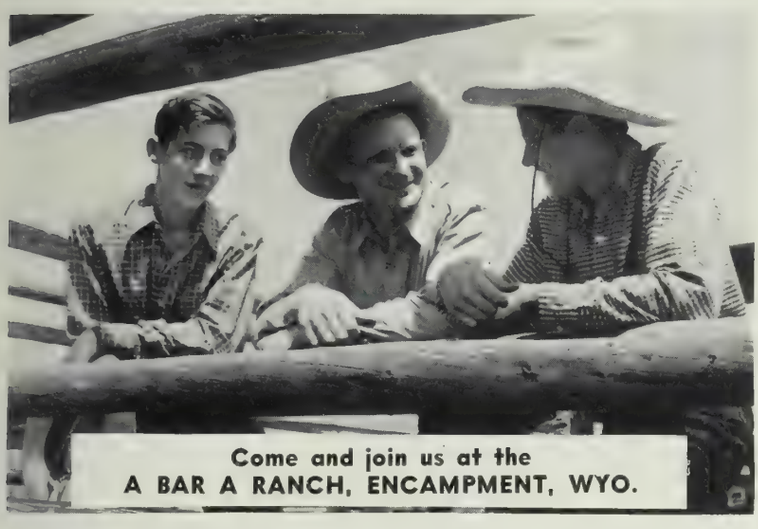

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A swimming pool and
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42 acres.

In these days when the cost of upkeep is a serious consideration for the home owner, the compactness combined with the comfortable rooms of this home, the sound construction and the excellent condition will appeal to the conservative buyer.

On the Stockbridge Road, at Lee, Massachusetts, the owner of this fine estate selected one of the choicest locations in the Berkshire Hills, and the architect and landscape artist worked in harmony to create a home that would blend perfectly with the natural beauty of the country. From the windows and grounds magnificent views spread out before you. The 42 acres are mostly cleared, but there are many handsome old trees for shade and formal gardens add their charm.

As you enter the reception hall, an artistic winding stairway, with brown mahogany stair rail, makes a pleasing impression. The dark brown polished oak floors, laid with wooden pegs, are firm and level. In addition to the usual living rooms, there is a flower room, breakfast room and a study on the first floor. On the second floor are 7 cheerful master bedrooms and 6 baths and ample servants' quarters. In the basement is a game room. Hot water heat with an oil burner. There are two cabins, each with bath, near the swimming pool.

FINE OLD SHADE TREES, and about an acre of land form natural landscaping and offer seclusion for this unusually well built home, with stone foundation and first floor. It is in the best residential section of Great Barrington and convenient to churches, schools and stores.

Near the dwelling is a rock garden and fernery.

From the wide verandahs and sleeping porch on second floor there is a pleasant outlook.

The roof is sound and has copper flashing throughout. All the floors are of oak and in excellent condition. The vacuum steam heating system furnishes ample heat.

There are 5 bedrooms and 3 baths and large closets.

Porch furniture, screens and storm windows go with the dwelling, also a very fine gas range.

The garage is for two cars.

Price $14,500, much below cost.

The guest cottage has living room with fireplace, dining room and kitchen, 3 master bedrooms and bath and maid's room with bath. It is heated by steam. A stone paved, pine panelled covered court, underneath the cottage, overlooks the formal garden and the hills in the distance. The whole property is in AA1 condition and the upkeep is moderate. Further particulars on request.

ADJOINING NOTABLE ESTATES, for sale as one estate or separately, these two adjoining properties and approximately 105 acres, near the Garden Center, in the town of Stockbridge, and about 1,000 feet above sea level.

The dwelling stands high on a hill with interesting views of the valley and distant hills. It is about a mile from Lake Mahkeenac and a short distance from Tanglewood. The structure is frame and cement with a slate roof. Two of the living rooms and one of the 5 master bedrooms have a fireplace. There are 3 master baths, 2 servants' rooms and bath; steam heat and electricity.

Price $30,000 with 30 acres.

This brick Colonial dwelling, turned a beautiful pink through age, is in excellent condition—8 rooms, 4 bedrooms and 2 baths; 3 fireplaces, one with a Dutch oven and powder cupboards. The fan-shaped transom over the doorway is most attractive. There is an unusual enclosed stairway with waxed pine treads and risers, and a stair rail of natural pine. Small window panes of the period are of iridescent handmade glass.

There is a new barn with 10 stanchions and 4 pens; garage for 4 cars; a milk house and a chicken house.

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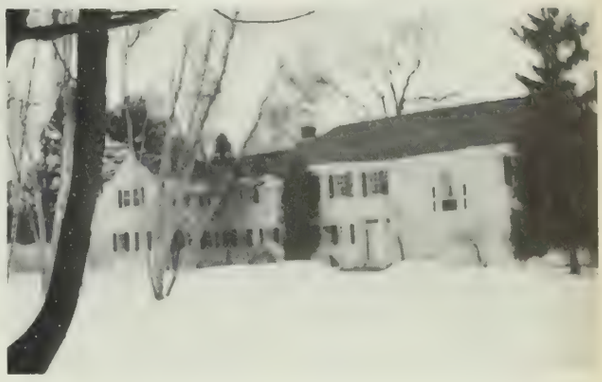
IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS....

"THREE ACRES" LENOX



"THREE ACRES" is in the finest residential section of Lenox, within easy walking distance of all local activities and not far from "Tanglewood," where the Berkshire Symphonic Festival is held.

The dwelling of pleasing, balanced lines is of frame construction with steel girders. It stands well back from street, affording privacy. Trees, lawns and gardens add to the attractiveness of the estate. The architect and decorator have achieved a dignified, but friendly and homelike atmosphere about the living rooms not easy to attain. Each of the 4 master bedrooms has a bath and there are ample servants' quarters and bath.

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16½ acres of land and a barn are included at the price—$16,500.

Pictures and further details on request.

Note the panelled room and raised fireplace

"STONOVER" LENOX

"STONOVER" is a comfortable home, picturesquely located in Lenox, 1,200 feet above sea level, with magnificent views of the surrounding countryside. The high altitude provides a clear, dry atmosphere. The sound condition of the dwelling, with its stone foundation and wood, steel and cement construction, insures low cost of upkeep.

Besides the usual living rooms, there are 7 master bedrooms with 5 fireplaces and 5 baths, also ample servants' rooms and baths. There is a 4-car garage with chauffeur's quarters overhead, an ice house, greenhouse and tool house.

47 acres of woodland and lawns surround the dwelling. The landscaping is beautifully done. Handsome old trees and a small brook add to the charm of the estate.

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350 acres, splendid land, dwelling, barns, silo, etc., good revenue from crops in addition to cattle $60,000
725 acres, good land, new barn and silo $30,000
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213 acres, old stone house, good farm $16,000

J. GREEN CARTER
WARRENTON Tel. 136 VIRGINIA

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F. W. SHARP & SON
P. O. The Plains Virginia
Telephone, Middleburg 22

Calendar

RACING

To Apr. 11	Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.
Apr. 1-11	Bowie, Md.
Apr. 9-May 9	Jamaica, L. I.
Apr. 9-23	Keeneland Park, Lexington, Ky.
Apr. 11-May 9	Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, R. I.
Apr. 13-25	Havre de Grace, Md.
Apr. 25-May 16	Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.
Apr. 27-May 9	Pimlico, Md.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

Apr. 4	Aiken Mile Track Assn., Aiken, S. C.
Apr. 4	Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va.
Apr. 11	Middleburg Hunt Race Assn., Middleburg, Va.
Apr. 11	My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, Monkton, Md.
Apr. 18	Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md.
Apr. 25	Maryland Hunt Cup Assn., Glyndon, Md.

HORSE SHOWS

Apr. 11	Wall Street Riding Club, New York, N. Y.
Apr. 18	Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn.
Apr. 23-25	First Company Governors Foot Guard, Hartford, Conn.
Apr. 24-25	Lynchburg Junior League, Lynchburg, Va.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

Apr. 3	Louisiana Breeders' Assn., Delhi, La.
Apr. 6	Central Missouri Breeders Assn., Columbia, Mo.
Apr. 8	Roberts-Peters Sale, Rushville, Ill.
Apr. 8	Southside Consignment Sale, Montgomery, Ala.
Apr. 14	J. S. Caldwell & Sons, Chillicothe, O.
Apr. 15	Ohio-ana Breeders' Sale, Liberty, Ind.
Apr. 16	Indiana State Breeders Assn., Lafayette, Ind.
Apr. 17	Central Illinois Breeders Assn., Congerville, Ill.
Apr. 23	West Virginia Breeders' Assn., Jackson's Mill, W. Va.
Apr. 20	Howard County Breeders Assn., Fayette, Mo.
Apr. 27	Marion County Breeders Assn., Knoxville, Ia.
Apr. 27	Ohio Breeders Assn., Columbus, O.
Apr. 28	South Dakota Breeders Assn., Brookings, S. D.
Apr. 28	Page County Breeders' Assn., Clarinda, Ia.
Apr. 28	Bureau County Breeders' Assn., Princeton, Ill.
Apr. 29	MacMor Farm, Mentor, Tenn.
May 1	Kentucky Breeders' Assn., Lexington, Ky.
May 4	Maryland Breeders' Assn., Frederick, Md.
May 5	Ravenswood Farm, Warrenton, Va.
May 11	Eastern Breeders' Assn., Ithaca, N. Y.
May 13	Kansas State Sale, Huntington, Kan.
May 13	Michigan Breeders' Assn., East Lansing, Mich.
May 14	Victory Valley Farm, Memphis, Mo.
May 14	Grand River Stock Farm & Raona Farm, Williamston, Mich.
May 15	Northeastern Missouri Breeders' Assn., Memphis, Mo.

AYRSHIRE SALES

Apr. 18	Ohio State Sale, Columbus, O.
Apr. 24-25	Shirley-Ayr Farms, Mount Union, Pa.

GUERNSEY SALES

Apr. 2	Marshallvale Farms, Doylestown, Pa.
Apr. 4	Heifer Sale, Columbus, Ohio.
Apr. 4	Riegeldale Sale, Trion, Ga.
Apr. 15	Waukesha Breeders Sale, Waukesha, Wis.
Apr. 18	Dairy Calf Club Sale, Lincoln, Neb.
Apr. 20	Louis Merryman's Semiannual Sale, Timonium, Md.
Apr. 21	Milane Dispersal, Guernsey, Pa.
Apr. 23	Eastern Ohio Consignment Sale, Wooster, Ohio.
Apr. 24	Knox County Sale, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Apr. 30	Pleasant Plains Dispersal, Annapolis, Md.
May 4	Quail Roost-Maxim Sale, Rougemont, N. C.

SADDLE HORSE SALE

Apr. 16-18	Edwin F. Dygert, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Whose serve?
MINE! And the score is "33 to 1"
33 to 1? WHO EVER HEARD OF A SCORE LIKE THAT?
HOUSE RULES, TOM— TIME TO CHALK UP A SPECIAL SCORE FOR REFRESHMENT.
A GREAT IDEA... BUT WHERE DOES THE "33 to 1" COME IN?
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? PABST BLENDS 33 FINE BREWS TO MAKE 1 GREAT BEER. BLENDING GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED "33 to 1"
NEATEST "SERVE" OF THE EVENING! THE WAY I FEEL NOW I'M REALLY GOING TO TAKE YOU, TOM—33 to 1...
33 to 1 YOU DON'T! REMEMBER— I'VE HAD MY BLUE RIBBON REFRESHMENT TOO
Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

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NEW YORK

Letters

WHY PLOW?

The most fun—and the greatest encouragement—that this editor has had since Pearl Harbor has been to read the mail that streamed onto his desk after publishing the article entitled "Why Do Farmers Plow?" written by E. H. Faulkner in the February issue.

Letters came from all over the country: a few skeptical, a few effusive with praise, most of them questioning, seeking further information. They came from all sorts of people: dirt farmers, city-farmers, managers of farms, teachers of agriculture, consultants, bankers, brokers, a judge . . . people deeply interested in this land of ours and obviously disturbed at the way we have been using it.

We sent every letter to Mr. Faulkner and he answered each individually with meticulous care. We saw the letters and the answers: most of them were pages in length despite the fact that this, being a simple question, ought to be easy to explain.

The letters cannot be printed here in full, unless our 40,000 readers are willing to have a whole issue given over to the subject. They are difficult to condense, but we shall attempt it here, nevertheless, to show you the trend that the discussion has taken so far.

To the Editor:

I read with interest your recent article on plowing. Several questions come to mind:

(1) If we don't plow, how would we seed our corn and oats? Would discing be sufficient?

(2) What could be done with the manure spread on the ground; we could not well seed on top of this. Possibly some of your objections to plowing would be obviated if the plowing were done weeks before seeding, thus giving the manure, green manure, or trash, time to decay, thus benefiting the soil and giving the capillary system time to get readjusted.

(3) I have a field which consists of lespedeza aftermath. I want to seed this to oats and lespedeza again. How would you suggest getting it seeded? Would a spring tooth harrow be enough to stir the surface and get a seed-bed?

(4) Also, I have 40 acres of corn stubble already manured, to go into corn again.

H. H. Hackney,
Cold Saturday Farm,
Finksburg, Md.

Mr. Faulkner replied:

The discovery that the mouldboard plow is wrong in principle is too new for practical agenda as to substitute tillage implements now available. . . . We need not only implements for working organic matter into the surface of the soil, but in addition implements that will negotiate the consequent trashy surface and plant our crops in such a surface.

To plant corn under such conditions, hand methods are about the only answer unless you have a planter with disc shoes. Oats is a different matter; they can be covered lightly with a disc and the outcome should be just as good as if a lot of pains were taken to put them in neatly.

Manure should be disced into the soil before planting operations begin. Coverage with a disc can be surprisingly complete. . . .

You suggest allowing time after plowing. That is, I know, the current recommendation. . . . Your question suggests that you understand elementary chemistry and physics. Consider this explanation of what happens when considerable organic matter is plowed in:

"The very first effect following the decay is the evolution of carbon dioxide. In fact, the mass on the plowsole becomes a carbon dioxide generator, and continues generating this gas until the decomposition is complete. It is common knowledge among agriculturists that the overlying soil is dry when considerable organic matter has been plowed in. In a dry soil carbon dioxide must remain in the gaseous form. The entire layer of plowed soil, then, becomes filled with a gas that not only does not support life, but excludes other gases which would make life possible. Seeds cannot germinate if oxygen is not available; so seeds cannot grow in soil that has had a rank green manure crop plowed in—until the green manure has rotted, and largely escaped down the streams.

"This is only a minor part of the story, but it should show sufficient reason for condemning plowing as a harmful practice. I have proved the superiority of discing by producing some of the finest imaginable crops on land where rank growing rye had been disced in—some at four feet height. Some that was six feet tall I couldn't disc in, but planted the

crops by hand in the trash, and had the pleasure of seeing them thrive remarkably. Planting was done as soon as the crop had been disced in; so the roots of the growing crop used the decay products from the rye. Simple.

"Our only trouble is that we have been so enamored of a faultlessly smooth soil surface that we have designed all our implements to operate only in such a surface; so we imagine we can't manage crops in a really good growing environment such as exists when there is a lot of trash on the ground.

"As to the oats and lespedeza I believe discing the oats in lightly would be proper. They will come, really, without even being disced in —provided the seeds are not picked up by birds or animals. Seed beds as we think of them are not really necessary. Seeds germinate in suitable moisture conditions even when lying on the surface of the soil. If the soil is not too tight, they will take root. In your lespedeza field the soil probably is mellow enough even without discing for the oats to germinate.

"We should really poke a little fun at the human race because it imagines the various conventional activities it performs for crops really help crops to grow. So well organized is nature to perpetuate plant species that—barring weed competition—plants would grow perfectly if we did nothing but place the seeds in such an environment as they would have fallen into in nature. We proceed to ruin—by plowing—what is already a perfect setting for plant growth; then continue to do more or less foolish things throughout the lifetime of the crops we put on the land."

To the Editor:

It is not very often that I get to see Country Life but a friend gave me a treat when he sent me the copy containing the article "Why Plow?" This friend, Howard V. Lee, operates one of the finest groves in Florida; he used to plow right often but slowed down on it several years ago. What your article brought out confirms, in a way, the opinion of Mr. Lee and myself and is accepted with relief. . . .

You put your neck out, but I like a man who isn't afraid to put his neck out.

Edward T. Keenan,
Frostproof, Fla.

Major Keenan's enthusiastic three-page letter was much appreciated but we weren't really the first to put the mouldboard plow under scrutiny. In the spring of 1941 Dr. Hugh Bennett of the Soil Conservation Service presented to the House Sub-Committee on Appropriations for Agriculture an exhibit of land-breaking implements that were entirely innocent of mouldboards. He said, "We must go into a new type of agriculture."

The Country Life article was, however, the first appearance of such supposedly heretical doctrine for general reading.

To the Editor:

Your article, "Why Plow?," interested me greatly. I have been plagued by doubts about plowing for some time and agree fundamentally with your argument.

I notice that you offer no alternative and, in view of the fact that seeds must be buried, some process must be used. I can figure out better methods for everything but sod ground, or ground heavily coated with manure and straw.

I should be interested in knowing what you suggest in these cases.

We have tried various experiments and tests that seem to prove we are right. You will probably be swamped by protests, but I hope you are able to gain some converts.

Norman J. Mortimer,
Annandale Farms,
New Hope, Pa.

Mr. Faulkner replied:

"My purpose was to cast doubt upon the validity of plowing without suggesting alternatives. You have already discovered that plowing isn't all it is supposed to be; so you are really ahead of the class, so to speak.

"The alternative I have used is a good, sharp, 16-in. disc harrow, set to cut deep, heavily weighted, minus the rear section. . . . This is, however, applicable particularly to land other than sods. For sods I don't know of a definite recommendation to make. There are some implements I should like to try but have not done so as yet: the Dunham Cultimulcher and the Ferguson-Sherman multi-shovel implement they have designed to follow the Ford tractor. Experimental work is needed on the point.

"Tests conducted during the past three seasons at Nebraska, along with similar tests at more than a dozen other Soil Conservation Service research stations indicate that plowing certainly is inferior to almost any other method of disposing of the trash on the surface. . . . The truth is that agriculture has developed its tools in keeping with the ideal of a neat, smooth soil surface, when in fact we must have the trash on or in the surface of the soil if we are to get any benefit from its decay.

"Our implements should be types that would make crop production possible in a trashy instead of a smooth surface. . . . I'm told that a meeting was held in Chicago late in the fall to discuss just this problem. Some of the leading implement manufacturers were there. Perhaps the implements we need are just in the offing."

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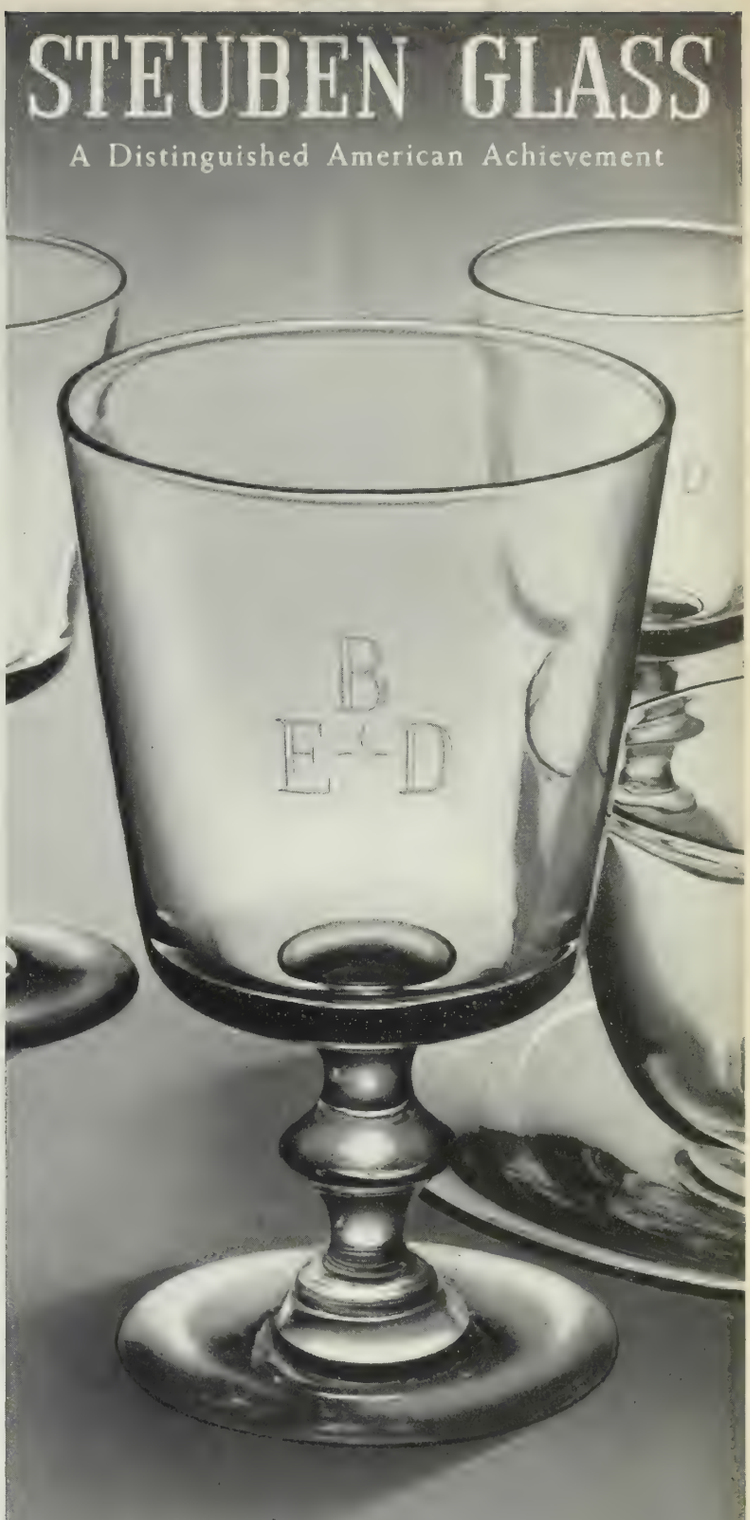

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FIFTH AVE. AND FIFTY-SIXTH ST., NEW YORK

THE Editor's Cornucopia

THE TRUTH WILL OUT

I wasn't going to mention what I got for Christmas but after I read Ladd Haystead's new book, "Farm for Profit and Vice Versa," I decided I might as well tell all. He makes a big point of the fact that you cannot live successfully in the country unless you can be and are willing to be a super-handyman: blacksmith, painter, mechanic, electrician, truck driver, vet, nurse, all rolled into one.

I got a set of carpenter's tools. I nearly said I got a *full* set of carpenter's tools, but there is no such thing. No matter how many hammers and nails and chisels and drills and punches and saws you have, there are always a few other things you ought to get in order to do whatever it is you're intending to do the way it ought to be done.

My set is simple but adequate. So far it has enabled me to convert part of a bookcase into a gun cabinet, which is a lot better than buying something advertised in "Esquire." A mighty fine cabinet it is, too, with rubber covered notches to hold the gun barrels in soft, caressing arms. Some day I'm going to paint it like the rest of the room.

I also built a hog house. I built it according to some very neat specifications sent to me by Prof. Bill Skelly, who might be called the hog brain of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station at New Brunswick. I had only one slight difficulty and that was really Professor Bill's fault, for he apparently didn't take the width of our garage doors into consideration when drawing up the specifications for his hog house.

For a time it looked as though the simplest thing to do would be to bring the hogs down to the garage and let them live in there, but we finally compromised by taking a couple of inches off the roof of the hog house and dismantling, temporarily, the garage doors. Both operations a cinch, of course, for a man versed in the use of tools.

HOW TO GET THINGS DONE AROUND THE FARM: DO THEM YOURSELF

I have built bird houses and a garden seat that might, by someone with imagination, be called a Belvidere. I have built new cold frames. I have refurbished, in preparation for next winter, the handsome sleigh presented to us because we still have horses by Mrs. Leander Riddle, in which the Lee boys—Homer and Leander—claim to have spent a happy youth; it's hard to believe, they being about 6 feet 7 each at the moment and almost big enough to pick up the sleigh and carry it.

At the moment I am in the process of converting a pair of old sulky wheels into a fire cart. I have the wheels painted red and there's the hose lying patiently in a box next to the plug, but I haven't been able, so far, to figure out the proper way to wed them. Maybe if I had a fireman's hat I could perform my epithalatory duties a little more efficiently.

My wife is no end impressed, I think, by the magnificent manner in which I have taken up what amounts to cabinet making at my late stage in life.

"Chips," she said to me the other day, the new nickname being short for Chippendale, "I've got your next year's Christmas present all figured out. You're going to get a plumber's kit."

THE THINKER

I was tremendously impressed by a speech made before the Quaker City Farmers not so long ago by Prof. Henry Keller, famous New Jersey economist, in which he said in effect that in these critical times "every farm should have someone on it who doesn't do anything but think." No work of any kind. No bending over. Just think.

I liked the speech particularly, and quoted from it liberally, because that's the job I want for myself—no matter what my wife says about it.

Why, it's even better than the job every man on the old "New York World" was angling to get. They had a fellow on that great newspaper of the past, you may have heard, who had a private office, a statuesque secretary, and a salary reputed at times to be $15.000 a year, with this title chastely lettered in gold on his door: "Suggestion Editor."

We all thought it would be pretty nice to get a ten-year contract at, say, $8,000 a year, take a slightly smaller private office, be content with a slightly smaller secretary, and be "Assistant Suggestion Editor."

Not to get too far off the point, I wish to state that I have already, in preparation for my new job, found the ideal position for thinking, or making suggestions. It is in a comfortable chair in the living room directly under a good light (so placed that it can be turned off without shifting the position) with my feet resting on a Gloucester Leg Stool.

This is a really extraordinary contraption which costs nothing—if you get it as I did, as a Christmas present from an adoring sister- and brother-in-law. Some people, I have heard, have paid fabulous sums for one and I wish to state that it must certainly have been money well spent. For there just isn't anything so comfortable.

The one I have was made by a gentleman named Percy Watt Hood at Gloucester, Virginia, and he has built himself a business so unique that it deserves some special mention. Certainly it serves as an inspiration to those who wonder how in the world, in these days of mass movements, the individual can do anything for himself.

Mr. Hood was a vice-president of the Timken-Detroit Axle Company in 1933, when he was retired at the age of 60. He moved to historic and peaceful Gloucester County and made up his mind to take it easy. Instead, he found himself fretting at his inactivity.

One day he visited a neighbor who owned many priceless antiques and presently found himself conversing in unparalleled comfort. He discovered, to use his own words, that his comfort was due to the fact that he had hoisted his legs on to an Eighteenth Century "gout stool." The angles of the stool were so pitched that he was completely relaxed.

Mr. Hood had a gout stool made for himself, then gave some as presents to his friends. Pretty soon his friends' friends were writing him please to send them a gout stool at any price. Before he knew it he had a "factory."

It is a two-man factory. A master carpenter named W. Preston Day makes the stools—and that's all he makes—in the old-fashioned bonded, mortise and tenon pegged and glued way. His knowledge of mass production, they boast, is absolute *zero*. Mr. Hood does all the clerical, selling and correspondence work, without even a stenographer. It keeps the two of them happy, healthy, busy, and I hope rich as well.

SKETCHES BY GORDON ROSS

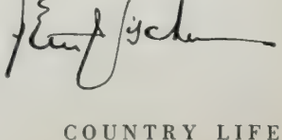
It's a mighty handsome little thing, too—fortunately nothing like the contraption that Gordon Ross cooked up for the illustration that goes with these fascinating words.

As I said, this is the way to . . . ah . . . relax. Oh yes, and think. Or did I say it? Maybe I dreamt it.

At any rate, I've got my feet up on my stool and I'm all ready now to think.

Anybody got any ideas?

Quiet, please . . . I thought the light *was* out. . . .



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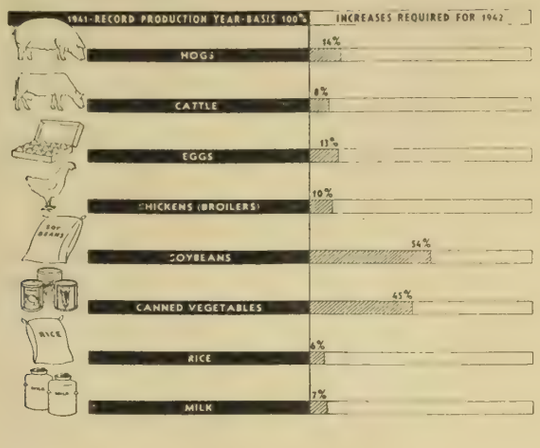


by T. L. WHEELER, JR.

"Willie, if you raised ten hogs last year, and Uncle Sam wanted you to increase your pork production 10% in 1942, how many hogs would you have to raise this year?"

"Ten, ma'am."

"Willie! You'd have to raise more *hogs, wouldn't you? Think now."*

"I am thinkin', ma'am. I'd raise bigger hogs."

LIKE Willie, American farmers are thinking. They are beginning to realize they can't go along in the old way if they are to meet the 1942 goals for food. They must grow more corn to the acre or farm more acres; they must get more milk from each cow or increase the number of their cows; they must raise more hogs, or "raise bigger hogs."

The greatest production in the history of American agriculture is the request made by Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard. As he says, "this calls for putting every acre of land, every hour of labor, every bit of machinery, fertilizer and other supplies to use which will best serve the nation's wartime needs."

At this crucial time in the nation's fundamental industry, farming, the men who must carry this burden are faced with problems. They must do more with less labor; they must utilize their machinery and equipment to the best advantage.

If they increase the production of each cow and each hen, if they make each hog and each steer bigger and fatter, they must feed better and more intelligently and house their herds and flocks better. And if they increase the number of cows, hens and hogs, they must have housing for the increase and "conveniences" with which to reduce the labor of feeding and care.

Every milk cow the farmer adds increases his work, for cows must be fed, bedded down, milked. The labor problem these additional chores present becomes doubly acute in view of the rapidly growing shortage of farm labor. Every hen added to the flock, every extra hog and sheep put into the feedlot, means more work and more management.

There is the matter of maintaining the health of livestock. Every sick animal reduces production and every animal that dies is a total loss to the Food-For-Victory program. To maintain livestock health, there must be constant attention to feeding, housing, daily handling.

More milk, more pork, more eggs, more wool, more of just about everything from the farm is needed to feed and clothe and keep up the morale of both civilians and men under arms, not only in the United States but in the camps and homes and on the battlefields of our allies.

The average increase requested for all farm products in 1942 is 15% and for every farmer who does less than his share of this additional production in any one crop, another farmer somewhere else will be called upon to do just that much more than his share, if the quotas are to be met.

It is well to remember that this extra production is in addition to the record-breaking totals produced last year. And how did our farmers manage to do so much last year? By working harder and longer every day than any other group of workers in the country. Every member of the family had to do more than he or she had ever done before.

On thousands of farms the women and girls rode tractors and cultivators and did other jobs ordinarily delegated exclusively to men and boys. Children were kept home from school to help whenever and wherever they could. In no other way could the abundant harvest of 1941 have been garnered.

Now these same people are being asked to help win the war and write the peace by scaling up their production another 15%!

More farm labor would partially solve the problem—but farmers are now faced with the necessity of managing with less labor, not more! The army, navy and air force have already drawn heavily on farm hands from every section of the country, and are calling for still more. The lure of construction and factory jobs paying two, three and four times as much as farm labor, has reduced the supply of farm workers still further.

And now with armament plants beating the bushes for more millions of workers to fill well-paying factory and

Sheet steel, unfit for war, makes the farmer's bank

PHOTO BY J. W. McMANIGAL

— FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR . . . IF! —

munitions jobs, congressman are getting letters from hundreds of rural constituents demanding that something be done to check this draining of the farm labor supply.

Farm owners and tenants, in many cases, are threatening to "close shop" and move to the city where they, too, can earn just as much for half the effort. Others deplore the fact, that, even though willing to do their patriotic best, they simply cannot get the materials and labor to build badly needed silos, storage bins, corn cribs, shelters for hogs and other livestock, houses for chickens, barns for milk cows, and other essential buildings.

Reports from many places tell of farmers desperately gathering lumber from old buildings and other discarded material to build makeshift shelters for stock and bins for storage. They are doing the best they can.

But their best will not be good enough unless they supplement it with some of Willie's reasoning. By raising fatter hogs and cattle, increasing the production of their milk cows, raising the egg production of their hens, cutting the mortality rate of the chickens they raise for market, and drastically reducing their losses of silage and feed grains caused by mold, overheating, fire, rats and mice, and other preventable causes, they can go a long way toward meeting the new production quotas.

For example, by increasing the average egg output of each hen by only one egg a month—12 per year—all of the increased egg quota could be filled without requiring more layers. Such an increase would call for a boost in the average hen's egg yield of from 103 to 115 per year. This could be done by most any farmer, were he sure of getting the right feeds and the right type of housing equipment for his chickens. Poultry experts could do a great deal better.

As for milk production, an increased yield of 10 lbs. per cow per week would give Uncle Sam all of the additional milk he is asking for in the new quotas. This may be considered a high average increase, but the figure gives a ready estimate of how far any part of the increase would go towards meeting the milk requirements.

It is probably conservative to say that one-third of the nation's milk cows are, in some degree, poorly fed, poorly housed, poorly tended. And in many herds there are cows that are not paying for their keep. Often farmers don't even know which are their reliable cows and which aren't, for they don't all keep records.

This is just one of the many angles the farmer must be alive to, if he is to meet the present situation; in other words, he must use good business judgment and carefully approved practices. He must *know* that his farm factory is actually running economically and efficiently.

To be sure, economic and efficient operation is more easily said than done, in view of the handicaps farmers have to overcome. But it can be done if farmers are provided with sufficient labor-saving machinery and modern, efficient buildings. Given these, they can offset to a degree the labor shortage, as well as avoid the need for cultivating marginal, less-productive land.

MR. Wheeler, director of the farm program at station WOWO, Fort Wayne, Indiana, is known over a wide area as a farm editor, writer, radio commentator. Born and raised on a farm and a graduate of Ohio State University, he was for 35 years editor of the leading farm paper in one of the nation's richest farming states. His study of farm problems includes extensive traveling, not only through the United States, Canada and Mexico, but in Europe as well. Long an advocate of better farm "plant equipment" as well as modern farm machinery, he here suggests a step which would not only help meet the nation's tremendous wartime food quotas, but would also bring lasting improvements in one of the most important factors of profitable farming.

The problem of the proper storage of grains and roughage feeds is a big one in itself. If America must have 15% more cattle, 5% more hogs, 2% more sheep, 10% more milk cows, and 15% more poultry, in addition to still bigger increases in grain, then more storage and housing methods will help increase the net production without any increase in tillage or harvest.

Fireproof storage of grains on all farms would save countless tons of the ultimate supply. Rat-proof storage would save hundreds of thousands of tons. Modern storage bins that would reduce or eliminate molding, rotting, excessive drying, and other forms of storage losses would save millions of tons.

The government has already taken steps to see that farmers will be able to get an appreciable share of the new machinery and equipment they need, as well as repair parts to keep the machinery they have in working order.

But it has done comparatively little thus far to help the farm building situation. It has apparently failed to realize that a farm is much like a manufacturing plant. To get the greatest production something more than labor and machinery is needed. The factory building is equally important. And the factory of today is a modern structure.

Just so, the efficient farm plant must have modern buildings. Modern feeding methods require new curing structures. Modern harvesting procedures take new storage facilities. Modern dairy operations require entirely new barn planning.

Many of the old style, two-story barns, housing livestock and the feed supply, as well as machinery, cannot meet present-day requirements. The trend is toward one-story, well planned, well lighted, well ventilated buildings for housing herds, with separate storage for feeds and grains.

This year, in the face of construction labor shortages that make it difficult for the farmer to have the buildings he needs erected on his land, and farm labor shortages that make it impossible to construct, on his own, more than a small portion of the new silos, storage bins and other structures needed . . . in the face of crowded transportation facilities that make it difficult for farmers to obtain many of the materials from which to construct their own buildings, and with long working hours already crowding out the farmer's chances of having much time to spend in doing construction work, a solution that has never before been so thoroughly practical presents itself. It is this:

With the production of automobiles now completely stopped, the possibility of allocating a considerable portion of the sheet metal used in their manufacture to the production of all types of prefabricated steel farm buildings is now possible.

This particular type of steel has few uses, comparatively, in the production of heavy armament, and steel plants equipped to fabricate it cannot readily be converted to the fabrication of other steel.

Only a fraction of the steel (*Continued on page* 66)

Proposal for a Land Army

Part I

by ***RUSSELL LORD***

As long as the free land lasted, this country had the makings of a democracy that might have been expected to accord with the Jeffersonian dream: "Then shall they sit, each man, under his own vine and under his fig trees, and none shall make them afraid."

To speak plainly, things have not worked out that way. But we still have the makings of an enduring democracy on this land. We have the land. We have the dream, undying. In time of war and in time of peace, we have the national stamina, the strength and the character, to work it out.

To work it out will require a free and bold approach and great rearrangements of our preconceived notions about liberty and about land. These rearrangements, these new approaches to the idea of freemen working a free land together, are visibly under way. In these quick notes I intend to suggest nothing final, but simply to indicate the direction in which I think we are heading, to advance a tentative proposal, and to arouse discussion.

Free land, or land nearly free, provided an equality of human opportunity that for more than three hundred years made this land indeed a brave New World. If you didn't like working for somebody else and saying "Sir," you didn't have to. You could walk out on the whole system, heroically, and become one of a new landed gentry at Government expense.

Even if it turned out that you weren't much of a farmer, you didn't have to go around asking people to give you work. The Government had made a landlord of you, and probably a conservative, for as long as you could hold that land. Landlords may have been the very thing you had left the East to get away from, but this was different. This piece of land was *yours*.

With the nation filling up, the demand for earth-room increasing, and land of every description advancing in price, you could farm at a paper loss for thirty years or longer and retire with a competence. You could wear out one, two, or even three farms by wastrel and incompetent farming. You could leave wastelands behind you as you moved your family westward. Even so, you might retire to sunny California on what you had made in the real estate business. This opportunity existed and beckoned quite generally until as recently as 1919.

Some of the pioneers, no doubt, were educated men of established position, oppressed as the East grew older by the domination of caste lines imported from the Old World, and by the extension of a commercial discipline. But I think it was mainly disadvantaged people, more directly oppressed, who toiled through forests and over mountains to get away from it all. You didn't need much education to make a success of pioneering.

You didn't need any of the traditional advantages. Schooling, rich relatives and pleasant manners were all right if you had them. But even if you hadn't been born in the right bed, with land and money behind you, you could surge right along with the aristocrats, and stand a fairly even chance of becoming a leading citizen and a father of the Republic in parts unknown.

The main thing you needed was strength, both of body and purpose. After that, you needed good judgment and a certain amount of luck. Also, you needed a good strong woman, and frequently, when that woman was worn out, a new one.

Land was our specie of relief in those days. After the War of the Revolution, after the War of 1812, and especially after the War Between the States, we gave free land in great areas to veteran soldiers first and then to the civilian dispossessed and driven during successive postwar panics and depressions. Our most flamboyant periods of so-called free enterprise were sustained, for small holders and for large holders, by a hitherto unimagined burst of headlong subsidy. And the specie, as I have indicated, was not gold. It was land.

We tried the same thing, in a necessarily constricted way, after World War I. Land grants were made to veterans, even then. In 1926, as a farm reporter I spent a day with the hardiest survivors of their Government's misplaced beneficence on dryland half-section grants in the Rockies near Walsenburg, Colorado, six thousand feet above the sea. The rainfall on these grants averaged under 18 inches annually. The sites were often too steep for safe plowing or farmland "cultivation" of any description. Plowing, rather than grass culture, was advancing. And shortly afterwards there were dust storms there.

An era ended. We went on acting as if it hadn't and that the Good Old Days would soon return. We all remember what followed: the panic, the failures, the foreclosures, with vast domains of freehold land passing into the unwilling hands of strong holders who really were strong no longer, and who hardly knew what to do with so much land. We all remember the long lines of unemployed, and the shivering men peddling apples—traditional symbol of earth's fruitfulness and bounty—as a decent means of asking alms.

The New Deal, so-called, when it came, was no sharp new dispensation. In every vital essential—I can testify as to agriculture particularly—the harassed and inexperienced New Deal executives simply started to do expensively and boldly things which had been inaugurated defensively and grudgingly, out of sheer driving need, by the preceding Administration.

Triple-A plowed down some cotton. The Farm Board had suggested that idea, and had approached crop birth-control by making certain restricted loans only under the owner's agreement to restrict acreage. It was, to be sure, the Roosevelt crowd who set up the Civilian Conservation Corps, and

— PROPOSAL FOR A LAND ARMY—PART I —

found the idea then immensely popular. But any one who had traveled through the stricken South as I had during the Hoover days could see the beginning of that in truckloads of the unemployed being hauled, under local or Red Cross governance, to help in the fields for subsistence rations.

In our time of bitter need we turned, rich and poor, as if by instinct, to the land again. We found it a changed land, and in changed hands. Much of it had been thinned and beaten. To get title (with a small "t") to even a little piece of sheltering and yielding earth was much more difficult than had been true in our fathers' time.

But the land was still there, with the wind and sun upon it. And there was food in this land for us, and shelter, and refuge, and work.

The C.C.C., which militant conservatives strive now to diminish or liquidate, was the greatest democratic land army ever formed to heal wasting groundline resources and to prevent young lives from being wasted.

It was an army of peace, rebuilding America from the ground up. One thing that makes the C.C.C. an easy target now is a feeling that young men who ought to be soldiers might take refuge there.

That might be. The labor army idea from the first has attracted pacificists and does now. But this tendency can certainly be checked or governed. And the work camp or labor army idea can be made, I suppose to show, a powerful adjunct to national security in time of war as well as in the coming years of peace.

No candid summary of the idea's growth in this and in other countries can leave out of the accounting a rather starry-eyed idealism, and touches of cultism, which in wartime must be curbed, if not suppressed entirely.

The Brook Farm intellectual Puritans of New England, for instance, toyed with the idea locally, and on the whole harmlessly. Partly from this source came some of the most enduring thoughts of Emerson. In England at about the same time, Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin, spoke for labor armies. Carlyle called for "industrial regiments. . . . Not to fight the French and other . . . but the bogs and wilderness at home and abroad."

Ruskin, addressing military students, advocated using the military in peacetime for similar service. "Suppose," he suggested, "instead of this volunteer marching and countermarching, you were to do a little volunteer ploughing and counterploughing? . . . The dust of the earth, so disturbed, is more grateful."

In 1912 William James published his famous essay, "The Moral Equivalent of War." He advocated a conscription of the whole youthful population to engage for a term of years in the service of their country on the land. Thus, "injustice would tend to be evened out," he wrote, "and numerous other goods to commonwealth would follow. . . . No one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's real relation to the globe he lives on.

"Our gilded youth would be drafted off, according to their choice, and get some of the childishness knocked out of them, to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would tread the earth more proudly. They would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation."

In worn Europe, after the first World War, the idea or ideal took root and grew in many places. In Germany, where its beginning seems to have been no less idealistic than elsewhere, it was wax in the hands of "the world's greatest seducer: Adolf Hitler," writes Dorothy Thompson with forthrightness. She continues:

"Hitler's triumph over democracy was made possible only by the unemployed hands and unemployed imaginations of German youth. . . ." He exploited and debased the instinct for the democracy which is organic, which is based on brotherhood. He had to spend many years of systematic indoctrination, seduction and perversion, eventually cutting off his people from the whole outside world in order to create a youth willing to fight this war against the world. . . . Hitler is the most terrible perverter of pure love into sadistic perversion that the world has ever known."

Elsewhere on the elder continent, however, in Czecho-Slovakia, in the Scandinavian countries, and in Holland, acute observers agree that the land army and work camp idea was working powerfully for the advance of a tolerant and informed democracy—up to the time at least that Hitler extended his domain. These observers believe that to preserve democracy in this country the land army must be kept alive and growing, through the war and after the war, in this land of the free.

What was done on this land of ours from 1933 to the outbreak of actual war anew in Europe had a considerable effect on the minds of thoughtful Englishmen, in the upper classes especially, before hell broke loose over there again.

I have before me on this desk a board-bound pamphlet of 86 pages, dated Oxford, 1938. It is the report of a summer school and conference of a society formed there, "Men of the Trees." The founder, Richard St. Barbe Baker, we read on the inside back cover, was working as a forest officer in Africa: "He found the Kikuyu ignorantly burning the forests to grow food, moving on every few years as the soil perished in the sun, literally making deserts. By means of a new dance ceremony he turned back the idea through interesting them in tree planting. The tree-planting brotherhood grew beyond expectation and is now world-wide.

"In Palestine, made a desert since the prosperous time of the Roman occupation, land is now being planted by co-operative efforts of races who otherwise hate one another.

"In America, the soils torn from the prairies by reckless methods of wheat growing, and the forests cut and burned from the hillsides have changed to deserts menacing the very existence of man. Our Founder's personal contact with President Roosevelt has resulted in plans to fight this terror by re-afforestation to the benefit of the youthful unemployed. Much might be done on similar lines in Great Britain with lasting benefit to the country."

These were dreams in a time (*Continued on page* 54)

THIS is half of a two-part discussion. "Next month," Russell Lord writes, "I shall enter upon a question which the thoughtful headmaster of a private school in Maryland put up to me this week. 'How,' he asked, 'are we going to keep the advantages of a private school system, and at the same time teach these privileged boys and girls what democracy is and what real work is, not in terms of theory but in actual experience. Do we have to have a war every so often to break down the caste distinctions which tend now to keep our private school people and our public school people fences away from each other—and scornful?'" The second half of the discussion will appear in Russell Lord's article here next month.

The Spill

DRY POINT ETCHINGS BY R. H. PALENSKE

Dude Ranches

by JAY WINGATE

Do you want an adventure? Do you seek peace in troubled times?

Would you like the sportiest summer you've ever had? Or a complete change?

Then take your family ranching under the snow-capped peaks of our great Rocky Mountains!

For generations, the tonic of our West has built up the vitality and morale of the people of our nation. Indeed, back before the turn of the century, one of the great Americans, an Earlier Roosevelt, sought health on a Western ranch, and his years in the saddle there contributed in large measure to the vigor which sustained him at the head of his "Rough Riders" at San Juan Hill, as well as in the historic years that followed.

Today—more than ever—our national vitality and morale must be sustained. Vacations are imperative to obtain relaxation and relief from the perplexities and pressure

of war-time business pursuits. Certain safety is what we want for our children. Here, then, is our chance to "do our duty"—and like it! A rare opportunity these days—when far too frequently the duty is less joyous!

So, ranching you should go. And you have the whole wide West to choose from!

Dude ranching has become one of the West's major enterprises, and it offers all things to all comers. You can find everything from the sheer luxury of Eastern resort comforts to the primitive roughness of the wilderness.

Today's dude ranch guest lives the life of the Old West, to paraphrase a famous saying, with all of its joys and none of its dangers. To that end, the present day ranch is a composite of the palatial spreads of the early-day cattle kings, so often lavishly built on Eastern capital; the meagre single-room shack of the open range; and a modern Western treatment of an Eastern preconception.

For indeed, many Easterners do have a preconceived notion of dude ranches and ranch life. The Zane Grays and the Harold Bell Wrights did their bit toward creating a vivid and fascinating West for the delectation of the Easterner. The motion pictures' contribution, those early horse operas, "the Westerns," dear to the hearts of American youth, upheld the fascination. And with the advent of radio, the cowboy balladiers added the final touch with their haunting melodies. Poignant or rollicking, their tunes, the true folk music of the American West, delights the ears of urban Easterners. They capture the hearts, stimulate the imagination, and—lo! A potential dude is born!

Up and Over

Ride 'Em Cowboy—Calgary, Canada

It's brutal to interrupt this panegyric of dude ranching . . . but before you get too excited and start packing for a Western departure, a few practical aspects must have brief consideration.

First, every cowboy is *not* "the answer to a maiden's prayer." Cowboys are not a race of people set apart for the sole purpose of romance, legitimate or otherwise. They are not lying in wait, eager to pounce upon the unsuspecting, unprotected maiden or mistress, to woo her ruthlessly, and wed her for her gold.

Nor, for that matter, are the famous cowgirls patiently waiting to lure the tired business man, nor for a wealthy Eastern suitor to sweep them off their feet! Alas for "the pulps"! These fine young people are just Americans, like you and me. They work hard doing jobs they enjoy.

That they wear an aura of romance is not surprising, because their life is truly romantic—but, then, all outdoor work is, by comparison with sedentary routine. And isn't any personable young man or woman clad in other-than-mufti endowed with a peculiar charm? (How about those hospital patients who become enamored of their uniformed nurses, and the increase in war brides, come war?)

Second, while dude ranching is admittedly one of the best things in life—to date the best things in life *aren't* free (reports to the contrary notwithstanding). A dude ranch vacation, like any other, can cost just as much or as little as you want to spend. From $35 to $75 a week you can get meals, a bunk and a horse—the bare essentials—plus joys beyond belief.

Your equipment should be simple and inexpensive—comfortable sports clothes, practical riding clothes, and a warm sweater and dependable raincoat are vital necessities. A minimum of responsibility is to be desired, thus a minimum of equipment is advised. You can always supplement your outfit locally. It's more fun that way, anyway.

Lest you be hesitant about embarking on this exciting summer adventure or this scent for relaxation and contentment, be reassured, you *will* enjoy it, truly. In the first place, the atmosphere is one of camaraderie and

The Outlaw

Dude Ranches

good fellowship, completely foreign to the formality and social aloofness of a fashionable resort. And while excellent precautions are taken for the comfort and well-being of the guests (with a few intelligent restrictions), there is a refreshing absence of *noblesse oblige* in the matter of routine group participation, etc. On the whole, you may do just about as you please.

Horseback riding, of course, is the principal diversion of dude ranch life. And your wrangler will pick you a horse that will best fit your requirements. Incidentally, timidity is not scorned: it is respected and helped, till it is overcome. If you like, you can start your day-on-horseback at sun-up, going out to help round up the horses. You can take a pack train and go out camping in the hills, for days on end. You can help ride in a round-up. It's up to you.

Perhaps you don't ride. Even so—there's plenty of interest and excitement for you on a dude ranch. You'll probably get up early. First, because that glorious "winey" Western air makes you simply ravenous for your breakfast. And no strained fruit juice and weak tea will suffice either! Then, too, you probably won't want to miss any of the fun that's going on. But if you *do* want to lie a-bed there's none to say you nay! And if you do, then what fun to slip into the kitchen and have mid-morning coffee with the cook —if he'll let you.

Then what to do? Well, you don't have to do *anything*, if you don't want to.

There are always the ranch house lounges and porches, where you can laze away the days on a rustic couch amid native skins and trophies, in a delightful atmosphere redolent of the old West. Solitude is yours for the asking, or good companionship: the true spirit of the West, kindly, helpful, good-humored friendliness.

Ranch house life is a happy affair: good home cooking, the proverbially-elusive fourth for bridge usually available, congenial and convivial fellow dudes, and no matter when you usually retired at home, or how well or how badly you slept, you'll find that deep purple nights lure you early to your bunk and bless your slumbers with peace and rest.

Close at hand there are hiking trails through almost unbelievably wild cow country. There are mountain streams that speak a language all their own to the tireless fishing enthusiast. There's usually a pool or an old swimmin' hole handy for a delightful dunk. Also shooting. And often tennis and softball.

Come Saturday night there will likely be a dance at your ranch house. If not, within driving distance there's sure to be a country dance where the natives will give you cordial welcome. No city "jiving" this—but a real old-time "hoe-down," square-dancing with fiddler and caller. At the command of "fill up the floor for a square!" it's "eight hands 'round the hall!"

A dude ranch is an ideal base from which to explore our great wide West. For the student there's a plethora of significant material: flora and fauna in a veritable photographer's paradise; relics and monuments of historical importance; Indian reservations where tribal customs are still observed and life is lived in primitive fashion. For the energetic sportsman there are rodeos to attend; mountains to explore; big game to hunt. For the health seeker, there are Spas to visit where one may both drink and bathe in the therapeutic waters. For all who love America, there are the great and glorious national parks and forests, which have been set aside for the people of America to enjoy.

There's a treasure trove of scenic grandeur and natural wonders in limitless supply. Wyoming has its Yellowstone, Grand Teton and Shoshone; Colorado offers Mesa Verde and Rocky Mountain Park; California invites you to Yosemite and Sequoia; there's Mt. Ranier in Washington; Crater Lake in Oregon; Glacier Park in Montana; Grand Canyon in Arizona; Zion and Bryce in Utah. Caves and caverns, glaciers and gorges, lofty mountain peaks and deep mysterious valleys, tall trees, lakes and rivers—America the beautiful!

A trip to the old West used to be a major operation—practically an emigration. Highways were far from perfect and train service was uncertain and expensive. Today it's a matter of suiting your own convenience. Transcontinental highways are the realization of a motorist's dream for those who have good tires. An overnight flight will take you to within a few minutes of your ranch house door. And, no matter where you start, the famous rail streamliners offer an all-too-brief few days of restful air-conditioned comfort as an interesting prelude to the excitement of ranch life.

Your choice of a ranch is a very personal consideration. Without any question, it's there, your dream ranch, just waiting for you to arrive.

Do you prefer the mountains or the prairies?

Do you want to be welcomed to the bosom of the family at an "operating" ranch, or be a guest where guests are the main business at hand?

Do you want to be social, exclusive, expensive, restricted? Or do you want to rough it with a good gay gang?

Are you a globe-trotting family, a honeymoon couple, a career person on the loose, or an enterprising American youth?

Are you sick or well—rich or poor?

Are you an American?

Then go West—my friend—hit the trail—become an old-timer so that next year you, too, may greet the pale face with the welcoming cry, "Hello, Stranger, where's your horse?".

The final choice of the perfect ranch-to-fit-your-needs will depend entirely, of course, on those needs. For general information—there's no finer source than the transportation companies, who have excellent data about the dude ranches within easy access of their lines.

The Northwest Airlines publish a most comprehensive Dude Ranch Guide Book. So do the railroad companies—the Great Northern Railway, the Burlington Route, the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and Santa Fe. Endless information suggestions, folders and photographs are available—all for the asking.

For specific information, there's no finer or more dependable source than the recommendation of a satisfied customer. So ask your friends who've ranched in former years. Call on that charming family down the block you've always wanted to know (you understand they went last year), here's an excellent excuse to break the ice! It may mean the beginning of some beautiful friendships!—there's no closer bond than the common interest in dude ranching!

Of course, if you can't find anyone who's ever "hit the trail"—then you *are* stymied, momentarily. So, from our own experience, may we respectfully, and with almost devastating nostalgia, mention a ranch or two we've known—and loved? Just write care of this magazine and a list of suitable ranches in widely different parts of the West will be forwarded to you.

Dynamite in the Philippines

This Is Not the First Time That American Bravery Has Been in Evidence

by CARY INGRAM CROCKETT

My charges numbered 525. Each, delivered in good condition at our destination, was worth more to the United States, sentiment aside, than an American soldier. The Army in the Philippines of that former day needed transportation. Lack of it was delaying operations against the Insurgents. Part of the motive power for the Army's trains was represented by the shipment of horses and mules I was taking from Chickamauga by Tacoma, Alaska, and Japan, to Manila.

At the age of 21 responsibility bears down like a crushing weight. With 65 tough and undisciplined civilian muleskinners and packers to control, I was learning this.

There were no troops to preserve discipline and enforce regulations for the care of the animals. The men obeyed orders after a fashion when sober, but it was clear that they resented having to take orders from me. To them I was a smooth-cheeked boy and such considerate treatment as I had shown had been taken as an indication of weakness.

The author on Dynamite in the Philippines in 1899

I had concluded that these men respected only the law by which primitive beings are governed—the law of force. Physical force was lacking. There remained only moral force and obviously it was up to me to exercise it.

The foregoing is introductory to a story about the most remarkable horse I ever knew. I have extracted it in part from a journal kept at the time. The stilted language used is characteristic of a serious-minded young man of the late Victorian period.

Tacoma, Washington,
August 11, 1899.

"The corral is established on a sandy piece of ground next to the wharf where the ship that is to take us to Manila is moored. Refitting for transporting animals will cause a delay of several weeks. I hope this will not result in postponing decisive operations against Aguinaldo until after the rainy season starts.

"The men are getting hard to handle. I look for serious trouble when they get their pay. If there is a single individual in the lot who could be depended upon to keep sober and support me I have not found him. But I do not fear the outcome of a contest where intellect is pitted against mere numbers and brute force."

August 20

"We have received a carload of range horses from Ellensburg, Montana. They were purchased under the assumption that all had been broken for riding. In the case of one I know the assumption was wrong.

"Yesterday, at the men's request, I permitted them to try the new horses. There was one which I was pleased to see they had reserved for me. This was a skinny bay of peculiar appearance. He had a white face, a glass eye, a pendulous lower lip, and was so meek and dejected that my sympathy was excited. I was afraid the men would handle this horse too roughly. The packers have been especially resentful of my disciplinary measures, so I was surprised to see them gather around me at this time.

"The bay made no movement while being saddled other than to shrink a little. At first I was reluctant to mount. thinking the horse might be ill. But when the packers told me that horses of the western plains frequently look and behave as this one did: that its actions indicated an exceptionally quiet and kind disposition, I hesitated no longer but leaped into the saddle.

"Part of my youth was spent at (*Continued on page* 60)

A PAGE A DAY . . .

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

With so many of our high-goal players in Service, some people fear there may be little polo this year. Our guess is that the great game will not be allowed to die out; it will simply be played in a slightly different manner. On bicycles, perhaps, instead of horses. Nor would this be something new, for 'way back in the Gay Nineties a group of college boys in Milton, Mass., started the first bicycle polo club in America. Later, the Aiken Preparatory School in South Carolina took it up and some of our greatest stars were developed on tin steeds: Stewart Iglehart, Pete Bostwick, Jimmy Mills, Cocie Rathborne. (It's the best possible training for real polo, you know.)

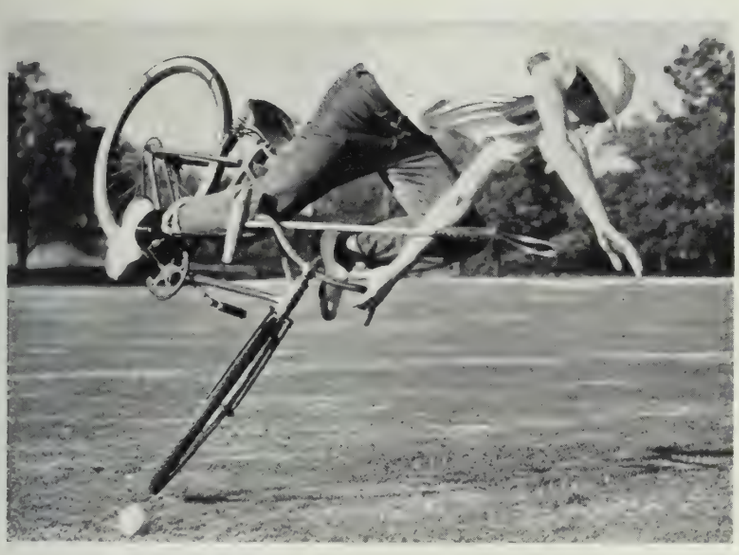
Not so long ago, Massachusetts came back into the limelight, not with eager youngsters in college but with earnest graduates who found they couldn't play polo any longer due to a slight matter of dollars and cents. The Hamilton Bicycle Polo Club was formed. The Dedham Country Club and Harvard followed suit. Tournaments were played . . . and crowds began to show up. It was fun--and almost as risky as the real thing.

You play on a field 175 yards by 75, preferably grass. You use sawed-off polo mallets and a regulation ball. The goal-posts are 12 feet apart and light, so they can be knocked down. Polo rules hold, except that you cannot ride a man off . . . or is that what the pictures show?

FRANK G. JASON PHOTOS

R. Bennet Forbes and Ted Osborne

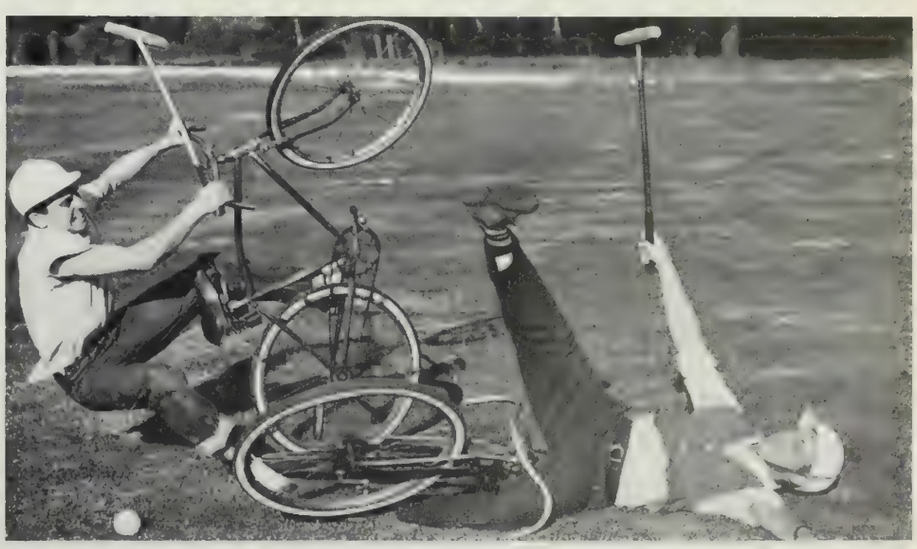
Looks like a nice friendly game, doesn't it?



This man is crazy about polo, as you can see

Skill is a prime necessity

Neat shot, eh what?



Write Mr. Forbes, care "Country Life," for full information

The monument to Lt. Levi H. Robinson

Horses for

The Story of Old Fort Robin Depot in

by ***MARGARET***

In February, 1874, in the deep cold of thirty below zero, impeded by heavy snow and lashing winds, eight companies of infantry and four troops of cavalry began the 200-mile march from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory, to Red Cloud Indian Agency, Nebraska. So bitter was the weather that men suffered frozen cheeks, hands, feet; some were saved by an application of snow and enabled to proceed, others had to be returned to the hospital at Fort Russell.

The Red Cloud Agency was on the White River in the northwestern part of Nebraska, three miles southwest of the present town of Crawford. Unrest among Red Cloud's 9,000 Oglala Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, and Spotted Tail's 6,000 Brulés thirty miles down the river, was so serious as to cause much uneasiness. Small bands were attacking all parties not strong enough to resist. So bold had these hostiles become that they did not stop with attacking civilians, but killed soldiers.

Lt. Levi H. Robinson, in charge of a wagon train hauling lumber from the government sawmill near Laramie Peak to Fort Laramie, accompanied by a corporal, separated from his train to shoot an antelope. Indians slipped between and killed them both. A clerk at Red Cloud Agency was shot by an Indian. These outrages caused the agents to ask for protection.

Gen. P. T. Sheridan responded on February 19 by ordering an expedition to proceed to Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies. In due time escort troops returned to their stations, and in Special Order No. 43, issued from "Headquarters Department of the Platte, Omaha, Nebraska, March 24, 1874," troops selected to remain at Red Cloud Agency were designated as the "regular garrison" and named as:

"Company G, 3rd Cavalry,
Company H, 8th Infantry
Companies B and K, 13th Infantry, and
Company F, 14th Infantry."

In a post return on file in the Adjutant General's Office, signed by Capt. Arthur MacArthur, father of the Hero of the Philippines, we find that Col. John E. Smith, 14th Infantry, commanding the Sioux Expedition, on March 29 officially designated this as Camp Robinson in honor of Lt. Robinson, killed by the Indians on the ninth of the previous month.

The infantry camp was established on a slight rise above the river bottom beside the Agency stockade, commencing at the door of the block house. The first tents of the officers' line were occupied by Col. Smith, who maintained his headquarters with the troops for many months; Lt. McCammon, acting adjutant general; Lt. James A. Buchanan, who accompanied the district commander as aide-de-camp; and Adjutant William H. Carter, who at a much later date was again connected with the post. The cavalry troop, commanded by Lt. Emmet Crawford, camped on the opposite side of the river.

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

Big chiefs of the Sioux-Cheyennes with United States Army officers at Fort Robinson in 1896 or 1897

the Army

on, Greatest Remount the World

PHIPPS LEONARD

The monument to Chief Crazy Horse

Reconstructing the scene, we envision 300 hardy soldiers bivouacked in forty tents. Bare, gaunt trees afford slight shelter from icy blasts which sweep across winter-dead prairies and beat against the bleak white buttes to the north. There is the faint, muted flow of little White River under its covering of ice; the snow-creak of high-wheeled wagons hauling in firewood; the ring of axe and the scream of saw against logs; the neighing and stamping of restless horses. Fragrant wood smoke rises fast and thick from the pipes of forty Sibley stoves as the cold deepens.

A mile to the southeast camp Red Cloud and his 9,000 Indians. Thirty miles eastward at Camp Sheridan are Spotted Tail and his 6,000 Brulés. Two hundred miles to the southwest is Fort Russell, the nearest railroad or telegraph station, with only Fort Laramie between. This vast sweep of country is inhabited only by wild game and predatory animals: buffalo, bear, elk, antelope and deer; coyotes, wolves, grizzlies.

A desolate picture, but the courageous spirit of Camp Robinson took strong root and in the course of years this little camp grew into the largest Remount Depot in the world.

As spring warmed into summer, camping in the vicinity of the Indians became disagreeable, as they never hauled away refuse. The post commander selected a site on the north side of the White River near the junction of a small stream (later named Soldier Creek) about a mile from the Agency. On higher ground Lt. P. H. Ray and Adj. Carter laid out a more spacious camp that had been permitted in the first instance, and again the cavalry camped across the creek on the low land.

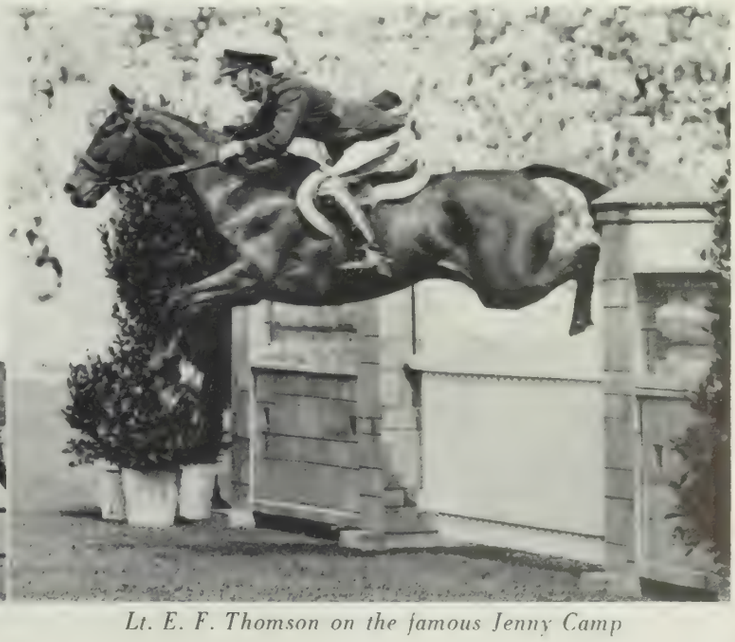
In the autumn of this same year orders were received to put the troops under more permanent shelter, and on the next level higher work was begun. Officers' quarters were built of adobe on stone foundations. Barracks for the infantry were built of logs, 150 feet long, 24 feet wide. Each had a center partition and gave accommodations for two companies, while a shed extension on the rear was divided into mess rooms, kitchens, and wash rooms. Barracks for the cavalry were built 90 feet long.

With the buildings came a new dignity—the post became Fort, instead of Camp, Robinson. In time a railroad reached the fort and, except for local supply requirements, the picturesque wagon trains were seen no more.

From the time the troops arrived at Red Cloud Agency, the Indians objected to wood cutting on the reservation; they claimed the entire country was theirs. The wagon train was sent out daily under heavy guard, and with the memory of the Fetterman Massacre fresh in mind, those in camp habitually kept near their arms during the absence of the wood-cutting party.

Though the situation eased with time, it led eventually to the

Lt. F. F. Wing on the tail-switching Dakota



Lt. E. F. Thomson on the famous Jenny Camp

necessity for a wood and timber reserve for use by the post. As originally announced in the executive order of November 14, 1876, the post reservation embraced twenty square miles, in accordance with Capt. U. S. Staunton's survey. In 1879, another executive order announced a wood and timber reserve, containing sixteen square miles, to solve the firewood problem. This tract lies two and one-half miles beyond the western boundary of the post reservation.

From the time of its establishment in 1874, Fort Robinson played a conspicuous part in the Indian Wars, because of its location in the heart of the Sioux Country. Its garrison took part in the campaigns against the Sioux and Cheyennes, both preceding and following the Custer Massacre. The removal of Red Cloud Agency to Pine Ridge drew away the Oglalas, but when the Ghost Dance craze had once more turned the minds of the Indians to war. Fort Robinson alone remained of all the old posts in the Department of the Platte. Its garrison, under Col. Guy V. Henry, rendered conspicuous service in the Pine Ridge Campaign of 1890 and 1891, the last of the Plains Indian Wars.

A number of quiet years followed in which the post was garrisoned by both cavalry and field artillery, but from the beginning of the long continued trouble on the Mexican Border in 1911 until 1919 it was practically abandoned. When America declared war against Germany before, however the spirit of the old fort wakened, for Major-Gen. Carter, once its adjutant, came out and prepared it for occupancy by the signal corps. Before actually taking it over, however, the war ended. And now a new period of development and usefulness began for Fort Robinson.

At the close of the World War, the supply of horses in the United States suitable for military purposes, was dangerously depleted, as foreign buyers had for four years been shipping our horses to warring nations. This brought about the organization of the Army Horse Breeding Plan, operated by the Remount Branch of the Quartermaster Corps.

The main object of the plan is the production of horses suitable for cavalry and light artillery use, in numbers sufficient for any national emergency, but which in peacetime may be used for general purposes, such as farm work, range and 'cross country riding, hunting and polo, this work to be centralized in three remount depots.

The plan provided for the purchase of 700 stallions and their placement with agents, usually ranchers and farmers. The country was divided into seven "areas" and the commanding officers of these area headquarters arrange for the issue of stallions from Remount Depots to agents. The plan also provides for a limited amount of breeding to be done at each Remount Depot.

Since experience had indicated that the half-bred produce of Thoroughbred stallions were best suited to military purposes, all but 33 of the 700-odd stallions (placed in 41 states and in Puerto Rico) are today Thoroughbreds.

When the plan was launched in June, 1919, the progressive spirit of Fort Robinson widened its influence to reach the western two-thirds of the United States and foreign possessions as Robinson Remount Depot.

Upon the arrival of the first Depot Commander, Lt.-Col. Edward Calvert, conditions would have dismayed any one other than a pioneer or a soldier. As a result of nine years of virtual abandonment, the buildings were badly in need of repairs and paint, and there were practically no fences

The stable for stallions at Fort Robinson and three of the horses who achieved fame there! Gordon Russell, by Marchmont 2nd out of Tokalon, by Tammany; Fitzgibbon, by Huon—Rosslare, by Sempronious; Sullivan Trail, by Wigstone—Spearíana, by Assagi

suitable for holding stock. In addition, public highways and railroads crossed the post reservation, which increased the need of herd-guards until fences could be built.

As pioneers have ever done, Col. Calvert set about using the raw materials at hand. A sawmill was installed; logs were hauled from the wood reserve and sawed into lumber for building shelter sheds and feeding facilities for 2,000 animals. Fence posts also were obtained from the wood reserve, and 38 miles of fence constructed.

With the closing of the Remount Depot at Fort Keogh, Montana, 38 broodmares and 95 one-, two-, and three-year-olds, also three Thoroughbred stallions were shipped down to Robinson; Defence, O'Sullivan, and Roly. This was the foundation stock of the nursery. The mares were common, but they were used for two reasons; first, no better ones were available; second, in order to interest ranchers in the Army Breeding Plan, they had to be shown what could be produced with mares such as they had, mated with Thoroughbred stallions.

Forty-six riding horses were shipped down too, among which enough good ones were found to mount a polo team. Polo was played for several years and proved to be most beneficial, as the men who played showed great improvement in the handling horses for issue. Also, it proved a magnet for securing re-enlistments.

The following spring, farm work began in earnest with the planting of alfalfa, grains, and a garden so huge that a canning outfit was purchased; 3,000 cans of vegetables were preserved and cellars were filled with roots, cabbages, etc. The farming operations were watched by the depot commander as if the farm were his personal investment.

Such was the *esprit de corps* developed by Col. Calvert and his successor, Capt. John T. Sallee, that all labor on the depot was pooled; that is, if the farming section were rushed, other activities were curtailed to the extent of employing all personnel of the depot at farming. Many times, in emergencies such as haying, enlisted men worked cheerfully side by side with civilians receiving twice as much pay, and the office personnel volunteered to work on Sundays.

Upon the death of her father, "Lucky" Baldwin, whose famous Thoroughbred nursery then covered the ground now occupied by the Santa Anita racing plant in California, Miss Anita Baldwin generously donated 17 mares to the Robinson Depot (with the stipulation that when no longer useful they should be destroyed). The arrival of these mares was an important event in the autumn of 1923. They were a handsome group, their veins carrying the finest blood in the country.

The next year, 1924, Capt. Sallee planned an all-day holiday June 16 commemorating the 149th anniversary of the birth of the Quartermaster Corps. In this celebration he had a two-fold purpose; first to enshrine the day in the hearts of those who had worked for the success of the undertaking at Robinson; second, to bring before the people proof of what had been accomplished in the production of better horses and the training of remounts.

They planned for the entertainment of 2,000 guests, but more than 4,000 came. Two beeves were barbecued, which, with 4,000 buns and hundreds of bread loaves from the post bakery, proved ample. In the afternoon a program of games and competitions, including polo, was enjoyed. This was the prelude to the more serious purpose of the celebration.

First was the exhibition of range mares with foals sired by Thoroughbred stallions. Half-bred mares with foals by the same stallions were shown as the second step, followed by three of the famous Baldwin mares with their pure-bred foals as the climax.

The half-bred yearlings, two- and three-year-olds, caused much favorable comment, while the cream of the four-year-old crop, selected for issue to the Cavalry and Field Artillery Schools, attracted wide and thoughtful attention.

The great number of inquiries from ranchers, who before that time had not been interested in the Government Breeding Plan, proved beyond question that the day had been spent to good purpose.

As opportunities came, similar exhibitions were given in nearby towns, at county fairs, etc., all of which stimulated interest in producing better horses.

But enough of the past! Let it suffice to say that each succeeding commander maintained all that his predecessors built, and added thereto his own contributions.

The depot today consists of two reservations. The wood reserve, the most beautiful section of Nebraska, with 10,400 acres divided into four great protected pastures traversed by the three headwaters of Soldier Creek; and the post reservation of twenty square miles, with many different divisions and, of course, innumerable necessary buildings. Together they have 111 miles of fencing.

Lt. Colonel James M. Adamson is the depot commander. He has under him six assisting officers, 121 enlisted men, and 125 civilians, including laborers.

The work of the depot is divided into three main sections, with considerable over-lapping, of course.

The animal section is in charge of Major Paul G. Kendall, animal officer. He is responsible for receiving, conditioning, training, and issuing all purchased animals—horses and mules—to the cavalry, artillery, etc. He also receives, conditions, and issues all purchased stallions.

The veterinary section is in charge of Lt.-Col. F. C. Sager, who gives veterinary care to all purchased animals during the quarantine period and assists the animal officer in the selection of animals for issue. Col. Sager's assistant, Capt. B. F. Trum, is in charge of depot breeding and gives veterinary attention to all animals in the nursery area. He also tests all purchased stallions prior to issue.

The quartermaster section has charge of routine supplies, supervision and maintenance of all utilities, supervision of several WPA projects, and many other things.

The maximum capacity of the depot is 2,000 animals, but the number processed of late years has averaged about 1,800 a year. The depot is large enough, and so designed, as to permit the expansion needed in wartime.

The normal cycle for processing purchased horses is like this:

Immediately upon receipt, the veterinary officer has the horses placed in isolation corrals and pastures in the quarantine area where they are held for thirty days. These corrals are numerous and large enough to accommodate 1,100 horses at one time. Here, chutes enable the men to put the Preston brand on twenty horses in thirty minutes. The horses are malleined (tested for glanders), and dipped in a warm solution of lime and sulphur to free them of any ringworm infection. They are also treated for the eradication of intestinal parasites. During the time of year when sleeping sickness might be prevalent, they are vaccinated. At the end of the thirty-day quarantine period they are turned over to the animal officer.

In this department card records are initiated; these show the Preston brand number, markings, color, measurements, and rating as an individual. The card also has spaces for

recording changes of location, which might read: "From Cherry Creek Pasture to No. 1 Wood Reserve Pasture May 19, 1940." On these cards the whereabouts of every horse is a matter of record at all times.

The horses are handled and ridden, then turned out in pastures reserved for the animal section. As a rule, they remain in this area for sixty days. At the end of that time, if shipping orders are on hand, they are again taken up and handled as before; their manes are roached, tails and feet trimmed, and they go through a building-up period to put them in good condition for shipping. If being shipped by boat, they are clipped.

Horses can endure cold without losing condition, if they have shelter. Therefore, through the Winter months purchased horses are held in five feeding traps along the White River, where the trees and brush provide protection. Each trap has water and sufficient open acreage for the horses to exercise on sunny slopes or meadows.

Hay bunks have been built among the trees, the walls are of small unpeeled logs fastened with wire instead of nails, which might work loose and cause injuries. Grain is fed in unique circular troughs; though horses may eat hay amicably, they habitually fight at the grain trough but at this circular trough their heels are so much farther apart than at a straight one that injuries have been greatly reduced.

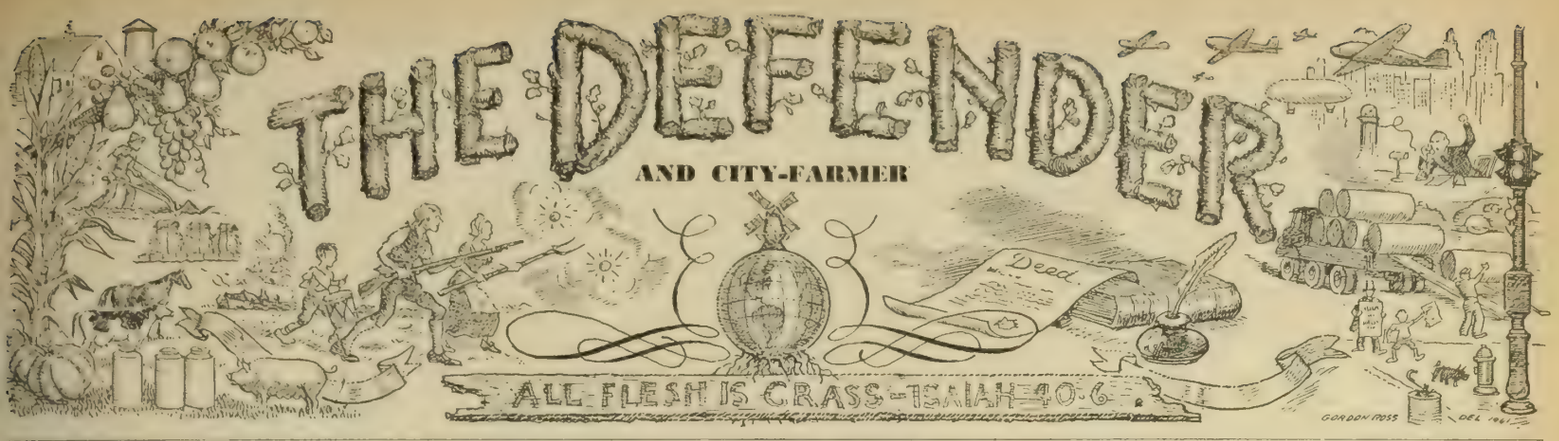
The depot normally serves Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, and all states west and south (excluding Oklahoma and Texas). In other words, all horses purchased by remount officers in, roughly, two-thirds of the United States are shipped to Robinson, where they are processed and readied for shipment wherever replacements are needed. In May of last year 160 head or eight carloads were shipped to the Philippine Islands.

In a big brick barn, reserved for their exclusive use, 25 issue stallions—in the pink of condition—were shown me. One was a gift, a few were recently purchased, a few depot-raised, others were being transferred from one agent to another. Their ages ranged from 4 years to 22, the four-year-old being a handsome depot-raised colt of choice breeding: Gordon's Stamp, by Gordon Russell-Stamp Act. The 22-year-old Secret Greetings is the oldest horse in the Remount Service, many of whose good sons and grandsons are purchased in Montana and Wyoming. And there was Rob Roy, an eight-year-old by Fitzgibbon out of Norera, the last "Lucky" Baldwin mare, who finished her work two years ago.

The horses were competently shown in a court lighted by floodlights at each corner. All types were represented, from horses of refinement to Nicodemus, a horse so big, rugged and heavily framed as to seem undesirable, yet valuable because he is destined to go to a certain ranch section of North Dakota, where only small grass-fed mares are available.

Since the beginning of the Army Breeding Plan, approximately 400 stallions have been received at Robinson, tested for fertility, conditioned, and shipped to agents in the same vast territory from which the depot receives purchased horses. Incidentally, each commander of a remount area travels 50,000 to 60,000 miles a year watching over the horses in his area, and advising with agents in their special breeding and nursery problems. (*Continued on page* 57)

At the top you see some depot-raised youngsters at feed bunks in the wood reserve. Col. E. N. Hardy, Chief of Remount, inspects some two-year-olds. The depot's chute for branding, clipping, mallein testing. The circular grain trough which helps reduce accidents



APRIL, 1942 *A special feature of* COUNTRY LIFE *devoted to America's city-farmer clubs*

PERSONALS

Bob Flaherty's great movie, "The Land," is going to be released after all, with an introduction by Henry Wallace, the v-p. It looked for a while as though some of the hushhush boys in Washington were going to be able to smother it on the score that some of the erosion shots (to say nothing of the Okies) ain't so pretty. Our advice is: "Don't miss it." ADV.

☞ Four Wisconsin city-farmers planted a quarter of a million trees on their lands in Marathon, Wood, and Oconto Counties in 1941—and did it independently of each other! It all came to light when the Wisconsin Conservation Department checked its figures and found that these four fellows had bought 250,000 four-year-old transplants at $7 a thousand! Henry and Ed Fromm, the world's largest fox farmers at Hamburg, Wis.; William F. Huffman, editor-manager of the "Daily Tribune," owner of radio station WFHR, president of the Wisconsin Radio Network, owner of cranberry marshes at Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.; Walter A. Olen, president of the Four-Wheel Drive Truck Co. at Clintonville.

Ye ed once helped plant 2,000 little trees and still limps a little from tamping 'em in with his right foot.

*Chester Holway writes in from Milwaukee that all city-farmers are not in the big cities and there must be a lot of them that aren't in any clubs as yet. Guess he ought to read the piece from Decatur, down in Gwogia, right in this issue.

We aim to please.

J. G. Hall, the handsome Texan, does New York just like one of the famous Quarter Horses he's so crazy about: quick start, lots of speed, great at ropin' . . . and a yippee hi ho.

William H. Perry of Charlottesville, down in Virginia, has signed up for ambulance service in Africa.

***Philip S. P. Randolph, Jr., has given New York the air for his farm at Pinehurst, N. C., where he's gone into the barter business. He advertises his stuff in the "Moore County News" like this: "H. M. Hill of Carthage will swap a used tire for country hams. . . . P. D. Yow of Carthage has a horse and bicycle. He will swap his bike for a saddle and ride the horse instead of the machine. . . . Miss Ollie Nall wants to exchange a good mule for a one-horse mowing machine."

Mrs. Jock McLean tells her old friends in the Nation's Capital that she has a farm in Texas. Gosh, thought they were all ranches down there.

CONSERVATION

"It is doubtful whether wildlife disappears under the impact of civilization. The rich variety of wildlife does indeed disappear, unless we take pains to preserve it, but the total volume of plants and animals is in all probability an automatic expression of the soil on which they grow. As long as the soil is there it will grow plants, and these plants will grow animals, and such part of both as are not domestic will be wild. Our option in wildlife is a question of quality, not quantity. Shall the wild growths of the soil retain a large part of their original diversity, beauty, and utility? Or shall they consist largely of simple plant and animal weeds? Conservation is the intelligent exercise of this option."

ALDO LEOPOLD.

Mrs. George W. Jacobs, Jr., now has Guernseys at her Sydney Farm, Norristown, Pa. Likes 'em, too.

*Mrs. R. G. Tobin moved to an 80-acre farm in LaSalle, Illinois, in March. Did the house over and made it look pretty nice with those woodcuts that appeared recently in "Country Life," all decked out in black and silver frames.

Knox Phagan is a tax adviser on farm matters and ought to know what he's talking about; has a 1,000-acre Guernsey-Jersey operation in Tennessee, also a barnful of Tennessee Walking Horses.

We told you last month that Lanny Ross's place up at Stamfordville, N. Y., is called Melody Farm and we thought that pretty appropriate. It turns out now that the whole Farm Club of New York thinks it's musical. Here's Willard H. Alexander with Angus cattle at Harmony Farm, Douglassville, Pa.; William R. Goodheart, Jr., with Melody Farms at Eaton, Ohio; Siegfried Hartman, with poultry on his Harmony Hollow Farms, near Lambertville, N. J.; to say nothing of Gordon Hall's Windytop Farm at Princeton.

W. P. Snow, brave farmer in Delaware County, is going to do a "Swap Sheet" for the Quaker City Farmers. Guess he doesn't know what he's let himself in for.

Rea Irvin, the artist, keeps watch for planes with his happy wife at his side to help.

DECATUR, GEORGIA

Down south at Decatur, Ga., city-farmers are organized into a City Slicker Club. It is composed of business men who live in DeKalb County and who have farms. (DeKalb adjoins Fulton County, of which Atlanta is the county seat.)

This club was organized in February, 1941, with the idea of helping the man in the city who owned a farm or the man who worked in the city and lived on the farm. There are no dues and the membership is more than 40. The club meets the second Thursday of each month. To be eligible for membership, the owner's farm must be in production.

It's interesting to note that not all of the Slicker Club meetings are held in town. In the summertime, they are conducted on the farms of individual members. The group inspects the farming operations and sees the new practices which have been put into effect. Also, it gives the individual members a chance to "show off" their farming, as well as enable their friends to gather new ideas.

Back in town, the meetings are devoted to important agricultural subjects and usually some agricultural authority in the state is invited to discuss things that concern the members. These specialists are invited at a time when the subject matter they are to discuss is timely, thereby proving very effective for the city-slickers.

For instance, one meeting concerned a discussion on the "Family Dairy Cow" by Prof. B. H. Henderson, head of the dairy department at the University of Georgia, in Athens. A discussion on quick freezing was the topic at the February meeting and forage and feed crops was a timely subject for March.

Incidentally, the Slicker Club members have two projects planned for 1942: the erection of a potato curing house and a freezer locker system.

Of real help has been the county agent, E. P. McGee. At each meeting he gives out a monthly schedule for farm work, and thereby aids the members in an effective way to learn more about farming and to put their farms on a more profitable basis. He is at present co-chairman of the group.

Officers of the DeKalb City Slicker Club are elected once a year. Current officers, in addition to Mr. McGee, are R. F. Sams, president, and Mrs. W. Guy Hudson, secretary. Mr. Sams is a large vegetable grower and is president of the Georgia Vegetable Growers' Association, while Mrs. Hudson is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

NEW YORK

A meeting of the Farm Club of New York is usually the high spot of the month for the enthusiastic members of this cheery group—certainly so for this avid reporter. But the March meeting, he must confess with that forthright truthfulness expected of a representative of "The Defender," he enjoyed the least.

The reason is simple: he just couldn't go.

While some seventy-odd members of the club gathered as usual in a sumptuous suite of the Hotel Roosevelt, to stuff themselves happily with expensive food, drink some of the better concoctions advertised in this (and other) magazines, then listen pop-eyed to some fascinating tale about timothy or clover, this reporter lay on a slat of pain—cursing the perverse fate that had sent him sniffling and smouldering into far less succulent hay, sent his wife to the sunny climes of Nassau, sent the Japs to the oily shores of Java, sent the Germans to the rocky shores of Norway, sent . . . oh God, those nasty horrid bugs!

However, he lay there in that unhappy bed serene in the knowledge that the show would go on, that, indeed, a report of the show would go on too. To make certain, he lifted himself on one elbow, with the help of three rather lovely nurses, and telephoned half a dozen fellow-members of the club known for their keen and retentive memories. He told them of the curious and difficult predicament in which he found himself.

Why certainly, old man, they said, don't give it a moment's thought. So he didn't. And so, it seems, they didn't, either.

Well, the upshot of the whole matter, as we gathered it weeks later, was that Dr. O. M. Sprague, who is New Jersey's expert on grasses and pastures, made the talk of the year. He really gave the boys the business about taking care of their fields, their hays, their stock, their pocketbooks. He told them, too, of the difficulties they are likely to be facing this year and how they should prepare themselves for the times to come. He spoke, of course, of the duties faced by farmers and city-farmers in trying to live up to the program outlined by the Department of Agriculture. He was good.

All in all, Dr. Sprague had something to say and did it very well, indeed. Some day, possibly in the near future, this reporter hopes to hear him with his own ears.

THE DEFENDER
and
CITY-FARMER

A Gazette of Rural and City Life for the Modern American

There is nothing better than farming, nothing more fruitful, nothing more delightful, nothing more worthy of a free man.—*Cicero.* The profit of the earth is for all.—*Ecclesiastes.* The best citizens spring from the cultivators.—*Cato.* The value of farm property in the United States, 1940, is $33.641,738,726. — *U. S. Census.* Millions for defense . . .

PATRICK Q. HENRY, *Editor*

APRIL, 1942

FARM LABOR

The duplicity of the Government in dealing with the farm labor problem is shocking and should be brought vigorously to public attention.

Responsible officials of the Government announce that they will require materially increased production from American farms this year. They know that this is hardly possible unless more labor, or more labor-saving machinery, is made available than was on hand last year. Indeed, they announce via the multifarious publicity channels through which our Government functions these days that farm labor is to be disturbed as little as possible.

That's what they say publicly.

But the Army is hot after farm boys and everyone in Washington knows it. Army officers will tell you privately that farm youths make the best soldiers in the mechanized units we are organizing today; more than that, they are not as smart aleck as the sophisticated young men from the cities and are therefore easier to handle.

If any further evidence is needed of the eagerness with which the Navy is going after farm boys in contradiction to what the Government says it's doing, take a look at the advertisement published by the Marine Corps in "Hoard's Dairyman," reproduced on the opposite page. Or read the address of the youngsters recently arrived in Northern Ireland. Or just talk to folks out through the Middle West.

Nor is this all.

Department of Agriculture officials will tell you—again, privately—that they know that the Army is grabbing all the best farm hands it can get and that they have been told to "protest" about it, but only feebly—for the sake of the record. They're to pretend they're very indignant, but only when someone brings the subject up. They'd greatly prefer it if nobody would say a word and this thing would slide through in the politic way.

Well, "The Defender" is here to say a word about it. In fact, to yell as loud as he knows how that this is outrageous.

"The Defender" is as anxious as any loyal American to win the war in the shortest possible time. If the recruiting of farm labor for the armed services is necessary to that end, he believes that farm labor ought to be taken forthwith. But openly, honestly, so that the public knows where and how matters stand.

Let the Army say that it needs the boys. Let the Department of Agriculture say frankly that it knows about this, that it is necessary, unfortunately, and that the farmers will have to manage the great achievement asked of them in some other way. Let the public understand that our war effort is above board, that the Army is truthful as well as tough, that the Department of Agriculture means what it says and is not, in the immortal words of Wendell Willkie, "making campaign speeches."

The officials of this Government must learn to trust and respect the American people if they expect the American people to trust and respect them.

HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS

Not so many months ago we were told rather scornfully—it was during the campaign to pack the Supreme Court, you may recall—that the United States had surely progressed beyond the "horse and buggy days." Ironically, we seem to be back to them in short order—and how.

A new horse boom is just beginning. Farmers throughout the country are on the lookout for good horses. Sales are being held in many places and prices are beginning to perk up. Wagons and yes, buggies if you please, are being advertised for sale in the city newspapers.

We cannot resist urging our readers to use their heads. If you live in the country, buy the horses you need and can use intelligently. If you live in the city, think twice before you go rushing into the horse business.

Read, if you will, the following letter from John G. Curtis, of Glenview, Illinois, which appeared in a recent issue of "Printer's Ink" on the "common oversight of all the current writers who have sought to estimate the possibilities of horse-drawn transportation to relieve some part of the rubber emergency."

"Horses may be available to meet a considerable demand," writes Mr. Curtis. Probably wagon-building can be revived and put on a production basis. (Surplus Government stores of sturdy, horse-drawn ambulances were being advertised a few months ago.) Perhaps the diminishing number of harness-makers can rise to the occasion.

"The real problem will arise in three wholly neglected considerations: stabling facilities, competent caretakers, and the skilful maintenance required by hooves designed for turf but used on asphalt and concrete.

"The old-time stables are gone. Concrete-floored garages can be converted only by installing plank overfloors, adequate floor drainage and suitable ventilation.

"The old-time stablemen are gone. Most men under fifty know horsepower, but not horses. Motor transport men cannot be expected to exchange their casual unconcern about mechanical equipment for the practical solicitude that is essential to maintaining horses in full vigor and usefulness. No great number of horse-wise farmers will be lured from agriculture to a stableman's job in times like these. Competent care will be, I think, the greatest problem and the most difficult of solution.

"There are still a few practicing horseshoers, some of them operating portable forges that enable them to call on stables at a far greater distance from the blacksmith shop than the horses themselves can practicably be driven. A good many of these 'experts' are considerably less than competent; and when you consider that a *good* blacksmith has to be both shoe-fitter and chiropodist to the horse—and faulty craftsmanship means lame animals—it is evident that this is another serious bottleneck in any endeavor to restore horsedrawn transportation of merchandise in metropolitan areas."

PHOTOGRAPHY

We come now to one of our pet peeves, on which we'd like the opinion of our fellow-"Defenders." It is the manner in which custom has dictated that cattle and draft horses be photographed.

We think it about time that a real bull be photographed as he is, and by that we mean of course without standing him in a bale of loose straw. If he's any good, you insult him by failing to show how low-set he really is. If he isn't any good, you don't fool a soul.

We think it about time, too, that a good draft horse be photographed squarely from the side, without placing his forefeet on higher ground, without turning his rump in such a way as to spoil a fair view of his shoulder. Again, the good horse can stand the light of day and the ordinary one shouldn't (for the sake of the breed) be flattered.

Custom here does a distinct disservice to good horses and good cattle, in "The Defender's" opinion. Let's change it.

SMALL POTATOES

It's curious how small problems can arise to take up the time of busy men who would like to concentrate on something else. From all parts of the country, for example, we hear that city-farmer club officials have to sit around and argue whether the dues should be $10 a year or $12 and whether the luncheons should cost $1.50 or $1.75. Whether or not there should be initiation dues—and is $2 too much to ask?

Now, we were born before the New Deal made largesse so popular and admit that we can see a difference, percentagewise, between these figures. We also believe it possible, though not probable, that some city-farmer club members would show up (in a taxi) if their lunch cost $1.50, but would go to the Union League or the Ritz if the tax were raised to $1.75.

But we think it a confounded nuisance that grown men have to sit around and waste time on such matters. We offer the solution of one of our progressive city-farmer clubs, reported in this issue: drop desserts. This cuts the price, keeps down Bill Landauer's weight, gives the waiters fewer dishes to rattle, and makes more time available for the speakers—all in the same ball of wax.

R. F. D.

FAVORABLE COMMENT

To the Editor:

I want to take this opportunity of thanking you very much for the splendid way in which you are handling the material I send you monthly in regard to The Quaker City Farmers. . . .

I have had favorable comment concerning "Country Life" from people who I did not even know were subscribers to "Country Life."

ROBERT L. WHITTAKER, *Secretary,*
The Quaker City Farmers,
Philadelphia, Pa.

We urge the secretaries of city-farmer clubs to send monthly reports to this magazine for publication in "The Defender," keeping them to 500-word lengths if possible. We find that these reports are pregnant with ideas for the secretaries of other city-farmer clubs, quite aside from the satisfaction and pleasure they give members of their own organizations.

WHY PLOW?

To the Editor:

I think you'd be interested to know that the article entitled "Why Do Farmers Plow?" created a furore among members of the Tulsa Farm Club. . . .

C. A. BORDER, *Secretary,*
Tulsa Farm Club.
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The Tulsa Farm Club has an especially warm spot in our heart because every single member of this enthusiastic organization—and there are 114—is a subscriber to this magazine. If any other club feels that "Country Life" would make interesting and useful reading for its members, and "The Defender" serve as a house-organ different from most, just write us.

IN ATHENS

To the Editor:

In your section entitled "The Defender and City-Farmer," I note that space is given to city-farmer clubs over the country.

In Georgia, at Decatur (a city of around 25,000 about six miles from Atlanta), there is an active club composed of businessmen who own farms. They have regular meetings, which are usually held on a member's farm, so that this particular member can "show his stuff," and an agricultural authority is invited to give the main address.

I just wonder if you would be interested in something on this. . . .

J. LLOYD BURRELL,
Athens, Ga.

We wrote Mr. Burrell, who is assistant extension editor in agriculture and home economics for the State of Georgia, that we are very much interested in news of city-farmer doings all over the country. (*See his story.*)

DETROIT

Determined to do all it can to bring about a greater sense of coöperation at this time of crisis, the Detroit Agricultural Club is considering an expansion of its influence that may well be copied by other city-farmer groups. The club is, in brief, considering carrying the agricultural message to a number of other organizations.

"At our last meeting," writes O. B. Price, secretary of the Detroit Agricultural Club, "we discussed the idea of arranging for a speakers' bureau to consist of members of our club who would be willing to meet with other luncheon groups in the city to discuss the agricultural situation as it exists today from the farmer's point of view.

"It is the opinion of many of our members that there is developing a definite antagonism between the farmer and the city consumer, due to a lack of understanding of each other's problems. It was felt that during this period of emergency, coöperative relationships, simply must exist between agriculture, industry and labor.

"Perhaps our club might be of some service in bringing this spirit of coöperation about. At any rate, a committee was appointed to develop the matter further."

The Detroit Agricultural Club has been proceeding along normal lines. Two meetings were held in March. At the first F. C. Wilson of the Research Department of the Ford Motor Company talked on "Fabrics from Soybeans" and at the second G. R. Larke, secretary of the Farmers and Manufacturers Beet Sugar Association, was scheduled to talk on the sugar situation as it relates to the production and manufacture of sugar to sugar beets.

Two meetings are on the fire in April. One is expected to be devoted to "A Public Relations Program for Agriculture" and the other to "Soil Conservation and War Production."

CLEVELAND

The Cleveland Farmers' Club, anxious to do its full share in our war effort, has decided that it would be wise to concentrate on a single project of importance rather than to attempt handling many.

"In other words," writes Charles J. Thomas, secretary-treasurer of the club, "it is the policy of the board to shoot at some single war project with a rifle rather than try a shotgun on many."

The job under consideration is a labor service, tied in with the nationwide effort now being made by the United States Employment Service. As a preliminary study, the board has sent a questionnaire to all members to find out what their particular labor problems will be this summer.

Seventeen questions make up the inquiry and secretaries of city-farmer clubs throughout the country would be wise to get a copy from Mr. Thomas, 400 Union Commerce Building, Cleveland, O.

If every one of our city-farmer clubs knew exactly what the needs of their members were, they would find themselves with a pretty fair insight on the labor problem as a whole.

PHILADELPHIA

The Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture held its annual joint meeting with the Franklin Institution on April 1. The speaker was Wheeler McMillen, president of the National Farm Chemurgic Council and editor-in-chief of the "Farm Journal," also president of the National Association of City-Farmer Clubs. Mr. McMillen discussed farm chemurgic work in this country.

Dinner was served for the officers of both societies at the institute, after which Mr. McMillen made his address before the combined membership in the auditorium.

Mr. McMillen might be said to have been doing Philadelphia last month, for he appeared also before The Quaker City Farmers, newest and most active of the three city-farmer groups in the historic Pennsylvania stronghold. He spoke, of course, on his favorite theme: chemurgy, which is the science of raising agricultural products for industrial use.

Mr. McMillen in his journalistic capacity has had an opportunity available to few men to see farm problems from both sides of the barn door. He knows what's going on and how to express himself on the subject.

Some years ago, said the editor, it fell to his lot to study a number of farm programs. He came to the conclusion that the farmer was out of luck, so far as profits were concerned. Today, however, he feels differently; new tools have vastly improved the lot of the farmer.

Indeed, said Mr. McMillen, instead of nothing but starvation and hard work, we now have surpluses. And this is where Father Chemurgy steps on the stage, gathers in all the little soybeans and the nasty milkweed and the irritating dandelion, waves his wand, and makes out of them the most beautiful baby carriages, aviators' suits and rubber balls you ever did see.

Ain't nature wonderful, my eye. Ain't man smart?

KALAMAZOO FARMERS CLUB

The Kalamazoo Farmers Club is entering upon its third year of existence. The club, through its able leadership in the past and the splendid coöperation of its members, has made definite progress. As the club gains experience and new members are taken in, new ideas are suggested—and suggestions are always welcome whether they are new or constructive criticism.

It is the object of the club to transmit useful information to its members and to keep them interested and informed on current changes in the large field of agriculture and stock raising.

Once a year the Kalamazoo Club holds what is known as Ladies' Night. A special banquet is provided for this occasion and the members are permitted to bring their ladies and friends to these meetings. The Ladies' Night this year was held at Recreation Center, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and was attended by approximately 175 guests.

It was the consensus of opinion of the entertainment committee that the occasion be an informal one, and that the entire meeting be informal in order to encourage the members to get acquainted with one another and not feel under restraint in speaking to anyone. This spirit was entered into by all present and made it easier for the entertainment and banquet committee to see that each member and guest had a good time.

The spirit of the meeting was carried out with this thought in mind, and the table decorations instead of being flowers and fancy trimmings were bouquets of every conceivable vegetable that could be raised on a farm. This presented a background of a real farmers' meeting.

The refreshments served were "with" and "without," designated by a colorful punch bowl consisting of a water pail and a dipper. Appropriate glasses were for the "without"; the "with" was indicated by topsy-turvy letters on a sign. It was noteworthy and rather interesting to see how the farmers enjoyed drinking out of the old-fashioned water pail.

An excellent dinner was served and, judging from experiences, it was enjoyed by the guests. Interspersed during the dinner were selections of music, the musicians being dressed as real countrymen in boots, overalls, bandana handkerchiefs, and straw hats.

The outside guests were:

Otis Shear, Poultry Department, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan;

Clyde May, Farm Management Department, Michigan State College;

Dr. C. L. Cole, Dairy Department, Michigan State College;

Carter Harrison, Farm Crops Department, Michigan State College;

H. F. Moxley, Animal Husbandry Department, Michigan State College;

Dr. C. H. Hays and Dr. S. J. Clark, Bureau of Animal Industry, State Office Building, Lansing, Michigan.

The above guests were speakers at one time or another during 1941 at meetings of the Kalamazoo Farmers Club. Following the dinner the guests were introduced by the president, Charles H. Schutz, and the meeting turned over to Gerald H. Allen, general chairman of the banquet committee and toastmaster for the evening.

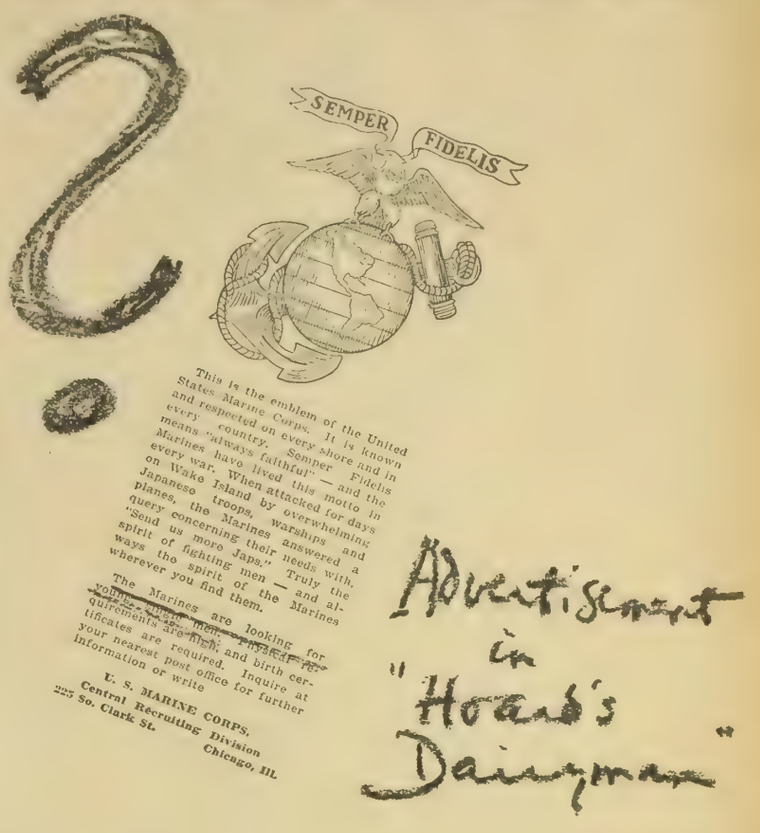
Mr. Allen did a splendid job of handling the meeting, introduced the various committeemen and also Dr. T. S. Henry, of Western Michigan College, who was the principal speaker of the evening. Dr. Henry gave a very interesting talk on the origin of farming in keeping with the spirit of the banquet.

The Kalamazoo Civic Players, through their Intra-City Group under the direction of Miss Helen Tift, put on a one-act play which was met with considerable applause. Several selections of music were furnished and the meeting wound up with the singing of the national anthem. Dancing followed.

The Kalamazoo Farmers Club has an interesting program for the coming year embodying the various branches of agriculture, stock raising, etc., and has a line-up of some outstanding speakers. R. L. Olds, chairman of the entertainment committee and County Agricultural Agent for Kalamazoo County, together with his committee has been very resourceful in securing excellent speakers for the programs of the club. The slogan of the Kalamazoo Farmers Club for 1942 might very well be represented by the following paragraph:

"Our country is at war. The life and liberties of its citizens are at stake. We must win. Agriculture, in all its branches, is agreed by those who know to be essential to victory. The Kalamazoo Farmers Club will contribute its share in this battle by supporting agricultural activities in every possible way."

HOW Y'A GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM? *(See Editorial.)*


SEMPER FIDELIS
This is the emblem of the United States Marine Corps. It is known and respected on every shore and in every country. Semper Fidelis means "always faithful" — and the Marines have lived this motto in every war. When attacked for days on Wake Island by overwhelming Japanese troops, warships and planes, the Marines answered a query concerning their needs with, "Send us more Japs." Truly the spirit of fighting men — and always the spirit of the Marines wherever you find them.
The Marines are looking for young men, single, and between the ages of [illegible] and birth certificates are required. Inquire at your nearest post office for further information or write
U. S. MARINE CORPS,
Central Recruiting Division
225 So. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.
Advertisement in "Hoard's Dairyman"

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

On November 19, 1941, about 35 city-farmers of Huntington, Indiana, who, though they were unaware of it, had gone overboard as disciples of Cicero's pearl, as carried in the masthead of "The Defender," met and organized the City Farmers' Club. With a potential membership of approximately 75 facetiously described "fellow-sufferers," these men decided that their delightful kind of misery loves company.

Walter H. Ball, a publisher, was elected president of the new club; Kenneth J. Triggs, a manufacturer, was chosen as vice-president, and Lee M. Bowers, a lawyer, secretary-treasurer.

The Huntington club has had three meetings to date. Howard Halderman, farm manager, of Wabash, Indiana, discussed landlord and tenant relations; Ronald H. Bauman, of the Farm Management Department, Purdue University, discussed farm contracts; Walter Rusk, County Agent, discussed soil testing and fertilizers. John Schwob, the well-known swine specialist of Purdue University, was scheduled for the club's April meeting.

"All of these discussions proved very interesting," writes Mr. Bowers, "and being in the corn belt, we look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the John Schwob meeting in April.

"We are just getting started but in the short time we have been active, we believe we can see great benefits ahead. Certainly the pleasure of associating and discussing our problems with our friends and neighbors is of great value.

"The secretary enjoys reading 'The Defender' and it has been of great help in perfecting the organization. We expect additional assistance and we know it will be cheerfully accorded."

LANSING

The membership of the Lansing Farmers' Club, one of Michigan's best, has now reached 67. Forty of them met at the last regular meeting in the Union Building, Michigan State College, East Lansing, under the leadership of the club's new president, Dan McCullough.

How large the club will grow is hard to say, but President McCullough announced the appointment of a new membership committee: Dan Whipp, chairman, Howard Astley and Tom Haskett.

The March meeting began with dinner, after which Ralph Hudson, one of the club's members, introduced Prof. Russell E. Horwood, of the Department of Dairy Husbandry at Michigan State, who gave a very interesting and instructive talk on proper dairy rations. Prof. Horwood's talk was followed by a provocative question-and-answer period.

The April meeting was scheduled to hear Prof. Elton Hill speak on the all-important subject of farm management.

NOTICE

Members of city-farmer clubs throughout the country are cordially invited to send news of their activities monthly to "The Defender."

PAMPHLETS

The number of pamphlets which contain material of interest and use to city-farmers would, if laid end to end, reach right into the waste-basket. "The Defender" here proposes, from time to time, to rescue a few that deserve to avoid such a dire fate.

THE 1942 BELGIAN REVIEW—This annual record of what happened in the Belgian show world during the previous year is something that any one interested in draft horses ought to look at, even if he hasn't got Belgians. See the records of the top horses, and take another good look at Kenfleur's Jay Farceur and the Grand Old Man himself, to say nothing of that super-champion Matilda. Look at the advertisements and study the types. (And utter a little prayer, too, that some day Belgians will be photographed from the side, standing square, so that you can really see what they look like. Who ever bought a horse from that southwest downhill angle anyway?) Get your copy from the Belgian Draft Horse Corporation of America, Wabash, Indiana.

MILKING SHORTHORN YEAR BOOK—One of these days we're going to print a story about Milking Shorthorns that's going to make the stockmen of this country sit up and take notice. Maybe these dual-purpose cattle which have helped so many farmers keep out of debt are the animals of the future. We wouldn't be a bit surprised. Write the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, 7 Dexter Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LAWRENCE LEATHER SPORTING GOODS AND SADDLES—Here is the new catalog of the oldest and largest manufacturer of quality leather products in the Norhwest. Not fancy but mighty efficient in appearance; contains a lot of Western equipment not found in many of the catalogs put out in the East. Write the George Lawrence Company, 306 S. W. First Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

MONTHLY LIST OF PUBLICATIONS—The United States Department of Agriculture publishes a monthly list of new bulletins on a wide variety of subjects; from "Sour Cream" to "Agriculture in the Americas."

CROMWELL BLOODSTOCK AGENCY—The enterprising organization run by Thomas B. Cromwell, well known horseman, sends out monthly bulletins of Thoroughbred horses for sale from his office at Lexington, Ky. Write P. O. Box 679.

"BELGIAN HORSES FOR AMERICAN FARMS"—An attractive 32-page booklet telling the story of Belgian horses, sent free upon solicitation to the Belgian Draft Horse Corporation of America, Wabash, Ind. Well illustrated, including a picture of Farceur, sold in 1917 for $47,500, the biggest price ever paid for a draft horse in America.

"AUSTRALIA"—Official handbook of the great nation of 7,000,000 people who are now so much in the public eye. As it is likely that ties between America and Australia will be much closer after the war, we suggest you write for a copy of this to Arthur H. O'Connor, manager, Australian National Publicity Association, 510 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

"SUGAR AND THE EVERGLADES"—With sugar so very scarce in this country today, small thanks to an improvident government, there is plenty of sense in reading this important booklet about the success of raising sugar in Florida. Obtainable from the United States Sugar Corporation, Clewiston, Florida, which invites you to visit its great plant there.

"GUERNSEY"—A very handsome and well illustrated booklet issued by the American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterborough, N. H. Write Karl Musser at that address.

"COLD FACTS ABOUT DEEPFREEZE"—Another of the interesting booklets about the home freezing process which we predict will sweep the country even before this war is finished. Write Willard L. Morrison, 2301 Davis Street, North Chicago, Ill.

ALSO WORTH READING

While the city-farmer can get practically all the information he needs for a well-ordered life from "The Defender," occasional articles of value do appear in other publications. We intend here, to bring them to our readers' attention.

"HIGH-TIDE," *sour-pussed editorial in the "New York Herald Tribune."*

In every well favored village from Maine to Florida, a station-wagon stands in front of the general store. Examine Gloucester Court House, Va.; Sugar Hill, N. H.; Bedminster, N. J.; Haddam, Conn.; Old Chatham, N. Y., and many another picturesque survival of early American rural life, and see if our dictum is unsound. Moreover, a census of squires taken by means of this vehicle would show, we believe, that the year-rounders among them become more and more numerous every year.

Is the country-life madness at its height? Or has it a few yards to go before an ebb sets in? No one can rightly say, of course; but there are records in social history that might be studied successfully before placing bets. What of that veritable August moon of pastoral retreat, new in the days of Pope at Twickenham; completing its first quarter, say, in the rural chi-chi of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill; reaching its half in the village of Môtiers-Travers; its full orb in the seventeen-eighties, when the right people meeting on the Pont Royal apologized for being in Paris: "I abhor town. I simply live in the country, ma belle!"

Another flood tide occurred in mid-Victorian times, leaving a thousand isolated Gothic cottages with dark firs before them to mark its crest in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut. Social history is rich in materials for a study of these advances, but what of the retreats of fashion from country life? An amount of these would have to derive from sparse data, but it would have its interest. When, and how, and with what apologia did these hordes of squires return to town? How many, like those fifth-century Roman country gentlemen of southern Gaul, found their flirtation with the land compromising to such a degree that they became successful farmers, happily buried alive on their rural properties?

PLACEMENT BUREAU

The problem of labor for farms has become so acute in the East that three states—New York, New Hampshire, Vermont—are competing in trying to lure workers from the city to the country.

Gov. Herbert Lehman of New York announced on March 3 that an organized campaign would be conducted through the five boroughs of New York to find young men and women who would be available for work on the land this year. Headquarters has been set up at 8 West 40 Street, New York.

Arthur Root, executive director of the Volunteer Land Corps, is carrying on a recruiting campaign intended to find 2,000 young men and women who would be willing to work on farms in New Hampshire and Vermont for $21 a month, plus board and lodging. The boys are to tend livestock, hay, and harvest, while the girls will aid in canning, milking, and vegetable gardening.

In the Middle West and West, the situation is becoming acute, as the Army grabs many of the best farmhands and others are lured to well-paying industrial jobs.

We know of one man who wants a job with horses. He says:

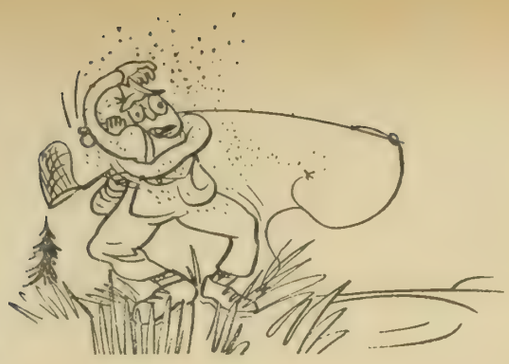
"I am looking for a decent connection in the horse game, particularly racing. Have long experience, have held trainer's licenses in nearly every state here and in Canada. Also raced in Ireland, South Africa, Egypt. Would like some job now as a stud groom, or assistant trainer, or even foreman in a good stable. Am a year or so over age for the present war, but served as a cavalry officer in the British Army all through the last one. Have a college education and am a good bookkeeper. Am easy to get on with, not afraid of work or responsibility, and reliable.

Here's a man available who has had 25 years' experience as the manager of large country estates; in his last position he remained twelve years. He says he has a thorough knowledge of flower gardening, farming, landscaping, forestry, and the care of animals in all its branches. He says that his steadiness and character are vouched for by all his former employers.

Mark Hawley, the radio newscaster at CBS, who is himself a city-farmer, suggests that the farm labor shortage be lessened this summer by city-dwellers taking their vacations in the hayfields instead of on the golf links or at the seashore. He says it would do them good, they could help with all the chores that require little more than a strong arm, they could earn themselves a little extra money. Many of the city-dwellers would be particularly useful, he points out, inasmuch as they came to the cities from the farms and certainly haven't forgotten all they learned when they were youngsters.

Mr. Hawley wants the Department of Agriculture to set up the machinery necessary to make it possible for city-dwellers to work on farms this summer.

We also know an extraordinary teacher of horsemanship who is available: a real horseman of the strict old school, a teacher of dressage, of which there are few.



For Whom THE TROUT RISE

by **CECIL HEACOX**

HIP-DEEP in fast water! Woven into the warp and woof of trout fishing's tapestry is a secret design. Those susceptible to the weaving hold the key to a pattern of life envied by all men . . . a life . . . rich . . . full . . . complete.

Such moments of escape—recreation involving physical exercise and communion with nature—are more, not less, essential under the stress and strain of war conditions. Fishing is one of the few civilized activities left to mankind: it deserves to be maintained for its fundamental values.

The art of casting a fly is not the difficult feat that many of the clan would have you believe.

A few hours' practice . . . a few days at the most . . . and you will be able to wield the trinity of the rod, line and lure with enough proficiency to catch fish . . . if they are in a coöperative mood. And catching fish, after all, is as good a reason for fishing as any.

So, if there are any embryo Waltons who have denied themselves the pleasure of fly fishing because it has been considered something akin to black magic, kindly proceed to the nearest tackle store, get an outfit and run, not walk, to the nearest trout stream for a self-imposed lesson.

The aforesaid thesis does not contradict the fact that only long patient hours of Paderewskian practice will develop the delicate wrist action necessary to perfect the intricate roll cast; nor, on your first expedition, can you stand with your back to the side wall of a fifty-foot dam, tower your backcast skyward and delicately drop a Quill Gordon into the thread of the current without damage to rod, leader or feelings.

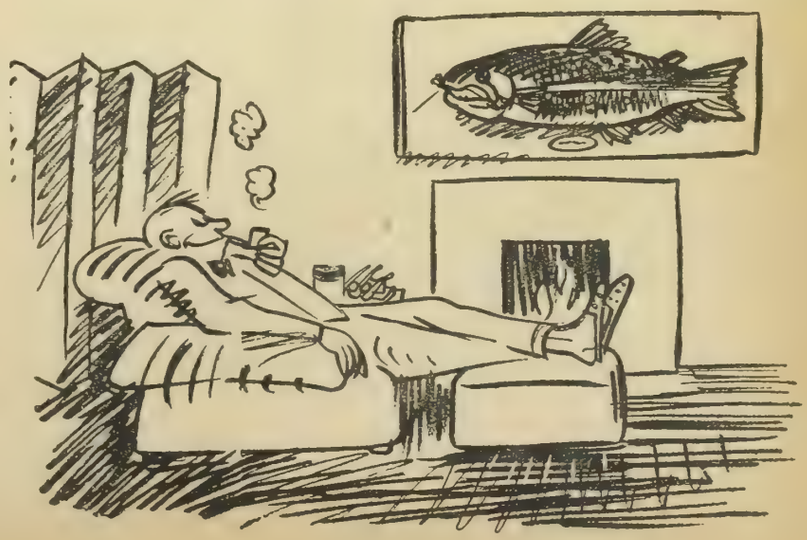
Such feats are only *fait accompli* if the head angler has bestowed on you the inherent talents associated with genius . . . there is only one Wagner, one Van Gogh, one Tilden, one Ruth and few Izaak Waltons, Herb Welches or Victor Cotys.

The cardinal rule of the modern angler is that he never handicaps himself in the matter of equipment. There is evidence to show that the adage, "the best is none too good," originated with Izaak Walton. Of course, this situation can be *reductio ad absurdum*. Just the other morning, on the Ausable, near Lake Placid, we encountered a specimen of the genus "piscator" which was nothing if not a hybrid between a well-ballasted deep-sea diver and a utilities lineman.

You will never regret the purchase of a rod you really can't afford. A high-grade tapered line is an essential in modern streamcraft and remember, "the finer the leader, the more fish you'll catch." (N.B.—and the more flies you'll lose.)

(*Continued on page* 48)

These illustrations showing how simple it all is are from R. Osborn's delightful book, "How to Catch Trout," which you should all rush out and buy without further delay



Fun with Horses

The Connecticut Countryside Has Learned How to Get Some Pleasure Out of Life

by SALLY SIMS PARROTT

FROM early Spring on to October, almost every weekend, there is somewhere in Connecticut an interesting and well-run show that is part of the state's Horse Show Association circuit. Some are large; some very small. They start in April with three-day indoor shows at Hartford and New Haven and how nice it is, too, to have some fun with a horse when the hunting is finished and the bridle paths are still mud—and carry on up the long green Connecticut Valley, in the lovely blue Litchfield Hills and down along the shore.

Some shows in the hunting countries have good outside courses and a turnout of hunters from adjoining as well as local hunts. Others, particularly those connected with county fairs and agricultural shows, put the emphasis on saddle horses and open jumpers. All have horsemanship classes and the winner of the Connecticut championship last year, Billy Steinkraus, won top honors at the National Horse Show in New York's famous Madison Square Garden.

THERE is some talk that horse shows will be fewer this year. Probably that would not happen if people interested in having fun with horses throughout the country got together and put on a program something like that of the Connecticut Horse Show Association. This cheery article by one who takes part gives you some idea how it is done.

There were 16 shows in the circuit in 1941 and one reason so many were able to keep going with ever-increasing enthusiasm, entries and attendance is that the C. H. S. A. awards points at every show, starting with 60 for champion, 50 reserve, 40 for first, down to 10 for fourth, for all wins in four divisions, the three- and five-gaited saddle horses, hunters and open jumpers. To the horses accumulating the most points in each division at the end of the season a grand championship trophy and a reserve were awarded. The result is if by the middle of the Summer you are well up on points, you would rather miss your best friend's wedding than a Connecticut show, no matter how small or remotely located. The prizes are for the most part unostentatious, but low entry fees make it easy for everyone, particularly youngsters just starting on their own, to enter as many classes as they wish.

It was at New Haven that I saw my first Connecticut cowboys, traditionally turned out in chaps, colored silk shirts, ten-gallon hats and all the "fixin's." They competed in stock horse classes, which are judged on speed and handiness, quite like a polo pony class; then on the ability to hold a lasso, tied to the saddle horn, taut against a roped steer—sandbag to you, pardner—and wheel, facing the object no matter which way it pulls.

These Lone Rangers, so far from the range, are mostly native Nutmegers. Many have other jobs and just follow the training and showing of stock horses as a hobby, though a few are connected with dude ranches up through the state.

They have their regular circuit of shows and fairs which they follow throughout the Summer. There is no more astonishing sight than a cowboy, wheeling, spurring and urging his mount with shrill yippees, against a background of historic New England elms and white church spires.

Another entertaining feature at several shows, which brings howls of excitement and encouragement from the spectators, is a game of cowboy musical chairs. Good old "Going to Jerusalem" played from horseback with nail kegs placed around in the ring for seats.

The background and location of many of the shows is interesting in itself. There is nothing that adds more to a horse show than a beautiful site and though in some cases the ring is only a roped-off circle and the outside course not a very severe trial for even children's hunters, the view from some of the show grounds in the Connecticut hills, particularly those Biblical towns of Bethlehem and Goshen, is magnificent.

The general pleasant, tweedy atmosphere is accentuated by classes for pet ponies, either ridden or driven (the youngest exhibitor I saw last year was not more than two), and by an occasional surprise performance. In one case an old man who just wandered in with a trick chestnut horse named "Silver," and, permission granted by a good humored committee, put on a very amusing act.

A tip to all benefit shows could be taken from the Bethlehem show held for the British Relief. A delicious beef and corn roast *al fresco* lunch was given exhibitors. When the happy guest, his plate and cup brimming over, reached the end of the long buffet table and faced an imposing silver trophy bowl, he was more than glad to deposit therein a donation for charity.

Litchfield seems to be the best show of the circuit. Their long built-into-the-landscape outside course gives a good hunter a real chance to gallop and brings out some fine entries from the Ox Ridge, Goldens Bridge and Fairfield County hunts, as well as nearby Watertown.

Two rings go simultaneously a good deal of the time. There is a huge lunch tent and bar, as well as endless local entertaining and last year the boys from Squadron A came over from Camp Devens to give a snappy demonstration of cavalry when mechanized, and later lend their enthusiasm as spectators.

There is a two-day show, too, up at the once famous, now abandoned, Sage Park trotting track north of Hartford. One of the officers of the C. H. S. A. confided, in a "very horse" whisper that, due to the excellent facilities of stabling and grounds, with a little improvement, it could be one of the most important shows in New England.

In strong contrast to occasions when the show and the horse come first are the Connecticut horse shows run at the country fairs. These are usually (*Continued on page* 52)

Sport in These Times

Gunners With a Knowledge of Woodcraft Are Invaluable Assets

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

CONTRARY to my expectation, at least, the records show that in 1917 and 1918 there was an actual increase in the number of hunting and fishing licenses sold despite the fact that about 4,000,000 men were in military service and many more were in defense work of some sort. The migratory game birds increased during the war years, however, a fact that doesn't seem to jibe with the rest of the record.

It is to be anticipated that even though more shooting and fishing licenses may be sold during the present emergency, there will be less shooting and fishing done because of the tire and gas shortages. People will do their shooting and fishing nearer to their homes and there will be fewer sportsmen traveling to distant grounds.

It will seem strange to return to the pre-automobile era of sport. In those days we had to rise at 2:30 A.M., to drive ten miles to reach our duck marsh in time for sunrise. It was confoundedly cold in that old buckboard, too.

Sometimes we used Old Dan and the buckboard to transport us to what we believed to be richer areas for grouse and woodcock, but mostly we walked, planning our campaign so that lunch time would find us about ten miles from the home base. That left us the afternoon to work back along a parallel path, shooting as we went.

But sometimes the shooting was too good to leave, and there were many autumn evenings when early moon rise found us on The Old Turnpike, our game pockets filled, and with ten miles or more between ourselves and our suppers.

We never thought then that these excursions were particularly arduous, but after all these long years of rubber, we shall view the situation differently. Adjusting our affairs to a speed of five miles an hour instead of fifty will take some doing—and all this because of a lot of little yellow men with an ingrowing national inferiority complex.

Our home defense activities have their ludicrous aspects. There was, for example, the newspaper photographs and story of the belligerent fat lady with a .22 calibre rifle showing us how she would deal with hostile parachute troops. From the way she handled her weapon one could well believe she would be dangerous—but not to the parachutists.

The newspapers apparently regarded the story seriously as a modern Molly Pitcher episode, and gave it more space than it deserved. Such asinine goings-on do no good, but only serve to give aid and comfort to the enemy by making a serious program look ridiculous.

We have our fifth columnists; we may have air-borne destructionists. It would be well to recognize these threats and make orderly arrangements to meet them. It is a task in which American sportsmen could participate to excellent advantage. They have arms, and many of them have precisely the type of training needed for this irregular warfare, wherein the immediate necessary action is to surround and immobilize small hostile groups before they can do damage and to hold them until the regular military organization can reach the scene.

In every community there are gunners who know every inch of the countryside, and have some knowledge of woodcraft. These qualifications are invaluable assets in providing for local defense where the problem is that of assembling a group of armed men at any point swiftly and with a minimum of preparatory instructions, map-reading and explanations.

I am told that the gunners of a community in Connecticut formed themselves into a Minute Man unit of this description and called in two Army officers to act as referees and critics. They were told to surround a certain woodland and they did so in twenty minutes from scratch. The two observers were able to spot only two of the 44 men who took part in the exercise.

In the event of an actual attack that organization of sportsmen armed with their own rifles and shotguns could seize an opportunity for decisive action that could not be recovered by a tank brigade coming up an hour later.

It is to be hoped that our military authorities will encourage the organization of groups of this sort and give them official recognition by assigning them a definite place in the defense plans. They should be coördinated if they are to render the best service of which they are capable. In the meantime, however, there is nothing to prevent the sportsmen of any community from organizing themselves and their resources, making studies of the vital points in the district and carrying out practice exercises in local defense.

There is no easier way to discourage sincere, patriotic people anxious to be of service than by enlisting them in some impractical, damn fool enterprise thought up by an idiot who feels that he or she is a born leader and that now is the time to prove it.

But there are certain activities that are essential even though the individual participant may see no tangible results from his devotion. Airplane spotting is one of these and the organization of local defense units is another. In either case the prevention of a single disaster would more than justify the effort.

The Government has placed shotguns on the priority list. The order affects guns now in the hands of dealers, but it is the intention to release for sale weapons not suitable for military purposes. The order includes rifles and pistols. Dealers will be unable to obtain new guns from the manufacturers until Government needs have been supplied. Only guns of 12 gauge will be manufactured.

Shotguns are needed to arm guards who are protecting factories, mines, oil depots and all the thousands of industrial works that are now engaged in the defense program.

The shotgun is almost perfectly adapted for this purpose.

The best rifleman or pistol shot might easily miss a man visible only for a second or two as he darted down an alley or leaped a fence. When the target is in darkness or dimly seen against the shadow background made by artificial light, the rifleman's handicap is increased, but even an inexperienced marksman would be able to score quick hits with a shotgun up to 50 or 60 yards under these conditions.

Only the simplest, most elementary training is needed for this purpose since it is not required that a man become an expert wing-shot. If he knows how to manipulate the gun, how to handle it safely and how to point it at objects as large as a man, or perhaps an automobile, it is sufficient.

What effect the order will have upon sport shooting is unpredictable, but it would seem likely that there are now enough shotguns in the hands of the sportsmen to enable them to carry on indefinitely. Hundreds of thousands of shotguns were sold in the United States during the past year, but that does not mean that all of these weapons, or even a major part of them, were purchased by individuals who had hitherto been gunless.

A great many sportsmen have more than one shotgun. Annually many thousands "trade in" used guns for later models. I conclude that besides the new shotguns now in the warehouses of the wholesalers, and on the shelves of the dealers, there are a million or two used guns available.

It is to be feared, however, that this stoppage will result in an increase in the numbers of that insensate but active species known as the "gun borrower." You will have met him, I'm sure. There *are* men to whom I will loan guns, and gladly, knowing that their knowledge and concern is such that they will cherish the weapon even more tenderly than would its owner. They seldom ask to borrow a gun, however, because they always have guns of their own.

The type I am about to discuss, the gun borrower *vulgaris*, is the degraded creature who comes knocking at your door some evening to announce blithely that he is going duck-shooting with Bill Spriggins, and are you going to use your duck gun tomorrow? He has none of his own, or if he has, it is broken from having fallen out of a car.

Let us assume that you lack the moral courage to refuse the loan outright, or else that you are too much taken by surprise to think up a good plausible lie. You go to the cabinet, get the treasure and hand it over to the fool, who immediately slams it open, bangs it shut and snaps both locks.

Any court in the land would hold you innocent, if at that moment you were to crown the scut with a brass book-end and rescue your darling, but you probably do not do this, so after borrowing your hunting coat and a couple of boxes of shells, the fellow departs with all that you hold dearest in the world. He promises to bring it back the following evening, but you know he won't. He won't clean it either.

In making those assumptions, however, you were only half right. He doesn't bring your gun back, but you find, when you go to his quarters after it that he has cleaned it handsomely—with kerosene and some brickdust on a rag. He has been thorough about the job, too, even to taking the action all apart.

After putting it together again he found that there was one little piece that didn't seem to fit anywhere, and another that was broken, but it was so small that it couldn't be of much importance, so the understanding fellow threw it away. There's a dent in the right barrel, too, where the automobile jack bounced against it in the compartment.

You conceal your rage and anguish as best you can, but your mood is not improved by the discovery that the sadist considers that he has now established a proprietary interest in your weapon.

"I may want to use our old gun again in a week or two," he remarks affectionately.

You suggest that it might be well for him to buy a gun.

"Well, it would hardly be worth while spending the money," says he thriftily, "for what little shooting I do."

Just in case this little tale may appear to be the product of a lively imagination, I wish to say that it is not. It is a strictly factual account.

Almost every gun owner and gun lover has had such experiences, or has been compelled to take measures to avoid them. It is most embarrassing to say "No" to a well-intentioned, but uninformed friend, who, in asking the loan of your $600 bird gun, has not the least conception of the enormity of the sacrifice he is asking you to make.

No amount of explanation on your part will suffice to make him understand that there are guns and guns. He will always think you a curiously ungenerous sort of person, especially since he promised to take "good care" of your weapon.

One solution is to have on hand a "lending gun," a cheap, strong weapon that you wouldn't shoot a cat with, but which will satisfy your friend as well as any other. That is the way I deal with gun borrowers, and I wish I could remember who in hell it was who borrowed it last season.

I can't write fast enough to keep up with developments on the freezing front. Even while I've been at work on the preceding paragraphs someone wearing the badge of authority has confiscated one of my two lumps of breakfast sugar. Another has sheared the cuffs from my trousers and twenty percent of my gasoline has evaporated. My father used to tell of the meticulous young man who attempted to pick a loose thread off the jacket of a young lady and succeeded in unraveling her undershirt, or whatever. There is a certain obvious analogy.

The very latest news concerns an order freezing stocks of lead now in the hands of ammunition factories. This means that no more ammunition for sporting arms can be manufactured. The order does not affect shotgun shells and rifle cartridges now on the dealer's shelves or in their warehouses, but when that is gone no more will be forthcoming for an unpredictable length of time. Apparently that settles it.

Until a short time ago the War Department was optimistic concerning the war-time prospects for skeet and trap shooting. It is realized that clay target shooting is very useful training for combat pilots, anti-aircraft gunners, tank and anti-tank gunners, and everyone else who has a part in these modern high speed battles. Apparently the Army authorities hoped that these sports would be continued for a letter from the Adjutant General to Mr. Henry E. Ahlin, President of the National Skeet Shooting Association, dated January 31, informs Mr. Ahlin that skeet shooting will not conflict with the Nation's efforts to win the war, and expresses the wish that this activity will be carried on.

But now the lead is needed, and there are 31 pounds of it in a case of 20 gauge shotshells.

Take it away, Uncle! You're welcome!

Insect Control

A Primer For Those Who Seek Protection Through Dusting or Spraying

by CLYDE C. HAMILTON

Associate Entomologist, New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station

"I AM inclined to think, as Maeterlinck does, that they (insects) are our rivals here on earth and perhaps our successors; only I would leave out the 'perhaps' and accept the prophecy of Dr. W. J. Holland that the last living thing on the globe will be some active insect sitting on a dead lichen which will represent the last of the life of the plants."

So wrote Dr. L. O. Howard[1] in 1931, former chief of the United States Bureau of Entomology. Were it not for the delicate adjustment of things in the "Balance of Nature," whereby any form of life is prevented from becoming too dominant, the tremendous reproductive capacity of insects and their ability to adapt themselves to all kinds of environments might result in insects becoming the dominating factor in the world.

Fortunately, many insects are beneficial and the injurious forms are held in check, as also are the beneficial ones, by such factors as unfavorable climatic conditions, insufficient food, parasitic and predacious enemies and diseases.

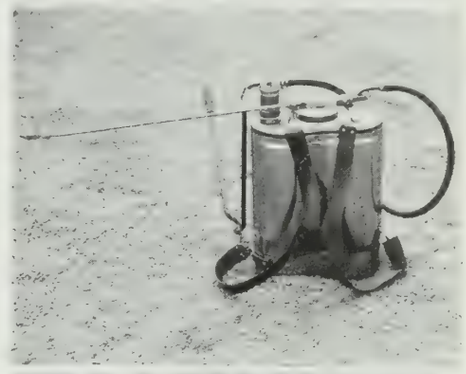
Many of our insect troubles are a result of man's upsetting this Balance of Nature. This is often caused by his greed for money in destroying the natural food plants of insects in a locality and replacing them with a large number of commercial plants of one kind. We plant acres of apple trees, or of wheat, or of corn, making conditions very favorable for the development of the insect pests of these plants.

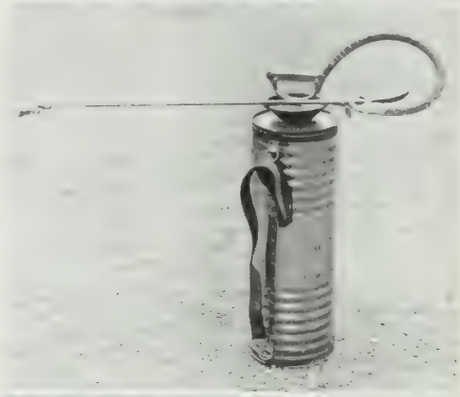
It is, of course, necessary to do this, but under such conditions natural control must be supplemented by artificial control measures such as crop rotation, cultural practices, use of resistant varieties and chemical control.

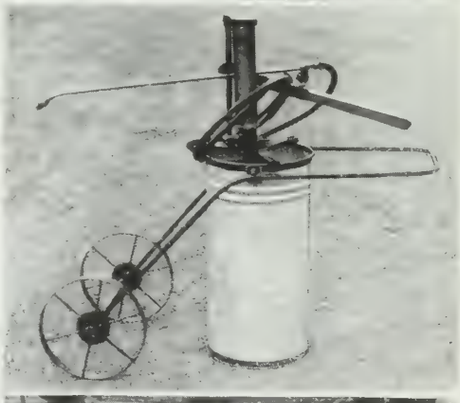
The complete story of insect control is long and interesting but cannot be told in this article. Nevertheless, it seems necessary to state that our greatest dependence in the artificial suppression of insects must be placed on such measures as cultivation practices, the use of plant varieties resistant to insect attack, and the stimulation of biological control by parasites, predators, and diseases.

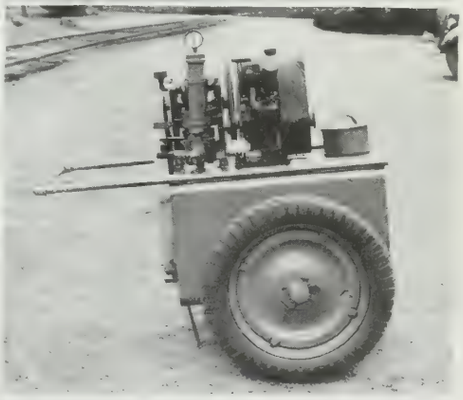
Control by chemical means (insecticides) often costs more than is justified by the increased returns. Insecticidal control, however, is very important where health problems are concerned, or where a high crop yield per unit area is obtained. Under such conditions it is desirable to have a knowledge of the fundamental principles of insecticides and their uses.

Insecticides are usually classified into groups according (*Continued on page* 53)



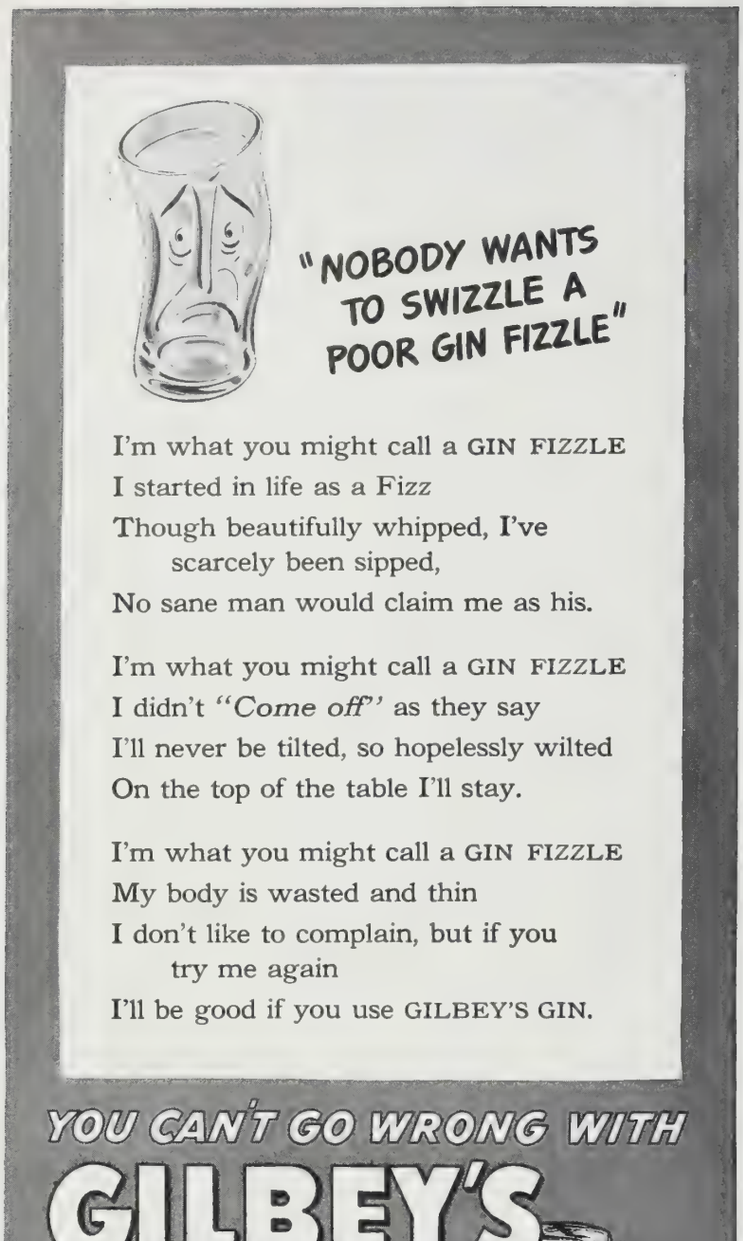






Top, left, a small hand sprayer; then a hand duster and a rotary fan duster. In the upper corner, a bellows duster. Below, a knapsack sprayer, a compressed air type of sprayer, a bucket or wheelbarrow sprayer and an "estate" sprayer

[1]Howard, L. O. "The Insect Menace." 1931. Published by the Century Company, New York. Quoted by permission of the publishers.


"NOBODY WANTS TO SWIZZLE A POOR GIN FIZZLE"
I'm what you might call a GIN FIZZLE
I started in life as a Fizz
Though beautifully whipped, I've scarcely been sipped,
No sane man would claim me as his.
I'm what you might call a GIN FIZZLE
I didn't "Come off" as they say
I'll never be tilted, so hopelessly wilted
On the top of the table I'll stay.
I'm what you might call a GIN FIZZLE
My body is wasted and thin
I don't like to complain, but if you try me again
I'll be good if you use GILBEY'S GIN.
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Cellar and Pantry

by CROSBY GAIGE

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR MAKES A PLEA FOR THE PLANTING OF HERBS

"It is now Spring, and the Northerne wind dryeth vp the Southerne durt: The tender Lippes are now maskt for feare of chopping, and the faire hands must not be ungloued: now riseth the Sunne a pretty step to his faire height, and St. Valentine calls the birds together, where Nature is pleased in the varietie of loue: the Fishes and the Frogs fall to their manner of generation, and the Adder dyes to bring forth her young: the Ayre is sharpe, but the Sunne is comfortable, and the day beginnes to lengthen: The forward Gardens giue the fine Sallets, and a Nosegay of Violets is a present for a lady. Now beginneth Nature (as it were) to wake out of her sleepe, and send the Traueller to suruey the walkes of the World: the sucking Rabbit is good for weake stomackes, and the dyet for the Rhume doth many a great Cure: The Farrier now is the horses Physitian, and the fat Dog feeds the Faulcon in the Mew: The Tree begins to bud, and the grasse to peepe abroad, while the Thrush with the Blackbird make a charme in the young Springs: the Milkmayd with her best beloued, talke away wearinesse to the Market, and in an honest meaning, kind words doe no hurt: the Football now tryeth the legges of strength, and merry matches continue good fellowship: It is a time of much worke, and tedious to discourse of: but in all I find of it, I thus conclude in it: I hold it the Seruant of Nature, and the Schoole-master of Art: the hope of labour, and the Subiect of Reason. Farewell."

THUS in pleasing and lilting prose wrote Nicholas Breton in "The Twelve Moneths."

All afternoon Persephoné had been restlessly busy about the house. She had stopped an incipient run in her stocking; she had dusted; she had sewn a button to her Lord's asbestos pyjamas; she had prepared a little tray of *canapés* to serve with his *aperitif*. Just then the telephone rang and lifting the receiver she said, "Yes, Mother, I understand. I will meet you at the information desk in the morning."

She listened with closed ears at the dinnertable as Mr. H. talked ponderously of a dull but difficult day at the office. She lay sleepless at his side through the night and as dawn filtered dimly through the window she slipped quietly from bed, looked with distaste at her spouse, whose whiskered lips puffed in and out with monotonous reiteration. Then she thrust her cold, white feet into her sandals, threw her peplum about her shoulders, tied the belt into a neat bow knot and without a glance back went to her rendezvous with Demeter.

The first seed catalogue had arrived and it was her passionate duty to deal with seeds and germination and the mysteries that stem from rich, dark, fecund soil.

It is the considered idea of this department that all of us who are able should in this present springtime and summer grow a vegetable garden that is sufficient for our own family needs for fresh provender; that will supply gifts of green-stuff to our friends and that will still have a surplus for the preserving kettle, the mason jar and the jelly glass, and just be sure that you have plenty of jars and rubber rings while the supply still exists.

There is one department of the garden that we might all well take up with profit and with pleasure during the coming growing season and that is the cultivation of herbs. There is an acute shortage of some of these plants.

I do not intend to go into the aesthetics of the subject in this article, but propose rather to present a factual report that has just been prepared by my friend, John Sokol, for the American Spice Trade Association.

"Most of the herbs used for seasoning, formerly imported from foreign countries, could be grown in the U. S. A. The principal herbs are: Sage, Marjoram, Thyme, Savory and Sweet Basil.

SAGE: Several plots have been grown in different parts of the U. S. A. during 1941 on a commercial scale and the reports available indicate that the quality grown was fairly good. The flavor was not as good as the Dalmatian but much better than the sage grown in Greece,

Spain, and Cyprus. A special report on sage has been submitted which gives detailed information.

MARJORAM: This has not been grown on a large scale. Some has been grown for many years past by truck gardeners in small amounts in various parts of the U. S. A. and sold to the local trade, not as a leaf resifted, only in bunches. The aroma is very good and compares favorably to the best marjoram grown in Europe. In 1942 an effort will be made to grow this on a larger commercial scale in America.

THYME: The same condition prevails on this item as on marjoram. No large commercial crops have been grown in the past and only small lots were cultivated by truck gardeners.

SAVORY: Very little of this item has been grown, but in an experimental way it has been proven that same could be grown in the U. S. A.

SWEET BASIL: This has been grown successfully in a commercial way on the Pacific Coast where much of it is used for seasoning tomato paste (Italian style) and by the canning industries.

SEEDS: The principal seeds used in foods are dependent upon supplies from foreign countries with the exception of mustard. These seeds are: poppy, caraway, coriander, dill, anise, fennel, cumin, celery and sesame.

MUSTARD SEED: (Annual). This is now grown successfully in all northwestern and Pacific Coast states and the 1941 crop was ample to supply all requirements for U. S. A. consumption.

POPPY SEED: (Annual). Small plots have always been grown by some farmers in the northern and northwestern states in past years mostly for their local consumption. During 1941 a larger crop was planted at the Pacific Coast and northern states and although in some sections the crop yield was small on account of weather conditions, most of the growers had a fairly good crop and the quality was equal to that imported from Europe. An effort is being made to plant a large acreage during 1942.

CARAWAY SEED: (Biennial; harvest second year). Very little effort was made to grow this on a large scale commercially. Small plots have been planted and grown for many years by farmers in northern and northwestern states. Because of the high market on caraway, an effort is being made to plant same on a larger scale during 1942.

CORIANDER SEED: (Annual). In 1941, several lots grown in the U. S. A. on a commercial scale have shown satisfactory results and it has been proven that coriander could be grown successfully in many parts of this country.

DILL SEED: (Annual). This has been grown more or less in America principally for the dill plant which is used to flavor dill pickles. An effort to grow dill seed in a small way has proven satisfactory and this item could be grown successfully in many parts of our country.

ANISE AND FENNEL SEED: (Annual). These two have not been grown except in small lots; but experiments have proven that they could be grown successfully and commercially in many parts of the United States.

CUMIN SEED: (Annual). This has not been tried on a commercial scale and it is hoped that some of the growers in the southern states will give this some attention.

CELERY SEED: (Biennial). This could be grown especially in some of our southern states where the climatic conditions are the same as in the southern part of Europe. This also should have attention by some of our commercial growers.

SESAME SEED: (Annual). This is imported principally from China, India, and Central America. No record is available where this has been grown on a commercial scale in our country and it is believed that this could be grown in some of our southern states.

"Various federal and state bureaus are doing everything possible in their experimental stations in growing the various seeds and herbs used for food seasonings. Their data is available to those who may be interested.

"Important work is being done at the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Experimental Station at Beltsville, Maryland, where Dr. D. M. Crooks, senior plant anatomist, and A. F. Sievers, senior biochemist, are devoting special attention to herbs and seeds.

"Sage, one of our delicious food seasonings used for many meat products as well as other food dishes, was formerly imported from Dalmatia and is now unobtainable on account of the war.

"The best flavored sage grows in Dalmatia along the Adriatic Coast of Yugoslavia. This region is a natural paradise for many seasoning herbs and aromatic plants. Here they grow in their natural state without cultivation and possess a very fine aroma due to the soil and climatic conditions.

"The principal nations of Europe and the U. S. A. have depended on Dalmatia for herbs for food seasoning for several centuries past. When Yugoslavia was occupied by the Nazis in June, 1941, all shipments stopped, and importers had to look to Greece for sage. Some shipments were made from Greece, however these soon stopped upon the occupation of that country. Buyers then turned to Spain and Cyprus.

In this country an effort has been made to grow sage during the season of 1941 and reports from different sections indicate that sage can be

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grown successfully in some sections. The high cost of labor in cultivation, harvesting and curing brings the cost price from 50c to 80c per pound for dried sage leaves, depending on the location and on the method used.

"These prices can be obtained during the duration of the war, but as soon as shipping from Dalmatia is re-established, sage will be obtainable at much lower prices since there is no expense involved in the cultivation in Dalmatia. The only expense incurred is in the picking where the wages are very low in comparison to those paid here.

"Some American growers believe that after the sage has been planted the first year, it will produce abundantly for several years without replanting and without much cultivation, and two to three pickings could be obtained annually which should reduce the cost after the first year's planting and hence sage should be possible as a commercial crop.

"Most of the state colleges of agriculture have been experimenting in growing herbs and seeds and can furnish information to their local growers through their county agents.

"The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Experimental Station also has valuable formation for growers intending to plant herbs and seeds for food purposes.

"The National Farm Chemurgic Council, 50 W. Broad Tower, Columbus, Ohio, also has information available to commercial growers."

FOR WHOM THE TROUT RISE

(*Continued from page* 41)

The way of a trout with a fly, like the way of a man with a maid, is a fascinating lifetime study. Unlike man's education in sex, the angling experiences of those who have gone before can be used to advantage . . . it is a knowledge of stream conditions which not only puts a comfortable weight in the creel but adds delightful moments of pleasure and satisfaction to a day on the water.

Trout are cold-water animals and the various species manifest specific reactions toward a water-conditioned habitat. The native American brook trout will not thrive in water temperatures exceeding 75° Fahrenheit. That hardy foreigner, the brown trout, introduced in the United States in the early '80's, can withstand temperatures up to 81° Fahrenheit; while the rainbow, West Coast species transplanted to many eastern waters, does well until a torrid spell sends the thermal condition of the water over 83° Fahrenheit.

Therefore, as stream temperatures reach the upper toleration limits late in the summer, a thermometer is invaluable in locating spring holes where trout often congregate during the Tom Collins season. You may not catch fish the first time your thermometer uncovers a trout's hot weather refuge . . . the chances are you won't, because you'll put down your potential quarry . . . but if you mark the spot well and approach it next time with quiet and strategy, it may prove an aquatic bonanza, yielding several finny dividends.

Just as our lungs take in life-giving air, so the fishes' delicate gill structures absorb the oxygen in the water. Luckily, you don't have to carry any elaborate chemical apparatus to evaluate this important factor. The riffs and the waterfalls are the great trout stream aërators. Where you find tumbling white water at the end of a slow, sluggish stretch, watch for trout sweeping in for a supercharged oxygen cocktail.

Some trout streams meander slowly through meadowlands. Here, look for aquatic vegetation which gives off oxygen and absorbs carbon dioxide in the process of photosynthesis . . . the same principle as Aunt Emmy's balanced aquarium on the sun porch.

These finned aristocrats do not prosper in acid water. The few that do, have flesh with a flavor strongly reminiscent of parboiled moccasins. Streams originating or flowing through bog swamps usually have a high acid content and can be passed by quickly.

Fish need calories and vitamins as well as fishermen and the fastidious trout are as epicurean in their tastes as *Les Amis d'Escoffier*.

Three classes of insects make up the principal entrées of these gourmets: the mayflies, the caddisflies, and the stoneflies.

While you are resting . . . waiting for the evening rise . . . is a good time to spend a few moments getting acquainted with the little stream animals which furnish the lip-smacking victuals of the trout. Their beautiful coloration, streamlined forms, agility and ingenuity in building shelters for themselves are worth observing both for the passing pleasure of discovering a new world and the future profit in learning about the food habits of the trout.

You can see these interesting creatures by overturning rocks and gravel. A better method is to have a piece of ordinary screening rolled up in your fishing kit. Hold this in a riffle and stir up the stream bottom just above the screen. The current will carry any insect life down on the screen and it can then be taken to the shore for leisurely examination.

Most of the trout stream insects lead a Jekyll and Hyde existence. The larval forms known as nymphs live entirely in the water. These subsequently emerge and become aerial or winged forms. Both of these life stages have their counter-

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parts in artificials. A few years back, there was a great tendency to fish nymphs and the flytiers flooded the tackle marts with imitations of the common forms. The fad seems to have faded from the piscatorial scene in recent years and once more the emphasis is on the winged forms.

Use common sense in the matter of trout flies. Experts differ strongly on the desirability of matching the hatch. Until you have arrived . . . and joined the select circle . . . you will find that when the trout are rising, it matters little about the fly pattern; and when they refuse to rise, it matters little about the fly pattern. Therefore, a dozen or so of the standard patterns does very well.

The Coachman and its variations, Quill Gordon, Silver Doctor, Parmachenee Belle, the Cahills, Ginger Quill, Beaverhill, some plain hackles and a few bi-visibles will enable you to play Oscar-of-the-Waldorf to any trout on the continent.

Trout fishing is a study in animal psychology. A trout's responses to various stimuli are as fascinating as a Freudian essay on sex.

For instance, all trout are negatively phototropic . . . sensitive to light. They have as much regard for the bright places as Gypsy Rose Lee has for an Eskimo parka. Overhanging brush is important in furnishing shade but, of even more importance, is the submerged cover. Work the boulder and sunken-log stretches slowly. Undercut banks are the bomb shelters of the trout.

Some fish are thigmotropic . . . they are more comfortable if in contact with the bottom of the stream. But not the trout. He lives high, wide and probably handsome. This gives the angler a tipoff to keep his lure suspended in the water. Never allow it to rest on the bottom.

"The game fish swims upstream" is an axiom on which is based the technique of all observant Waltons. The trout is negatively rheotropic; he invariably faces into the current. Trout stream technique, therefore, includes no spearhead frontal assault, no flanking or pincers movements; the skilled angler approaches his adversary from behind.

Learn to fish upstream if you would take your share of these finny prizes.

And what prizes they are! Is there anything more beautiful than a trout just as it comes from the water? . . . before its vivid spots and silver sheen have disappeared . . . an adventure known only to the lucky fisherman.

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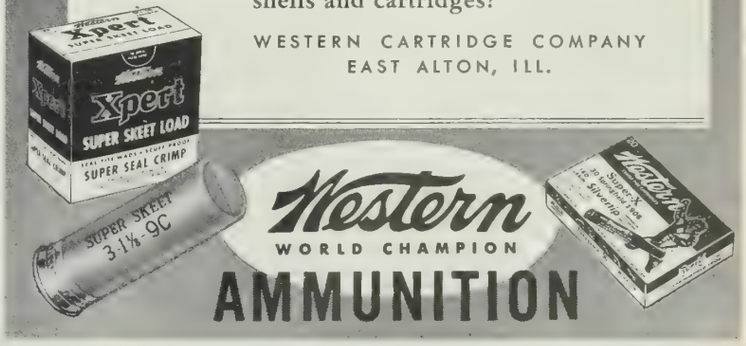

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Gardens

by DOROTHY NICHOLAS

THANK HEAVEN THAT GARDENS ARE MORE CIVILIZED THAN NATIONS

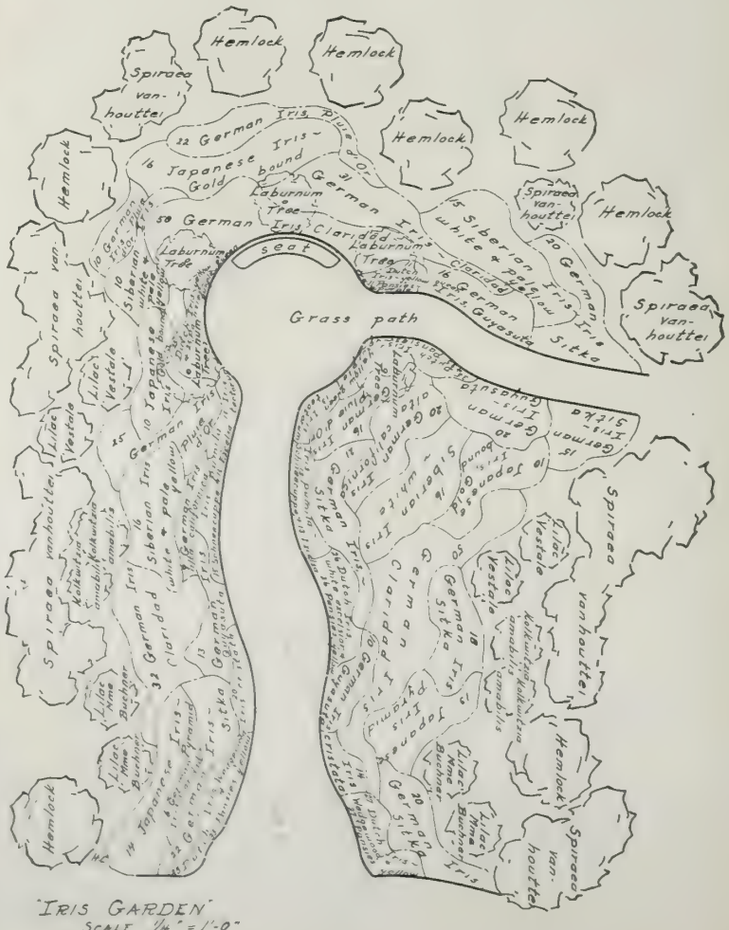
PLANTS are more civilized than nations, thank heaven, or a garden like the one contemplated here could never be brought into existence. For you see, it is an Iris Garden—composed of Dutch, Siberian, Japanese, and German varieties—a desperate combination!

One of the few things we do not have to worry about is the vindictiveness of plants. They go their peaceful, colorful way in spite of world turmoil. So let us contemplate a June day, with an iris garden in full bloom, and forget for the moment the warring origins of the lovely plants we are dealing with.

The photograph shows a very large garden, all German iris, and if only the colors could be reproduced you would realize what a sensational garden it is. You come upon it rather unexpectedly, around a bend in the trees, and there rippling out in front of you is a veritable sea of iris.

The arrangement of colors is a masterpiece. Pale yellows slide off into deep yellows, browns and buffs; pale blues ripple off into deep gentian blues; lavender and purples, and queer dusty pinks melt into queerer deep maroons.

The plan herewith is an iris garden also, but a bird of a more modest feather, as it is a small affair and filled with other varieties besides German iris, which makes a longer blooming garden and is more practical for the average amateur gardener. This plan is similar in idea to the one in the photograph, and must be a "secret" garden, situated in an inconspicuous place be-


Hemlock
Spiraea van-houttei
Grass path
seat
Lilac Vestale
Lilac Mme Buchner
Iris Sitka
Iris Gracchus
Iris Pallida dalmatica
Iris Florentina
Iris Kaempferi
Iris Ochroleuca
Iris Pseudacorus
Iris Monnieri
Iris Germanica
Iris Siberica
Iris Japonica
Iris Pumila
Iris Cristata
Iris Versicolor
Iris Tectorum
Iris Gueldenstadtiana
Iris Orientalis
Iris Ochroleuca
Iris Florentina
Iris Pallida dalmatica
Iris Kaempferi

cause, after its spring and early summer glory, it will be a drab little affair for the rest of the season.

It has a wide grass walk with waves of flowers on each side, and shrubs and trees in the background. I have added a curved bench at the end so one may be able to sit down quietly and enjoy the garden for a little while. Of course, it mustn't look like the end, because the path wanders off to the right, as though there were more to the whole affair than meets the eye. You will find a stylish color effect in this plan also, and a choice collection of flowering trees, shrubs, and evergreens for a background.

German iris—220 varieties

I may also add that upon reading the glowing descriptions of each one, it appeared impossible to pass up any and not have your planting a complete failure!

Following is a general description of various families of iris and of the particular varieties that are favorites of mine. A star will be placed beside the name of every variety suggested for this garden. There will not be many stars because the size of the garden does not warrant many varieties—but I will guarantee that all the starred ones are lovely and will make a harmonious, delightful effect.

MATTIE E. HEWITT

If you want a beautiful iris garden like this one, think now!

With the use of various varieties of iris, this garden can rejoice in a long season of bloom. Commencing with the miniature type that blooms in late April and early May, we can pull the flowering season along to the middle of June with the latest of all summer iris, the Japanese.

There are, to be sure, some good autumn flowering German iris, but I have not included them in this garden, because it is too small. It is not a good idea to have a garden with one or two small splotches of plants flowering when there is nothing else in bloom. Rather have a good show in the early part of the season, and then call it a day until the following spring.

So first come the miniature type, then the Dutch, then German, then Siberian, and last, but not least, the Japanese.

I will go into each variety presently, but first I am obliged to give a dissertation on the dangers of diving into this iris game unprepared. A beginner will get into such a maze as never was, if not guided by some friendly advice. Just for fun, I counted a list of different varieties of iris species in one catalogue alone with this result:

Siberian iris—22 varieties
Japanese iris—50 varieties
Miniature iris—71 varieties

First on the list come the little fellows—the miniatures, and they are up and doing bright and early in the spring. They grow only from about four to six inches high but take themselves very seriously and copy the taller irises almost identically.

Listed in some catalogs now are many varieties of the Pumila type that I do not know but hope to make their acquaintance shortly. The familiar ones to me are Excelsa,* a pale yellow; Fairy, pale blue; Black Midget, purple; Sambo, purple; Schneecuppe,* white.

The Cristata is a lovely little thing—slightly different in type from the Pumila and is fragrant. It comes in white and a lovely bluey lavender. Verna is another dainty lavender one. Both of these varieties like partial shade.

Next to bloom are the Dutch iris. This is quite another breed of cat than the other irises. To begin with you buy and plant them as bulbs in the autumn and not as rhizomes (bulbous roots), like the others. These little Dutchmen shoot up straight and slender on a single stem with grass-like foliage and they greatly resemble an honest-to-goodness orchid. They are entrancing.

Excelsior,* white and yellow; Queen* and Wedgewood,* blue, will give you three lovely colors. You

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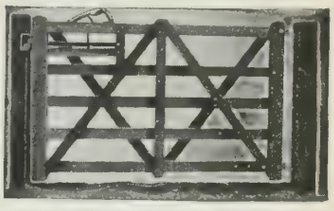

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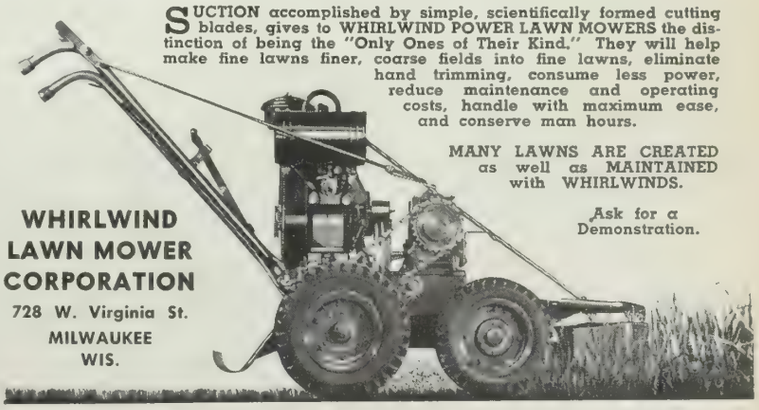

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will notice on the plan that contrasting colored pansies go at the foot of these Dutch iris. I saw this combination in the garden of the Governor's palace in Williamsburg last spring and fell in love with the idea.

Iris tectorum follows along almost with the Dutch. It grows about twelve inches high, and is a good purple. It comes also in white but this variety has a watery anaemic look I don't care for.

Next to bloom are the German or Bearded iris which are the most familiar of all the species. Here you find a bewildering number of varieties. These are the darlings of the horticulturist's and hybridizer's heart—so many new varieties are coming out all the time just to make it that much harder to make your selections.

There are, of course, a great many beautiful German iris, but to me many are considered fine because they are extraordinary and I don't care for extraordinary flowers when they run to dirty browns, purples and what-nots, all thrown into one flower. I am old-fashioned I know but I have to confess I like the clear, rich, self-toned colors best of all. Here is a list, a short modest list of my favorites:

Alta California,* a tall clear yellow;

Dauntless, a good red-toned iris;

Claridad,* a glorious real blue;

Pallida Dalmatica, an old-fashioned favorite, very tall and a nice silvery blue lavender;

Pluie d'or,* a brilliant deep yellow;

Venus de Milo, a nice clear white;

Frieda Mohr, a fine pinky-toned iris;

Guyasuta,* deep purple;

Sunlight, a very pale yellow;

Sitka,* white with a blue tinge.

Siberian iris bloom next and you will find them in white,* pale yellow,* lavender and deep purple. They are taller, slenderer than the German and look like the "wild flag" one sees growing of its own accord in a marshy meadow.

Japanese or Kaempferi are next and they are truly glorious. They are large-flowered—tall—aristocratic and come in wonderful colors: Gold Bound,* white; Betty Holmes, white; Pyramid,* blue purple; Totty's Blue; Queen of the Blues; Azure, a double mauve blue.

The culture of iris is as simple as can be. In fact, with ordinary good soil your only problem is to keep them from spreading all over creation and crowding each other out. This is particularly true of German and Siberian iris, so remember every two or three years to divide the big plants, re-set and give the surplus away. Japanese iris is a dash more particular than the others and likes a really deep rich moist soil.

No iris likes lime so keep it away from the plants if you are putting it on the rest of the garden. The best time of the year to plant is in early September. This gives the plants a chance to get established before winter and they will bloom happily and beautifully the following spring.

Probably you are wondering why, if only autumn planting is advised, does this article appear in the April issue. I can answer that question. If you find yourself interested in iris and decide to plant an iris garden in the autumn—it is expedient to familiarize yourself with all the families and varieties as they bloom this year throughout the spring and summer.

The plan calls for a background of hemlock, lilacs, kolkwitsia and spiraea and near the circle and bench are five Laburnum trees. These tree bushes with their charming wisteria-like flowers of yellow give a dash of style to the garden and the color blends in well with the yellows and blues of the Pluie d'ors and Claridads.

FUN WITH HORSES

(*Continued from page* 42)

a major local holiday. Guilford Fair, the oldest, has been an institution for eighty years on the ancient, elm surrounded green before the Colonial Church. The Ferris wheel and merry-go-round are chief attractions, and whether on the village green or open lots, the show, though it usually rates a grandstand, has stiff competition from the local Grange exhibits, the prize livestock, the weight-pulling contests for oxen and draft horses, not to mention the midway.

The crowd cheers, boos and whistles. The local band plays loud, long and much too close for equine peace of mind, and the loud-speakers of a hundred barkers split the air.

A hair-raising class held at most of the C. H. S. A. shows is the handy jumpers. In some small rings this seemed to me to combine all the fine features of the Olympic course plus a polo player's nightmare and a fox hunter's nervous breakdown.

In other words, the wingless jumps, though not high, are of every possible shape and description and are placed so close together and at such abrupt angles that it seems as though a horse must turn in air before landing from one to get set to take off for the next.

By the middle of the Summer the favorites in the saddle horse and hunter divisions, where conformation counts, are pretty well decided, though they all turn out for every show, for if one horse is not there

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to get his share of ribbons he can be sure that another which has been crowding him will be.

However, in the open jumpers everything is nip and tuck until the last minute. For with an open horse performance is everything and there is no place for opinion or preference. In fact, no one ever really knows an open horse is one until he has proved it.

Thoroughbreds, saddle horses, trotters and hackneys are all bred to their particular type and more or less follow it for better or worse. An open horse just happens, any size, any shape.

Canadian, last year's champion, is 17 hands and to belie his name and size comes from Mexico. Other champions have had bronc blood, and some have been no more than 15 hands. One surprise horse was Sir Gilbert, the bob-tailed one-eyed stallion, who jumped to fame over pasture fences, while resting from the labors of hayraking and reappeared last year at 23 to jump in the ribbons.

Kildare Sorcerer, a purebred hackney, once owned by Alfred Maclay, takes 5 foot 6 fences at a trot. Black Hawk was a top heavyweight polo pony at Squadron A for years before he came out to hunt at Fairfield and then start winning open classes.

So you just can't tell what to expect and it is the same way in the state championship competition, where results are not positive until the last jump-off of the last class in the final show. This element of suspense lends a most exciting climax to an interesting variety of summer shows and sends both spectators and competitors home feeling they have really had a run for their money.

INSECT CONTROL

(*Continued from page* 45)

to the methods in which they are used or the manner in which they kill insects. These groups are known as stomach poisons, contact poisons, fumigants, and repellents. Briefly, they may be distinguished as follows:

Stomach poison insecticides are those chemicals which kill by being taken through the mouth into the digestive tract of the insect when eating its regular food, such as caterpillars eating foliage sprayed with arsenate of lead; by eating specially prepared attractive food called baits, such as grasshoppers eating poisoned bran mash bait; and by accidental poisoning, such as cockroaches cleaning their legs and antennae with their mouth after running through sodium fluoride placed in their hiding places. There are a number of different materials used as stomach poison insecticides, many of which have specific uses. Arsenate of lead, however, is the most satisfactory and generally used.

Contact insecticides are those chemicals that kill by coming in direct contact with the body of the insect. They do not depend for their effectiveness upon being taken into the digestive tract, but rather act upon the nervous system or respiratory system by penetrating through the breathing pores or sensory pores on the body wall of the insect. Contact insecticide must come in direct contact with the insect to be effective. This requires thorough and timely applications for best results. Many different kinds of chemicals are used for contact insecticides. Some of the best, particularly for use on growing plants, are obtained from certain plants. Examples are nicotine from the tobacco plant, pyrethrins from the flower of the pyrethrum plant, and rotenone, with other toxic materials, from the roots of fish poison plants, such as derris and cube.

Fumigants are those insecticides applied as a gas, or sometimes as a smoke, and are usually used in enclosed places, such as greenhouses, homes, warehouses, mills, etc. They are effective against all stages of all kinds of insects. Some examples are nicotine, hydrocyanic acid gas, carbon disulfide, chloropicrin, methyl bromide, and others.

Repellents are those chemicals which are distasteful or obnoxious to insects and keep them off or away from the treated materials. The active ingredients in mosquito repellents illustrates a good example. Rotenone, found in derris and cube roots, is repellent to many insects and is very effective in preventing the Japanese beetle from feeding on many plants.

Stomach poison insecticides and contact insecticides may be applied as liquids in sprays or dry as in dusts. Each method of application has some advantages. Spray applications are usually used in a dilute form and often require considerable of the diluted material and time for a treatment. They are economical in material but expensive in the application. Sprays as a rule give better coverage and adherence than dust applications.

Dust insecticides are usually used in a much more concentrated form than are sprays. They require more of the toxic ingredient but require less time for a given treatment.

The thoroughness of application is often as important as the kind of insecticide used. Of course, one must use the proper kind of insecticide for certain insects but when it comes to choosing between different brands of the same general kind, thoroughness of application is often more important than the particular

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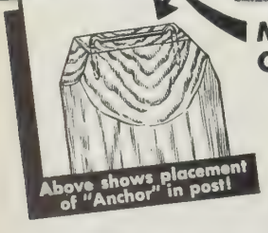

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brand. More poor insect control is due to not making thorough treatment or at the right time, than is due to not using the proper material.

The equipment for applying the insecticide should be in good condition and of sufficient capacity and flexibility so that the work will be thoroughly done. Small and poor equipment is often worse than none in that applications are poorly made and results are expected but not obtained. On the other hand, large power sprayers are not needed for spraying a few garden plants. Analyze the problem and either buy, if you can, or hire the equipment best suited for the job.

Sprayers may be had in a variety of sizes and prices. The small hand-operated sprayer is satisfactory for spraying house plants but is entirely too small for use on outdoor plants. The compressed air type of sprayer, in which about 2 gallons of spray are placed in a 3-gallon container and air pumped in, forcing the liquid out under pressure, is inexpensive and satisfactory for a few outdoor plants. The sprayer contains no agitator to keep the liquid stirred up and it is often difficult to obtain or to maintain satisfactory pressure.

The so-called bucket type of spray pump is very useful and will protect a considerable number of plants. Very satisfactory pressure can be maintained, insuring a good job of spraying. Another small sprayer is the "knapsack type" which is hand-operated, gives fairly good pressure and is very usable. Of all the small hand-operated sprayers there are I prefer the bucket type or the knapsack type.

For large gardens or where shrubs or trees are to be sprayed, the power-operated sprayers are a necessity. These come in various sizes from the small so-called estate sprayers with a capacity of 2 or 3 gallons of spray per minute to the large high pressure sprayers with a capacity of 50 to 60 gallons of spray per minute at a pressure of 600 to 800 pounds.

Dusters are almost as varied in size and their uses as are sprayers. There are the small hand type, the bellows type, the rotary fan type, and the power duster. The small hand type is satisfactory where only a few plants are to be treated. The other kinds can be obtained in various sizes to fit the uses. Probably the most satisfactory of the hand-operated dusters is the rotary fan type since it gives a continuous uniform dust flow. It is, however, usually the most expensive of the small dusters.

The kind of nozzle used on a sprayer, the pressure on the sprayer and the volume of spray discharged or the volume of dust discharged is quite important to obtain good insect control. The volume of the spray or dust should be large enough to give a good, thorough, and quick coverage. Poor control is more often due to poor application or to infrequent application rather than to poor insecticide materials.

Many leaf-eating insects can be controlled by one thorough application of arsenate of lead applied just at the beginning of an infestation. Thoroughness in coverage is, however, very important. The control of sucking insects, especially in the summer time when the insects are breeding rapidly, may require several applications at intervals of a week or 10 days. Thoroughness of application is more important with contact sprays than with stomach poisons.

Only those insects directly hit with the contact spray are killed. Care should thus be given to wetting both the upper and the lower surface of the leaves. Contact sprays cannot be applied before the insects appear, but they should be made during the early part of the infestation and before damage has occurred.

Good control is first dependent upon good equipment.

PROPOSAL FOR A LAND ARMY

(*Continued from page 24*)

of imagined peace. But I wish there were space to review this whole slim volume here; here are dreams that will live as long as decent men and free have something to say as to how this world should be tended and governed. Some brief excerpts from "Men of the Trees" 1938 report:

TABLE OF CONTENTS: "Trees and the Countryside," by J. W. Robertson Scott, editor of "The Countryman." "Fruit Tree Roots and Soil Conditions," by W. S. Rogers, M.A. "The Floor of the Forest," by Sir Albert Howard. C.I.E., M.A. "Willows," by Henry P. Hutchinson," Research Station, Bristol University. "Tree Rings and Chronology," by A. E. Douglas, University of Arizona. "National Parks and Trees," by John Dower, M.A., A.R.I.B.A. "National Service Camps and Forestry," by Rolf Gardinier, B.A.

From this last paper, I quote the first paragraph: "National service camps for land reclamation and afforestation would afford an opportunity to enlist young men in a national cause. They would be directed toward a reconditioning of the land and men at one and the same time. This would make possible further and more rapid land-settlement by the State, and bring back derelict land into effective use, and fertility as an essential measure of national defense. It would restore to young workers . . . physical stamina and habits of endurance and

refreshment, together with personal pride in body under conditions of community training. . . . They would he available for work on privately owned land, and organized on a self-governing basis."

The next paper, "Preservation of Hardwood Trees," by E. Francis Davis, F.L.A.S., is prefaced with a letter from Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Powell, K.C.B., dated The Lower House, Wickham, Hants, 13th July 1938. In part:

"Owing to the destructive action of our road engineers in re-aligning and widening roads all over the country, literally thousands of fully grown oaks, ash, beech, etc., have been cut down: also in the construction of bye-pass roads."

"Forestry as a Solution to Employing the Unskilled," by Frank Darvall, M.A., is the next piece in the proceedings. An excerpt:

"When President Roosevelt assumed office in March, 1933, there were some 15,000,000 unemployed in the United States. A very large proportion of these were young men and women who had never had a regular job. Large numbers of them had developed the habit of wandering around the country, "hitch-hiking," or stealing rides on freight cars and begging their food. Communities, especially in the warmer climates, were impressed with the tragic deterioration of human material which was taking place. . . ."

The succeeding articles are somewhat more arty or off the ground. Let us skip to the small-typed stenographic report of offhand discussion and the picture of the delegates photographed on the lawn-like campus of Oxford at the end. An era had ended in England. It had ended here too, by the time that picture was taken. But there can be no harm now for those of us who had the luck to be reared in country homes, gently and easily, with a tradition of *noblesse oblige* and the obligations of landed gentlemen, etc., behind us, to reassert that the same spirit, more generally expressed and extended, may even now prove useful.

These are well-to-do people, gently reared, the people in this picture. Many of them bear Titles, with a capital T,—Titles that spring from the old concept of a strictly private responsibility on the land. Some of the attempts that we find recorded in this Old English record of 1938 to assert a wider public responsibility on such questions are stuffy. You have to laugh when you read them. But there may be a certain fondness under our laughter. Consider this, from the extemporaneous proceedings:

"Miss Wynne-Jones and Lady Wise, co-delegates, representing Geoffrey Hutchinson, M.P., for Ilford 'On the Litter Nuisance'": The labor that has to be employed to clear up litter amount to a considerable item in wages at the end of the year. Bus tickets should be kept in the bus, or buses should have no tickets at all, but put money in the slot like a telephone box, or have nickel discs like they have in America. . . . The parks and countryside should have many more litter baskets, and the park keeper should have a megaphone and call out occasionally—"We don't want fines—put your litter in a basket, or take it home."

"We don't want fines." Govern yourself decently. Do not disfigure our beautiful country with your discarded scraps of paper, your beer cans, your banana peels. That was the system in Old England before this latest outbreak of War. It is their system now. It is our system (with radio appeals and posters instead of megaphones) on our great public playgrounds, the national parks and forests, today. Laugh as you please about its relative ineffectiveness at the moment, there is still something profoundly decent and hopeful about it that is bound, once we pull it together and make it less disparate and faddish, to win this war for good and all.

I think we are just about to pull ourselves together as a great people, still young and changeable, still powerful, generous and vigorous; and do just that.

The main point I have held in mind, in opening this discussion, is the need of giving more of our people, especially our young people, *access* to the land. I am not here concerned with the question of ownership, public or private. We can talk about that later. Private ownership of land is a good deal of a legal friction, anyway, and it is becoming increasingly so, the world over. If the State wants land for any public purpose, it takes it.

I think that in the end we shall come to a concept that a man and his heirs have a right to continuing tenure and private management on a given piece of land, provided they treat that land decently, keep it fertile and productive; work it, in a word, for the general good.

If they maltreat land, if their social behavior there is damaging, the state will take over; or find some better landlord or tenant, and put them there. This is going on headlong now, in England; though there the immediate measure of social usefulness lies necessarily in a high pitch of productivity, rather than in conserving the source.

We are going to need work armies in this war and afterwards. Especially afterwards, I think.

DO NOT READ NOW

ANSWER

to question on page 70

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NOTES ON Horses

by PETER VISCHER

SPRING

We are on the threshold of what used to be the beginning of the season for horse sports, back in the days before Santa Anita made the greatest of the horse sports, racing, a continuous performance. And, in a way, affected all other sports.

This year Santa Anita had no racing; rightly or wrongly, the military forced the cancellation of the winter season on the Pacific Coast. But we had a successful season in Florida for those that had to have winter racing; we had racing in Louisiana and in Arkansas. And we had a smattering of other horse sports.

More than that, we have had a definite announcement by President Roosevelt that he feels a healthy and normal participation in sports to be both proper and useful in war time.

I cannot string along with those gloomy prophets who feel that the horse sports are in for a bad year. I believe there will be plenty of racing. There will be lots of horse shows, with local shows getting the play, which is as it should be. There will be some polo, even though most of the high-goal players are in uniform.

Most important of all, there will be lots of riding. If any evidence of this is needed, see the stories of the formation of defense riding units by patriotic horsemen

THE RHYMER

That this is a confused time, all will readily admit. It was perhaps only natural, therefore, that the $50.000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah—greatest of our winter races now that Santa Anita was called off—was won by a rank outsider. Indeed, a horse that lived to race, one might say, merely by luck.

The Rhymer was bred by Mrs. Payne Whitney in Kentucky and is by her stallion St. Germans, sire of the horse she holds dearest, Twenty Grand. He is out of a mare named Rhythmic and while not a particularly attractive colt, did all that was asked of him as a yearling in a competent manner.

Taken to Belmont Park for training, The Rhymer was stricken with pneumonia. He became a very sick horse. He seemed doomed. And then John Gaver, his trainer, and Dr. M. E. Southard, the Whitney veterinarian, made up their minds to try an experiment. With Mrs. Whitney's consent, they decided upon a blood transfusion.

They took some quarts of blood from a horse named Carteret, a son of Granville who hadn't shown too much, and injected them into The Rhymer's veins. The operation was successful. The Rhymer lived. He grew strong in time and there is no reason why he should not go on to greater things.

Curiously, neither Mrs. Whitney nor Gaver thought enough of The Rhymer to plan starting him in the Widener. He was only started at the last moment to give Eddie Arcaro a mount. Then he beat Market Wise, Alsab, Challedon, Mioland, etc. Which goes to show that one really shouldn't give up too soon.

POLO

How much polo there will be this year is hard to say, but the season did get off to a good start with a lively indoor intercollegiate tournament. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, P. M. C., West Point and Cornell played as usual and some interesting hard-fought matches resulted.

In the opening match, Princeton's veterans disposed of Cornell easily enough. Yale then surprised followers of the sport by turning back the competent P. M. C. team, later defeating West Point by a single goal, 7 to 6. This brought Yale against Princeton in the final, played at West Point on March 14.

A ding-dong battle resulted, in which the fighting Yale team overcame a Princeton side that had been generally expected to win. During the first period Princeton led 1 to 0; at the end of four chukkers the score was tied, 3 to 3. In overtime, a break in luck and quick thinking by Dave Wilhelm gave Yale the championship, 4 goals to 3.

Wilhelm, John H. Daniels and Robert DeL. Johnson represented Yale. Walter and Arthur Hayden and Edward C. Rose, Jr., rode for Princeton.

CHICAGO HORSE MARKET

Erwin F. Dygert, of Manchester, Iowa, has taken over the famous Chicago stockyards horse market, with headquarters in the same building which the late Harry S. McNair occupied for so many years, at 815 W. 43d Street.

Mr. Dygert made his official debut

by conducting a commercial horse sale on January 20, and has continued with similar auctions each Tuesday. The initial sale brought 175 horses on the block, and prices ranged from $25 to $40 above the figures paid last fall.

In addition to these events a purebred draft horse sale was held in the barns adjoining his office building. This is to be followed by a large saddle horse sale April 16, 17 and 18 at the International Amphitheatre. Mr. Dygert and Chester Caldwell, manager of Irving S. Florsheim's Red Top Farm at Libertyville, Ill., will operate this sale as a partnership under the name of the Chicago Horse Sales.

During his 29 years in the business, Mr. Dygert, the third generation of a family of horsemen, has built up a reputation as a judge, importer, dealer and breeder of horses. He is said to have bought and sold as many high priced draft horses as any man in the United States. Born in Springville, N. Y., 46 years ago, Mr. Dygert has been established at Manchester, Ia., for 19 years.

His policy, he stated, in connection with all sales will continue to provide that saddle horses purchased on order will be sold on a guaranteed basis, "with all buyers and sellers assured honest and fair treatment."

WHITNEY SALE

The recent action of the American Horse Shows Association in barring stallions from regulation hunter classes has taken from the tanbark one of the most colorful figures of the last twenty-five years. Mrs. M. E. (Liz) Whitney has commissioned Louis McL. Merryman & Sons to dispose of her entire show string on April 10 at her famous Llangollen estate, Upperville, Va. In the future she will center her horse interests in racing and hunting.

Ever since when as a small child she showed in pony classes around Philadelphia's Main Line, Mary Elizabeth Altemus, later Mrs. John Hay Whitney, has been a dominating figure in the show ring. Her gray stallion Bonne Nuit (full brother to The Gray Knight) is the pride of her heart and she has shown him everywhere until 1942.

This year she had planned another gray hunt team—three stallions—a recently purchased Man o' War from her mother's relative by marriage, Samuel Riddle, and Night Lark, Bonne Nuit's son. They had been schooled and would have done their job.

Why stallions should be barred from the show ring, when the whole point of showing horses must be the improvement of the breed is something that will probably never be made clear to this magazine.

HORSES FOR THE ARMY

(*Continued from page 36*)

The objective of the plan is the annual production in normal times of 20,000 "using" horses, a "using" horse being defined as: "One with four good legs, one on each corner—set truly, that will allow the horse to move truly and freely in his gaits; that will carry a cavalry soldier or a cow puncher in stock saddle down the road all day long and be ready to do the same job the next day." To put it another way, the service requires horses of good conformation, quiet disposition, possessed of courage and endurance.

Even in the Blue Grass country of Kentucky there are no better facilities for raising horses than at Fort Robinson. Nor can the management be surpassed, as for the past eight years veterinary officers in charge of the nursery have had advanced courses in the Department of Experiment under Dr. W. W. Dimock at the University of Kentucky. This course includes special study of breeding problems, and while enrolled, the officers have opportunity to observe methods used at many outstanding breeding farms near Lexington.

The older stables, of brick construction, are used for issue stallions, formerly for horse show teams in Summer and for both issue horses and depot-raised youngsters in training, while the newer, frame stables are used for the nursery stock. In all there are 425 box stalls.

Four depot stallions are housed in a stable patterned after one on a famous Blue Grass farm. These horses are "proven"; that is, their foals are of the type and have the conformation, size, and apparent disposition desired in Army horses, and using agencies have found them to possess the required "ability-to-perform." This process of proving a stallion is necessarily a long one, as the ability-to-perform can not be established until the produce have had advanced training for at least a year, which makes them five-year-olds. Therefore a minimum proving period would be six years.

These proven stallions are: Irish, a bay of 1926 by The Finn-Ohone, by Polemelion; Tote, a bay of 1928, by Dark Jest-Portage, by Whisk Broom 2nd; and Fitzgibbon, a brown horse foaled in 1919, by Huon-Rosslaer, by Sempronious. Fitzgibbon's get are particularly popular at the service schools, as so many have outstanding ability, a goodly number of them having won places on the horse show teams of the past. The fourth is Sullivan Trail, by Wigstone-Spearianat, by Assagi, a magnificent, 13-year-old bay Thoroughbred standing 16.3½, weighing 1,380 pounds. He

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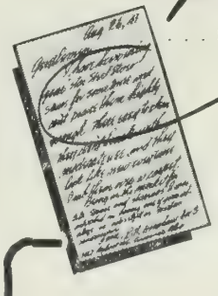

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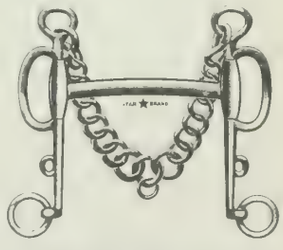

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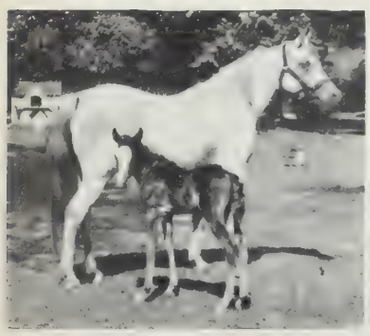

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was used at Robinson some years ago and his get have performed so well that he was returned to the depot to be bred to specially selected mares.

As for a depot sire's own ability-to-perform, many have shown their jumping prowess both in the show ring and on the steeplechase course, and nearly all remount stallions have been tested on the race track before they are purchased. Probably the outstanding stallion in the Remount Service proven both as to personal performance and transmission of ability, was Gordon Russell, a gift from the Kentucky Racing Association. In eleven years of racing he built up an impressive record, and in seven years at the Depot a high percentage of his produce had unusual ability to perform, as proven by his six jumpers on the Cavalry Horse Show Team of 1939.

The number of broodmares has been limited recently to 55. This is due, chiefly, to the fact that the experimental stage of depot breeding is ended, the work now being considered demonstrational or instructional. The officers hope that within a few years the broodband may consist entirely of proven performers, and considerable progress has been made along this line in spite of the fact that mares are not popular on show teams.

Luckily, however, proven performers reach the broodband by other routes than retirement from horse show teams. A splendid new recruit, Fiddle Fit, developed and proven at the Cavalry School, showed so much natural ability that she was sent up to make her contribution to life through her foals.

Another case was similar: Miss Danour, by Danour-Miss Sudbury, a big bay filly foaled on the depot, responded to three-year-old training in such a gratifying way that she was given advanced work in her fourth year. So apt was she, and so astonishing her progress, that in a depot show she easily won everything in her division, and in a show at Fort Meade made a clean sweep of all novice classes. Her ability being proven, she was bred to Irish; this union produced a handsome bay colt foal whose development will be watched with interest.

Two outstanding performers are those gallant Olympic mares, Trailolka and Jenny Camp. Foaled on the depot, Trailolka has been shadowed by misfortune, but she was such a courageous performer that foals of like spirit are hoped for. Her mother died at her foaling and she was raised on a bottle; in spite of this poor start she earned a place on the 1936 Olympic Team and was doing splendidly, in Berlin, when a fall eliminated her. Upon her return to the Robinson Depot she was bred to the famous Gordon Russell, and foaled twin fillies which died. She next foaled twin fillies by Fitzgibbon, one of which died. Last year she produced a beautiful chestnut colt by Scamp.

Foaled in 1926 at the Front Royal Remount Depot, Jenny Camp is the most notable daughter of Gordon Russell; she was on the Army Horse Show Team from 1931 to 1936 inclusive and on the Olympic Teams of 1932 and 1936. Jennie placed second in the Three-Day Events both years, and in 1936 set a record for the Endurance Phase of this event.

Her first foal, after retirement to Robinson, was a colt by Fitzgibbon. In honor of her Olympic rider, Capt. E. F. Thompson, the foal was named Little Tommy. This attractive colt is the idol of the Depot; in fact, he has had so much attention as to become bored with it. Again by Fitzgibbon Jennie foaled a lovely filly, named Tommy's Sister.

The band includes many other less well known performers, and practically all of the mares are well proven in their ability to produce foals of uniform excellence. Among these are Stamp Act, a most highly prized mare, and Miss Sudbury, who has several especially fine offspring in the nursery.

The stable, facing south, is shaped like a wide U, the mares being placed according to foaling dates, the first to foal being assigned the first box in the most sheltered wing. Foaling barns or boxes are not used as it is believed that foaling in her long-familiar box contributes much to the mare's quietness and contentment. A glance at the night watchman's list of duties shows that in foaling season the mares are watched more closely than human patients in a hospital.

Special care doesn't begin, however, just prior to foaling, but on the day the mare joins the broodband. If she is not in the best of condition, veterinary attention is given immediately for that purpose. All mares must be in good condition when bred, as must the stallions also. This undoubtedly is a large factor in the highly successful breeding operations; two years ago 49 mares were bred and 45 foaled. Throughout the periods of gestation and nursing they continue to receive scientific care.

The resulting well-born foals have a good start in life, their average weight at birth being 120 pounds. They are weighed again at weaning time and at six-month intervals until three years old. The foaling season starts in February, when the weather is still cold, so at first the foals are turned out in the corral for only a few hours a day when the sun is warmest. Later they spend some time in "legging" pastures, as the officers call them—small pastures where the foals' leg muscles strengthen enough to enable them to follow the mares all day in the big pas-

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ture on their eager search for new grass.

All foals are fed grain daily from shortly after birth, and on a cool day in October they make the transition from "babyhood" to "being on their own" without loss of condition. Also started before weaning, and continued until yearling age, is the practice of giving each foal a measured amount of cod liver derivatives (put out by a standard drug house). This fall the weanlings will be fed dried skimmed milk in addition to their specially prepared mixed feed consisting of crushed oats, beans, corn, oil meal, and molasses.

Instead of passing the youngsters on from one man to another each year, it has been found advisable to put each weanling crop in charge of a certain man and leave them with him until their third year. In this way they learn definitely what is expected of them and how to do it. This develops in them a confidence in man which grows into poise and stability as opposed to the flightiness which has been known to result from too many successive men handling young stock.

Colt foals are studied early, with a view to alteration prior to weaning. The greatest danger in connection with this operation is the formation of a blood clot, which danger is minimized if the colt is still nursing, for the mother will walk him and keep him walking, which prevents clotting. Colts are given every chance to escape the knife up to the third year. That is, if as a suckling he has some slight defect which there is good reason to believe he may outgrow, and otherwise seems promising for breeding, he is given a year's growth. If his condition improves, he remains a colt until three; then, if he has not fully outgrown the defect, he is gelded.

Each year the best purchased animals, and all of the Depot bred four-year-olds, except those held for breeding are reserved for selection by the service schools, and for sale to individual officers who have received authority from the War Department to purchase a mount. Prior to the selection these horses are rated as individuals, and are then drawn for by lot.

Depot officers in the days before the war dubbed Fort Robinson the "Army Dude Ranch" as inspectors loved to find an excuse to inspect something at this post—anything at all—it is such a delightful place to sojourn. Officers traveling in almost any direction made it a point to stop over a few days though it might have required a wide detour from their direct line of travel. The altitude gives a cool summer climate and the post has all the recreational facilities of a dude ranch as well as much else of deeper significance. There are tennis courts, swimming pool, golf course, and, nearby on the White River bottom, a beautiful park having picnic and playground equipment.

It is a pleasure to inspect the extensive farming operations, as a thousand acres are cultivated under the direct supervision of the depot commander. The chief crops grown are: cane, alfalfa, and white oats; sudan grass also is being grown extensively as it gives three cuttings of hay followed by good grazing. Considerable irrigation is possible from the reservoir on Soldier Creek, called Lake Carter P. Johnson in honor of a colonel who commanded the post in earlier days. The big garden is of interest, too, as well as the fine dairy maintained; these, with the pigs raised, give the Depot mess the reputation of being the best anywhere in the Army.

The tree nursery deserves inspection; it was started two years ago and contains 2,500 Chinese and 2,500 American elms which now show splendid growth. The giant cottonwood trees that line the streets are already twenty years beyond their natural lifetime and every year, in spite of weekly ditch irrigation and expert tree surgery, it is necessary to remove a number of them. In a few years they will be replaced with the stately American elms.

It is a pleasant little jaunt to Greybull Spring, in the far corner of the Big Field pasture where Chief Red Cloud and his people camped so long ago. This spring is of considerable historic interest, many a man having lost his life fighting over it in the days of the big cattle drives. Its large volume of very cold water is now directed through five trout-rearing ponds maintained by the Post in coöperation with the Federal fish hatchery, where five million trout eggs are hatched yearly. Visitors often startle flocks of mallard ducks into graceful, unhurried flights from the cool ponds.

A short walk from the post proper brings a visitor to the two things remaining as established in the days of Camp Robinson. One is the old cavalry picket line, at the site of the first guard house; the other, about a quarter of a mile away, the post cemetery. . . .

In the course of taking leave, when the commander thanks a visitor for his interest in the depot, any American might reply:

"But, Colonel, as a citizen of the United States, this great empire of yours is partly mine, and I gladly claim my heritage. These miles of flowing grasslands, these timbered hills in serried ranks; the proud stallions, the gentle broodmares and their mannered young; the historic old trees; even the *dauntless Spirit of old Fort Robinson:* these—all these—are *partly mine!*"

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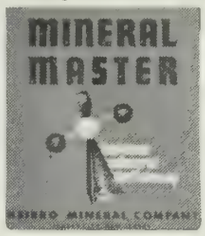

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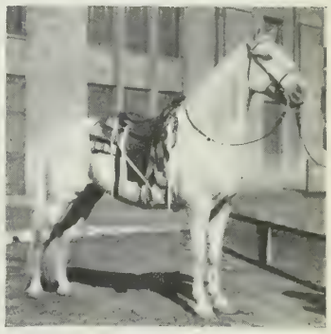

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If not convenient to come to see horses, let me know your requirements—if I think I have any that will suit you, I will send photos with full description.

Will ship horse to any point in the United States, guarantee as represented—if purchaser should find different after week's trial, will refund money and pay transportation both ways.

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DYNAMITE IN THE PHILIPPINES

(*Continued from page 29*)

sea in square-rigged sailing ships. I was once sent aloft in stormy weather while running the easting down in the Agulhas Current off the Cape of Good Hope to furl a top-gallant sail. While I was out on the yard the parrel—a ring that holds the yard to the mast—carried away, and the yard hanging by the halyard was blown straight out eight or ten feet and then slatted back against the mast, this several times, I clinging to the yard with every bone loosened by the shock each time it struck.

"The present situation was similar but worse. The horse emitted a squeal and sprang high in the air, then came down stiff-legged with his back arched and his head between his forelegs. This was when the yard struck the mast. I would have continued on down to the ground in front of his head had I not been caught astride the horn of the saddle. He made at least six such jumps, whirling in his tracks between each jump, before I could get my legs untangled and fall off. Each time he came down I thought that my head would be wrenched off or impaled on my spinal column.

"I fail to comprehend that trait in some people which enables them to find amusement in the pain or unhappiness of others. They must have a low and savage sense of humor.

"The spectators laughed and smote each other. Some flung themselves on the ground and shrieked for joy. It seems that the men had learned that this horse is a notorious outlaw. Even the Mexican packer, Yellowbelly, they call him, who has been a rough-rider in a circus, refused an offer of ten dollars and a bottle of whiskey to ride him. The horse is known as 'Dynamite.' 'Volcano' would be a better name. Hereafter I shall ride a saddle without the high horn in front."

August 27

"Surely most men would not condemn me as unfit to be a leader merely because of failure to master an outlaw horse. The standards of my men are different. They have been openly jubilant since Dynamite threw me. Each day the situation has grown worse, so much so that yesterday I saw clearly something had to be done. I could think of nothing except to ride the horse.

"Somewhere I have read that we have in books a collection of all knowledge accumulated by man since his transformation from a subhuman to a human animal. Seldom does a day pass that I do not have occasion to be thankful for the predatory and omnivorous appetite for reading which has always been my distinguishing trait. Also, the older I become the more I realize that no problem is impossible of solution provided one possesses the related information and can exert sufficient power of concentration coldly to analyze and logically to reason and conclude.

"Last night when the others were asleep I set aside an hour to concentrate on this subject. Why did the horse act as it did? Was it because it had been improperly or cruelly handled by men? Because it associated a man being on its back with something dreadful to be got rid of at any cost? Had there been transmitted through a thousand generations of horses to a brain plasm in this particular horse the instinct to react against the cling of a live thing as did its Pleistocene ancestor, the *eohippus*, to the spring of the sabre-toothed tiger?

"The Paleolithic man, according to the crude drawings found on the walls of deeply hidden caverns in various parts of Europe, hunted the bearded ponies of that age mainly for food. However, *Homo Sapiens* at an early stage of his evolution domesticated the horse in appreciation of its usefulness not merely for food but also as a carrier to the chase and to war and as a means of transport for his impedimenta.

"The lives of the nomadic Aryans were passed in intimate companionship with the horse.

"The desire of the Trojans to possess the beautiful wooden horse is said to have brought about the fall of their city after a siege of nine years.

"Alexander the Great with the Macedonian horse inherited from his father developed the first system of cavalry tactics and through the use of his Companion Cavalry as the spearhead of a superbly trained army was enabled to subjugate the known world.

"Genghis Khan, the first great captain to introduce a mobile commissariat system consisting of mares to provide the milk on which his horsemen lived, galloped across Asia into Europe with his Golden Horde conquering everything opposing him until the vast distances covered slowed down the momentum of his advance.

"Nathan Bedford Forrest, peerless cavalry leader, neutralized and terrorized enemy troops many times the equivalent of his own by his consummate art in utilizing the power and speed of the horse in the concentration of superior forces at decisive points.

"From the dawn of civilization to the present time the horse has been in constant use by man during both peace and war in almost all the habitable parts of the globe.

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Stakes Winner on Flat and Over the Jumps
Fee—Private Contract
MONTPELIER FARM
Montpelier Station — Virginia

BATTLESHIP
Ch. 1927, by Man o' War—Quarantine, by Sea Sick
Stakes Winner on Flat and Over the Jumps
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MONTPELIER FARM
Montpelier Station — Virginia

BIG BRAND
Br. 1929, by Big Blaze—Miss Lady, by *Pataud
Fee—$100
SPRING LAKE STUD
Walton — Kentucky

***BIMBO 3rd**
B. 1932, by Biribi—Beatrix, by Swynford
A son of Biribi won all important 3-year-old stakes in France
Fee—$100
TWIN LAKES STUD FARM
Goldens Bridge — New York

BROKER'S TIP
Br. 1930, by Black Toney—*Forteresse, by Sardanapale
Sire of Market Wise
Fee—$500
RANCHO CASITAS
Ventura — California

***BULL DOG**
Br. 1927, by *Teddy—Plucky Liege, by Spearmint
(Book Full)
COLDSTREAM STUD
Lexington — Kentucky

CASE ACE
B. 1934, by *Teddy—Sweetheart, by Ultimus
Sire of winners in first crop
Fee—$500
HARMONY HOLLOW STUD
Harbourton — New Jersey

COURT SCANDAL
Gr. 1934, by *Royal Minstrel—The Colonel's Lady, by *Star Shoot
Winner, as a 2-year-old, of the Youthful Stakes
Fee—Private Contract
PLAYFIELDS FARM
(L. H. Nimkoff)
Somerville — New Jersey

DEMONSTRATION
B. 1932, by Display—Cherry Court, by Black Jester (Eng.)
Fee—$50
TWIN LAKES STUD FARM
Goldens Bridge — New York

***EASTON**
Br. 1931, by Dark Legend—*Phaona, by Phalaris
Sire of winners here and abroad
Fee—$500
MEADOWVIEW FARMS
Moorestown — New Jersey

***FANAR**
Ch. 1931, by Pharos—Camouflage by Picton
Winner in France and Jamaica (B.W.I.)
Fee—Private Contract
KEYSTONE FARM
Pennington — New Jersey

FIRETHORN
Br. 1932, by *Sun Briar—Baton Rouge, by Man o' War
Fee—$500
(Property of W. M. Jeffords and C. V. Whitney)
C. V. WHITNEY FARM
Lexington — Kentucky

GOOD GOODS
Br. 1931, by Neddie—*Brocatelle, by Radium
Fee—$500 (Book Full)
BROOKDALE FARM
Lexington — Kentucky

HALCYON
B. 1928, by Broomstick—Prudery, by Peter Pan
Sire, 28 winners from 37 starters
Fee—$350
C. V. WHITNEY FARM
Lexington — Kentucky

HE DID
B. 1933, by Victorian—Dinah Did, by Colin
Stakes winner in four seasons
Fee—$300
(Owned by W. Arnold Hanger)
Standing at HARTLAND FARM
Versailles — Kentucky

***HELIOPOLIS**
B. 1936, by Hyperion—Drift, by Swynford
(Book Full)
COLDSTREAM STUD
Lexington — Kentucky

***KAYAK 2nd**
Br. 1935, by Congreve—Mosquita, by Your Majesty
Winner of Santa Anita Handicap, etc.
Fee—$1,500
RIDGEWOOD RANCH
Willits — California

LIBERAL
B. 1933, by *Sickle—Silk Tassel, by Superman
Fee—$200
REB RANCH
Calabasas — California

***MAHMOUD**
Gr. 1933, by *Blenheim 2nd—Mah Mahal, by Gainsborough
Winner of English Derby, etc.
(Book Full)
C. V. WHITNEY FARM
Lexington — Kentucky

***MIO d'AREZZO**
"The International Horse"
Bay, 1929
Fee—$300
HAWTHORN STUD
Hillsboro — Oregon

PASTEURIZED
Ch. 1935, by Milkman—Peake, by *Sir Gallahad 3rd
Winner Belmont Stakes, etc. Best looking horse that walks the earth
Fee—$300
CHARLES F. HENRY
Devon — Pennsylvania

PHARLOCH
"Scion of Great Sires"
B. 1934, by *Pharamond 2nd — Latch Key, by Mad Hatter
Fee—$100
HAWTHORN STUD
Hillsboro — Oregon

PSYCHIC BID
Ch. 1932, by Chance Play—*Queen Herod, by Tetratema
Fee—$250
(Owned by Mrs. Dodge Sloane)
BROOKMEADE FARM
Upperville — Virginia

REAPING REWARD
Br. 1934, by *Sickle—Dustwhirl, by Sweep
(Book Full)
COLDSTREAM STUD
Lexington — Kentucky

SEABISCUIT
B. 1933, by Hard Tack—Swing On, by Whisk Broom 2nd
Leading money winner of the world
Fee—$2,500
RIDGEWOOD RANCH
Willits — California

SIR ANDREW
Br. 1928, by *Sir Gallahad 3rd—Gravitate, by Rock View
Fee—$300
DOUBLE H RANCH
(H. P. Russell)
Carmel — California

***ST. ELMO 2nd**
Gr. 1932, by Pharos—Frisky, by Izard 2nd
Winner in France and England
Fee—Private Contract
KEYSTONE FARM
Pennington — New Jersey

***TOURIST 2nd**
B. 1925, by Son-in-Law—Touraine, by Swynford
Stakes Winner on Flat and Over the Jumps
Fee—$250
MONTPELIER FARM
Montpelier Station — Virginia

ystematized to form a science—ippology.

"At this point I paused to ask yself if I had read any books on ippology. The recollection came ke a flash. I was in the Welsh city f Cardiff. A cold winter evening; cheery fire in a cozy pub on Bute oad; behind the bar a pretty blond lavey who blushed when I told her iat her cheeks had the pink tint of aby's toes. And a black book that borrowed to read through cheer-ss hours in the sailor's boarding ouse.

"In this book mention was made f the theories of a horse trainer, I elieve named Rarey. He held that horses can think of but one thing at a time; that they are the quickest of all animals to form habits, and that knowledge of these peculiarities enables a trainer to dominate and completely subdue the wildest and most vicious of animals.

"A picture was shown of a bit for use during the training of young horses. The mouthpiece of this bit had attached to the ring joint three small metal tags, the idea being that the tags would hang on the tongue and tickle it, thus keeping the horse's mind occupied with his mouth while it is being familiarized with the feeling of having a rider on its back.

"On the table in my tent were some papers secured with a heavy rubber band. I took the band and went out to the picket line where Dynamite was tied apart from the other horses. It was midnight. He was asleep. With closed eyes, drooping ears and hanging lip he continued to picture utter dejection. Speaking a word or two to awaken him, I stepped quietly to his head, took out his tongue and slipped the rubber band around it, doubling the loop to get additional constriction.

"Dynamite opened his eyes, pricked up his ears and commenced to champ his tongue. I then untied the halter rope, hitched it around his jaw and not without some trepidation vaulted upon his skinny back.

"There was soft sand under foot and only the placid moon to observe us. I closed my heels against his flanks and leaned forward. Dynamite walked off quietly, his single-track mind intent upon the queer feeling in his tongue with no thought of the fact that for the first time a man-creature was riding at ease on his back. I tried him later with the saddle and he offered no opposition. The strange happening to his tongue engrossed his attention.

"This morning I directed Yellowbelly to saddle Dynamite and bring him to my tent at 10 o'clock. The news was circulated along the water

LOOKING AHEAD WITH BELGIAN HORSES

More horses will certainly be needed on American farms, and probably many will be put to use on city streets. The horses now on farms will have to be used for a greater share of the field work. More young horses will be needed for replacements.

Our Belgian breeders have the necessary foundation stock with which to produce those replacements. Now is the time to purchase some pure-bred Belgian mares which will do their share in harness and raise colts as dividends on your investment.

For a sellers list, list of members of this corporation, the illustrated booklet "Belgian Horses for American Farms" and a copy of the 1942 Belgian Review, write to

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H. J. BRANT, Secretary — WABASH, INDIANA

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Monday, April 20th, 9:15 A. M. — 110 head

REIGELDALE SALE
Trion, Ga.
Saturday, April 4th
60 head representing the best blood-lines of a great breeding farm.

MAY ROYAL - STEADFAST SALE
Mansfield, Ohio
Saturday, May 16th — 45 head

QUAIL ROOST-MAXIM SALE
Rougemont, N. C.
Monday, May 4th — 53 head
Famous for proper udders.

17th COVENTRY SALE
Trenton, N. J.
Saturday, May 30th — 53 head
The tops only of great Eastern herds.

TIANNA-MAXIM-CORONET SALE
Chicago Guernsey Farm, Hinsdale, Ill. — 64 head
Friday, May 15th

The U.S. Government needs 3 million more high producing dairy cows to help the United Nations win this war, and it wants more milk now.

For information and catalogs address

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front, to the detriment of the work on the transport.

"At the appointed hour, in the presence of an expectant gathering composed of our entire force, all the water-front loungers, and a number of riggers and carpenters who could not be kept at work, Yellowbelly appeared leading the horse. The crowd was silent and all eyes were fixed on me when I stepped out of the tent. Without appearing to notice the tenseness which prevailed, I unbridled Dynamite, slipped the band over his tongue, hitched the halter rope around his jaw and swung into the saddle.

"Dynamite's performance was perfect. As for myself, Cyrano de Bergerac could not have been more debonair.

"After I had dismounted, one of the packers, a large quarter-breed named Blackjack, forgot himself while speaking of the exhibition and referred to me in my presence as 'Slim'. This is a nickname they have given me which I have forbidden them to use in my hearing.

"One of my friends, a former shipmate, advocates strongly as the best method of infighting that one should get his teeth in his opponent's throat and hold on. I do not hold with him in this. I prefer unless one is at a hopeless disadvantage to use more gentlemanly methods. In this instance I used a pick handle. Blackjack will recover in time to accompany us."

August 30

"My troubles with the men are ended. They now obey ungrudgingly and Yellowbelly is almost slavish in his obsequious obedience.

"Dynamite and I have already reached a complete understanding and are good friends. Today I ventured to get on him without using the rubber band. He did not misbehave in any way. To ride him is like being on an animated bundle of steel springs. He will make an excellent mount for the field."

The journey from Tacoma to Manila took a month and twelve days including a week spent in Japan. There was no time to condition the animals after arrival. Within two days I was in the field, riding Dynamite, with the column that marched north under General Lawton on what was to be his last campaign.

We set out in the midst of the rainy season through a country where the cart tracks that took the place of roads were stretches of mud waist deep in places. There was more mud and water than solid ground. The Insurgent forces retreating before us blew up all bridges behind their columns. It was difficult ordinarily and often impossible to keep the soldiers adequately supplied with the bare essentials of ammunition, bacon, hardtack and coffee.

As for a regular issue of government forage, there was none. Each night upon reaching a halting place, I would wade into the flooded fields and cut a bundle of rice for my horse. Cavalrymen, teamsters, and packers, did likewise, provided they were not incapacitated by the dysentery and malaria that thinned our numbers. Our general demanded the impossible from his command—and he got it.

Dynamite never once failed me. For swimming a swollen river, or leading the way to induce other horses to pass along a narrow gangway made by laying timbers on the trestle of a blown-up bridge for being the first horse to get on a precarious bamboo ferry; for any demand of an unusual nature he was always thoroughly dependable. All I had to do was to let him know what was wanted.

The expedition lasted nearly three months. During this period the rice crop matured. The horses had to change therefore from green rice to unhulled rice in the grain, or *palay*. Some refused to eat this and starved. It was not so with Dynamite.

Palay, hardtack, bread, bamboo shoots, chopped up banana stalks, even rice straw, sufficed him. He took life as it came, regardless of the mud in which he constantly stood and traveled, and the rain that drenched him night and day.

During succeeding years various officers and enlisted men have mentioned this horse to me. Recently, a letter came from an old friend, now a major-general, in which he referred to Dynamite. Also, within the last week, a retired cavalry sergeant whom I had not seen since the Lawton campaign came to look me up and as soon as he greeted me, mentioned my white-faced bronco.

The picture shows Dynamite as he appeared on Christmas Day, 1899. General Lawton had been killed in battle a few days before. It can be seen that although both horse and rider are thinned down by campaigning, they have their heads up and are ready for whatever the future may have to offer.

I should like to end the account of this intelligent and lovable horse with a happy note by touching upon his retirement in old age to well-earned comfort and rest. But this was not to be. I rode him constantly during subsequent campaigns extending over a year. Eventually, he contracted *surra*, a disease similar to glanders, and equally contagious and fatal. This meant that he would have to be killed.

I could at least insure an easy death. So I led him out to where the body was to be burned and fed him the things he especially liked. Then I spoke to him and when he turned his head towards me, I shot him in the forehead where the white marking was widest.

Livestock

AMERICA HAS MORE LIVESTOCK— EXCEPT FOR HORSES AND MULES

At the beginning of the year there were more livestock on American farms than the year before—except in the category of horses and mules. More than that, all classes of livestock were above the ten-year average of 1931-1940—again with the exception of horses and mules. Cattle and sheep were at record highs. Hogs and poultry were near their tops.

The Doane Agricultural Service, which keeps very careful records of these matters, declares as the result of a study of Department of Agriculture figures that the number of cattle on farms January 1 last totaled 74,607,000 head, or 4% greater than the year before. This was also slightly higher than the previous record, which was in 1934. If present prices continue and crops are normal, then the numbers of our livestock may be expected to increase still further.

Milk cows, according to the Doane figures, have maintained a consistent increase for thirty years. More heifers were held on farms on January 1, 1942, than in any previous year. This is the result, of course, of the Government's desire to have farmers produce more milk and it looks as though the result might be achieved, provided labor and feed are available.

Hog cycles, which are known to be short and acute, show the effect of Government stimulation. Not so long ago farmers were asked to plow under hogs; now they're being asked to produce more and more. To put it into figures, the fall pig crop in 1941 was 18% over 1940. The spring pig crop of 1942 is expected to be nearly 28% over 1941.

Sheep supplies, according to the Doane report, are large and increasing: "Each year for the past 13 years there have been more sheep on farms than for any recent year in the history of the country." Business interests dependent upon continued high income from sheep should not conclude that the sheep business is stabilized at this new high level we have today. For the duration of the war, the sheep business is expected to be profitable.

Horses and mules, as the readers of this magazine know full well, have decreased rapidly in numbers since 1918. Actually, the decline in the number of horses and mules has contributed in no small measure to the lower crop prices that obtained just before the war; there just were the animals around to eat the things that had been grown.

Doane believes that the horse situation is still gravely complicated: "The replacement of this workstock with trucks, tractors, and tractor equipment, has caused great financial and economic adjustments . . . and these have not been fully assimilated."

Chicken numbers declined prior to 1938, primarily as the result of high grain prices caused by the drought. With higher prices at hand and the emphasis placed upon poultry production by the constant hammering of the Food for Defense program, chicken numbers in 1942 were 12% above 1941. Turkey numbers were 6% above a year ago.

Here is the conclusion:

"Major adjustments in the number of livestock in any one class tend to affect all livestock prices. The continued high level of sheep production and of cattle numbers, plus the rapid increase in hog and poultry numbers, are outstanding features of the present situation.

"In spite of greatly increased numbers in 1942, prices of livestock and livestock products are expected to average as high or higher than in 1941."

Below are Department of Agriculture figures on our livestock in numbers and in value on January 1, 1942, as compared with the average for 1931-1940.

We should be very interested to know if readers want regular reports on the state of the market.

	NUMBERS		VALUES	
	Jan. 1, 1942	*Av. 1931-40*	*Jan. 1, 1942*	*Av. 1931-40*
Cattle and Calves	74,607,000	67,575,000	$4,113,148,000	$2,054,899,000
Milk Cows	26,303,000	25,150,000	2,049,536,000	1,123,187,000
Hogs	60,526,000	51,566,000	946,608,000	432,809,000
Sheep and Lambs	55,979,000	52,281,000	482,280,000	262,090,000
Horses and Colts	9,856,000	11,707,000	638,757,000	881,181,000
Mules and Colts	3,811,000	4,677,000	409,742,000	449,405,000
Chickens	473,933,000	422,885,000	394,159,000	261,440,000

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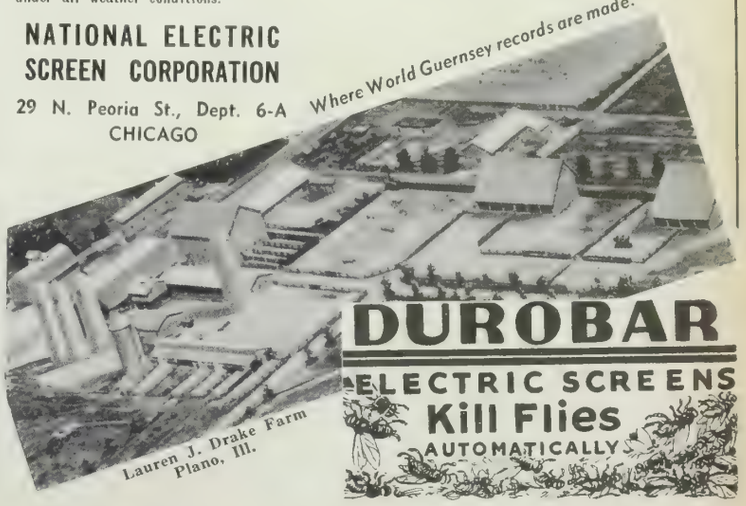

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Consigned to the Maryland Aberdeen-Angus Sale?

YES!

Seven more like her and an outstanding young bull make up our consignment at Frederick, Md., Monday, May 4th.

They are sired by and bred to our Herd Sires, Jock of Wheatland and Epponian 12th of Rosemere, each the sire of a blue ribbon winner at the 1941 Chicago International.

Booklet on Request Giving Pedigrees and Details.

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Two are daughters of the great breeding bull Bandolier of Anoka 9th, one of them is a full sister of Cannon's Blackcap who sold for $1,600 at the Duchess County Sale.

Also

Two excellent daughters of Warren Cannon, a good breeding son of Bandolier of Anoka 7th.

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Andelot Edictor, a son of the famous Revolution Blackcap, was Champion of Maryland in 1939.

We now offer a beautiful lot of heifers bred to Edictor and our other great herd bulls. These are well grown and in just good thrifty pasture condition. The best producing blood of the breed is behind them.

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THE HORSE SITUATION

The horse situation is ably described in an up-to-the-minute statement made by Wayne Dinsmore, able secretary of the Horse and Mule Association of America, following an extensive trip over the East and Midwest during the early months of the year. He attended or spoke before many meetings and this is how, he says, horsemen feel:

"These meetings gave me an excellent opportunity to feel the sentiment of farmers and horse breeders respecting the problems before us. In general they report demand increasing, especially for mares, and prices somewhat higher, varying considerably in different areas, but that prices are still too low to stimulate much increase in breeding.

"Men I met seem to have a pretty general opinion that farmers should have enough work animals to do the work, whether a tractor is owned or not, because it may prove to be virtually impossible to get repairs if a break-down occurs.

"In Washington, D. C., I endeavored to get enough iron and steel allotted to supply manufacturers with material to make the metal parts, buckles, rings, D's, staples, cockeyes, hames, etc., needed for harness, and for shoes and horseshoe nails. The order, entered late in December, 1941, provided that manufacturers could make, between November 1, 1941, and October 31, 1942, only 75% as much saddlery hardware (used for harness) and 90% as many horseshoes and horseshoe nails, as they produced in 1940. Inasmuch as that year was low in production and as the use of horses and mules is now increasing, it was obvious that this would not be enough to supply the absolute needs of farmers.

"The total amount of iron and steel required annually to keep horses and mules at work is small,—only about 7,500 tons for harness hardware and about 20,000 tons for horseshoes and horseshoe nails, at the outside figure, or about as much ordinary iron and steel as is required for 16,418 tractors; yet while this small amount, plus that already in use by horse owners or in their possession, will keep 12 million horses and mules steadily at work, the man in charge in the then O.P.M. (now defunct) would not agree to any increase, yet had approved an allotment for what would probably amount to more than 271,000 tons of iron and steel for approximately 160,000 tractors.

"The inconsistency of allowing about ten times as much iron and steel to turn out 160,000 tractors, as would be needed to keep 12 million horses and mules at work. I pointed out, but the man then in charge of this particular division, one M. E. Simpson, stubbornly refused to agree to any increases in allotments then. He indicated that if and when farmers ran out of harness hardware, horseshoes and horseshoe nails, manufacturers could request an increase in the allotment which might possibly be granted.

"Inasmuch as it would take three or four months, or perhaps longer, to produce the hardware, horseshoes and horseshoe nails after supplies available to farmers were exhausted, and as closing down the hardware, hames, horseshoes and horseshoe nail factories would result in an almost complete loss of skilled workmen who would be laid off, his suggestion was not worth a thin dime. We accordingly have been at work through other channels to get an increase and have some hints that it may be granted soon.

"It is fortunate, therefore, that we have 13 million horses and mules, animal power units, of which 12 million are old enough to work. Practical farmers know that farms can be efficiently operated with one work animal for each 25 acres of farm land in a farm, deducting pasture land. It follows, therefore, that 12 million work animals can operate 300 million acres of crop and hay land and that is just what the United States had in 1940.

"We also had in 1940, about 1½ million tractors on farms, equivalent in actual field operation to 2 work animals per tractor, hence equal to 3 million more work animals: therefore we had the equivalent of 15 million work animals and can spare work animals for army or city needs.

"Horses and mules, like men, can do far more work in emergencies than they ordinarily do. Four good work horses or mules, adequately conditioned and fed, hardened by steady work well in advance of spring planting, can do as much as six usually did.

"Horses and mules furnish power which makes very little drain on the iron and steel urgently needed for munitions of war. It is therefore desirable to use them to the maximum to avoid delay in equipping our fighting men with weapons needed to win victory at minimum cost in American lives."

EASTERN ANGUS SALE

It seems a long time since the first Eastern Aberdeen-Angus Breeders' Sale was held at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. At the time, the association made a promise to improve the quality of the offering each succeeding year and those who have attended past events know how this promise has been kept.

This year so many good cattle have been offered that the selection committee has found it impossible to cut the number below 65 head, which is 15 more than have made up previous sales. The 60 females offered are all two years of age or younger and constitute a uniform group as to type and bloodlines. Many prize winners at past shows are offered, including the heifer that was the runner-up for championship

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5 BULLS 45 FEMALES

Following Maryland State Sale, May 4th

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FIVE GOOD BULLS. All of serviceable age. The good thick kind that are built and bred to make outstanding herd sires.

FIFTY FEMALES. All young and of the best type and blood lines. The older heifers will sell bred to some of Maryland's famous bulls. The majority will sell open and are of the right age to breed this summer.

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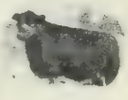
The Maryland Aberdeen Angus Association

W. Alan McGregor, Sale Manager WORTON, MARYLAND

6th ANNUAL

EASTERN ABERDEEN ANGUS

BREEDERS' SALE



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Ithaca

N. Y.

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A daughter of Glencarnock Eric bred to Wintonier 4th. Rarely is it possible to get a daughter of one International Grand Champion Bull bred to another grand champion bull.

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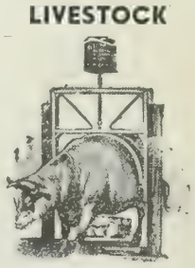

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honors at the Pennsylvania Farm Show.

The five young bulls that will be sold should make names for themselves in purebred herds; three have been shown successfully, one of them being third prize junior bull calf at the International Live Stock Exposition last December.

All the cattle are coming from T. B. Accredited and Bangs Free Approved herds. More herds than ever before will be represented and all the breeders responsible for making the Dutchess County Sale such a success last fall are represented. A full-sister to Cannon's Blackcap, one of the two top $1,600 females in the above sale, is being sold at Ithaca.

PERCHERON SALE

The sale of registered Percherons sponsored by the Percheron Association of Frederick County held at Frederick on March 9, reflected the increased demand for good horses rather than higher prices, even though the sale averaged $50 per head higher than in 1941. The demand was far from supplied, as indicated by the fact that one local breeder sold two additional stallions and a filly after the sale.

The highlight of the sale was the purchase by Lynnwood Farms, of Carmel, Indiana, of Cabbage, at the sale's top of $575.

Ten mares five-years-old and over averaged $251; five three-year-olds averaged $323; eight two-year-olds averaged $221; six yearlings averaged $130; and three young stallions of breeding age averaged $268.

Visitors were from Iowa, New York, and North Carolina.

Twenty-five different purchasers bought at the sale and horses were shipped to breeders as far away as Indiana, and North Carolina. Eight of the offerings remained in Frederick County, which was most pleasing to the consignors.

GUERNSEY AUCTIONS

More than a million dollars worth of registered Guernseys were sold at public auction last year. A total of 4,612 animals went under the hammer at an average of $224, to bring a total of $1,033,810.90 to Guernsey breeders.

Top bull of the year was Coronation Potentate sold in the Sherwood Forest dispersal at Fredericksburg, Va., for $4,550. The high female, Sherwood Forest Minion, brought $3,200.

The females over two years of age that had official records averaged $134 more than those without production information.

Heifers out of cows with official records averaged $86 more than heifers out of cows without records.

The difference in favor of production records is more striking in the prices paid for bulls. Those over two years old out of cows with official records brought on the average $198 more than bulls out of cows without records.

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR...IF!

(*Continued from page* 22)

previously used in making automobiles would provide for the construction of enough steel farm buildings to enable farmers to make gratifying gains in their 1942 production.

One decided advantage of the use of prefabricated steel structures is that a minimum of labor is required for their erection. They can be shipped ready to be put together, and the farmer and his hired hands can do the work themselves. The parts are of considerably less bulk than any other type of material designed for the same use, and being more or less uniform in design, can be "nested," which reduces the problem of transportation.

In many other respects, steel looms as the farmer's hope in the battle for food production that is to win the war. No other material offers more permanent protection for the valuable crops on which the farmer stakes his success or failure. No other material guards his grain, poultry, livestock and other possessions so well against the forces that are forever cutting down his close margin of profit.

Fire, which annually takes millions of dollars out of the pockets of farmers, would be reduced to a negligible factor. The common rat, which takes an appalling yearly toll of corn and other stored grains, would be barred for good. No other structural material puts up such lasting resistance to the elements.

The government's use of steel storage units in the Ever Normal Granary project indicates that this type of structure is officially considered efficient and practical.

A wheat specialist in the Department of Agriculture tells of an instance in which wheat, stored in a steel bin on a Kansas farm in 1927 and never moved, turned or fumigated, was found to be in good millable condition when marketed eleven years later. Careful examination of the wheat showed that it compared favorably in baking results with the crop of the current year. This eleven-year storage was not a planned test of any sort, and was not carried out under scientifically controlled conditions.

True, not even the widest use of modern steel building equipment nor any other modern building program, will solve the entire wartime problem of agricultural America. But it is one angle of the problem that deserves careful consideration.

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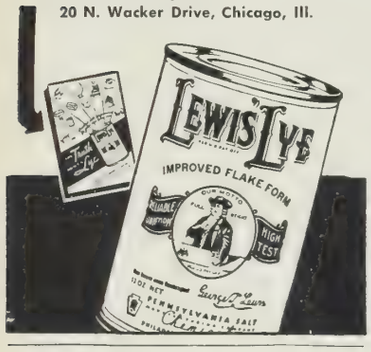

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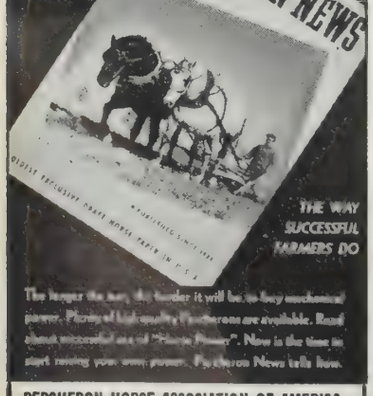

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COUNTRY LIFE AWARDS THREE CUPS TO OUTSTANDING DOGS

In an effort to arouse a greater enthusiasm on the part of American dog owners and the public for working dogs, this magazine five years ago placed in competition three silver perpetual challenge trophies of Paul Revere design: one for all non-slip retrievers, including Irish Water Spaniels, the second for field trial Cocker Spaniels, and the third for obedience test trials.

We are pleased to announce the winners for 1941:

RETRIEVERS

Stilrovin Nitro Express, a Golden Retriever whelped January 2, 1940, owned and trained by Miss Audrey Myers, of Winona, Minn. He is by Stilrovin Bullet—Gilnockie Coquette and was bred by Ralph G. Boalt, also of Winona. Nitro Express accumulated 34 points to win, with five firsts, one second, and two thirds.

The trophy for retrievers is open to American-bred dogs or bitches winning the most credits during the calendar year in American Kennel Club licensed or member club field trials, in stakes restricted to dogs under two years of age, in novice or non-winners' stakes, and in open all-age stakes or championship stakes—all open to both amateur and professional handlers. Only dogs born on or after January 1 of the preceding year are eligible and at least six dogs must compete in each stake counted.

Stilrovin Nitro Express's win was extraordinary in that he was the first Golden Retriever to win top honors, the first to be handled by an amateur, the first to be handled by a woman.

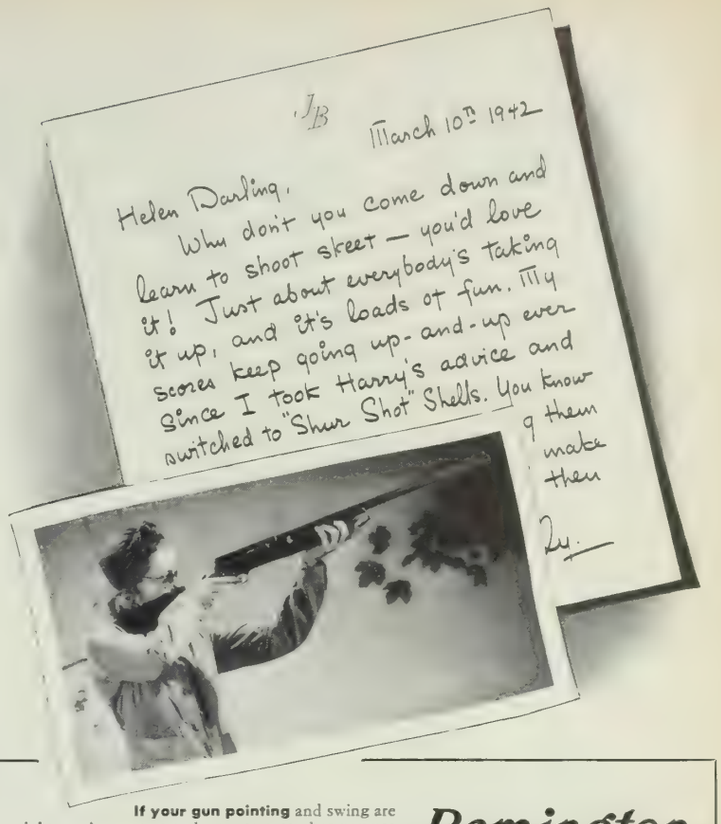
Miss Myers's own record is no less remarkable. Two years ago she was just a youngster with a Cocker named Tongas, who came to the Wednesday evening sessions of the Tri-State Hunting Dog Association in her home town to learn how to handle her dog. Her interest, her ability, her progress prompted Mr. Boalt, president of the club and one of the teachers in the school, to give her a golden pup—none too striking a pup, either, for he had a bump on his head.

The pup was Stilrovin Nitro Express and he and his mistress soon began winning local trials, then moved on into big-time competition.

Second place for the COUNTRY LIFE trophy for retrievers went to Grangemead Solomon, a Labrador whelped March 28, 1940, owned by Mrs. Franc Palmer Babson of the Grangemead Kennels, St. Charles, Ill. He is by F. T. Ch. Freehaven Jay—Langbourne Darkie and was bred by Frank F. Garlock of the Glenairlie Kennels at Barrington, Ill.

Previous winners of the retriever trophy were Chesabob in 1937, a Chesapeake Bay Retriever, by F. T. Ch. Skipper Bob—Chesacroft Gypsy, owned by the Delwyne Kennels; Glenairlie Rocket in 1938. a Labrador Retriever, by F. T. Ch. Glenairlie Rover—Spot of Barrington, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Garlock; Gunnar II in 1939, a Chesapeake Bay Retriever, by Gunnar—Peggy II, owned by Russell H. Crawford;

Tiger of Pontchartrain, circus dog, won the obedience cup


JB
March 10th 1942
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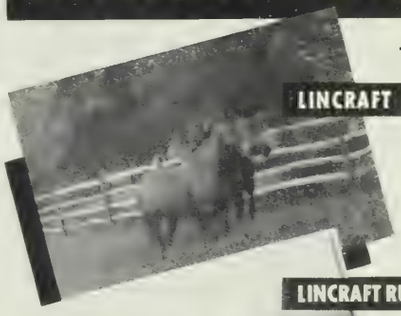

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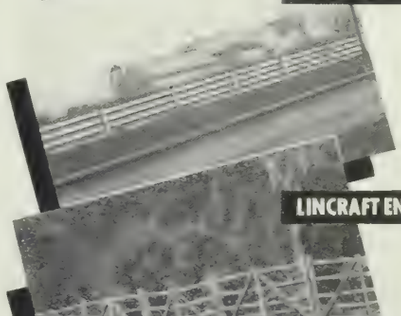

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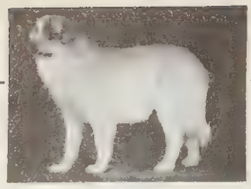

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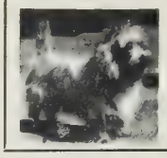

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PERCY T. JONES

Cinar's Rogla, winner of a Country Life Trophy

Laddie of Rockingell in 1940, a Labrador Retriever, by F. T. Ch. Nigger of Barrington—Boney Glensome, owned by Foreman M. Lebold.

Cocker Spaniels

Winner among the Cocker Spaniels was Cinar's Rogla, a black bitch whelped March 18, 1940. She is a member of the celebrated Cinar family which has dominated the Cocker Spaniel derby stakes, and is owned by Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, of Westbury, L. I. She is by Cinar's Spats—Sheila of Chrishall, and was bred by Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman, after whom she is named: "Ro" for Roland and the suffix "gla" for Mrs. Harriman's name, Gladys. Mr. Harriman is Mr. Gerry's uncle.

Rogla accumulated 21 points, with one first, one second, two thirds, and a fourth. Her first was scored in the puppy stake at Albany last October in a field of six and the other points all accumulated in open all-age events.

"She came to me at the age of three months," writes Mrs. Gerry, "and even then was a nice little hunter. I sent her to Arthur (Ruffy) Eakin to be trained primarily as a shootin' dog for my own pleasure, but he was so delighted with her aptitude that I decided to let her run in the field trials. To my great pride, she proved herself quite a pup.

"She is the merriest little black Cocker and covers her beat with great speed and style. Her entire stern is in perpetual motion and she is so obviously having a wonderful time. Water holds no hazards for her; she will actually dive in under to retrieve her bird.

"As a pet she is a bundle of affection and, like a typical Spaniel, loves her comfort. She is friendly to all who are friendly to her.

"As you can see, I am very proud of her, especially as she is my first and only entry in field trial competition. I love her dearly. She is a most satisfactory companion—in the home and in the field."

The Perpetual Field Trial Challenge Trophy for Cocker Spaniels is open to American-bred dogs or bitches winning the most credits during the calendar year in stakes in AKC licensed or member field trials, in puppy, novice or non-winner stakes and in open all-age stakes, all open to both amateur and professional handlers. Only dogs born on or after January 1 of the year preceding the trial are eligible and at least six dogs must compete in each stake.

The nearest rival to Cinar's Rogla was Roanfeather Sir Plus, a buff dog whelped April 13, 1940, by Peirson's Cream Puff—Roanfeather Bonbon, bred and owned by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Pfaffenberger, of San Francisco.

Previous winners of the Cocker trophy were Cinar Spot of Earlsmoor in 1937, a black and white dog by Dan of Cinar—Merlin Mistletoe, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Milbank; Cinar's Soot in 1938, a black dog, full-brother to Cinar Spot, owned by Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman; Cinar's Spats in 1939, also full-brother to Cinar Spot, owned by Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman; Roanfeather Argonaut in 1940, a black and white dog, by Ch. Hunt's Blue Donald Dean—Roanfeather Bonbon, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Pfaffenberger.

Obedience tests

When the Perpetual Challenge Trophy for Obedience Test Trials was first offered in competition, obedience tests were in their infancy and our purpose was to interest owners or kennels to make as many titles as possible during the year. The tests have now spread all over the

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country and there are many organized training classes.

COUNTRY LIFE felt, therefore, that it was no longer necessary to stimulate entries at the trials and in 1941 changed the rules so that the trophy would go to the *dog* rather than the *owner* with the best score.

This trophy is now for the American-bred dog or bitch of any breed who earns his titles C. D., C. D. X. and U. D., by the highest scores during the calendar year.

The winner of the 1941 trophy was Tiger of Pontchartrain, a black and tan Doberman dog, whelped on January 5, 1933, by Ch. Figaro v Sigalsburg—Ch. Lady Otry of Pontchartrain, owned by Willy Necker of Wheeling, Ill., bred by Glenn S. Staines. Tiger amassed 1,618 points.

Here's what Willy Necker thinks of Tiger of Pontchartrain:

"Tiger is a dog, that is most of the time, yet there are times when he seems to be human. I remember him as a puppy, one of a litter of eight Doberman Pinscher puppies whose parents were great champions, his sire Int. Ch. Figaro v Sigalsburg, dam Ch. Lady Otry of Pontchartrain.

"From the very beginning he was different than his brothers and sisters. He was more alert and seemed to be stronger and crawled over to the side of his pen to be petted.

"He had a natural aptitude for jumping, so I thought it advisable to remove the dew claws on his front leg, but a bad job was done in removing them. Tiger lost much blood and was paralyzed in his front legs for two months. I was broken-hearted. Friends said put him to sleep; they laughed at me when I said Tiger would be a great worker.

"He had great courage. Gradually strength came back into those legs and within a few months he was able to clear a 13 ft. fence without the aid of a springboard.

"I trained him and put him in a dog act. He played the clown and when necessary took the part of any other dog in the act. He enjoys playing different parts of the act.

"He has won many sanctioned police field trial championships and the coveted U. D. title. He is expertly trained for life-saving in water, protection or police guard work, trailing, field hunting, having actually tracked down burglars; has trailed and found lost dogs. I also use him in helping to train other dogs here. He will not attack another dog, nor does he play with other dogs. He seems to think he should play with humans."

Stilrovin Nitro Express, who won the cup for retrievers

Second was Timberdoodle Dan of Avalon, a black and tan Gordon Setter dog, whelped on December 24, 1939, by Ch. Rodney of Avalon—Ch. Shadow Lawn Lady, owned by G. F. Dixon of Ohio, who amassed 1,589 points. Third was Garry v d Vosefeld, a black and gray German Shepherd dog, whelped on July 25, 1940, by Peter v d Berg—Ophelia of Greenfair, owned by G. S. Wilbur, Jr. of Massachusetts, with 1,568 points. And fourth was Orla of Clarandall, a black and tan German Shepherd bitch, whelped July 25, 1939, by Ch. Pfeffer v Bern—Ginger of Clarandall, bred and owned by Dr. William B. Compton, of Virginia, with 1,547 points.

In 1937 there was a four-way tie between Dr. Compton, Miss Marie J. Leary, W. P. Pfeiffer and Thomas C. Marshall. In 1938 and 1939 the trophy was won by Miss Leary and in 1940 by Mrs. Charlotte P. Thornton.

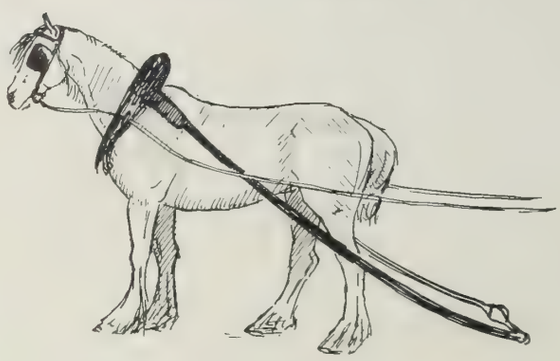
The Young Sportsman

THIS month's selection is not up to our best standard though there are a few which are good. Polly Stone wins the $5 prize for a strong and well executed drawing and Samuel Stewart runs her a close second with his bucking broncho.

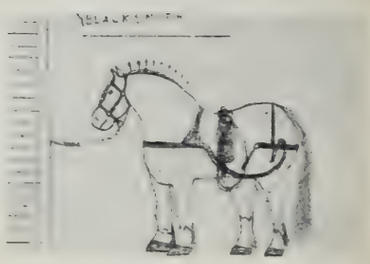
For next month we suggest patriotic posters in black and white. Subjects "Join the Marines," "Enlist in the Air Force," "Be a Cavalryman," etc.

Remember all contributors must be under 18 years of age and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent that it is your own original work, neither copied nor traced.

WHAT IS WRONG?



Answer will be found on page 55



Drawn by Lloyd Wood, Belfast, Me.; aged 12

Drawn by Samuel Stewart, Dundalk, Md.; aged 15

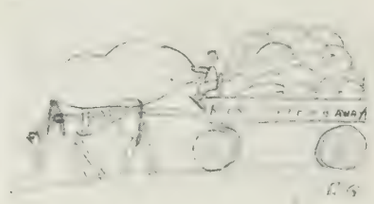
Drawn by Donald Blome, Rochester, Mich.; aged 11

Drawn by Paul De Teresi, North Andover, Mass.; aged 17

Drawn by Patricia Leech, Paris Island, S. C.; aged 11

Drawn by Alice Keep, Sheffield, Mass.; aged 10

Drawn by Donald Thurber, Fresno, Calif.; aged 10½



Drawn by Anna Lou Gray, Tulsa, Okla.; aged 12

Drawn by Jean Rennard, Hempstead, L. I.; aged 12

Drawn by Hufia Ray Pomeroy, Henderson, Tex.; aged 10

Drawn by Kate Gray, New Canaan, Conn.; aged 10

Drawn by Polly Stone, Sioux Falls, S. D.; aged 13

Drawn by Sue Saunders, Roswell, N. M.; aged 15

Drawn by Peter Freer, Bridgeport, Conn.; aged 12

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1941

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Foreword by WARREN WRIGHT

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JUNE 1942

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Comprising COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA • POLO

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THE COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ELIZABETH HIBBS—EUROPEAN

PETER VISCHER, *Publisher* • FRANCIS BREWSTER, *Circulation Director* • *Published monthly*

COUNTRY LIFE is obtainable in the United States and all other countries in the Pan Amer... other countries, $7 for one year, $12 for two years. Entered as second-class mail matter N... are requested to send notice of change of address five weeks before it is to take effect. ... and new addresses must be given. *Please report all changes direct to us.* ADVERTISING OF... Wash., W. F. Coleman, Henry Building. San Francisco, Cal., W. F. Coleman, 550 Montgom... Avenue. Atlanta, Ga., Sylvan G. Cox, 75 Third Street, N.W. COUNTRY LIFE is printed in ...

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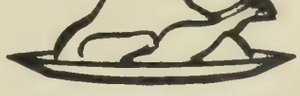
Above: Entrance to the estate of Harold M. Florsheim, shoe company executive, near Deerfield, Ill. Dog kennels are shown in the background.

International

DOES THE FREEZING on the

HAROLD M. FLORSHEIM ESTATE



Right: These birds are frozen hard as rocks, and will remain that way, without attention, for an indefinite period.

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THE INTERNATIONAL Walk-in Cooler on the beautiful Florshei estate has special 6 inch insulation and holds a temperature o approximately 10 degrees below zero. Dimensions are 6 x 8 x 7½ feet, and it is powered by a 1 h.p. water-cooled condensing unit.

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Calendar

RACING

June 1-8	Thorncliffe Park, Toronto, Ont.
To June 6	Belmont Park, L. I.
June 8-27	Aqueduct, L. I.
June 9-16	Long Branch, Toronto, Ont.
To June 20	Lincoln Fields, Crete, Ill.
June 22-Aug. 1	Arlington Park, Arlington Heights, Ill.
June 25-July 2	Hamilton Park, Hamilton Ont.
June 29-July 25	Empire City, Yonkers, N. Y.
To July 4	Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.
To July 4	Fairmount Park, Collinsville, Ill.
July 4-20	Fort Erie, Canada.
To July 18	Suffolk Downs, East Boston, Mass.
July 20-Aug. 8	Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H.
July 27-Aug. 29	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

July 4	United Hunts, Locust Valley, L.I.

HORSE SHOWS

June 2	York, Pa.
June 4-6	Sewickley, Pa.
June 5-6	Bassett, Va.
June 5-6	Reading, Pa.
June 5-6	Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
June 6	Franklin, Tenn.
June 6	Baldwin, Md.
June 6-7	South Bend, Ind.
June 6-7	Jackson, Mich.
June 7	Irondequoit Spur Club, N. Y.
June 7	Denver, Colo.
June 7	Lebanon, Ind.
June 10-11	Shelby, Miss.
June 10-13	Arlington, Indianapolis, Ind.
June 10-13	Charlestown, W. Va.
June 11-13	Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
June 11-13	Clarks Summit, Pa.
June 12-13	Sedgefield, N. C.
June 12-13	Upperville, Va.
June 12	Centerville, Iowa
June 12-13	Metropolitan Equestrian Club, N. Y.
June 12-13	Harrisburg, Pa.
June 13	Harts Run, Pittsburgh, Pa.
June 13	Annapolis, Md.
June 13	Pittsburgh, Pa.
June 13-14	Irwin, Pa.
June 14	Southern, Md.
June 14	Hinsdale, Ill.
June 17-18	Charles Town, W. Va.
June 17-19	Greenville, S. C.
June 17-20	Lake Forest, Ill.
June 19-20	Darien, Conn.
June 19-20	Ox Ridge, Conn.
June 19-20	Toledo, Ohio
June 19-21	Allentown, Pa.
June 19-21	Rochester, N. Y.
June 20	Warrenton, Va.
June 20	Wilbraham, Mass.
June 20-21	Watertown, Conn.
June 20-21	Allentown, Pa.
June 21	Bedford, N. H.
June 21	Eau Claire, Wis.
June 21	Rockleigh, N. J.
June 23	Centerville, Iowa
June 23-24	Janesville, Wisc.
June 25-27	Westport, Conn.
June 25-27	Huntington, W. Va.
June 27	Pittsford, N. Y.
June 27	York, Pa.
June 28	Williamsville, N. Y.
June 28	Lafayette, Ind.
June 28	Shelbyville, Tenn.
June 28	Sands Point, L. I., N. Y.
June 28	Buffalo, N. Y.
July 3-4	Culpepper, Va.
July 4	Penn Yan, N. Y.
July 4-5	Huntington Crescent, Huntington, L. I.

DOG SHOWS

June 6	Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club, Elkins Park, Pa.
June 7	Falls Cities Kennel Club, French Lick Springs, Ind
June 13	Lake Shore Kennel Club, Hammond, Ind.
June 13	North Westchester Kennel Club, Katonah, N. Y.
June 13-14	Dog Fanciers' Assn., Portland, Ore.
June 14	Longshore Kennel Club, Westport, Conn.
June 14	Skokie Valley Kennel Club, Des Plaines, Ill.
June 14	Valley Kennel Club Assn., Fairmont, W. Va.
June 20	Ladies' Dog Club, Waltham, Mass.
June 20-21	Harbor Cities Kennel Club, Long Beach, Calif.
June 21	Northeastern Wisconsin Kennel Club, Fond du Lac, Wis.
June 21	Onondaga Kennel Assn., Syracuse, N. Y.
June 26	Butler County Kennel Club, Butler, Pa.
June 27	Sewickley Valley Kennel Assn., Sewickley, Pa.
June 28	Del Monte Kennel Club, Del Monte, Calif.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

June 6	Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club, Elkins Park, Pa.
June 14	Skokie Valley Kennel Club, Des Plaines, Ill.
June 21	Northeastern Wisconsin Kennel Club, Fond du Lac, Wis.

SKEET TOURNAMENTS

June 6-7	Ludlow Fish & Game Club, Ludlow, Mass.
June 13-14	Chain O'Lakes Gun Club, South Bend, Ind.
June 14	East Warren Rod & Gun Club, Warren, R. I.
June 14	Southern Skeet Club, Birmingham, Ala.
June 19-21	Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn.
July 4-5	Southern Skeet Club, Birmingham, Ala.
July 25-26	Homestead Skeet Club, Hot Springs, Va.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

June 1	J. Garrett Tolan, Pleasant Plains, Ill.
June 2	J. F. Thornton, New Berlin, Ill.
June 3	V. C. Swigart, Clinton, Ill.
June 6	Thousand Hill Farm, Kirksville, Mo.
June 8	Glyn Mawr Farm, Olin, Iowa
June 9	Rosemere Farm, Maquoketa, Iowa
June 10	Stanley R. Pierce & Sons, Creston, Ill.
June 11	Wisconsin Breeders' Assn., Lancaster, Wis.
June 16	Interstate Sale, Sioux City, Iowa
June 20	Kenneth McGregor, Ada, Minn.
June 22	W. A. Hopley, Atlantic, Iowa

HEREFORD SALES

June 12	H. C. Taylor Dispersion, Roanoke, Mo.

SHORTHORN & POLLED SHORTHORN SALES

June 1	Edellyn Farms, Wilson, Ill.
June 1	Marellbar Farm, Libertyville, Ill.
June 2	Conner Prairie Farm, Noblesville, Ind.
June 3	Moss Prewitt, Clarksville, Mo.
June 4	Illinois Polled Shorthorn Breeders' Sale, Springfield, Ill.
June 6	Wisconsin Milking Shorthorn Breeders' Assn., Janesville, Wis.
June 11	Southcentral Illinois Shorthorn Breeders' Sale, Lovington, Ill.
June 22	Indiana Shorthorn Breeders' Association, Lafayette, Ind.

AYRSHIRE SALES

June 1	Spot Farm Sale, Bellefontaine, O.
June 3	Grassy Brook Farm Auction, Alder Creek, N. Y.
June 8	Leon H. Snyder, Colorado Springs, Colo.

GUERNSEY SALES

June 1	Clover Hill Sale, Ira, N.Y.
June 3	Van Wert County Consignment, Van Wert, O.
June 4	Huntington County Breeders, Huntington, Ind.
June 8	Dunn's Tour Sale, Rhinebeck, N.Y.
June 10	A. L. Crowe Dispersal, Smyrna, Ga.

HOLSTEIN SALES

June 4	Royal Brentwood Sale, Minneapolis, Minn.
June 5	Hillskotter & Graham Dispersal, St. Croix Falls, Wis.
June 10	Eastern Indiana Sale, Straughn, Ind.
June 16	Paul M. Haldeman, Winchester, Va.
June 22	Fredmar Farms Dispersal, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

JERSEY SALES

June 4	National Jersey Sale, Biltmore Farms, Asheville, N. C.
June 6	Happy Valley & Green Fields Sale, Rossville, Ga.
June 20	New York Jersey Cattle Club, Meridale Farms, Meredith, N. Y.
June 30	Illinois Jersey Cattle Club, Normal, Ill.

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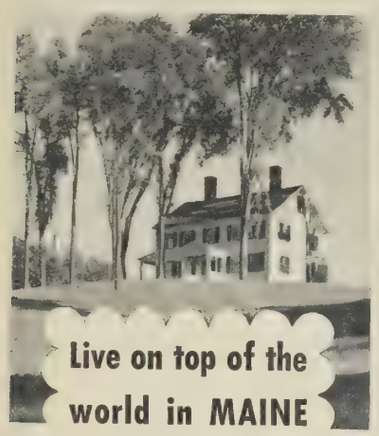

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Letters

OUR TOWNS

To the Editor:

I was so impressed and delighted by Bradley Delehanty's article in Country Life on improving the appearance of our towns that I venture to write you about it. I only wish your article could be reprinted in every paper in the U. S. and broadcast from every radio station, for it seems to me to be of vital importance.

The looks of the average American town or village, with a few possible exceptions, have become a disgrace. America is a beautiful country as a whole, or was, as God made it, and it seems a great shame that this Land of ours should have been defaced. I have thought of this problem for many years and conditions seem to be getting worse and not better.

It seems to me that two things which do the most to ruin the looks of our countryside are overhead electric wires and the automobile, with, of course, the multitudes of hideousities which the automobile has brought in its train. The overhead wires are abominable. They are strung on crooked poles, several lines of poles side by side and leaning in different directions. Additional guy poles are placed across the road and wires run in every direction between them. Trees are mutilated, the heads cut off, the sides cut down, great holes bored in the middle, and what should be a line of stately elms to shade the road is reduced to a mass of ugly deformities. It would be far better to cut the whole tree down in the first place and plant another one out of the way.

As for the automobile, there is no end to what it has done to ruin a once beautiful landscape. Advertisement signs, gas stations, garages, quick lunch counters, car dumps, all of these are built without the slightest regard for good taste or refinement.

People say that this is a commercial country and no one thinks of anything but making money. This may be true to a certain degree, and undoubtedly it does help the manufacturers to advertise their wares on every farm barn and roadside. But it seems to me that the fundamental trouble is the shocking bad taste of the majority of our citizens. If they did not stand for it, certainly it would not be done.

You can't imagine such a thing in England or Scotland, because the people have an innate sense of beauty and order and take such tremendous pride in the charm of their countrysides. Of course it is easier over there, for another reason. I remember once asking a large land owner in Suffolk how it was that all the new work in his village was so beautiful. His answer was simple enough. "We simply don't allow them to build anything ugly!"

But even over here such things can be found. A few years ago I went to the village of Carmel, in California. I was so completely dumbfounded by the charm and beauty of the place, the wonderful planting, the exquisite houses, the fascinating shops (even the gas station was a cottage I would love to live in myself!) that I stopped a man on the street and asked him what it meant and how such a paradise ever came to exist. He beamed with pleasure and replied very much like my English friend, "It's simple enough. We are a colony of artists here and we all got together and decided that no one would be allowed to build anything ugly."

The result is certainly a masterpiece of which they are justly proud. The result is that Carmel is crowded with tourists and the shops are packed with buyers and the inns with customers! If only this principle of pride in their town could be spread over the country, what a marvelous change there would be! If only it could be brought home to the small business man that beauty in his business really paid large dividends, what a sudden renaissance of good taste would appear in the land!

I do think that Robert Moses has done a superb, soul stirring thing in the creation of his glorious "parkways" on Long Island and in New York and Connecticut. It has revolutionized travel by motor through those districts and everyone is loud in their praise of it. If only someone, now, could start the same thing in the small town and make it a great crusade through the land, it would indeed be a heaven-sent gift to our country.

As Mr. Delehanty so truly said in your article, it would not mean tremendous expense, just a little thought and good taste! The result would more than justify the outlay. But this would necessitate a real campaign to educate the people and make them conscious of beauty, which the majority are not at present, as well as bringing home to them the advantages to be derived therefrom. It should not be so difficult to arouse their pride in their homes, if only they could be shown how ugly they are at present. How can this be done?

Please forgive this outburst, but this subject is near my heart and important in our country today. I shall be passing through Locust Valley tomorrow and I will think with pleasure what a paradise it would be if only your charming scheme could be carried out. If a few towns could be "done over" like that, it might spread like wildfire and revolutionize the whole country. This war cannot last forever and it would make a splendid solution for post-war employment problems and one which ought to be popular with every sound thinking person in every walk of life.

I think you deserve a tremendous note of thanks for putting this subject so brilliantly and clearly in your recent article. I only hope there will be many more like it to follow.

Richard V. N. Gambrill.
Far Hills, N. J.

DOGS FOR DEFENSE

To the Editor:

I thought your article on Dogs for Defense excellent. Your interest in this Army sentry work is very much appreciated; you might mention that Germany has 150,000 of these dogs now and Russia 50,000. . . .

I note that you list Dr. Lewis H. Marks as regional director of Dogs for Defense in Pennsylvania. Dr. Marks resigned because he has to be in Washington so much and I was elected to take his place.

I would greatly appreciate your running a note to this effect so that people having suitable dogs in Pennsylvania can send me all particulars to Ambler, and not have any time lost.

W. Newbold Ely.
Ambler, Pa.

WILD BACON

To the Editor:

I have just read the article in Country Life by Ross Holman, "Bringing Home the Wild Bacon."

Two of my good friends from Dayton, Earl Coler and Teno Reibold, have just returned from a very interesting hunt in the Cherokee Forest and Earl Coler brought out the only adult African boar of record with the Tennessee Conservation Department. It was 31 inches high at the shoulder and weighed 350 pounds. . . .

Earl H. Weber.
Dayton, Ohio.

"THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN"

To the Editor:

By return mail please send me four copies of the last issue of Country Life. I am enclosing my check for $2. . . .

I want you to know how greatly we appreciate your selection of our son's drawing for this issue. You were most kind in your praise and the fact that you named him as the prize-winner certainly made us very happy.

Your page, "The Young Sportsman," is fine for the youngsters.

Mrs. Fred Hanna,
Altus, Okla.

We wonder if readers of Country Life *realize that more than 1,000 contributions to the kids' page have been sent in to us in the last year and a half. We think this one of the most important parts of the magazine and hope to get the chance to build it up.*

FACES ON PANSIES

To the Editor:

Would you be interested to see the faces that appeared in the pansy bed of Miss Emily Salter's garden in North Vancouver, B. C.?

C. V. Tench,
North Vancouver, B. C.

WHY PLOW?

To the Editor:

"Why Plow?" is a highly interesting article but I'm afraid that I failed to find his answer to his own question. Obviously, Mr. Faulkner has a powerful peeve against the plow and from the way he kicks it around he must have a satisfactory substitute. I would like to know what that is. . . .

I should like to ask, "Why not plow?"

T. T. Scott,
River Creek Plantation,
Thomasville, Ga.

Mr. Faulkner replied:

"All growth depends upon the transfer into living tissues of materials cast off from decaying organic matter. It explains the effect of the forkful of manure the good gardener drops on each rhubarb hill in the spring. It explains, too, the starved condition of a lot of farm crops planted on land where a lot of decayable matter has been plowed in.

Unless there is in the surface soil decaying organic matter which can simulate with food the early roots of the new crop, those roots are apt not to be able to reach the decaying mass at the plowsole at all. . . .

"When organic matter has been plowed in, rather than mixed in, gravity water carries the decay products out into the streams away from the crops."

He added that he prefers discing to plowing.

TO THE EDITOR:

Can you tell me of a drill planter that will sow without old-fashioned plowed seed-bed?

LOWRY WATKINS,
Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Faulkner replied:

"It is possible to prepare a surprisingly smooth seed bed by methods other than plowing, particularly if the seeding machine is of the disc rather than the shoe type. Disc seeders will always do better than the others if there is a little excess trash on the surface.

"We have made a mistake in continuing without testing its value, to use the mouldboard plow. Our first scientific agriculturists inherited it—as the only implement with which it was possible to satisfactorily destroy other competing plants in preparation for crops. It was literally 'Hobson's choice.' But the invention of the disc harrow about the nineties introduced a possible competitor for the plow.

"If proper tests had been made then, it is certain that we should have adopted the disc harrow or some modification of it, or some other implement capable of imitating closely the organic matter profiles we find in the natural landscape. Had this been done, there would never have been a seriously eroded landscape such as we find most everywhere today in some sections of the country. Too, we should have avoided flood damage by such a course."

TO THE EDITOR:

You had a very interesting article, "Why Plow?" The author made it clear that there is no real reason for for plowing, but did not suggest what should be done with your soil to prepare it for planting. Has he an answer to this?

H. L. CANNON,
Bridgeville, Del.

Mr. Cannon's letterhead showed that he is president of H. P. Cannon & Son, Inc., packers of Cannon Brand Canned Foods. Mr. Faulkner, noting this, replied:

"The test work I did was with vegetables, so this new idea may prove to be a 'natural' for your business.

"I believe you will agree that in any accomplishment that requires a series of operations, if the first of these is wrong then the rightness of all the later ones may need scrutiny. This is particularly so in farming, where the very first operation on the land—plowing—is probably wrong.

"We can put it even stronger than this: the fact that we plow makes many of the other operations necessary. *If we don't plow, we don't have to do some of the other expensive and time-consuming work."*

Mr. Faulkner explained that in his test work he prepared a field which had been seeded to rye. He disced the rye in, or down. Up to four feet in height he got most of the rye into the ground, but at six feet his implements would not do the job. Anticipating this, he had devised a marker, so that he could tell where he had disced.

His results, he said, were amazing. String beans and cucumbers yielded crops of high quality—though he did no spraying or dusting. He firmly believes that the condition of the soil has a very definite effect on insects.

"After the land has been prepared by discing," commented Mr. Faulkner, "you will be surprised to find that no clod crushing is needed. There aren't any clods . . . only a little smoothing will be required. And, even though you disc down tall rye, no waiting for it to rot is necessary; waiting would mean a loss of nutrients.

"Also, you need no nitrogen fertilizers whatever (honest, it's the truth!) for free living nitrogen-gathering bacteria are able under these new conditions to supply all the nitrogen your crops need. . . ."

TO THE EDITOR:

The article, "Why Plow?" appears to us to be subject to comment. We farmers very rarely are in a position to undertake large operations for pleasure. . . .

We do not believe the objectives (of the farmer) could be attained practically without plowing. We believe they are essential and we are certain that this could have been discovered by the author with a very limited amount of research.

J. L. SCHWABACHER,
Barbian Farm,
Bethlehem. Conn.

An exchange of letters between Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Schwabacher disclosed that a decade of research preceded the writing of the article, that the author is convinced that the mouldboard plow "is probably the worst possible implement" to use in preparation for growing crop. Also, that the article was intended only to make that point and that the next step—a substitute method for the one in vogue so long, rightly or wrongly—would have to be developed later.

Mr. Schwabacher made the excellent point that the machinery we have today requires flat surfaces: "the farmer knows what a hump will do to rake and loader teeth, what

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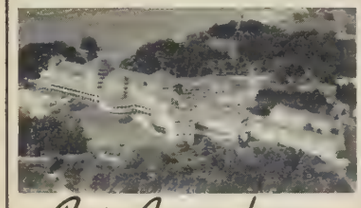

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the sensation of riding a mowing machine over a washboard meadow is, and how easily a truck or a wagon will stick in a low spot." He felt that the land must be smoothed out occasionally and that plowing helps do this.

Mr. Faulkner replied that it is possible to have just as smooth a surface after discing as after plowing. He adds that "if we had never had the mouldboard plow, we would probably not have had some of our worst land troubles."

TO THE EDITOR:

I read with great interest "Why Do Farmers Plow?" How does one plant corn and small grain without plowing?

ALBERT E. PEIRCE,
Warrenton, Va.

Mr. Faulkner replied:

"Where the disc harrow, used repeatedly, will accomplish the necessary surface mixing of trash, it is the best instrument to use, probably. With persistence and determination a disc harrow will surprise you by eventually yielding as manageable a surface as the plow does; and it will do this on stubble, stalks, weeds, in fact, most anywhere except on sods.

"Now, here's a neat trick that is not new by any means, but which has not been appreciated for what it is worth: Start the work with the disc. Finish it if possible with the disc. If, after the disc has done its best, it becomes evident that it will not *be able to cover well enough to provide a workable surface, then plow. The result in such conditions will not be at all like where the plowing was the first operation.*

"Try this on sods: Plow twice, the second time two inches deeper than the first. This obviates having the surface too much cluttered with the macerated grass tufts, but leaves the organic matter all within reach of the initial short roots of your crops.

"It may be said, however, that plowing is always less damaging on sods than on any other kind of land. This is because the upturned sod has in it a well distributed mass of organic matter not a complete layer of absorbent material separating the loosened soil from its supply of capillary water. So, even a single plowing on a good sod will not have noticeably bad effects.

"You will wonder, then, why I defame plowing. My aim is to point the way by which we can give immediate "first aid" to the one-gallus farmer who so far has had not the slightest permanent, constructive benefit from any of the advice he has tried to follow. To men whose land is still in good tilth the benefits that will accrue from discing instead of plowing will be noticeable, but not amazing. The same operation on land which has already begun to move away down the streams will within a few seasons halt the movement; and, while it is becoming effective against erosion it will be greatly increasing yields per acre.

"We have always thought we had to have a clean, smooth surface in which to do our seeding. We do need such a surface—not that the seeds require such a surface, but because we have designed all of our machinery to work best only in such a surface. We need to redesign our tillage machinery so it will operate in the trashy kind of surface that prevails in the woodland where everything grows so much better than farm crops usually do. I do not mean that a lot of trash on the surface is necessary. In fact, it is better to have the trash mixed into the surface than left on it; but even then it frequently would interfere with sliding hoe drills, corn planters, etc.

"I believe you have some surprises in store for you when you try working organic matter into the surface instead of plowing it in. On thin land the effects are amazing."

TO THE EDITOR:

I don't know a darn thing about farming but I have always been very, very much interested in it, and lately, fortunately, I have become even more closely associated with it as a friend of mine has purchased a farm of 185 acres where I can spend most of my free time. . . .

Your arguments seem to me so thoroughly practicable that if you don't plow at all how can you prepare your land? . . .

The fact that you don't take anything for granted, and that you have a thoroughly curious mind makes your article appeal to me. . . .

JOHN T. PIRIE, JR.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Faulkner replied:

"The discovery that plowing is an incorrect and unscientific practice came to me in 1937, July. At that time I astonished my family by announcing that I would write a book on soil management. In the interim no time has been lost to try to get this idea recognized officially, chiefly by correspondence.

"Mr. Vischer's publication of my article in COUNTRY LIFE *is the first important publicity the idea has had. In my opinion, the world owes him a debt that it won't soon be able to repay, for this one action, for men like yourself will not be inclined to wink further at the neglect of officials to go to the bottom of this thing. . . .*

Now, as to your question:

"Three possible choices exist, with the equipment available on most farms, for a better preparation of soil for crops. Two of these use the plow, but in a way to conform with, instead of oppose, natural forces.

"(a) Plow twice, if the quantity of organic matter is so great that it cannot be worked into the surface with the disc harrow. Do the two plowings as close together as possible in point of time, so that decay

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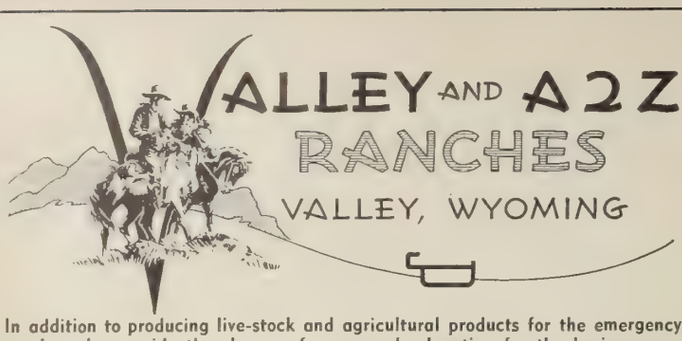
COUNTRY LIFE unreservedly recommends the ranches listed on the following pages. Any ranch will be pleased to tell you of its facilities and to quote rates. We advise making reservations early, however, as the demand for accommodations this year is sure to be heavy.



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will not have served to waste from the plowsole the released plant foods the new crops will need. Also, the second plowing should be somewhat deeper than the first. Complete the preparation by use of the customary fitting implements.

"(b) Disc the land thoroughly before plowing, thoroughly enough that the debris on the surface will be completely macerated and mixed into the soil surface. Then plow. (I suggest these methods because they will serve to provide on the resulting surface the necessary smoothness our present planting or seeding equipment requires.)

"(c) Complete the job entirely with the disc harrow. On land such as you describe this may be possible, and it may leave the surface smooth enough for the seeding operations. If not, you can resort to (b)."

TO THE EDITOR:

Is there a sequel to it?

G. A. P..
Far Hills, N. J.

Yes, this article was the opening gun in a fight for a new system of tillage, a system that will usher in an era of crop production the like of which no modern man has seen in any of the older civilized countries. The purpose of the first article was to create a doubt as to the validity of the plow and serve as an appetizer for such other articles as it seems wise to present.

BATTLEGROUND

TO THE EDITOR:

Inasmuch as the Letters Department seems to have turned into the Battleground of the Irish, may I be included? I have owned Irish Setters for 19 years—in fact I can remember when they had good bone. excellent legs and feet, and real Setter heads and expression.

But to get back to the subject at hand. I believe that the main trouble is that different people are talking about different things. One is talking about field trial dogs while the other is talking about hunting and shooting dogs.

Few Irish setters can match the "horizon" range of some of the top-notch field trial Pointers and English Setters, but they can easily match them in style, nose, hunting ability; and they surpass them in stamina.

Why? Because Irish setter owners want hunting and shooting dogs. This lack of *excessive* range is not a fault in the dogs but rather a quality that the average owner desires.

This lack of Field Trial interest is due to several things—chiefly that 99% of these F. T. dogs are developed by professional trainers. An Irish Setter cannot be trained like a Pointer or English Setter, and consequently cannot be turned out by factory production methods. This fact has been largely responsible for the ever popular "stubborn and hard-headed theory." An Irishman trained by the methods used with Pointers and English Setters becomes either ornery or shy.

For years I have listened to the perpetual wail of "thick-headedness" and I decided to do something about it. Not having the facilities for field work I took up Obedience Training. Years ago I was interested in German Shepherds and attended their working trials, so when I got my first Irishman in 1923 I trained him to do most of the German Shepherd work.

As I know it could be done I went to work five years ago. My "kennel" consists of six dogs. Now five of these have their Obedience titles and I am training the sixth. Training six out of six has left me no choice as to ability, temperament, etc.

I just worked them all—proving that they will *all* accept training. *But* different methods had to be used on different dogs—which I believe to be the fly in the ointment of the professional trainer.

Now in regard to natural hunting ability I believe any Irishman, *given the opportunities given to Pointers and English Setters,* will hunt. But you can't exercise a dog in a ten-foot run for one hour, keep him in a crate the other 23 and expect him to develop hunting ability. My Ch. Red Mollie was bred and owned by a Field Trial handler. She did not have a lot of range, but she was so good she was used to train his Field Trial prospects.

At present I have a female out of my Int. Ch. Killeen. This bitch has never had five minutes training but she has style to throw away, and she points and holds pheasants nicely, and she *never* stops. In 19 years I have not had a dog that did not have the desire to hunt.

I must agree with the critics of the unsoundness of the present-day dogs—especially in the Mid-West. At the recent Chicago show the number of deformed monstrosities that appeared in the ring was amazing. Flat feet, splay feet, club feet, down at the pasterns, lack of bone, weavers, cow hocks, loose shoulders, out at the elbows, *ad infinitum.* When a judge remarks that a dog he has just given a high award to is probably the worst moving dog in the country, it seems time for both breeders and judges to do a little serious thinking.

Faults or no faults, a grand breed: the IRISH SETTER.

EMILY SCHWEITZER,
Northbrook, Ill.

RACING AND BREEDING

TO THE EDITOR:

It is worth while to pay the yearly subscription to COUNTRY LIFE if only to read the interesting articles on racing. . . .

Would it be too much to ask you to give us more articles on the most

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fascinating side of racing: *breeding*. I am positive that if more people were interested in breeding, racing would gain a host of loyal enthusiasts. Since breeding makes racing, why not give the public more about breeding?

In South America, breeding topics have a prominent place in racing magazines. In Argentina and Chile, the breeding of the thoroughbred is now being "industrialized" with a view toward improving the stock for the export market. Hence, breeding literature has been given ample publicity. . . .

Racing should never be allowed to exist as a business proposition. No one should be allowed to profit from racing, because racing has always been and should continue to be just one thing: sport. In South America (although younger and less experienced than the North) it has been found that racing can and should provide or help the state to provide hospitals and similar institutions. The shareholders of our race tracks never receive a cent as dividends.

In accordance with the law, Chilean race tracks get 15% of the gross betting, which is distributed as follows:

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GUILLERMO URQUIDI F.,
Antofagasta, Chile.

JOHNSON PAINTING

TO THE EDITOR:

I was very much interested in the April cover of COUNTRY LIFE and wonder if the original could be seen at one of the galleries.

E. A. EVANS,
New York City

The Frank Tenney Johnson painting appeared on the cover through the courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.

DON'T FORGET MILWAUKEE

TO THE EDITOR:

I enjoyed very much the article on Dude Ranch vacations, including the mention of guide books and folders.

The Milwaukee Road also has a mighty fine booklet on Montana dude ranches which I have secured but which was not mentioned in your article.

MARIANA STEELE,
Chicago, Illinois

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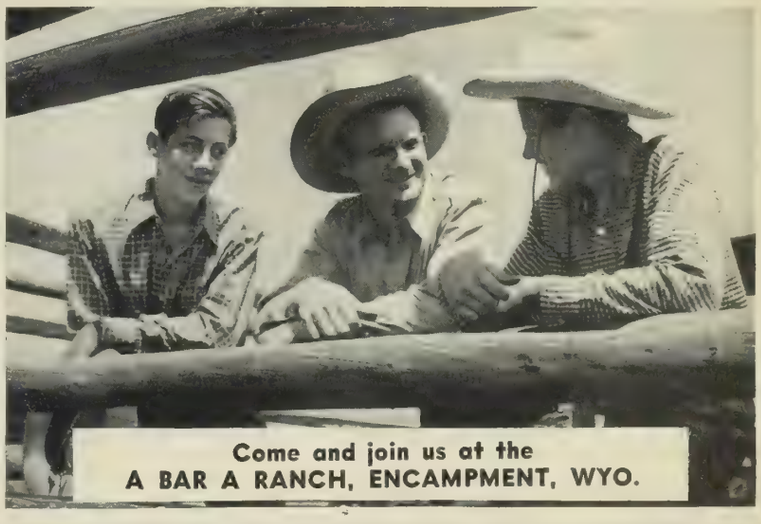

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THE Editor's Cornucopia

CONTOUR CULTIVATION AND THE FARMER WHO LIKED A STRAIGHT LINE

"My nearest neighbor when I farmed in the West years ago was the old fellow who judged the plowing contests we had," said Fred, the real farmer at Pleasant Valley. "He lived five miles away but he used to come over regular."

"Oh, my"—and I thought he added this just a bit wistfully—"but he liked a straight line."

We were standing at the moment on a hillside to the southeast of our farmhouse. The district's expert on erosion, a cheery young man named Zimmerman, had just left and we were gazing at two strings of stakes he had driven into the ground—gazing at two long curves that swept lazily around the base of the hill.

I imagined I felt the ground tremble under us. It must have been Fred's old friend, the plowman who liked a straight line, turning over in his grave.

Somehow, contour cultivation seems very academic — something they did in old China and along the steep banks of the Rhine, something they have been thinking about in some building down in Washington or in the cloistered seminars of the agricultural colleges. It doesn't seem at first glance to be something for the ordinary farmer; why, you can travel miles and miles by train or car and seldom see a field contoured.

You'd recognize it at once, of course. When it's freshly plowed, its curves stand out against their background. When it's planted, or cultivated, or harvested, that's still true. And you're so accustomed to seeing fields plowed with square corners that your attention is stopped at once. As it would be if you were seeing a horse running backwards or a cow with two heads.

Another thing that makes it stand out that it is invariably on a hillside, and therefore laid out, so to speak, like a billboard, where all can see. And it's doubly arresting because the curves are so lovely, so natural, like a tree swaying in the breeze. Look at contoured fields some time from an airplane and note their extraordinary beauty.

Somehow, too, contour cultivation seems very confusing. It's so easy to understand in theory: you follow level lines, retaining the moisture and amplifying your crops, saving time in cultivation because you're not going up and down hills all the time, saving gas and oil or horse power for the same reason. But where are those level lines?

Stand in a field and try to figure them out for yourself. It's not so simple, partly because you're standing on a hill and can't (unless you're doing this all the time) quite see the sweep of the level curves above and below you. It's all you can do to guess other points in the field level with the spot you're standing on.

Again, all the pictures of contoured land that you've seen show curiously shaped plots, like balloons, bulges, or kidneys. You wonder how in the world you're ever going to get these worked. And the man who's going to do the job with you takes off his hat and scratches his head; he wants to try some of these new ideas, sure enough, but he

just can't help reminiscing about the old fellow out West who always gave first prize to the man who plowed the straightest line.

Then you get the Government man to come over and he explains it all very simply. You don't have to guess where the contours run; he gets out a farm level and in half

SKETCHES BY GORDON ROSS

a morning you have several contour lines running across the place. (That night, incidentally, you write a letter buying a farm level for yourself.)

The question of the odd-shaped pieces explains itself so simply. You don't do anything at all about them. They simply remain when you get done with your job. You see, it works this way:

Up top there, nearest the house, the slope is steepest and if you've got any sense you never want to plow that again; let's plan to leave that in grass. Then comes one of the lines of stakes we've just put in. Well, you plow (or disc, if you've given up plowing) fifty feet each side of that line; that gives you a hundred-foot wide strip for whatever you want to plant this year; we're putting ours in corn.

That done, we leave another strip of grass and go on to the next row of stakes. Again we plow fifty feet either side of that row, giving us another hundred-foot strip. The plowing, note, is all the same width and isn't, therefore, calculated to bother even the most old-fashioned farmer. The odd strips are of grass, in the middle, and are simply what's left when you get through plowing; they're called "correction strips."

You have, then, alternate strips of new plow and old grass. And next year, if you like, you can reverse the order. Leave this year's new plow in grass, if that's how it ended the summer, and plow up the old grass if you like. This again gives you hundred-foot strips to work and presents you with an entirely different set of "correction strips."

Or, as we are going to do on another part of our farm this fall, you can get one row of master stakes along a definite contour. Work the hundred-foot strip above that line one year and the hundred-foot strip below it the next, always leaving the unworked strip in grass to prevent erosion.

I hope I've explained it because I must admit that before we tried contouring I thought it was simple in theory yet quite confusing to put into practice. Now I know it's quite as simple as it sounds . . . and very fascinating indeed. That it will pay dividends I'm certain. And if you don't believe me, just read Russell Lord's article in this issue.

Contouring involves one rather serious risk and that is that it keeps you rubber-necking while driving the car. "Look at that gully!" you exclaim exultantly. "Just see how that field is going to the devil!" you proclaim. "Isn't it a shame that so few people take advantage of these valuable ideas," you say to your charming wife.

You find her white-faced and shaken, hanging on for dear life while you examine the passing hills.

"Look at the road," she says grimly, "before we contour ourselves around that next telephone pole."

Oh well, we won't be able to drive much longer and then it won't be anywhere near so dangerous.

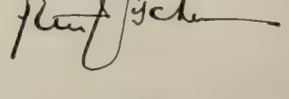
ANSWER TO INQUIRERS

Some of the readers of this column, recalling that I wrote a few paragraphs last January about my sister in the Philippines, have been kind enough to inquire about her.

I cabled her on March 6 last: "Cable condition. Can we help?" Few people realize that we were in such close touch with the Philippines so recently.

I got a reply on March 8. It read: "Condition depends proximity help. Nothing personal possible. Anxiously await fulfillment promises. Fewer words, more materials needed."

I have heard nothing since.



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THE land market is still going up, despite some fears that the tire shortage and gasoline rationing would bring a set-back. . . . Foreclosed farms are disappearing from the market in many parts of the country. . . . Land values rose 7% in the twelve months ending March 1, 1942, the greatest advance in any year since the low of 1933. . . . Values now stand at 91% of the 1912-1914 average.

It is likely that many farmers will produce this year less rather than more, the result of (1) lack of labor and (2) shortage of equipment.

The Doane Agricultural Service advises its clients that: "Large profits in farming are usually made in the early part of an inflation period before costs catch up with selling prices. We repeat: 1942 may be the best opportunity in a generation for farmers to make money. They will need all they can make to weather the lean years of deflation."

The Government is launching a vigorous campaign to get people to improve their farms. Instead of limiting improvements drastically, as Washington was doing some months ago, every effort is now to be made in the opposite direction. And with time to pay!

Trends

If the war drags on indefinitely women may yet put their hands to the plow—but literally. The Department of Agriculture and the U. S. Employment Service are preparing to register women on a local basis in land-labor battalions, so far purely voluntary. . . . In Great Britain thousands of women from 18 to 45 have been trained, housed and uniformed by the Government. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt wants the same thing here.

Talk of starving out Japan is silly. Japan is 86% self-sufficient so far as principal foodstuffs are concerned. French Indo-China is 145% self-sufficient. Thailand 188% and Burma 260%. The last three furnish 95% of all the rice that enters world trade—which gives you a rough idea of something else we're going to be short of.

A feed shortage is a distinct possibility. Iowa State College announces that this year Iowa will "use more feed than it produces." Iowa's huge granary of corn is soon to disappear. . . . With the situation thus in Iowa, where will the nation as a whole get the feed it needs for its ever-increasing livestock numbers?

There's a rough paper magazine around named "Free America," of which that pseudo-intellectual chatterbox, Herbert Agar, is one of the editors. He is the eloquent newspaper writer who has been beating the bushes from Louisville to London for the past few years shouting for war—and this time his little magazine has really stirred one up. This war—well, all right, it's no more than a skirmish—concerns cattle; the magazine printed an article by one William E. Faulkner, Jr., which maintains that beef cattle will not pay their way in the East, that the purebred is largely a pet "for squires who have the means to decorate their estates with choice pedigrees," that a 1,000-lb. steer "expensively fattened" brings only 10c a lb., that scrubs are likely to be better than purebreds, etc., etc. Cattle men who discovered this piece somehow are plenty sore, maintaining that cattle are on the trail eastward in marching numbers and make a profitable feature of a diversified agriculture.

There's more than meets the eye in the highly publicized struggle now going on to get frightening John L. Lewis and the milk producers together in New York State. Actually, there are three sides to this quarrel: dairymen, consumers and dealers. Dairymen have always felt that consumers pay too high a price for milk; they also know that regularly employed well-paid earners make the best customers. Honest labor leaders and honest dealers is the answer to the problem.

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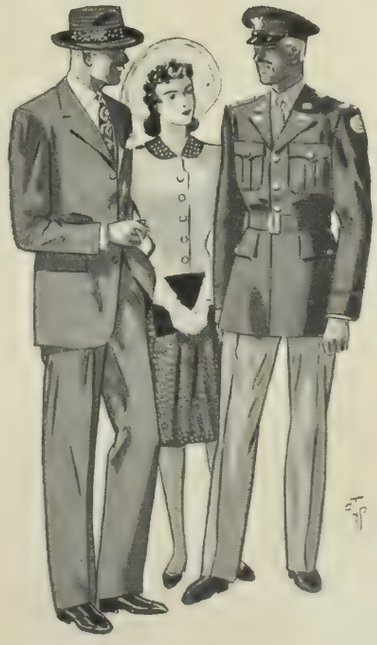

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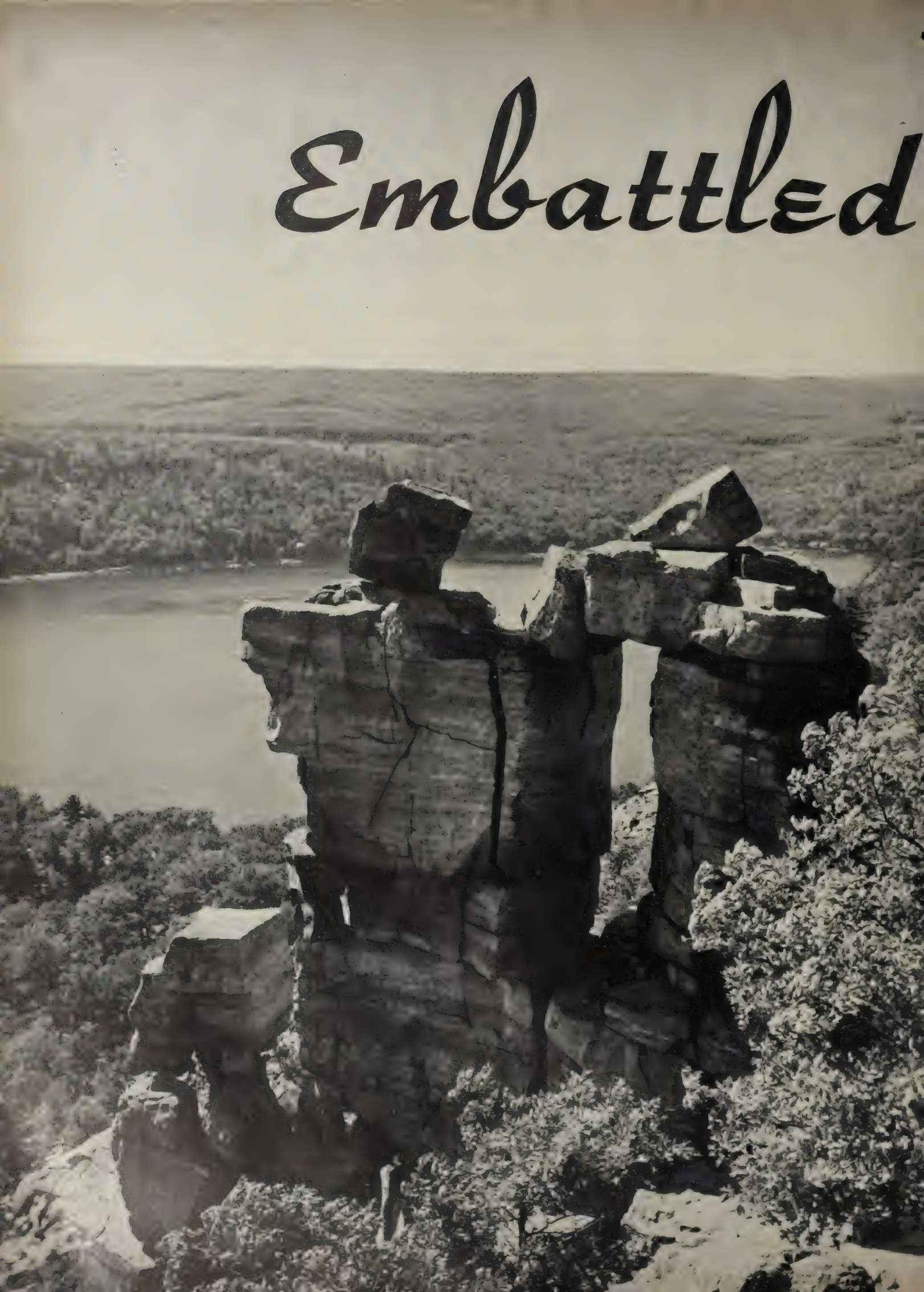


Warriors

Millions of trees struggle to heal our scarred lands and safeguard our people's vast estate

by CHESTER PERRY HOLWAY

Up at break of day, eating their buckwheat cakes by candle-light, they were at work at dawn. Wallowing midleg deep in snow, they attacked towering trees with confident air, whistling, singing, and shouting. Their action was titanic, their cheer superb.—Hamlin Garland: "Trail-Makers of the Middle Border."

WHEN Lt. Jefferson Davis drove his logs through the Dells of the Wisconsin River, in the spring of 1829, the vast country to the north was wilderness. Six trees out of ten were stalwart pines. Three to four feet thick at the butt, their straight, clean boles shot a hundred feet into the sky. From river bank to hilltop and down to river again they marched—one hundred and twenty-nine billion board feet of carpenter's joy, long-grained, light, clear.

In forty years they were all chopped down. Chopped down, sawed down, toted to the rivers, driven to the mills, rafted to the yards. Pine flowed from Wisconsin in a steady stream. Less than thirty years after Jeff Davis felled his logs to build Fort Winnebago on the Fox-Wisconsin portage there were 107 sawmills on the Wisconsin River between Wisconsin Rapids and Big Bull Falls.

And in forty years the pines were gone. They were going to last forever . . . and they lasted forty years.

Where did they go? Across the chasm of the Mississippi, across the treeless plains, across the lands that are Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma, Nebraska, the Dakotas. Westward to the Rockies rolled Wisconsin pines. They built barns, homes and churches, and schoolhouses. They sawed easy, they nailed easy, they were easy to lift. How else might tank towns have sprung up over night? Who had the patience to dig for stone or build a kiln for brick when there was so much else to do? Build it with northern pine!

More than a hundred thousand million feet of pine, to build Deadwood and Des Moines, Denver, Omaha, Wichita, Tulsa. Forty thousand square miles of Wisconsin forest scalped and dismantled. But it shoved the nation's border a thousand miles toward the western sea. Who shall say it wasn't worth the price?

The price has been high, paid in ghost towns, abandoned schools, exorbitant taxes (or no taxes at all), erosion, lowered water tables and lake and stream levels, all the other ills that assail people and the land, when it is stripped of its timber and left naked before the ravages of wind and water.

But this is not to bemoan the greed and stupidity of yesterday, rather to report to COUNTRY LIFE readers how one state, and the landowners in it, are retrieving their heritage of woods and waters, and doing it with vigor and progress. Wisconsin is today being returned to forest.

Not total forest, because support today of a population of three millions makes various demands upon land that once sustained only a few thousand agrarian Indians; yet, production for forest planting the past five years of 133,534,000 young trees calls attention to the fact that more than 2,080,000 acres in Wisconsin have been returned to forest under public ownership. And this is exclusive of thousands of acres in the state's two national forests, five Indian reservations, federal refuge areas, and planted lands around the state's 33 fish hatcheries and other field properties.

The Wisconsin Conservation Department undertook the task of restoring the state's forests in 1911—began with 192,300 young trees, purchased from Michigan State College. Two years later the first state-operated nursery produced 68,500 trees. By 1926, the annual nursery output had passed one million; by 1932 it was 6,500,000.

Then, in 1933, the Civilian Conservation Corps arrived, providing such conservation manpower as the country had never seen. And whether you approve of the CCC or not, these facts are in the record: 1934 saw the tree total jump to 16,696,000; and four years later reach a 12-months' peak of 38,100,000.

Last year, with CCC camps greatly reduced, the planting figure dropped to slightly less than 25 million. The trees were there—67 million in state nurseries early in 1941, but the manpower has been transferred to a more urgent battleground.

A few weeks ago a business journal carried a note on the Clemons tree farm in Washington State, where 300,000 Douglas fir seedlings have been planted on 130,000 acres. These trees will have matured into merchantable timber in 50 to 60 years. Then, according to the farm's manager, this planted forest will yield 100 to 130 million board feet a year, worth two to three million dollars.

Now take your pencil and compute the worth of Wisconsin's new forests!

These new forests are born in long seedling beds in five nurseries operated by the Parks and Forests Division of the Conservation Department. The figures for 1941 will indicate how these trees are distributed. State and county forest lands received 15,932,000, planted with CCC and WPA assistance. A total of 7,774,724 were planted by landowners and farmers on private properties, 3,421,225 of them distributed free of charge except for transportation, and 4,353,499 sold at nominal prices—$2.50 per thousand for 2-year-old seedlings, $7 per thousand for 4-year-old transplants. One million trees were sold at cost to three paper companies which are reforesting their cutover lands. The remainder were employed for living snow fences, shelterbelts, and beautification along highways, and for planting on other state properties.

State-grown trees cannot, of course, be purchased for purely ornamental planting, and planters must observe approved state forestry practices and stand inspection. Three Wisconsin landowners purchased a total of 250,000 trees in 1941 for planting on their private lands, Henry and Ed. Fromm at Hamburg, W. F. Huffman at Wisconsin Rapids, and W. A. Olen at Clintonville.

Additional trees were received and planted by schools, conservation clubs and various local organizations of Boy and Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls, and Y.M.C.A.

You might think, coming up from this whirlpool of figures, that all Wisconsin is out planting trees, and in a measure that would be right. For there has come a general realization—not as sharp as it should be, but a realization nevertheless—that you cannot scalp every square foot of land and get away with it.

This is being taught, by law, in the schools, from outlines prepared by the Conservation Department. Newspapers have published a series on native trees, for children's scrapbooks. Sportsmen have seen the light and are exerting their influence. Farmers and landowners are at last

No Gothic cathedral has more quiet majesty than this 23-year-old forest of Norway pine near Wascott, Wisconsin; there are hundreds of such evergreen plantations in the state. Left, packing transplants for shipment at Griffith State Nursery, Wisconsin Rapids. Below, vigorous roots of tomorrow's forests: three-year-old transplants

PHOTOS, WISCONSIN CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT, O. J. BLAKE

understanding the truth. School forests have been established, with high school boys, in some instances, managing them. Even the tax collectors (which we shall meet again a little later on) have been converted.

But trees are not all planting and confident waiting for the harvest. Trees demand *watchful* waiting also, and behind that watchfulness is an indispensable organization whose operations spell the difference between those million-dollar tree crops in the year 2000 and total loss.

The Rest Lake fire tower rears up through the roadside trees to a dizzying height, a shining skeleton watchman of the forest's rolling green. During the danger season of summer and autumn, when a careless match or a sunbeam on a broken bottle can start a blaze that a thousand men must fight, scores of towers like this are manned by Wisconsin's forest rangers.

When fire flames in the forest, it is everyone's business. In 1936, drought and high wind sent fire racing through hundreds of acres in Wisconsin's northwest corner—the state's last serious fire. Men on the streets of Superior were conscripted to join battle against it. They either fought or they went to jail.

So well is fire prevention and suppression organized—with more than 2,000 miles of telephone lines linking towers and headquarters, short-wave radio linking headquarters and mobile equipment, fire-truck trails sliced through wild woodlands, modern fire-fighting apparatus, and trained personnel—that forest fires are coming under complete control. Today better than 95% of all fires are held within ten acres or less, and in recent years no valuable timber has burned.

Who sets fire to a forest? The same man who chopped down the first forest, and who is now planning a new one. Ninety-eight out of every hundred fires are caused by carelessness or sheer human deviltry. The man with a match and a cigarette is the woods' greatest enemy.

No report on forests for tomorrow could be in focus without us pausing a moment to see, actually, what these forests can be. *All* Wisconsin's virgin timber was not felled, and here and there in the original pinelands you may find untouched stands to inspire any city-farmer who sighs when he plants a seedling and, rubbing his aching legs, wonders if it will ever come to glory. In fact, the late Sir Thomas Lipton, searching the world for white pine masts for his "Shamrocks," found his tall, straight pines nowhere else but in Sawyer County, Wisconsin.

One such stand, said to be the finest virgin white pine and hemlock east of the Rockies, is hidden in a corner of the Menominee Indian Reservation, no more than 50 miles northwest of Green Bay. Here, in this dim-lit forest abbey, it would seem that the builder, so enamored was he of the magnificence of his columns, kept erecting more and more of them, each one taller, each one straighter, each one of greater girth.

These are trees, not the gentle, graceful denizens of the meadows, not the fluttering children of the shore, but giants with ramrod backs. Not for any mischievous breeze will they bend. They may, to be sure, slightly nod their feathery crowns, lifted high into the sky; but nothing short of a wind as big as they, some furious wind say Richard Wagner might conceive, will move them; only some such gale as that—or an ax.

Ax they have never felt, nor will they. If they might speak, I feel sure they would not recite any of that jingling doggerel about "I am a tree," etc. They would say, I think, very simply, "We are glad it is the Red Man who owns us." For it is safe to assume that these beautiful old trees would long since have become dead sticks in some dreary suburban bungalow had they not their roots thrust deeply into Indian earth. The Indian has vowed he will never kill them with an ax.

If there had been three of me, I might have reached completely around one of these trees. Leaning against one old soldier pine, I saw perhaps a dozen others like him—no more, because beyond that number the heavy boles moved close and

formed a solid wall. It was cool there, and dusky. Sunrays, darting through what small openings they could find in the thick, high crowns, warmed bright patches on the forest floor, matted soft with a hundred years of dropping needles, anchoring the earth and, when it falls, drinking in the rain. Ferns lay gently against the giant's feet.

Such was the forest we destroyed. Such is the new one we are building.

Collectively, the forests which 26 northern and central Wisconsin *counties* have created chiefly out of tax-deed lands, constitute the largest class of public woodlands in the state. Most extensive units of these, in the two extreme northwest and northeast counties (Douglas and Marinette), comprise more than 200,000 acres each, while six more counties each have public forest areas of more than 100,000 acres.

THE past year saw an enforced reduction in county-forest planting, and figures for the banner year of 1940 will perhaps indicate better how this work has progressed. That year the planting of 25,069,000 trees on 19,992 acres was a 50% increase over the year before. In one county alone (Marinette), 4,120,000 trees were set on 3,089 acres. Oconto, adjacent to the south, planted 2,767,000; Burnett and Douglas, in the far northwest, each planted 2,400,000.

Forest acres, owned and managed directly by the state, through the Conservation Department, include 192,734. Of these, 13,583 are in twelve wildwood and scenic parks, four historical parks, and five roadside parks. The numerous "Waysides," small picnic areas along main highways, are not included.

Nor do the figures representing the total acreage of Wisconsin now devoted to growing forest trees include an aggregate number to represent the acres on farms, company lands, and private estates devoted to forest plots and woodlots, and exempt from taxes for that reason. Enactment of Wisconsin's Wood-Lot law in 1937 was one of the most important steps the state has taken in conserving its tree lands and linking owners of private property to the long-range conservation program.

The law is, in essence, as simple as it is radical. With a few easily met stipulations, it asks only that wooded lands for which tax-exemption is claimed be fenced sufficiently to remove them from grazing range. The result is that woodlots are perpetuated, new growth permitted to flourish, water tables raised, and, in one dramatic instance at least, a spring that had been dry for a generation restored to flowing.

The story of the spring that came back is worth a brief repeating. The "New York Times," among other papers, front-paged this report when it was released by the Conservation Department—to the amazement and delight of F. B. Trenk, extension forester, who brought it to light.

George Stivarius bought a farm in southwestern Wisconsin 30 years ago. The woodlot, heavily pastured for years, was little more than an open grove of trees. Learning from neighbors that a spring had once flowed there, Stivarius decided to test the "theory of woods influence." He fenced the lot, kept stock out of it.

In less than five years water was seeping from the old spring hole. As leaf litter accumulated, flow increased. Today a strong stream fills a two-inch pipe, carrying the water to a nearby pasture tank.

"The transformation that has occurred in the woods," says Forester Trenk, "is almost as spectacular as the revival of the spring. Every trace of sod and grass has disappeared, replaced by a thick layer of decaying forest litter. Seed of sugar maples, falling on a true woods soil, has produced an understory of maples throughout most of the wood. The deep shade has caused the disappearance of the sun-loving plants and has replaced them with plants of the heavy forest of the north. The owner now has his spring, and an unusually good farm woods, too."

Adding together county forests, state forests, and private and farm forests, plus federal holdings, we discover that Wisconsin's forest-tree acreage is one-seventh the total of the state's 56,000 square miles. And it is growing every year.

C. L. Harrington, superintendent of the Forestry and Parks Division, is quick to point out that these treelands, and particularly state-managed lands, are not growing new forests primarily for lumbering profit. "The principal and most immediate value of the state forests at the present time," he tells you, "is in their recreational use to the public. Many thousands of persons visit our various areas annually to camp, fish, and hunt."

A large share of Wisconsin's forest areas, Harrington reminds you, are ecologically suited only to tree growing, and, where attempts have been made to farm the land, the result more often than not has been failure and poverty. It is true, as the years go on, that the maturing of trees and the practices of forest management will demand selective cutting. But this will be done for the good of the whole forest, and not primarily for what profit will accrue from marketing the timber.

In this way—withdrawing marginal lands and cutover from agricultural use, and turning tax-deed lands into county forests—many Wisconsin counties have actually gone into forestry at a profit. The examples will indicate how this has come about.

In time past, when a piece of timber land reverted to the county for non-payment of taxes, the land was advertised and sold for the sum of taxes due. The buyer would then often log the land, and drop it for the taxes. The county held the bag—and, in it, a useless piece of denuded acreage. Today, many counties, when they receive a piece of tax-due land, convert the property into county forest. Then, to compensate for the loss in tax (*Continued on page* 68)

Demonstrating to Wisconsin landowners how to jet a well and get two fire hoses in operation in less than five minutes; water tables in protection areas are pre-determined to aid fire fighting

PHOTO BY MARK PACKARD

Racing IN WARTIME

Huge crowds turn out for Derby and Preakness while amateur racing flourishes

EXCEPT for the cessation of racing on the Pacific Coast by order of the War Department, and certain ominous clouds fleeting across the skies in other parts of the country, the Thoroughbred sport cannot be said to have suffered materially so far from the war.

The full effect of the cancellation of racing on the West Coast, beginning with the great Santa Anita meeting last December, will not be felt for some time. But certainly it cannot be other than detrimental so far as the future of the sport in this country is concerned, however useful it may or may not have been in other ways.

It will be found, in time, that the War Department order ending racing in California brought about one of the first instances of civilian sacrifices—and I am referring, of course, not to the fact that so many $2 bettors were deprived of their sunny afternoons at racetracks but to the fact that so many breeders of Thoroughbred horses, owners, trainers, jockeys, hay and feed merchants, truckmen, etc., were deprived of some part of their essential livelihood.

This sacrifice has been entirely forgotten in the curious wave of criticism that has been leveled at the entrepreneurs of racing of late through the sports pages of the press of all places, because they have not been making more generous contributions to charity. What an anomaly! Here the racing reporters have been cynically observing for years that racing is no longer a sport but Big Business, and now they get annoyed at Big Business for not giving some of its profits to charity. Why the racetracks should give money away any more than the United States Steel Corporation or, for that matter, the "New York Times" or the "New York Herald-Tribune" only a Philadelphia lawyer could figure out.

The answer is to be found, of course, in the unfortunate insecurity of racing as it has been permitted to exist in this country. Racing *is*, or should actually be, a sport—not Big Business, not a means of providing tax revenues, not a political plaything, not a professional money-raiser for charities however worthy. But racing has become a business, largely because during the past few years racing has invited into positions of leadership far too many men who have no interest in it as a sport, and there seems no doubt but that it will have to pay the price for that short-sighted mistake.

Shut Out wins the Kentucky Derby, above; and Alsab is the hero of the Preakness

INTERNATIONAL, MORGAN AND THAYER PHOTOS

At the moment, however, only a few confess to seeing serious dangers ahead and they find themselves not particularly popular. Most followers of the sport are satisfied that Florida had a satisfactory season despite many handicaps, that Louisiana was retrieved as a racing state, that Kentucky had a marvelous spring culminating in a Derby in the best tradition, that Maryland has been doing exceedingly well, that New England has been showing substantial increases over last year's figures, and that New York racing got off to an excellent start.

Florida, of course, had rather a shaky beginning, due not only to our actual entry into the war, the nervousness caused by the closing of Santa Anita, the restriction of travel and the worry of people generally, but also to the rapacity of the Florida politicians, who increased their

share of the betting turnover to an unprecedented figure, something over 7½%. Even so, Tropical Park made money (and donated $28,000 to charity) and Hialeah Park paid a dividend of $1 a share to its stockholders or a third of last year's (and

Racing came back to Belmont Park with a flourish, including a parade of carriages and some very smart visitors, for example Miss Anne Miller, Miss Helen Michalis, Mrs. Adelrick Benziger

also gave $80,000 to various charities.)

In Louisiana, an earnest attempt was made to revive racing on a respectable basis, again with the apparently heartfelt opposition of politicians. At first it seemed as though the attempt would be unsucessful, but at the meeting's close it was announced that things didn't turn out as badly as expected and there was every reason to expect, all things being equal, another meeting a year hence.

In Kentucky, Keeneland had its best spring meeting in history. Rain interfered considerably with the opening days but things warmed up so quickly thereafter that the betting and therefore the track's revenue at the meeting's close averaged 22% above last year's figures. The racing was excellent, too, many of the best three-

year-olds appearing, as well as the hero of last year, Whirlaway, now hot after Seabiscuit's world mark of $437,730.

The Kentucky Derby was truly a race in the best tradition. A large crowd was on hand, perhaps not the biggest in the history of that great race, but certainly not noticeably off. A field of 15 went to the post amid tense excitement and most of the outstanding three-year-olds faced the starter.

Favoritism rested with the Greentree pair, Devil Diver and Shut Out, with the former expected to win it all. Not only the crowd but the Greentree contract rider, Arcaro, expected Devil Diver to be the horse of the day, but there were some still a few around who remembered how Shut Out came on in the latter part of the important juvenile races late last fall, and they couldn't count him out too quickly. The Greentree pair was at $1.90 to $1.

Alsab and his great rival of last year, Requested, whom he beat in a sensational match race at Belmont Park, were next in demand, $5.10 to $1. Then came the speedy With Regards at $5.40 to $1, no other horse being better than 9 to 1.

With Regards went to the front soon after the race started and, crossing to the rail, set the pace under a snug hold. He was followed by Valdina Orphan, with Dogpatch in third place and Shut Out in a good spot, fourth. Devil Diver was close on the heels of his stablemate, but the other "name" horses—Alsab, Requested, Apache —were far off in the rear.

At the end of the mile, Shut Out was hustled to the front. He responded gamely to Wayne Wright's handling, ran smoothly ahead, and just never came back, winning easily by two and a quarter lengths. Alsab, taken to the outside after a half-mile closed with Resolution, coming from tenth place to take second by a head. Valdina Orphan was just beaten for third. And the horse generally expected to win, Devil Diver, remained in the ruck, finishing sixth. Requested ended up fourteenth in the field of 15.

Shut Out's victory brought a thrill to his owner, Mrs. Payne Whitney, and to her trainer, John M. Gaver, to say nothing of the winning purse of $64,225. He brought a thrill too to the thousands who loved his great sire, Equipoise, and want so much to see a first-class horse follow in his footsteps.

In Maryland, Bowie had its most prosperous meeting and Havre de Grace showed an increase in its figures of 20%. The Preakness was a first-class race with a most exciting finish. Again the best horses in training appeared in action, not only the best three-year-olds appearing for the Preakness but as well Whirlaway, Mioland, Challedon *et al*, the last named passing Gallant Fox's mark to become the fifth biggest money-winner on the American list.

In the Preakness, ten horses went to the post before a crowd of 35,000 that jammed historic old Pimlico to the rafters; indeed, the place might have had its biggest crowd in history but for the fact that it rained north of Baltimore and thousands who might have gone to Maryland by train were deterred by the weather, not knowing how warm and sunny it was at Pimlico.

Curiously, Alsab was the favorite of the crowd despite the fact that he had started nine times previously this year without once coming into the winner's circle. Possibly this came about as the result of a betting coup. Baltimore was flooded the night before the race with placards announcing "Alsab Can't Lose," supposedly distributed by a bookmaker who made a freak bet at long odds to the effect that the juvenile champion of a year ago would be the favorite.

Alsab didn't look the favorite at the

Cross country: Richard Wallach and Mrs. A. S. Carhart, Mrs. S. S. Janney, Mr. and Mrs. Rigan McKinney, Mrs. J. W. Y. Martin

mile post, when he was striding along in ninth place, the parade then being headed by his rival of a year ago, Requested, with Apache second, the Futurity winner Sun Again third, Fair Call fourth, the Greentree pair fifth and sixth, Domingo seventh, Valdina Orphan eighth, and only the gelding Colchis behind him.

But from then on things began to look quite different. Alsab was placed under pressure, responded easily, passed horse after horse until he was in front by a length and the winner going away. His time set a new record for the Preakness: one and three-sixteenth miles in 1:57. It was within a fifth of a second of the track record held jointly by Seabiscuit and Pompoon and equalled the time made by Whirlaway in winning the Dixie from such horses as Challedon and Mioland three days earlier. Alsab's sparkling time, so close to the records set by older horses was a reminder of his brilliant mile in 1:35 2/5 a year ago.

In second place behind Alsab were Requested and Sun Again, dead heated. Fourth was Colchis, racing before his home crowd, and in fifth place was the horse that had won the Kentucky Derby, Shut Out. Alsab was the favorite, as stated, by $2.05 to 1 as against $2.40 for the Greentree pair.

In winning the Preakness, Alsab added not only glory to his name but the sum of $58,175 to the account of his owner, Mrs. Albert J. Sabath. He vindicated his trainer, August Swenke, who had never lost faith in him; curiously, his training period this year was much the same as last, when he also worked himself into form in a series of hard losing races. He hardly needed to vindicate himself actually: this $700 bargain colt has already earned a place among our equine heroes.

New England, similarly to the rest of the country, showed a remarkable increase this spring over last year's figures, Narragansett's betting (and therefore revenue) being nearly a quarter more than it was a year ago. This would look like a continuation of New England's racing prosperity but for the fact that so many of the patrons in that section of the country arrive in their own cars instead of by train, and the gasoline rationing may seriously affect business in the future.

We come to New York, the hub of American racing. Certainly Jamaica offered nothing to worry about, with million dollar days on Saturdays, the first million dollar day in New York history on a week-day, the biggest single day in the history of the (*Continued on page 63*)

The most gruelling jumping race in the world: Winton wins the Maryland, S. S. Janney up; Rustic Romance second, Coq Noir third

THIS KIND OF FARMING PAYS!

by Russell Lord

FOR more than thirty years the United States Forest Service has been saying that conservation, in timberland, does not mean shutting off tracts and areas from human occupation and use. Conservation is not land-hoarding, not a grudging withholding. True conservation, as most foresters see it, means simply good husbandry, wise use. When forest land far gone in waste is first brought under decent management there may of course for a number of years be a reduction in income from that land. But the profit is there, growing and almost always in the end forest conservation pays.

Newer conservation agencies which work in the main on open farmland have had to swing the same cycle of experience. Cash sacrifices had sometimes to be made at first for the good of the land. Subsidies, in checks from Triple-A, in the form of cheapened lime, fencing or phosphate from T.V.A. and S.C.S., and sometimes in the form of C.C.C., Veterans Camp or relief labor, were defended as offsets to necessary sacrifices of private income. Conservation, by this reasoning, was assumed to be desirable, even vital, but a costly business. The private operator, it was assumed, had to be in some part bribed—or, to use a nicer word, compensated—by the Government, in order to be able to change over from wasteful or ruinous ways.

SKETCHES BY HANS KREIS

This may have been true at the very first, on limited tracts or in scattered areas horribly blown-out or gullied. Evidence accumulates, however, that even on our most ravaged farmland, contour tillage, the restoration of grassland, reasonable fertilization and a better balance between plant and animal units, began to pay the owners additional cash returns, actual profits, almost from the first. Field crops do not take as long to grow and be ready for market as forest crops. We who are believers in the newer methods of better farming; we who have seen worn land awaken and bring forth quick increases under such methods from Maine to Texas—it is time for us now to exhibit new evidence and speak out.

Here is an item from Virginia, based on an examination of yields on 1,400 farms, by John R. Hutcheson, Director of Agricultural Extension at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. The farmers in question are scattered through 65 counties. Many of them have worked into their soil-rebuilding programs a certain amount of phosphate, supplied through T.V.A. Cheap phosphate speeds considerably the conversion of overcropped plowland into better grasslands. So the gains here may have been somewhat quicker and more distinct than in regions where high-analysis phosphates still are scarce and dear. Even more than to phosphates, however, Director Hutcheson attributes change for the better to contour cultivation and to withholding the plow from the steeper grades.

He takes as "representative" 46 farmers who kept complete records for five years. In that period (1934 through 1939) "the average gross income of the farm rose steadily from $2,989 to $3,574. Since these figures are adjusted by price indices, they represent a proportionate increase in production. The production was chiefly in beef and dairy cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry."

Average yields on these farms went up 35%. Animals increased in number 24%. Farm inventories were up 27% on the average, with the figures again adjusted by price indices. These 46 Virginia farms may fairly be said, then, to have become at least one-quarter more productive after five years of conservation farming.

"Curve your rows around them, on the level, and these hills will grow crops just as good as level land," Cosmos Blubaugh told friends visiting his farm in the rolling upland of Knox County, Ohio, last summer.

"Your corn looks just as good on the slopes as it does in the bottom," said Louis Bromfield, up front in the crowd.

"Yes," said Blubaugh. "You might almost say that contouring makes hill fields level."

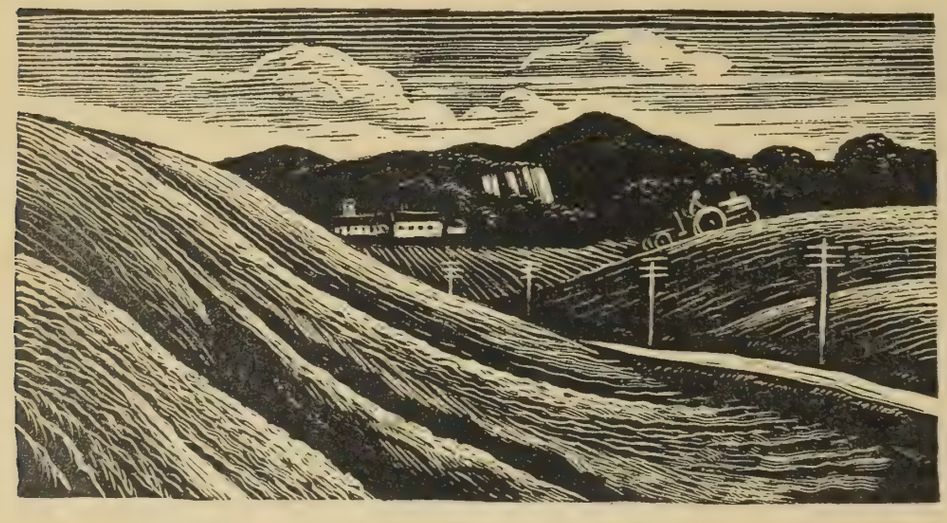
Within wide limits, you might indeed almost say that. Even on the sharply mountainous spine of overpopulous Puerto Rico, where new fields safe to plow are thought to be nonexistent, some conservation technicians say that up to one-quarter of the land now idle may be brought into use. Miles, many miles, of expensive terracing, much of it carved by hand, would be necessary to do this in upland Puerto Rico. Even so, with ship-bottoms lacking the stark need of food is so great there now that the expenditure may be justified.

Here on the American Continent the reshaping of slopes and hills into strip fields for "flat" culture must proceed far more cheaply, and with much less terracing; but thousands of farmers the country over are finding that contoured hillsides of moderate slope behave remarkably like level land, when it comes to rainfall absorption, ease and economy of culture, the retention of topsoil, and profit.

You will find evidence of this in the experience and report of practical farmers at

every hand. To start near home: For more than thirty years I have known J. Frank Lupo and his farm, Loveton, near Sparks, Maryland. One of the best farmers in the state, he helped to establish a Soil Conservation District here in the Gunpowder and Deer Creek watersheds and he serves as one of the supervisors in this district. In the five years since his hills have been strip-cropped, with a limited reinforcement from low-mound terraces made by machines, he has speeded up his corn planting, he says, to an average of ten acres a day. His planting machinery moves faster on the contour than it did when he planted uphill and down. He figures that with the same effort and machinery he now can plant three acres a day more. His yields are better now, he says; and his hill soil stays where it is. This saves, among other values, between four and five hundred dollars a year that it used to cost the Maryland State Roads Commission to scrape silt and rubble from the fields of Loveton off a low spot in the York Pike.

I have mentioned in these notes before, without figures, how watersheds which go over to the contour principle of tillage prevent waste (and sometimes danger) on their highways. Here are some figures provided the Soil Conservation Service by George R. Ross, Superintendent of Highways in Coshocton Township, Steuben



County, New York. From 1935 until 1938, maintenance on one and three-quarter miles of gravel highway cost the county (exclusive of snow removal) as high as $276.35 and never less than $112.50 a year. Most of this cost was due to damage from surface water and debris from the farms on both sides of the road. In 1939, these two farms were planned and made over for erosion control. The cost of road maintenance at that point dropped to $18.00 in 1939 and to $17.75 in 1940.

To men who have not tried it, contour tillage looks difficult and tedious. But nearly every one who tries it soon learns to like it, for sound reasons. "I find my tractor operates on 20% less fuel a day," writes Earl J. Haifleigh, who farms near Johnsville, Maryland. In wartime, this saving really amounts to something. "Farming on the level is much easier. It takes less power to work the soil deeper. Strip farming not only means increased yields; it has also reduced the labor problem. Where four horses were required for my work we can now use three," say the Widemeyer brothers, farming near Berkeley Springs, West Virginia.

Pennsylvania farmers report like findings and many of them are even more explicit in announcing stepped-up yields and income: "By holding the soil, fertilizer and lime on the field, as well as more water," J. C. Stapleton, who farms near Trough Creek, says, "we have increased the yields of this farm by 20% in three years; and contour furrows, liming and fertilizer have doubled the carrying capacity of my pastures."

In the same state, J. Foster Bolinger, Robertsdale: "One 2,800-foot diversion ditch is worth $1,000 to my farm. I bought these 287 acres in 1934. That year I made seven loads of hay. In 1939 I made 66 loads. Lime, fertilizer, plus a conservation plan to hold these materials in the soil where you want them, is the answer."

Sometimes the results are immediate and astounding. "The first year I started strip-cropping I grew one-third more corn silage on two acres less land," Roy Hoffman of Tisco, New York, relates. This may of course have been merely a result of a year-to-year pickup in growing weather. Real improvement is often observable the first year; but the greater change comes gradually and permanently as the new ground-cloak settles into a better fit and the farmer becomes more practiced in tending his ground in a new design.

Practical results have been repeated, with multiplying instances, all the way from the Eastern Seaboard to Oregon, all the way from dryland New Mexico to humid Florida. In Coon Valley, Wisconsin, one of the first demonstration points for contour practices established in this country, farmers who came in on the thing first averaged a labor income of $1,421 in 1939, as compared with an average of $1,222 for farmers on comparable land, still worked up and down. In Illinois, farmer bookkeeping associations figure that 22 "representative" farmers of strip fields made $1.55 an acre or $235 a farm more than other nearby 22 square-field farmers, on the average. Striking wider averages, conservation technicians at the University of Illinois, Urbana, find that contouring and the attending recommended devices may be said, very conservatively and generally, to save 10% of tractor fuel on plowland, to raise corn and oat yields 10 bushels or more to the acre, and to increase the value of corn raised from $12.40 to $17.80 on the average acre of hill land over Illinois as a whole.

With all such findings and figures in mind and at heart, stalwart Hugh Bennett, Chief of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service, went up to Toronto, Canada, and made a speech before a joint session of the North American Wildlife Conference and the Canadian Conservation, early this April.

In these times, when conservation advocates of long standing seem, many of them, to waver, almost to apologize for continuing even to think of conservation now, I should greatly have liked to have been there and heard Hugh Bennett, in his deep, slow North Carolina voice, state the case for a permanent agriculture anew.

"I went up to him after he had spoken," H. L. Shantz of the U. S. Forest Service tells me, "and I said: 'Hugh, you may not call yourself a missionary; but you've got the old prophetic fire in you; and what you say is right—*scientifically* right. Conservation doesn't mean stinting. It means producing more and more and more, safe and right!"

Another encouraging sidelight on this somewhat international gathering, derives, Dr. Shantz tells me, from a widening recognition that wildlife is not something which descends magically to bless a land from the free airs of heaven. Like all life, wildlife comes out of the soil. Sensible wildlife restoration cannot be separated from a sensible restoration of soil to its most proper and appropriate uses throughout a land. But this may seem apart from the point here. Here, condensed from the Records, is the gist of what Hugh Bennett said:

"The conception of conservation as saving up, 'putting aside for a rainy day' has no place in time of war. We must draw on stored-up resources *now*. What we need now is *productive conservation*. Unless conservationists can show how to produce more now and do it more efficiently—then I, for one, who have preached on this theme for more than thirty years, must admit that we either have failed or still are exceedingly ignorant. (*Continued on page 68*)

FREE WHEELING

The bicycle makes a spectacular return to the American scene

by JAMES FINAN

THAT hefty man perched on a bicycle in publicity pictures is Price Administrator Leon Henderson. Since Mr. Henderson is riding not merely a bike but a nationwide trend, the next citizen mounting a bicycle will be yourself. In Washington recently the War Production Board, deciding that bicycles are "not for sport but for transport," issued a go-ahead order to the bicycle industry, setting annual production at 750,000 units for 1942. WPB itself predicts that this figure may be revised upward by July.

Cars are being nudged out of gas stations from coast to coast by the humble two-wheeler. Many service stations are now in the bicycle business. A downtown garage in Los Angeles parks bicycles at a dollar a month. Installing four bicycle racks to each shopping block, nearby Beverly Hills sternly limits parking for bicycles to one hour. Westchester County garagemen are delivering bicycles to commuters' trains. The nation's 44,000 automobile dealers, bereft of new cars to sell, clamor hoarsely for bicycles. This country is taking to two wheels much as in the past it changed over to four.

Fifty years ago bicycles dominated the American scene. As early as 1865 a Frenchman named Pierre Lallement, improving on a number of crude vehicles which had been made before, turned out the first commercial velocipede. The type he perfected was known as the "bone-shaker." It had two wheels of nearly equal size and the driving-cranks and pedals were fitted to the axle of the front wheel. With heavy wooden wheels and thick iron tires, the vibration was terrific.

Yet the type was popular and gradually improved. Wheels began to be made of metal and solid rubber tires were cemented on the rims. The speed was increased by enlarging the front or driven wheel. For each revolution of the foot pedals, the big wheel's rim traveled ahead one complete turn on the ground. Front wheels of 60 inches in diameter were common, so that each turn of the pedals moved you forward 16 feet. In 1888 Thomas Stevens circled the world on a high wheeler.

In 1890 the low bicycles or "safeties" came into general use, together with the pneumatic tire. New models, innovations, and earlier species mingled and collided on the roads. There were the bone-shakers, high wheelers, safeties, tandems, and tricycles (ridden by both men and women). Men began to take pride in the trade names of their machines, the Stormer, the Sterling, the Cleveland, the Stearns Yellow Fellow, the Victor Bond, Monarch, and Pope.

Wheeling clubs began to make their appearance in 1895. These started the era of the century runs—outings in which as many as a hundred riders fared forth to cover at least a hundred miles. Many fell by the wayside, many fell on it. Few of the starters reached their goal or the point where they turned back to the starting place. But it was great sport—excellent for holidays and Sundays. And through these fantastic jaunts America began to go places.

During these days Henry Ford was tinkering together an automobile in the shed of his Detroit shop. Then bicycles' best brains went into automobile production. Bicycling's best customers went into the cars these pioneers built. Soon Europe outdistanced us in bike production. We lost all export trade to foreign competitors. Domestic sales gasped sick in a cloud of dust and gasoline fumes.

From 1899's peak production of 1,183,000 units, the bicycle industry slumped to 250,000 by 1904, hit bottom with a bare 200,000 units in 1932. Bicycles wobbled to a standstill; the industry seemed ready to fall by the road.

Today? Many Ford workers cycle to jobs at his enormous Willow Run bomber plant. Mr. Ford is a cyclist himself. The Douglas Aircraft plant at Santa Monica, California, has installed special parking racks for the bicycles of its 18,000 employes. At a west coast Consolidated Aircraft plant a squad of 400 bicyclists speeds production on bombers for Far East battle fronts; workers and foremen pedal from job to job on the huge outdoor assembly line. War plants everywhere have turned to the bicycle to ease new transportation problems.

"Because of the terrific rate at which bicycles have been going," according to M. D. Moore, durable goods chief of WPB, a temporary freezing order was clamped on retail sales early in April, with new machines already in production. Defense workers must get first call on needed bikes before the order is gradually relaxed.

BICYCLES are not wartime toys. Though the bicycle industry is now turning out machine-gun tripods, incendiary bombs, searchlight shells and plane parts, one vital product they'll continue to make is bicycles. England, having shut its bike plants for a time, was forced to reopen them, allotting 785,000 units for this year's production. Britain recently ordered 172,000 bicycles for the armed services alone. A plant has been opened in India.

Of the 11,000,000 bicycles now in use in the United States, most are in the hands of children. Since the bicycle has become an "essential means of transport," however, the future market for bicycles grows enormous. In Great Britain, for example, bicycles transport nearly 25% of all the people, including 6,000,000 war workers. On a comparable basis that would mean 32,000,000 bicycles in the United States—for civilian use. This year, the bicycle manufacturers had expected to make and sell three million machines.

This boom in bicycles didn't happen overnight. It is heightened but not caused by the war. To the bike trade it's the end of a long, uphill push. The boom began about 1934, when it was realized that a bonanza lay ahead if bikes could be sold

to adults. The slogan was: "Get women riding bikes; men will follow." Marlene Dietrich's celebrated pistons pumped pedals in promotion pictures. Fashion experts agreed on dividing the skirt. Pert models were snapped riding and smiling on bikes.

It caught. "Bicycle academies," launched in big department stores each spring, still feature a course of six lessons in riding. Few shoppers need more than three. A woman of 59 and never before on a bike learned to ride in two lessons. As a result of all this shrewd promotion, manu-

facturers by 1937 had made and sold 1,130,736 bicycles, and have turned out better than a million every year since then. A full third of the bicycles sold in the last three years have been bought by women.

But paradoxically the boom prevented our industry from perfecting its models. Heavy curved bars — instead of strong light tubing framed into rigid triangles, glittering gadgets, "streamline" effects on a vehicle which can't be streamlined, weighted the bicycle down. Our bikes last year averaged 50 pounds. To put this dead weight in motion, gear ratios had to be reduced so low that you pedaled forever, to get nowhere. To defend the home market against imported machines the manufacturers turned out a few lightweight bicycles.

Now because heavy bicycles cost too much in material, you'll be able to buy *only* good ones. Stripped of the weighty, cumbersome junk designed to catch the eyes of children, equipped with thin, almost frictionless wheels instead of ponderous, balloon-type tires, this standardized wartime model comes down to 34 pounds in weight (including tires) and sells for around $35. In quality it compares with Europe's best—which had always been superior to ours.

Fully one-fifth of the country's 28,000,000 passenger cars will be laid up by the end of 1942, according to the Automobile Manufacturers' Association. This is not so dire as it sounds. Almost four-fifths of the 219,000,000,000 miles traveled by passenger cars each year is spent on routine daily short-haul trips: getting to work, taking the commuter to his train, and shopping. Cycling is eminently practical for distances up to eight miles. You can walk two miles or cycle five in half an hour.

Effortless speed with normal gear on level ground is 10 miles per hour. A two-speed American gear raises this nearer to 15.

Railroads are planning bicycle racks at suburban stations, where commuters will park their bikes for the day. In Chicago the North Shore Railroad has bicycle racks at most of its commuter stations. Clerks at a supermarket in Maplewood, N. J., lug groceries to the curb and pack them into the light handle-bar baskets of women shoppers.

The change isn't limited to household chores. San Diego, in California, recently put its city employes on bicycles. In Florida Mayor W. H. Hitt of West Palm Beach lets women employes wear slacks in municipal offices provided they cycle to work. Colorado's revenue director last month ordered his staff to mount bikes for the duration. He issued the order from the seat of a bicycle himself. Gov. Ralph L. Carr plans to spread the idea to other state departments.

Utility companies are taking to bicycles as fast as they can get them. Meter readers and bill collectors make their rounds by bicycle in Chicago, in Belleville, O.; on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in southern New Jersey, and elsewhere. It's no great hardship.

BICYCLES FOR HEALTH

Bicycling really gets you outdoors. It's the difference between hurtling through impersonal space, sealed in an automobile against contact with your fellow men, and being a part of the countryside at bike's pace. Each summer, Miss Eudora Stegner, an English teacher, makes a bicycle tour with a friend. Her lightweight American bike has taken her 6000 miles through 12 states, Cuba, Quebec and Canada's lovely Gaspé peninsula. Last year she rode into the mountains of southeast Kentucky, in some out-of-the-way places pushing her wheel up dry creek beds. "Of course," she explains, "we didn't make the ninety miles a day that we make when we travel the main roads, but for gaining an intimate acquaintance with people, a bicycle is superior to any mode of travel."

One effect of the current boom in bicycles will be improvement of the nation's health. Nothing is better for sedentary workers than a habit of mild daily exercise. Driving produces fatigue without exercise. The only exercise a motorist gets is craning his neck for the traffic cop. Cycling gives you a workout without tiring you, "tones" the whole body, produces no nervous tension.

Beauty schools get rich teaching women to lie on the floor and pedal the air. At less expense and more profit you can pedal it off on the highway. Cycling trims and strengthens ankles, kills the fatted calf, and is expected to work wonders for the Great American Leg.

GREAT FOR THE LEG

The same bicycle that takes you to work in the morning will carry you out through the country. And you don't have to pedal through miles of slums and dangerous traffic to get there. Country people leave their bikes in the country; city people take them along.

Bicycle traffic has grown so heavy that more than 300 towns and cities in 32 states now license bicycles. Registration cuts down accidents and thefts. Until Los Angeles police began registering wheels in 1934, only 14% of stolen bikes were ever recovered; in the following year the figure rose to 58% recoveries. Now they get back nine out of every ten machines stolen.

On a countrywide basis the National Safety Council has found that two of every three cyclists injured were violating some traffic law. Enforcement of traffic rules for bicycles is growing. District of Columbia traffic police give tickets to law-breaking cyclists. New York State, last spring, passed a law enabling communities to inspect and license bicycles and compel riders to obey local ordinances.

The Travelers' Insurance Company rates cycling among the safest activities carried on by its policyholders. Yet cycling deaths top 700 annually. The most serious equipment defect is lack of lamps—a white headlamp and red tail lamp should be visible for at least 200 feet. Tight brakes and a small bell on the handlebar complete the safety equipment of the bicycle. The rest depends on the rider. If you ride a straight line, obey traffic signals as though you were in a car, you'll steer clear of most trouble. Veteran cyclists ride single file, hugging the edge of the road as closely as possible—motorists instinctively avoid it.

Park-planning officials dream of the day when shoulders of roads and parkways will be paved for cycle paths, and scenic sections of the country are linked by trails as in Europe, where the bicycle is the poor man's roadster. New York's enterprising Park Commissioner, Robert Moses, has already paved nearly 20 miles of such cycle paths flanking the parkway system. This year he expects to have 140 miles of cycle paths completed in the five boroughs of New York City.

Strange things come out of every war, and the rising (*Continued on page 73*)

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Linen—

WE CAN PRODUCE OUR OWN

by Osma Couch Gallinger

AND now linen enters the field of substances undergoing a shortage because of the war. But unlike aluminum that goes down the street today as a discarded saucepan, to emerge tomorrow as an airplane part, our fine linen tablecloths and napkins, our soft sheets, guest towels and handkerchiefs cannot be cast into a common discard heap to be melted into war equipment. They might boil down to paper pulp for some rather rare writing paper, but the truth is that fine old linens, valued by us because of their increasing loveliness through the years, are of no special use in the war program.

However, the particular kind of flax necessary for the manufacture of new linens—fiber flax, it is called—is of very great value indeed, and is rapidly being acquired by the governments of the United States and all countries involved in the war. This year, those valued flax fibers that erstwhile provided the elements of cleanliness for our homes, upon bed and table, between outer garments and the body, will not find their way to our doors but will be used as fast as they can be grown for the making of canvas tents, airplane wings, uniforms and parachutes.

Even such commercial items as formerly depended entirely upon flax fiber for their construction—our fire hose, tailors' stitching thread, shoe thread, carpet warp, fish lines, artists' canvas, awnings and upholstery tow—all may have to look to other fields for their base.

The crux of the situation lies in the fact that flax cannot be raised just anywhere

but selects certain soils and atmospheres for its successful growth. Even fertilizer will not solve the problem, for though fertilizer enriches the soil, it often has an injurious effect upon the fiber. Those regions of the world providing a naturally favorable soil have gradually taken over the large proportion of flax fiber production. One can name the principal flax-raising countries on ten fingers—Russia, Ireland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Italy, Northern France, Rumania, Peru, and fortunately, some parts of the United States.

Aside from the fact that linen grows only in certain selected regions, its culture is accompanied by a succession of more or less difficult steps, so that only those countries providing cheap labor have been able to grow it with profit. Linen is made from the best fiber found in the stem of the flax plant.

A field of flax makes a beautiful crop worth going a long way to see. When in full bloom, its pure blue, or less common white flowers, sway gently at the end of stalks which are nearly 30 inches high. After the stalks have turned a light yellow and the flowers have become brown seed-pods, the flax I am talking about is ready to harvest.

And now the work begins to extricate the soft fibers from the tough wirey stems. The stalks must be pulled with the roots; the seed bolls must be crushed, and the seeds shaken away by the threshing process; the stems submerged in water or spread out over the fields to rot in sun and dew and rain; the useless woody parts combed and hackled away from the silky fibers of the flax proper.

When all is said and done, soft clusters of linen appear in lengths of several feet like so many swatches of hair.

Bundles of the flax fiber now go to the spinning mills to be spun into thread. Here the fibers are wet and their clinging masses slide over needles, merge into smaller clusters, turn into a thick ribbon, "sliver." Whirling devices take hold of these, circle them a moment in a cloud of water and motion, turn them forth as fine strands of yarn. These are wound into skeins, dyed and dried, trimmed of any knots, and wound faster than the eye can possibly see into spools of beautiful shining thread.

All these processes require trained fingers and smoothly running operations if the industry is to prove a successful one. On the continent of Europe the experience of centuries has made entire communities flax-conscious. Its handling is second nature to the workers often descended from a long line in the trade. This country has heretofore enjoyed a low price on linens and linen thread because of this expertness, and has purchased linens in plentiful quantity both for private and commercial use.

Since the early part of the nineteenth century, Russia has been foremost in flax fiber production, growing most of the world's supply. From here it has been shipped to countries skilled in its processing, such as Ireland, Latvia, Italy, the Balkans and Sweden. After being spun into threads of various sizes, it is shipped to countries like our own. Many countries both grow flax and process that imported from elsewhere. This is the case in Ireland, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Italy. Previous to the war all these countries were expanding their flax industries.

From the standpoint of beauty of texture and quality, Belgian linen, especially that of Courtrai, has long been regarded as the finest, glossiest and loveliest in the world. The lowlands of Europe seem to provide just the right amount of moisture and the proper atmospheric conditions. In addition this region has for years been the center for thousands of small linen weaving industries that have made the household fabrics of middle Europe. Small wonder then that this beautiful linen, sold at a reasonable price, is desired the world over.

Four years ago, at the outbreak of the war, Russia stopped exporting flax, and while she increased her acreage at that time, it was for the puopose of using all of her output for her own army and navy purposes. Countries not blockaded at once stepped up their flax acreage, but matters moved to a crisis too soon to make this of any use to the world market. In France, as soon as war was declared, flax and hemp were both licensed. And when Germany invaded Belgium, Holland and northern France, the lid went down, and not a single flax stem has left those countries since.

England, accustomed to buy a good portion of Belgium's product, reselling to the United States, clamped down and automatically stopped selling anybody. Furthermore she stepped up her acreage by extensive planting in the lands of her friends—Australia, New Zealand, Peru and Canada. Even with this increase, there is not enough linen for her war needs, and canvas formerly held to the high standard of "all-linen" is now being made partly of hemp.

WE NEED FLAX BADLY

In the United States today, there is an increasing need for canvas in the war program. With less and less available from foreign lands, and an ever-growing need, the flax regions of our country are being pressed into more far-reaching production. Because of the shortage, the chances for manufacturing household linens and dress goods are slim until war needs are met.

Even then flax will be used to meet every commercial need now being set aside. While farmers were formerly advised by the government to grow only "contract" flax, they need no longer fear idle crops. "Contract" flax is defined as that for which the farmer has a definite contract from flax-mill companies, contracts for acreage being made out before the flax is sown, and a definite price set for any of the harvested straw.

Whether or not we can continue to get flax from the one European source still open to us—Ireland—depends upon the license of the British government. Thread companies still sending for small amounts take their own risk of sinkage, and few wish to chance a second catastrophe like that of the Athenia, when 60,000 lbs. of linen went to the bottom of the sea. We have secured and still may secure flax from Peru and also from the Argentine, but this is little compared with what we need.

The shortage is a challenge to the United States to raise and process more of her own, for flax does grow here, flax with greater tensile strength than the average raised in Europe, flax that can be spun into linen almost as fine as that now being made in Europe. It is a strange coincidence, that in seeking to develop the resources of this country, the United States Government has for a number of years been experimenting with the growth of flax and its suitability to certain regions. Through these experiments there has been developed somewhat of a background necessary for its handling, and we find ourselves partially prepared for the shortage.

Say the Government reports, "We find the areas of the United States most suited to the raising of fiber flax are Eastern Michigan and the Willamette Valley of Oregon. It has also been grown successfully in Washington, Minnesota and Wisconsin. A few tests have been conducted in New York with favorable results and undoubtedly if the proper soils were selected, fiber flax would grow very well throughout the New England States. The southeastern Atlantic States also offer some territory. There are about twelve flax-spinning mills in the United States, located in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Minnesota and Oregon. These mills use from 4,000 to 8,000 tons of flax fiber each year, and the quantities produced in this country up to date—300 to 600 tons per annum—are relatively insignificant compared to the total supply required. Most of the flax used has come from the Soviet Union, the Baltic countries or Belgium."

The climatic conditions under which fiber flax is grown are most important as contributory factors to its successful production. The weather too influences its response, the resulting fiber yield and its quality. Countries planting it in warm dry regions have found it to fail, while favorable crops have issued from cool climates. The crop seems to require an abundance of moisture during early growth.

The best flax soil is rich medium-heavy loam well supplied with humus. Light sandy soils with poor water-retaining ability, dry

out too quickly. Proper drainage is one of the essentials, hence a clay subsoil for retaining moisture is beneficial if it does not form a hardpan. Flax grown in fields where the soil has been improved with cover crops and fertilizer will grow if the drainage is there. A crop of flax, they say, must be rotated with other crops to avoid diseases in the soil.

During the past five years the Government has experimented with flax-growing in the southeastern states as well as in the West. It coöperatively furnished seed to Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, the Carolinas and Virginia. It even went further, using large appropriations for research and practice in these states.

The growing of flax from Virginia to Louisiana may be traced back to the first efforts of the early settlers in Colonial days. In fact, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, flax was considered one of the most important crops of the South, and some of the homespun sheets, pillow cases and towels made on the farms of that day are still treasured by descendants. Later cotton production superseded flax because of the invention of the cottin gin, until the recent revival in flax-growing.

In Georgia, a TVA flax project was started in 1935 with the idea of having a flax crop for the people of this community, both to process and to use. This was moderately successful but its most important development was the beginning of a department at Georgia Institute of Technology for the experimentation in cheaper methods of production, and an attempt to find easier ways of removing the fiber and spinning it.

LINEN FROM VIRGINIA

In Virginia, a successful WPA project in the raising of flax has recently resulted in the production on a small scale of fine table mats, napkins, towels, drapery and upholstery materials. In homes where these home-grown products are used, they say that the linen improves with successive washings, becomes softer and more pliable, with the pattern more clearly set off. The flax raised is evidently of a good grade.

While the above experiments have proved that it is possible to raise fiber flax in the Atlantic States, the Government feels that the more northern regions are better suited. Eastern Michigan has had many successful flax farms and linen industries in the past. For years a flax-mill operated at Fargo, Mich., known as Fargo Flax, Ltd. Among the owners were some men who had had experience raising flax in Canada or who had married into flax-raising families.

At Croswell, Mich., there was a flax industry called the Carsonville Flax Co., and men in connection with this mill ran a mill at Yale, Mich. Flax of good quality was raised in these places; the land and climate are suitable provided the right production methods and labor can be made available.

The land in Minnesota, Washington and Wisconsin is suitable for flax-raising. In Minnesota last year the acreage was small but a good quality of flax was produced. In 1940 a fairly good crop was grown in Washington, and at present there is some agitation over flax-raising in the Puget Sound region which is considered suitable both as to soil and climate.

But linen-growers and linen-growing are seen at their best in the Willamette Valley of Oregon. An industry which may be destined to fill the gap of our linen requirements was started in an Oregon prison at Salem, Ore. Encouraged by the far-seeing wife of Governor Lord, in 1915, for twenty years the inmates (*Continued on page 66*)

On the Business of Self-Sufficiency

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

"You can breed the pigs and buy the corn
and get on;
You can raise the corn and buy the pigs
and get on;
If you buy the corn and buy the pigs to
feed, you haven't got a chance,
But if you breed the pigs and raise the corn
you'll make money."

THE above is the economic philosophy of an old farmer I know who on 200 acres had done very well by himself. He has a fine house and barn, orchards, truck gardens, a tennis court and has sent two sons and three daughters through college.

It is unfortunate that he is so little typical of the American farmer. All his life he has bred the pigs and raised the corn and not only in this field but in nearly everything else concerned with the farm he has remained all his life as nearly self-sufficient and consequently as nearly independent as it is possible for a citizen of a free country to be. I can think of no other acquaintance out of countless walks of life whose own existence has been so completely satisfactory.

I suspect that when the last banker and industrialist, the last foolish farmer, has folded up, my friend will be going along much the same. In time of catastrophe it will not even matter very much if the outside markets for his products cease to exist. He has taken good care of his land. He is very nearly self-sufficient as to living. As to clothing, he could even achieve self-sufficiency there if it were absolutely necessary.

I am not among those who believe sentimentally and without reservation that the American farmer has received a tough deal and that all his troubles can be cured by coddling, subsidies and the application of financial cold compresses. In the last analysis the salvation of the farmer lies in his own hands.

The great weakness of many of the New Deal measures is that they have not put the burden of proof upon the farmer himself but have simply coddled him and encouraged weaknesses and stupidity which have brought about his ruin. The Department of Agriculture has come to be less and less of a help to him. The restriction of production, the killing off of pigs, the buying up of vast quantities of produce solves nothing whatever; these are at best temporary measures necessary perhaps to meet a once desperate condition.

They are becoming a kind of fixed internal policy which is no solution but only increases the burden of taxpayers in a nation already burdened by taxes to support countless bureaus of this and that.

One of two things seem to me to be evident; either the farmer must in the end justify economically his calling, or eventually he must disappear and the land be turned over to great corporations operating factories in the field with machinery. No country has ever continued its existence upon a basis of subsidized agriculture. I believe that it is possible for the farmer to justify his honorable calling economically.

The alternative of the industrialized farm seems to me to be a disaster to the nation as a whole and one more step along the road to that state in which one-third of the population will be working to feed, clothe and shelter the other two-thirds. The implications of such a situation are immense and frightening. They merit a whole book and as that book has already been written, I suggest it to the reader as a book absolutely necessary to the understanding of what is perhaps our gravest national problem.

The book, only published recently, is called "Ill Fares the Land" and the author is Carey McWilliams, who knows his subject better than any man in the country.

Looking about the country one becomes more and more persuaded that the farmers of the so-called single crop areas, tobacco, wheat, corn and cotton, are doomed. Most farms in these areas continue to produce only under a kind of government subsidy in one form or another. Sugar beet agriculture, from its beginning an economic failure, has since its beginning been an artificial industry supported only by the most dishonest and outrageous subsidy which costs American taxpayers $350,000,000 annually. Coincidentally, the tariff which helps to protect it is largely responsible for the present sugar shortage which, with Cuba at our doorstep, should never have occurred.

The single crop areas are doomed for two reasons: (1) They are dependent upon one crop only and so are constantly the victims of overproduction, bad distribution, plant disease, weather and the fact that all of the crops—cotton, tobacco, sugar beets, corn and wheat—rank among the most soil destroying of crops. (2) In these single crop areas, the small farms are rapidly disappearing as they come to be absorbed into great mechanized tracts of land. This comes about in four ways, through the inefficiency of the farmer himself, his dependence upon a single crop, and the fact that in some areas banks, corporations and insurance companies have either voluntarily or involuntarily become the possessors of vast acreages. The land of individual self-sufficiency accompanies good, general, diversified farming.

One of the principal points in the five year plan at Malabar Farm has been self-sufficiency. My own belief in the economic efficacy of self-sufficiency is based upon the evidence of my own eyes in countries outside America where such a program was in practice. On the whole, the good and prosperous European farmer is aware of one fundamental important fact in farm economy. Whatever the farmer buys which he is able to produce on the acres belonging

to him must show up on his books at the end of the year as loss.

Only one exception exists to this rule and that is in the case where it would be folly to attempt to raise some crop which because of soil or climate or both is not suited to his land. In that case it is better to raise an excess of products suited to his land and exchange it, either in kind by sale and cash, for the necessary product which does not flourish on his land.

Generally speaking, the American farm is self-sufficient to a very small degree, and is constantly becoming less so. On the three farms which went into the making of Malabar, this lack of self-sufficiency was appallingly evident and these were farms, not in the benighted single crop areas, but in a part of the United States where general and diversified farming was the rule.

SINGLE CROP DANGERS

In the single crop areas the situation is much worse and very nearly universal. It is not uncommon to find a farm of 500 to several thousand acres in wheat, tobacco or corn, with the single crops growing up to the front door and the farmer's wife buying canned vegetables in the very middle of summer. The worst example of this folly is the diet of small single crop, sharecropper farmers in the South, a diet of sowbelly, hominy and cornbread year in and year out, a diet not only economically unsound, but responsible also for the social, physical and intellectual decline of the whole population which has fed upon it for generations.

On the three farms, there was evidence of a notable lack of intelligence, foresight and wisdom with regard to self-sufficiency and consequently of independence. On all three farms there was, with the exception of a good commercial apple orchard, a lack of fruit. Two of them had no cherry trees at all and the third only two small trees. There was on all three farms not a plum tree, a quince or a pear tree worthy of the name. On two of them there was a single, ill-kempt grapevine. On none of them were there peaches of any value. On two of them only a few decaying old apple trees. On none of them was there a currant, a gooseberry, a blueberry, and on two of them no strawberries and no raspberries. Now this was in a natural fruit country.

As to vegetables, one of the farms had a good garden but in it there was no asparagus bed and no rhubarb of good quality and no herbs of any kind. On two of them the vegetable gardens were little more than squares of ill-tended, worn-out, eroded clay. The tenant on one farm did not even trouble to keep chickens and a cow.

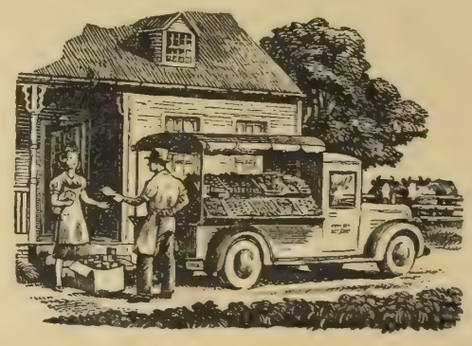
All this was a long way from the well-filled cellar and the diversified diet of abundance of my grandfather's time when a farmer with 100 acres in the same county could bring up and educate a family of eight or ten strapping children. It was especially shocking in a county where it was possible to raise any but citrus fruits, and virtually every vegetable in existence.

Yet the situation is on the whole a rule rather than an exception. It was and is true of many farms in our county and we are far better off than the average county in the rich Middle West. We have neighbors who come to us and buy apples and peaches and cherries when all they need do is to plant the trees and give them a little, very little attention. Many of the neighbors buy large amounts of canned vegetables. Some even buy eggs and milk.

Few if any keep bees which require very little work and only one sugar camp out of four or five is any longer in operation. Cane sugar, purchased in cash which can only show up at the end of the year as loss, replaces these.

Not only does the lack of all these items which represent self-sufficiency and independence, mean economic loss, it means poor diet, lack of vitamins and a consequent degeneration of stock which was once the backbone of the country and of the agricultural class which is still of the utmost importance to the nation itself both racially and economically.

We have in the rich hills near us a family of which I have known four generations. The original stock came from Germany in the beginning of the 19th century, and like most of our immigrant agricultural Germans, the founders were excellent farmers. The first settlers and even their sons farmed well, but with the grandsons the deterioration which seems to afflict American farmers began to set in.



The soil began to move out on the farms. The grandsons neglected orchards and found no time for keeping up big vegetable gardens. Their diet, perhaps because they married shiftless American wives, began to be meat and potatoes, meat and potatoes, meat and potatoes, and on such a diet their energies flagged and the stock began to degenerate rapidly. In the four generations I have known one could trace the process of the degeneration from great-grandpa to great-grandson.

Today, out of the third of three generations, four out of sixteen existing males still own farms. The farms of these four are thin and run down and it is only a question of time until these too will be completely abandoned. The other twelve of the descendants work for some one else, at poor wages and only spasmodically.

It is a history of a family ruined because they did not care for their land, abandoned self-sufficiency and consequently fell into the habit of an inadequate and unhealthy diet which destroyed the vitality of the stock itself. That is one family but it is only too typical of American farm history.

EDUCATING THE FARMER

Lately the Department of Agriculture has become aware of the relation between the lack of self-sufficiency and the decline of economic independence and vitality in the American farmer. It has begun lately to take the bull by the horns and attack the problem from the right end, trying to educate the farmer so that he may stand on his own feet and not be pauperized by subsidization of one sort or another. An effort is being made to convert the one-crop farmer to general diversified agriculture, and an educational campaign to induce him to grow his own vegetables and fruits, honey, eggs, butter and milk is under way.

The average city dweller believes that, of course, all American farmers produce all these things and go into the winter with a well-stocked cellar. I think they would be shocked to know how few American farmers are as nearly as possible self-sufficient.

Perhaps the best work done by the Farm Security Administration which works to put the border line subsistence farmer back on his feet, has been its campaign to convince this class of farmer that whatever he spends for canned vegetables or fruit is money thrown out of the window. So long as he can produce these things on his own acreage, he must write down as loss whatever he spends to buy them.

In the Ozark region of Missouri the F.S.A. conducted an experiment aimed to help some 500 subsistence farmers to gain not only economic independence but a decent diet as well. The experiment is in its third year, and the results both in prosperity and in health have been remarkable. The F.S.A. more than any other government agency has set to work to solve the farm problem by attacking the base of the situation rather than to attempt to convert superficial temporary measures into an ineffectual permanent policy.

In relation to the experiment at Malabar, the establishment of the self-sufficiency principle was obviously of great importance, not only economically in relation to the actual profit and loss columns but in relation to the health and diet of the 33 men, women and children living on the farm. (*Continued on page* 57)

LIVE OUTDOORS and LIKE IT

by EUGENIA SHEPPARD

W. & J. SLOANE, N. Y.

Set for the outdoor supper party, with rope-laced cypress furniture, portable grill . . . all the trimmings

THE heroes and heroines of this season are all you lucky ones with an acre of land to call your own. Rooted firmly for the summer among your own tree shadows, bird calls, delphinium and tomatoes, you are the pampered darlings in whose honor all the handsomest and best mannered new gadgets for living are planned. Stay-in-towns are left on the forlorn side of decorating and making merry, since all the eye-catching chairs and couches, china, glass—even blackout candles—have a definitely rural look.

To make up for gasoline, coast-to-coast hopping, idling on the deck of a sea-going boat, the Metropolitan stores are unanimous about offering you the barbecue party for your own piece of grass. Even the terrace of Sloane's staid Georgian House of Years has succumbed, with a portable grill in the place of honor, and heart and flower decorated, red felt chef's gloves lying beside it on the brick wall.

For enlightenment on the barbecue subject, sidetrack any salesman, who will have a gleam in his eyes. Cooking over charcoal, it develops, is fundamentally man's dish, the whole performance looking slightly mysterious and messy to an orderly female mind.

Sloane's has complete equipment for the barbecue ritual, including some sane cook books and really sensible asbestos gloves, if the Tyrolean touch of red felt and flowers strikes you as a bit too much of the peasant atmosphere.

Investing in a portable grill turns out to be an adventure something like buying a boat. You are apt to start modestly and

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, N. Y.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, N. Y.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, N. Y.

go on irresistibly to bigger and better things.

The parade of grills begins with a little treasure that handles as easily as a tot's toddler and ends with a quite magnificent affair, sunk in the center of a tile and wrought-iron round table. All the spits, on small to large grills, make the technically approved quarter turns for cooking meat to perfection. Flares for quick fire building come in painted canisters holding a year's supply; these are also recommended for problem fireplaces at all seasons.

Incidental elegance for barbecue parties includes long-handled knives and forks, magnificent chuck wagons rolling along on wheels and chef's caps and concealing aprons, if you fancy yourself dressed for your part.

Don't plan to overwork, if you're undertaking your first barbecue. Steaks, chops and frankfurters are delicious cooked flat on the grill and are easier to cope with than the spit, while you're still a novice. Once you catch on, of course, you'll have your own ideas.

Invest in as many as possible ready-made extras. Hickory salt, all kinds of meat sauces and roaring hot condiments are to be found in any well stocked barbecue department, such as the one at Altman's. They are tidily fitted into handsome wooden trays with handles, so you won't be caught napping no matter who calls for what. Canned French fried onions, heated while the meat cooks, are an alternative to starting from scratch, but we hesitate to mention this to folks accustomed to growing their own *Allium cepa*.

For another kind of outdoor eating Sloane's has a superb collection of picnic baskets. Not so hilarious looking as the grills, they have their own brand of more remote and romantic charm. They are brown wicker, all sizes, and fitted with enough colored catalin ware to set a banquet table.

Reams of excited words have been written this season about the terrace and garden furniture situation which, in spite of the long faces pulled, has turned out all to the good.

GOVERNMENT regulations have just put a stop to the making of wrought iron furniture for the duration. There is plenty of it already in existence to last a long time, however—from reproductions of Victorian cemetery benches to lovely, delicate designs in pastels or Pompeiian green.

Even some brand new variations are in the picture, like the wrought iron chairs with closely woven brown reed backs and seats—said to last forever. Pale green iron with white rope backs has a smart, nautical look but we recommend it for indoor playrooms, since we suspect the rope is apt to sag like a clothesline after the first honest thundershower.

The future supply of reed and rattan furniture, summer's other classic, is on the dubious side, since it mostly comes from the Dutch East Indies.

Don't worry too much about losing either reed or iron because there are lots of good substitutes coming along for being comfortable outdoors. Most of them are of unexpected native woods. Southern cypress, offered now by the En Tout Cas people of tennis court fame, shows up with probably the biggest representation. This furniture has a good, chunky, down-to-earth-

You see, at the top, some of the new domestic pottery that has fruit clusters in the center of each piece; the woven mats, from Haiti, are in beige and brown checks. The Joaquin pottery is slated to be a favorite for stove-to-table cooking. The giant white cooler with the prancing steeds holds three gallons and has mugs to match; you see "The End" at the bottom of each when you reach that unhappy point. "Tropicana" is the name of the terrace setting in glazed rattan and jungle colors below, while the wrought iron furniture is of a charming Victorian bow-knot design; the serving cart works like a tricycle

W. & J. SLOANE, N. Y.

The crystal service plates etched with birds taken from original Audubon prints are an extraordinarily handsome addition to the country table; two of the plates shown were especially made for a well-known sportsman's anniversary by an adoring wife who knew his weakness

and-no-nonsense look about it. It lasts, too, but check up on the nails each spring before you tear a dress.

More good-fun adjuncts at Sloane's are the bamboo canes with big joints on which to hang half a dozen beer mugs for hasty passing, the individual thick wooden planks for serving steak or fish, and the bottle opener which is big and obvious enough to satisfy the most critical host.

At Hammacher Schlemmer a good many of the entertaining-outdoors accessories tend towards the tropical this year.

Drinking glasses and shakers are wrapped in bamboo fronds which manage to give them a cool, casual look. Being a skeptic about dishwashing, we asked a few practical questions. The trick is to duck these all quickly in and out of not too hot water, it seems, preserving indefinitely their exotic charm.

In this category there are even some crystal cigarette boxes with bamboo lids and wicker trays, shaped like huge, pointed banana leaves on which to pass practically anything. Nice, sensible woven things also come from Haiti this year—coasters of all sizes, hot dish mats and luncheon sets in brown and beige squares.

Hammacher Schlemmer likes things in giant sizes and is the proud possessor of what is probably the largest salad bowl in captivity. In an emergency it would easily take care of fifty ravenous guests. Woods in the salad bowl collection get completely away from the obvious and make a point of polished myrtle or beet red mahogany. There are knives and forks to match.

Another good big new gadget is a snack jar, which is just a brandy glass of exaggerated size with a close-fitting wooden lid.

For everything that used to come from across the water there's an adequate substitute, if you can only grow accustomed to it. Instead of the beige and brown pottery for onion soup and baked beans there is a whole new line of off-white pottery to slip into an oven or set directly over a flame. It's made in America, which makes the supply limitless.

If you are obsessed by the problem of blackouts, Hammacher Schlemmer has vigil lights, which promise to burn for 168 hours. They are fat candles in glass containers. New tufted candles for summer party tables look like old-fashioned candlewick bedspreads and come in custom made colors that are far from being trite—dove gray, salmon pink and a dim green like fresh leaves.

A far cry from all this informal outdoor entertaining are the crystal service plates at Steuben Glass, a miraculous addition to the handsomest country table. They are beautifully etched with birds taken from original Audubon plates. None of the twelve are remotely alike, although they all have the wild, free look of the Audubon fowl.

Also labeled country are a set of Steuben dessert plates, glorifying field flowers down to the dandelion.

It's putting it mildly to call the Steuben bird and flower crystal plates heirlooms-to-be. The process by which they are etched is one that goes back to the last century. The whole magic is worked by an engraver with a copper wheel, working from a suggested outline and filling in feathers and petals from memory. It's beyond us to imagine how any two plates turn out remotely alike, but Steuben assures us that only an expert can detect the tiny individual variation in each bird and blossom.

We happened on the Audubon plates one day when we were learning how, where and when to arrange flowers. A single rose in a crystal inkwell is just one idea from Steuben's collection to make up for the old stereotyped bouquet-fixing out of Madame Butterfly's country.

STEUBEN GLASS, N. Y.

Country Clothes

Classic tweed suit, the backbone of any sensibly planned country wardrobe; skirt is pleated, jacket of moderate length, topcoat still has pockets; the three pieces are of herringbone tweed

BANWIT TELLER, N. Y.

BY JANE CARTER

SUMMER clothes are going their casual, carefree way without a thought in their heads about WPB regulations. Skirts have pleats in the old, accustomed places or whip out into dirndl fullness.

Nobody can deny that, come another summer, these beloved traits, plus some others like patch pockets and zippers, may have progressed into being heirlooms. The worst fear of the silhouette's freezing down to a mere ice cube is over, but this season's crop of clothes remain probably the most comfortable and convenient we'll have in a long time.

One reason is that American designers have finally settled down to forgetting Paris and its glories and to giving women coats and dresses and sports things that really belong to their lives.

Fashion headlines may not have such unanimous or dramatic stories to tell like: skirts are up or down, wide or narrow, but the clothes that have come out of the upheaval are experts at American ways. Women have a good deal more leeway, too, in thinking out their own finishing touches.

Such a fuss has been made over cotton this summer as you never can imagine. Cotton is invited everywhere, as any store from coast to coast will be quick to tell you. The material is strictly a natural for the country, with its all-American background and its adaptability to both active lives and wartorn pocketbooks.

Living in the country you can keep almost your whole wardrobe washable, except for tweed classics. You can snatch your tubbable clothes from the sketch boards of our top wizards in design, or you can ferret them out of the corners of your favorite budget departments. Both kinds are good for the lives they are intended to lead.

The problem of evening clothes won't bother you much, since there is a general feeling for keeping them simple. Some of the brand new ones are even amenable to soap and water.

Starting near the top, Adrian of Holly-

wood and film fame has designed some fanciful cottons for Bonwit Teller. A special group of these is labeled for barbecue parties, which are a big item in the West Coast program for living.

Adrian's barbecue dresses have floor length skirts and are patchworked in all colors and sizes of checked gingham. They duck up at the back to show petticoat ruffles of eyelet embroidery. The height of swank by the same designer is a great, swinging gingham topcoat, quilted and set with a sequin in the corner of each check.

Also at Bonwit's and only slightly less giddy are blouse and skirt couplets which the store calls Local Yokels. The skirts are designed with cutting a fine swathe at a country square dance in mind.

Terrace pajamas are Bonwit's latest answer to the general wartime enthusiasm—like it or not—for wearing trousers. They are alternatives to frailer housecoats for dinners at home. Most of them are made of the gay type of washable materials in checks or stripes and their white ruffled collars and cuffs turn them feminine enough for anyone.

At Saks Fifth Avenue all the summer clothes for country folk are designed to stand up well under either sun or suds. Chambray, pique, shantung, organdie and all the new developments in rayon linen are in evidence.

For looking ingenuous and dainty, don't miss Saks' sheer, painted organdie pinafores. They tie or button on over the most practical spun rayon playsuits imaginable, making you over in a moment from a hoyden.

For looking sophisticated see a black faille dinner-at-home tuxedo in quite the opposite mood. With tapered trousers and a striped jockey blouse it's on the severe side, but good for the right person.

At Lord & Taylor, Brigance has designed a gala collection of country clothes, following a trip to Latin America. They are for serious swimming, gardening or any kind of relaxation, or morale lifting. They have a faint Latin look, but the nice thing is that none of them are forced and costume-y.

Brigance has gone overboard about eyelet embroidery, inspired by peasant petticoats in Guatemala. He makes big skirts of it to slip on over shorts, play dress tops and extra little blouses. One of the very good costumes is an eyelet blouse with black and white pin-striped, knee length shorts and a narrow black patent leather belt between the two.

All the shorts in this designer's new collection are the little boy type—slim, cuffless and knee length. His slacks are slender and tapered to the ankle—points to remember no matter where you're picking your outdoor paraphernalia.

Brigance is also responsible for new matador play shoes, authentic copies of those picked by best dressed bull fighters. They are soft, flat and infinitely cozy like moccasins—plus impudent ribbon bows on the insteps.

Pin stripes are all over town, with Mary Lewis an outstanding collector.

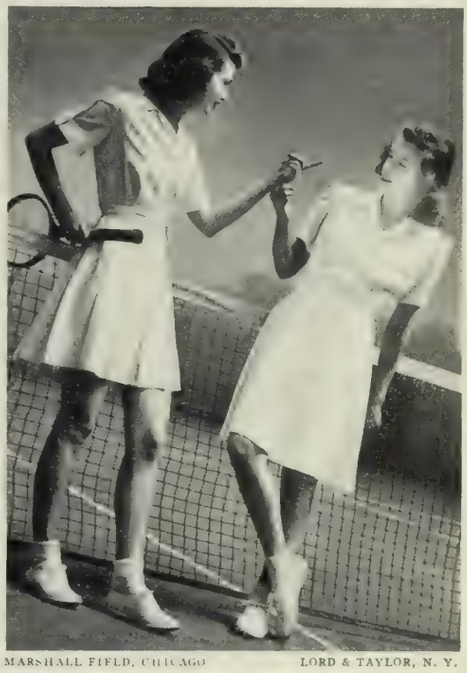
In this little New York shop stripes come all widths and colors in cotton or chambray, according to your choice. They start with classic golf dresses and go on to low square-necked, full-skirted dirndls which can stay up as late as dinner time. Also in stripes is a cup cake bathing suit—two parts and iced all over with white ruffles.

Mary Lewis has chintz suspender dresses with sheer blouses for picnics and barbecues, a wonderful one-piece overall for maintaining charm through hard work, and all kinds of practical suggestions for travelers wending their way dude-ranchwards.

Denims for gardening, kitchen work, garage tinkering or come what may are everybody's darlings this year. You can find them anywhere and yours is the simple problem of discovering which fit in best for your own special brand of country life.

This year's denims are designed more sternly for work than in leisure years and there is a newcomer, the cover-all, which looks more like a mechanic's suit than anything in the world. You can put a reserved sign on this for all the hardest jobs.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.



MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO LORD & TAYLOR, N. Y.

The wear-everywhere dress of washable white broadcloth, at the top, has jade green saddle stitching and a matching belt of woven raffia. Cut for action is the snowy pair of sharkskin suits dedicated to tennis and badminton; the costume on the left has small sleeves that fly open, the one on the right a special zip feature at the skirt front and a double action back. Denims for gardening come in three versions: overalls, shirt and skirt twins, and jackets with cuffless slacks; monograms an extra feature

ALTMAN, N. Y.

Dudes and SADDLES

by Boots Askins

I DON'T sabe dudes. I've seen 'em plank down a hundred bucks for a fancy cowboy dress outfit, then climb aboard a two-bit saddle that the corral boss palmed off on them. I guess dudes don't know any better. But they soon learn! Especially when you put them over twenty miles of up-and-down mountain trail for three weeks.

Most dudes figure there are just two kinds of saddles: the flat or English saddle and the cowboy or western stock saddle. If the cak is minus a horn they immediately decide it's an English saddle. If, however, the rig has a big swelled fork they know it is western.

The other day I heard about a corral boss who was approached by two Sweet Young Things. Said the first, "We would like a couple of horses saddled. We're going riding." "OK," grunted the cowpoke, "you want saddles with or without horns?" Meaning, of course, English rigs or the more common stock saddles. "Oh, do not bother about the horns," spoke up the second mujer, "we're not going to ride in traffic."

I took a dude hunting one time. I met him at the end of the D&RGW and we had a big ride ahead of us. Three days to the main camp and then we aimed to hunt for three weeks—all on horseback. That sport had the prettiest rifle I've ever set eyes on. It set him back seven hundred bucks and with the Zeiss 'scope and other pretties was little less than perfection in hardware. I admired that gun a heap.

While I was casting loving eyes over this custom-built magnum, the dude hauled out his saddle. If Elsa Maxwell had come riding up dressed in choke-bored pants astraddle a calico jackass, I couldn't been more flabbergasted. That dude had a saddle I wouldn't have slapped on a borrowed horse!

It was one of those old Remount jobs made during the World War—17-inch tree, with a seat as flat as a barroom stool, straight fork, kidney-poking cantle, made of flanking leather, with straight-hanging stirrups, and warranted to make saddle sores on any horse regardless of size or shape. It had been a bargain in some odds-and-ends emporium back east.

There I stood; in one hand a seven-hundred bucks rifle, in the other a silla which even a pinte wouldn't have claimed—an' all belonging to the same hombre.

"You aim to put this back-butcherin' hunk of wood and iron on one of my hosses?" I gently queried.

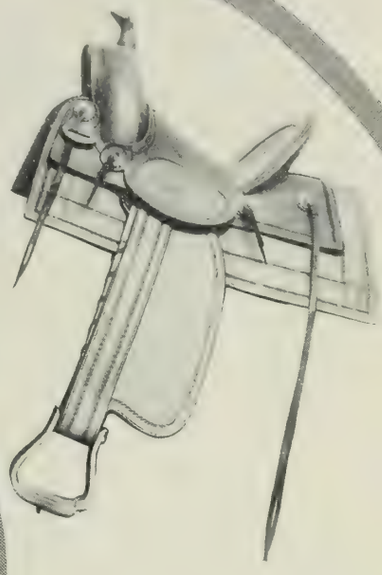
The dude looked at me in surprise. "Why, ah—why, yes. Yes, I was," he stuttered. "Isn't it perfectly alright? I just picked it up before I started west. Quite a bargain, too!"

"Yeah, I'll bet it was," I agreed. "But I got a better one here for you." The dude was a good sport. He didn't make an issue. He climbed aboard one of my Myres rigs and got along fairly well. I say fairly well, for all dudes get saddle galled pretty badly the first week on the trail. In fact, I've seen 'em so buttock-chafed they couldn't walk, much less fork a horse, and had to be fetched out on a travois.

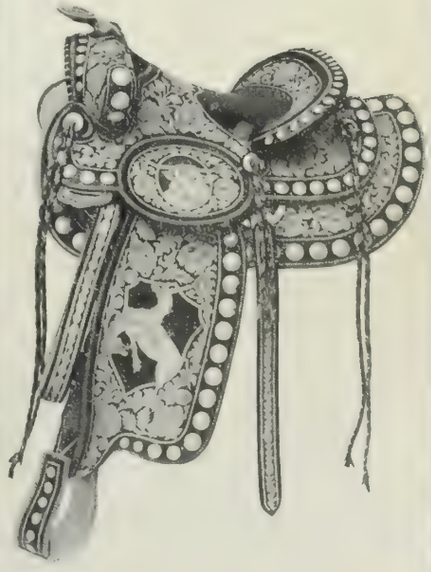
Did you ever doctor saddle sores? It is a vexing and painful chore, necessitating a certain degree of ambidextrousness, the gentle yet exploring fingers of a medical man, plus the double-jointed acrobatic abilities of the born contortionist, to reach rather than see those areas of the podex where saddle bunions invariably arise. But, if I may accept the word of confiding dudes, what's even more excruciating than

FRITZ HENLE MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO—BOOTS FROM ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, N. Y.

Dudeen, complete in classic blue jeans with copper rivets, checked shirt, brown suede fringed bolero, a feminine ten-gallon hat, gauntlet gloves, and a very lively silk scarf



From the top down, you see a quilted seat of buckskin over sponge rubber, the stuff for a rider apt to get saddle-galled; second, a $10,000 saddle made for J. C. Miller of the 101 Ranch, covered with 15 lbs. of gold and silver, 120 sapphires, 17 rubies, 4 garnets; third, just the thing you should not have, with too high a horn and too high a cantle; fourth, the Form Fitter, universal choice of horse breakers and yours if you ain't much of a rider; bottom, the Komfort Kantle, which knowing folks call the most comfortable saddle yet designed



the raw spots is the knowledge that come manana they've got to sit on 'em again!

I am not a dude wrangler. Dude wranglers are unethical, scheming perezosos, too lazy to punch cows, not smart enough to play cards and a plumb loss generally. Looking around, they see where someone is making a pot of gold off the dudes and dudeens, so the first thing they do is rustle a string of wind-broke sweenied cow ponies, buy up a couple of dozen wore-out saddles, most of them with twisted trees and rotten rigging—and they're launched.

If the dudes complain that the stove-up caballos are jolting hell out of them and say the old flat-seated caks are wearing holes in the seat of their new-bought Levis, the dude-herder just laughs and tells 'em they ain't got toughened to the cowboy life yet.

If you are going to play at cowboying on a guest ranch this season, or maybe are going game questing this fall, give the corral-boss a sure 'nough double-barreled surprise by dragging out your own montura. A real custom-made-for-you saddle, and one that will fit you and will save you all the pain and discomfort which quite often go with the badly-fitting saddles invariably offered by the smaller and less well-equipped guest ranches.

Western saddles from the better saddle makers are entirely made-to-specifications jobs, and if you have decided to treat yourself to a proper fitting riding rig, and really sabe how to order it, you will get something which has as much individuality as your custom-built quail and duck guns.

Only hitch is the fact that saddle makers are invariably old, crotchety and independent as hell. Unlike smart tailors, who can be depended upon to get a good fit, he will let the tyro horseman figure out his own kind and size of saddle tree, style of rigging, swell of fork, etc. It is no small problem to the novice westerner and a fellow is apt to go wrong unless he has plenty of "saddle know."

A saddle isn't anything more or less than a species of chair. The most important part of a chair is the seat; that's equally true of a saddle. If the saddle seat doesn't faithfully conform to the bulges and peculiar contours of your own rump you are courting disaster.

There isn't anything more tender or more delicately sensitive than the modern hind end—"hardened" as it were by years of overstuffed furniture, beautyrest beds and rubber-cushioned office chairs.

So, when acquiring that piece of horse furniture known as a riding cak just remember that all details of manufacture must be subordinated to the seat.

That anatomical part which the dude planks into the saddle is broader than it used to be. While I'm no student of modern trends in human posteriors, I have a suspicion this is caused by us degenerating into a nation of sitters. Journeying to our daily task on bus, train or auto we sit; during our forty-hour-per-week interval we sit some more, home of evenings we squat constantly. God only knows what our bottoms will look like six generations hence!

Not only must the back of the saddle be wider but the saddle tree must be sharply sloping from fork to cantle so that the rider is compelled to sit against the cantle whether he is smart enough to do this or not. That is the fault of the vast majority of dude-ranch saddles today. Most of them have badly shaped cantles and flat trees. Such a combination permits the rider to sit, not on his (or her) behind but on the crotch, which, to say the least, was never intended to chafe (*Continued on page* 64)

Lipsticks AND GASOLINE

By Louise LaFarge

Feminine trips to town will be few and far between this summer. No such luck as last minute dashes by car to corral a lipstick or the one and only sun cream.

To look as smooth and unruffled as you did last summer will require a bit of intelligent brooding ahead of time. If you're inclined to be illogical about your cosmetics, put yourself down sternly in front of a pad and pencil and refuse to be diverted until you have made a list.

All the little jars and bottles on your dressing table can be divided easily into musts and likes. The musts are those that in their inconspicuous way do all the background work of keeping you in good form. The likes are the glamor stuff that goes on at the last minute and does the showy miracles with your eyes and mouth. The two tribes are equally important.

This summer the sensible scheme is to buy everything on both lists in largish quantities, so as not to be caught short without shopping gasoline.

Don't worry your head yet about actual war shortages in your charm supplies—even perfume, for which there are still vats of essential oils in the country. The worst that will probably happen to you this summer is to find your lipstick in a less lavish container—a fine toner-up for your morale. If the government limits colors to three for fall, as the experts say they will, it's all the more important for you to enjoy the dozens of variations in shade that are still in existence.

Among the season's newest lipstick pretties are romantic camellia by Charles of the Ritz, available in a white case for a bride; Elizabeth Arden's Mille Fleurs, which turns a lovely petunia pink as it goes on, and Dorothy Gray's Crimson Glory—a lipstick with what we call real character. See her pink plaster seashell box with fluted top and matching rouge and lipstick inside.

After you've bought your summer beauty supplies in important quantities, it's a good trick to keep them in the icebox for waste prevention. Make a switch to the spring house if stuff from the garden edges them off the shelves. Put only as much as you actually need in your little dressing table jars and do all your refilling work in the coolest spot you can possibly find.

Handy from many angles is Elizabeth Arden's little treasure kit. It holds a miniature portion of almost every one of her basic preparations—creams to clean and soothe, eye lotion, powder, rouge, tooth paste and even a tiny bottle of Blue Grass perfume.

This fitted chest is the perfect answer for experiments and equally good to hold on to for transfer process from large to small. Quantity buying, you'll find saves time, trouble and money in cosmetics just as surely as it does in other things.

High on your list of summer cosmetic musts ought to be your pro- or anti-suntanning equipment. Since some kind of reaction to sunshine is inevitable, it's silly not to make up your mind exactly how you want to look and then go sensibly about getting your own way.

There are really only two kinds of sun preparations, the creams and the oils. Roughly speaking, the creams are for the lily whites, who want to keep fair, and the oils for those who love to bake a golden brown.

Arden's Sunpruf Cream is for tempering your skin so you won't turn lobster red on the first blazing day. Sun oil is indispensable for a later, deeper tan.

A good idea is to start out with the cream and go on to the oil. You'll tan a little more slowly but far more effectively, and the whole thing won't dwindle off into an unpleasant saffron by September. One tube and one kidney-shaped bottle will be enough for the summer, unless you plan to pass them lavishly around your family and week-end guests.

All the past year's dither about stockings means that you will feel easier in your mind if your supply chest holds at least one of the new liquid substitutes for silk. They are no trick to apply and give you at least the illusion that you are saving money and being a patriot at the same time.

Velva Leg Film slides on smoothly with the aid of a damp piece of cotton and refuses to come off unless coaxed with soap and water. A bottle is equal to pouring a whole summer supply of stockings but a spare in the guest (*Continued on page* 56)

Elizabeth Arden's Sunpruf cream and sun oil are a sound basis for country tans

We believe in this AMERICAN GOOSESTEP

by A L Glaser

LANDOWNERS and those who contemplate purchasing farms should look into the opportunities for service and profit in goose culture.

The domestic or "barnyard" goose is one of nature's most useful and interesting creatures. A waterfowl like the duck and the swan, it is vegetarian in habit; its longer legs, placed quite forward, make it adaptable for walking long distances and therefore efficient grazing.

That geese were anciently domesticated we know from Homer. Scripture tells of "fatted fowls"—most likely geese—in the time of Solomon (I Kings 4:23). The Egyptians, 4,000 years ago, not only practiced artificial incubation but prized specially fattened geese. The physicians of that day treated sufferers from night blindness with goose liver!

Centuries of experience taught Europeans that the goose is the cheapest and easiest of farm poultry to raise. A conservative estimate of goose production in Europe in peaceful times is far more than a hundred million birds per year. In our own country, it has been neglected and little appreciated.

The first requirements in profitable goose culture are an abundant and constant supply of succulent pasturage; a good, steady, clean supply of water. Low-lying, moist land on which the vegetation remains soft all season, is ideal. In some places good pasture can be found on fresh and salt water marshes, as for example, the eastern shore of Maryland.

Geese will use pasture to better advantage than any other stock. They can obtain their entire living and growth from the grass, kill weeds and coarse grasses, and enrich the land with their droppings.

They can be pastured with horses, sheep and cattle, and the pasture kept in condition for all, if they are not overcrowded.

When geese are pastured alone it is advisable to limit the larger breeds to twenty per acre. However, rotation of the fields is advisable, thus permitting the cropped grass to come up again while the birds are feeding elsewhere.

Goose pastures can be made on farms that have streams, ponds and springs. The best fields are not necessary for them as they will make themselves at home on poor land. Therefore, owners of odd and unused lands should allow geese the use of them. But, of course, the better the pasture the better the geese will thrive.

Success with geese can be achieved without much expenditure on housing. On many farms unused buildings can be cheaply converted to goose houses. Adult birds are hardy and much prefer to stay outdoors in rain, snow, and cold weather, even with shelter close by.

While they prefer to stay out in the open all night, they much prefer, where they have a shelter, to have their feed placed under it, with dry straw on dry ground where they can rest. Dry housing is essential and while the houses must be well-ventilated they must surely be free from draughts.

Confining geese in the field presents no problem, as they will rarely attempt to fly even over low walls and fences. Large birds can be confined anywhere with a fence from 18 to 36 inches in height.

In making a selection of breeds the grower must keep in mind the market requirements. In Europe, as well as in our own country, the demand for large birds weighing from 20 to 35 pounds is considerably less than it formerly was. For table purposes the call is for birds of smaller weights.

A small bird, common throughout Europe, is the Roman. A goose of rapid growth, delicious flesh, and good laying qualities, its average weight at maturity is from 12 to 14 lbs. It is a miniature Embden, white in color, compact in build, with a short and deep breast, and a low percentage of offal. It lays 20 or more eggs per year, makes a good sitter and mother.

The Embden is ideal for both table and industrial purposes: quiet in temperament, easily controlled, an early layer, a good sitter and mother. Its goslings are fast growers and quick fatteners. It is an excellent forager and thrives upon almost any kind of pasture. The female at maturity weighs about 18 lbs., and the gander 20 lbs. Much greater weights can be obtained when specially fed.

Like the Roman, she lays 20 or more eggs per year. Her eyes are blue; legs, feet and bill orange; her plumage is white, making the feathers the most desirable in the market.

The Toulouse is the largest and the Embden's closest rival for favor. It is a better layer than the Embden, producing 40 or more eggs per year but is not as good a sitter and mother. Its goslings are slower in growth and development, and for this it is often referred to as the "Christmas Goose," because it matures later and is in season at Yuletide. It thrives well on good soil, but does not forage as well as the Embden.

The Toulouse develops a large, massive frame, but the proportion of bone and offal is greater. It is a heavy eater, hardy, vigorous and does not wander far from home. A specimen at maturity can reach 30 lbs., and much greater weights can be obtained when specially fed. The three-time grand champion gander at the Los Angeles Western Livestock Show scaled 43 lbs.

There are other breeds—African, Wild Canadian, Chinese, Danubian, Egyptian, Pomeranian, Russian. All have their devotees, but the Roman, Embden and Toulouse embrace the important considerations in choosing breeds for table and industrial purposes.

A modest start in goose culture can be made with the purchase of a pair or several stock birds; this gives the quickest returns. Buy vigorous and healthy stock preferably from different sources. Birds reared in bracing climate can withstand cold and heat, therefore one had best buy from raisers north of the Mason-Dixon line.

The best breeders are those with good bodies, strong bone, without superfluous fat, and of medium size. Excessive fat in the mothers is often responsible for a high percentage of infertile eggs. Pair mating is

best, but three females to a vigorous gander will bring good results.

Fully matured ganders should be selected, and it is unwise to use them before their second year. The average gander reaches his peak at three, but if he continues to sire good offspring it is not advisable to remove him until he fails in one way or another. The female should be at least two years old for best results; there are cases of females reaching 40, laying and hatching until that ripe old age.

Once mated, geese are faithful to one another and if separated may not mate again for a long time, if at all. Once mated, geese can run together in a flock. An unmated bird, however, male or female, can cause no end of trouble among the others. Where they have the freedom of a large pasture, and are not confined at night, each family is likely to appropriate a particular section of the land. While in such groups, the family relations are generally observed, and the gander will fight off any and all interlopers.

When a stranger approaches a large number of geese, invariably the ganders will take a position in front of their families, forming a "bodyguard." This, incidentally, is *one* of the ways that a novice can tell the difference between the sexes—as both look identical.

When birds are well mated it is important to keep them happy right through the breeding season. Where grass is plentiful nothing more need be provided; but where it is inadequate a single feeding at night will suffice. A feeding of equal parts of yellow corn, wheat and oats in a shallow trough covered with water will be enough. Fresh water, of course, should always be at hand.

To help in their digestion and general welfare they should be provided with sand, grit or oyster shell. During the breeding season it is well to keep them confined at night as a precaution against laying their eggs in unsuitable places. They should be permitted to make their nests in a box, barrel or other shelter on the ground of the house with a bedding of straw. Geese will also find nesting places in the fields.

In milder climate they start laying in February. The early eggs should be set under hens, the last clutch should be left with the goose. She can cover from 12 to 15 herself. Eggs can also be hatched in incubators. It takes from 28 to 35 days to hatch a goose egg, but 30 is an average.

Goslings, like all babies, need care and attention. They can be fed on the same class of food as given to ducklings but with the addition of a large amount of green food. Lawn mowings, vegetable tops, cut-up weeds, are excellent. Judicious feedings, pure water, fresh air, mild exercise, cozy quarters bedded with dry litter, will give them a good start in their career. At ten days they can be put on their own. They should be kept out of swimming water until their breasts become feathered, and they must be protected from rains and animals. They take to grazing quickly and when they are given their liberty will gather all the food they need for their growth and well-being. They can gain a pound a week—all from grass.

KEEP THEM TOGETHER

Goslings, natural born extroverts, early form strong friendships and each group or flock should be kept together until they are slaughtered. To separate or kill off some from that group will spoil those left. They pine and go off their feed.

When goslings are from 10 to 12 weeks old—about the time when they begin developing the pinfeathers of the adult plumage and just before they begin to moult their wing feathers—they can be slaughtered for eating. At that period they are known as "green geese" in the sense that they are not quite ripe. If these same birds are continued on pasture until fall, which should make them about six months old, they become suitable for special fattening —industrial goose culture—as practiced in Hungary.

Let us imagine ourselves in pre-Hitlerized Hungary. Through its glittering capital, Budapest, flows majestically the Danube River. Here, Americans find the first statue of George Washington on the European continent erected in the city's largest park. Lovers of life and gracious living go there from the corners of the world. It is more than a place of "wine, women and song." Budapest is a thriving, busy city; the economic and cultural center of Hungary.

Agriculture is the basis of Hungarian life and economy. After Russia, she is the largest wheat exporter in Europe; next to Minneapolis, Budapest is the largest milling city in the world. Hungary is a tiny country—only 36,000 square miles in area —slightly smaller than Indiana. Each year she produces vast quantities of rye, barley, oats, corn, potatoes, sugar beets, tobacco, grapes, paprika, horses, cattle, poultry and *about 5,000,000 geese!*

Considering that the country is so small and the population not quite 9,000,000, you would naturally wonder what she does with that number of geese every year. The answer is that Hungary has made specialized goose culture an important and profitable industry. With the help and encouragement of her poultry scientists, Hungary has made her goose industry Big Business.

GOOSE BUSINESS

Goose raising in that country is usually a small enterprise, the farm that does not keep some geese, of one breed or another, is the exception to the rule. The Embden is the most important part of her breeding stock.

Geese there are not permitted to wander aimlessly but are carefully attended. In districts where the geese of the village are herded together they may be looked after by an employed gozzherd; otherwise, family flocks are made the responsibility of women or children.

After the birds have lived on the fields over the summer they are taken off and prepared for the "finishing" process—that is, they are placed in pens where their physical exertions are restricted, and are fed large quantities of fattening materials. The goose has an enormous capacity for transforming carbohydrates into fat and flesh, and large fat deposits take place in the liver and subcutaneous tissue.

This specially fattened liver, with a few other ingredients, becomes the important basis of the world-famous delicacy *pate de foie gras*. It means "paste of fat liver," or "patty of fatted goose liver."

The practice of "cramming" or "noodling" geese is a thing of the past, and the labor problem alone would make this operation impractical here. Developments in heavy feeding take into account the new discoveries in poultry nutrition and these operations are the ones that will have wide uses if the industry is started in the United States. There is wide use of a feeding machine operated by electrical power.

In several weeks the bird reaches fatness which is a source of pleasure to the attendant if not to the bird. It is the time for calling in the slaughterer. And the number of by-products obtained from the slaughtered bird is truly astonishing.

The fat liver is the most desirable single part of the bird. It isn't unusual to remove an organ weighing 2 lbs. or more. In 1939, the year of the outbreak of the war, Hungary shipped to Strassbourg, France, 600,000 lbs. of raw goose livers.

The best delicacies can be made only from fattened geese. Special fattening results in an extraordinary expansion of the liver, thus making it more tender and of a better flavor than (*Continued on page 70*)

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WHO SHALL INHERIT THE LAND?

by C. C. LEWIS

A FARMER and livestock breeder, resident for more years than I like to contemplate of a purely agricultural district, I have seen a steady decrease in the better stocks of men and an equally rapid absorption of the land by a lower grade of owners. Furthermore, because of the fact that my family have owned and lived on our acres for some hundred and twenty-five years, I have a more comprehensive view of the situation than is given to one generation.

From information obtained from my father and other older relatives I know that the change started further back than I can remember, probably in the decade that followed the Civil War. One by one the better families sold their land and moved to town. Some to better educate their children, others because they could not keep servants in the country. Sometimes the old folks remained until death, other times it was just the bright boy that left, but whatever the variant in the tale, the better brains and breeding went.

You may think that this is true of my section only. Do not be deluded. It is nation-wide. There may be exceptions. There usually are to rules; but as always, they serve only to accentuate the general condition. For some years past I have made a

number of trips between the Ohio River and Florida and, as I traveled by different routes, I strained my eyes for the ante-bellum mansions of the country gentlemen, but they are gone and there are none to take their place.

A man interested in such matters drove his car from Colorado to northern Ohio, and reported that he saw just two homes, inhabited by farm families, that measured up to his ideas in evidences of wealth and refinement. A high-class farm journal of the Middle West says, editorially, that the bulk of the corn lands of that section, the cream of the country farm land, is largely tilled by twelve-month lessees, rack renters of the worst type, whose only idea is to skin the land and move. With our best lands in the hands of such as these and our poorer areas inhabited by poverty stricken owners the country is in a bad way indeed. I have purposely refrained from mentioning the occasional city man of wealth who migrates to the country at the end of his urban career. His children seldom follow him and he rarely takes root on the land.

The deterioration of the farm laborer, in my section, is even more striking, because more rapid, than of the land owner. When the latter wanted to go to town the question of what to do with his land acted as a stay to the move. He either had to sell, rent, or abandon his farm and as the two first of these have become increasingly difficult their tendency was to hold him where he was. The laborer had no such brake on his movements. As the price of labor in the cities rose, all those with sufficient brains and physique to meet the requirements of the town job sold the cow to the local butcher, tied the dog beneath the wagon and headed cityward—seldom or never to return.

So much for the present condition of things and now for its effect on the nation.

Recent biological discoveries prove beyond a reasonable doubt that while environment can affect the individual it does not extend to his descendants, and that it can only change the individual to the extent of his inherited limits. Few are aquainted with these facts and fewer believe them. Two large and most influential classes are bitterly opposed to the idea that the environment of the father can not materially change his hereditary transmissions to his son. I refer to preachers and school teachers. Even when they are familiar with the facts they are apt to keep silent lest speech interfere with their bread and butter. Probably outside of the scientists and physicians, no class is more apt to believe this than the one to which I belong—the skilled livestock breeders of the country—and many of them think man is in some way exempt from the universal law.

Now brains are just as heritable as any other part of the body and so is absence of them. Also, this latter condition is frequently coupled with great physical vigor and power of reproduction. It is hardly proper in an article of this size to include specific illustrations but it might not be amiss to refer, at this point, to that classic example of human heredity in spite of environment—the Juke family.

Starting about the middle of the 18th century two brothers of bad moral type married, between them five sisters of low mentality. This family was investigated in 1877, when, in the sixth generation, it had produced twelve hundred people, of whom three hundred and ten had died in infancy, three hundred and ten had been professional paupers kept in alms houses for a total of two thousand three hundred years, four hundred and forty had been wrecked by their own diseased wickedness, half of the women had been prostitutes, one hundred and thirty had been convicted criminals (of whom sixty were thieves and seven murderers), only twenty had learned a trade—ten of whom were taught in state prisons and all of this at a cost to the commonwealth of $1,250,000. They were investigated again in 1915 at the ninth generation, when the total number had risen to twenty-eight hundred and twenty, and the cost to the state to $2,500,000.

If we continually draw the brainy, enterprising element from any class or community and leave reproduction to the weaker mentally, deterioration of the whole is inevitable. Now as the farms are the breeding ground of our race and the present conditions are such as to continually lower the type, mentally at least, of the breeding herd, then the inescapable result is to deteriorate the mental vigor of all the inhabitants of our country.

Such is the menace that confronts our nation. What is the remedy?

We must get back to the condition that existed, at least south of the Mason-Dixon Line, in ante-bellum days. Then when a man accumulated a fortune in the city it was his usual ambition to purchase an estate, build a fine house and spend the remainder of his days in the dignified pleasures of a country gentlemen's life. Incidentally, if not intentionally, he was apt to bring into the world a large family to be brought up under these best of conditions, thereby grafting, as it were, his family tree on the countryside. The man on the land did not evince the present strong desire to get away from it and if he did, it was, usually, with the ultimate expectation of returning.

That such conditions were good for the people as a whole is evidenced by the commanding position that the South took, at that time, in the political affairs of the United States. With white populations standing in the ratios of nineteen in the North to eight in the South, the latter more than held her own in the legislative halls of the country, and the South was almost entirely agricultural.

How much of England's greatness is

due to the inherent love of country life shown by her better class I do not know, but a large share should, unquestionably, be attributed to that cause. They love the country, live in it when possible and rear their large families there. This condition was probably at its height in the mid-Victorian era, but it is still far better than in the United States. It applies not only to the land owning but to the renting class. They have a class of tenants there that it is a joy to behold. Broadgauge, brainy men, expert tillers of the soil and breeders of livestock, livers of a full and varied life on a high plane, they, themselves, are able to, and do, sire men competent to fill any position in the empire.

How to restore a love of country life to the intelligent and enterprising is the problem that we must solve. Its correct solution should be the desire of every true-hearted statesman, for, more than any other one thing, it will affect the future greatness and happiness of our country.

In my opinion the first duty of the legislators should be, so far as it lies in their power, to enable brains and capital when employed in agriculture to earn money returns somewhat commensurate with those obtainable in the city. There is a tremendous difference now, particularly in wages for brain labor. But it may be argued that brains are not needed in agriculture. What folly! In no business is there need for such clear thinking and such a varied assortment of knowledge as on a large stock farm. It is not lack of need but lack of pay that exists.

I know that agriculture is subject to economic laws and that we can not always legislate profit into any business. Many of the proposed laws for benefit of agriculture have been economically unsound. However, there is one thing that our legislators can do and that is to reduce to the minimum the load of direct and indirect taxes that bear so heavily on the land. Taxes are the one form of money outgo that cannot be sidestepped by the prudent land owner, and under the conditions that have existed for the past five years have been practically confiscatory.

They might, also, provide us with some limited form of entail. The ability to transmit some certain area undivided and unimpaired to successive members of a family, unquestionably, adds dignity to country life and it is, also, an incentive to have a family. I admit that this runs counter to some of our preconceived American ideas, but I am very far from admitting that all the laws we Americans have made are good ones. The entailing of land, provided the maximum area allowed is not too large, is not uneconomic. Once a farm is laid off, fenced and equipped with the necessary buildings any division is bad, for, if the building equipment was right at first, after division one lot will have none and the other twice what it should as the buildings cannot be separated with the land. While there is no perfect size for all farms, the proper area varying with the type, yet a large percentage of American farms are too small.

All of our federal and state investigations have shown that the net profit increases quite regularly with the size of the farm up to the limit of the operator's ability to manage. Continued subdivision of land tends to produce the peasant type of farmer. This I oppose. It is unattractive to the intelligent and enterprising, hence drives them off the land. It is not economic as the gross produce of the land tends to rise when farms are sufficiently large to permit the use of proper tools and management. This was strikingly shown by the change from peasant holdings to large farms which occurred in England during the 18th century. Even so strong a socialist as H. G. Wells was compelled to admit in his "Outline of History" that the change was productive of a vast increase in the food supply — one authority says twenty times greater.

The above was written in 1925, but I have little to add or subtract. The opinion expressed of the English tenant families was formed about the turn of the century from what I saw while on a visit to England and Scotland. They may have changed for the worse, and probably have from what I have read.

How to restore a love for country life to the intelligent and the enterprising is a problem that has been engaging the attention of the author for the past twenty years. He first published his opinions on this vital subject in 1925, offered them again in the most recent issue of that articulate quarterly, "The Land," with whose gracious permission we herewith reprint Mr. Lewis's thoughts in order to afford them as wide a circulation as possible.

JUNE, 1942 *A special feature of* COUNTRY LIFE *devoted to America's city-farmer clubs*

PERSONALS

Arthur M. Youngs, the rubber king of Trenton, N. J., whose Wilgorlan Farm at nearby Titusville is as handsome a sight as you'll ever see, is completing a new wing and silo calculated to make any farmer's mouth water.

Eli Lilley, genial prexy of Eli Lilley & Company, the pharmaceutical tycoons of Indiana, isn't going to be completely happy until Royal Rothes, the 1942 grand champion Shorthorn at the Perth show in Scotland, is delivered on his home acres. Mr. Lilley, as you all know, operates the historic and lovely Conner Prairie Farm at Noblesville, Ind.

William S. Bennett, president of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, which is some pumpkins in Little Old New York, registered for two weeks of farm work beginning Aug. 1. Mr. Bennett used to be a member of the New York Assembly and a Municipal Court Justice; he's now a lawyer, but you can guess where his heart lies.

O. Slack Barrett, out Cincinnati way, has a seven-year-old double bred Earl Marshall bull to sell somebody who wants a real herd sire for his Angus cows. His phone number is MA 1559, if you're interested.

Bill Landauer, the Behemoth of the Farm Club of New York, has joined the Marines. Lots of luck, Bill—and hurry home!

**Phil Fuhrmann, who used to specialize in Farley & Reilly when they were doing "The Music Goes Round and Round," is now a farmer at Luzerne, near Trenton, N. J. Anything can happen now, take it from us.

Dr. E. C. A. Crawford is a paper manufacturer at Troy, N. Y., but runs a dairy farm at Newton, Ontario, called Morningside Manor.

Ye ed's favorite Cocker, Mr. Jake, lost another tooth last month. Pretty soon he'll have to go to the dentist for a new set of clippers.

*Irving Weaver Ingalls, advertising manager of the "American Agriculturist," a scurrilous rival, has an old mould that turns out boot trees looking like a big bug. Hi, there, Irv, many thanks!

Boyden Sparkes called up everybody he ever heard of to find out about quick freezing units for the farm. Pretty soft. We remember the day when Boyden would have a guy commit murder so he could have a story.

Gov. Bricker of Ohio wants the folks of his state to enjoy vacations—near home. Save gas and rubber and find out something about your neighbors. Maybe he's got something there.

J. Russell Smith, who runs a tree nursery in the Virginia mountains and who has his office in Swarthmore, Pa. (Sunny Ridge Nursery), writes the best catalogs you can find in the United States. They're just like initimate letters from one tree-crazy farmer to another. He's all excited, and has been for some time, over the honey locust tree as an American sugar-crop tree. Locust seed pods assay 30% and more sugar.

****Gene Sarazen, who used to chase little round balls in a game called "Cow Pasture Pool," now chases cows for the real thing. He's cut the bottoms off all his old plus fours and wears them as shorts come hay-making time.

Henry Ford, aged 78, chops wood on his place before going to his office mornings. He believes we're going to have a whale of a world after the war: "We will have an era with opportunity for everybody who can stop looking backward, face about, and go forward."

"THE DEFENDER"

This special section of COUNTRY LIFE is well known to most readers familiar with the magazine; it is a section devoted to the activities of the so-called city-farmer clubs which are springing up all over the Continent. There are a score or more of these clubs now, with a membership approaching 10,000.

We believe that these clubs deserve a bulletin board for their activities, so here it is. Why we call it "The Defender" was explained in the initial number of this unique publication, telling about the affinity of interests between the staunch defender of all that is finest in American life from Colonial days on to the modern city-farmer taking to the land for the first time:

The masthead gives some inkling of the affinity of interest between the two. In the background you see the world, and coming from it the roots which are the source of life; above, the windmill, which might easily be considered the symbol of the new combination. To the left, nearer the heart, the silos of the country; to the right, the skyscrapers of the city. To the left again, the minute men who spring to mind and gun whenever and wherever defense is needed; to the right, the deed (it is not *a mortgage) which makes the bewildered city worker realize where his true intrests lie, where so to speak, the butter can be obtained to put on that side of his bread of which the proverb speaks. The biblical quotation is clearer now than it could possibly be should we decide to explain it.*

The letters, "The Defender," are as hewn from oak. The phrase "and City-Farmer" is ultra-Bodoni, blackface.

PITTSBURGH

"The Defender" is able to announce today the formation of still another city-farmer club, this time in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here is the story:

Six individuals interested in forming such a club met on March 7 to form preliminary plans. Four more meetings followed, the attendance growing first to 11, then to 14, then to 21 and, at the most recent meeting, when the real business was done, to 23.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted and officers, including a board of directors, elected. The officers were chosen as follows:

President: C. A. West, president of West Realty Company, one of the largest developers of real estate in the valuable Pittsburgh district; his own property is Glade Valley Farms, 470 acres, in Butler County, R. D. No. 2, Valencia, Pa., where he has specialized in the breeding of Arabian horses since 1938.

Vice-president: John Gilfillan, well-known Pittsburgh attorney.

Secretary: James G. Miller, a member of the editorial department of "The Pittsburgh Press," potent Scripps-Howard newspaper.

Treasurer: William B. Paul, another prominent member of Pittsburgh's legal profession.

The board of directors consists of the officers and, in addition, Carl M. Bucheit, Louis M. Goehring, R. A. McCrady, John T. Christian, and Carl J. Murlert.

The club had a meeting scheduled for May 21 and has another planned for June 18, both at noon in the Roosevelt Hotel, downtown Pittsburgh. Meetings in town will be foregone for the summer, though there is something of a demand for picnics during July and August to enable the members to get better acquainted. Incidentally, new members are expected to the end that the City Farmers Club of Pittsburgh will have, one day, between 50 and 100.

NEW YORK

You wouldn't hardly believe that the gasoline shortage would keep members of the Farm Club of New York from attending their monthly luncheons—but it did. Only 61 members showed up for the May meeting, very few indeed, considering the usual turnout.

When the FBI looked into the reason for this it was discovered that the Government was holding an opposition meeting, so to speak, lining up the folks at the schoolhouses to get their gasoline ration books.

The 61 who showed up came only because they wouldn't take *any* book—unless it had a foreword by Ladd Haystead.

Well, those who didn't show up missed a darn good meeting. A. A. Stone was the speaker and he's the head of the Department of Rural Engineering at the New York State Institute of Agriculture. "The Care and Feeding of Farm Machinery" was the subject of his talk and he certainly knew what he's talking about, considering that he's the author of "Farm Tractors," "Farm Machinery," "Garden Tractors," also "Tractors for Gardens and Small Farms."

Might add that the Farm Club of New York has a flock of new members:

R. C. Jones, New York Trap Rock Corp., who farms at Millstone River Farms, Belle Mead, N. J.;

Irving Weaver Ingalls, advertising manager of the "American Agriculturist," Ithaca, who runs Far Above Farm at Trumansburg, N. Y.;

Charles (Squire) Nichols of Nichols Bros., whose tugs gallop about New York harbor, who dairies at Far View Farm, Stormville, N. Y.;

Joel C. R. Palmer, Western Electric Co., who is building a dairy at Bennington, Vermont;

Philip Fuhrmann, who peddles time for the Blue Network by day and farms by night at Luzerne, Trenton, N. J.;

Dr. E. C. A. Crawford, paper manufacturer at Troy, medico in Ontario, who runs Morningdale Manor, dairy farm at Newton, Ont.;

Cesareo Sanz, Gladstone, N. J., with a diversified farm named Adelina at same address;

Herbert Korholz, 444 Madison, who owns Blue Spruce Farm at Katonah, N. Y.;

William Knox Atkinson, 119 West 57th, who owns Gamla Garden at East Millstone, N. J.;

Robert Skinner, of Skinner, Cook & Babcock, Inc., who diversifies at Lamb's Pasture, Wernersville, Pa.

THE DEFENDER
and
CITY-FARMER

A Gazette of Rural and City Life for the Modern American

There is nothing better than farming, nothing more fruitful, nothing more delightful, nothing more worthy of a free man.—*Cicero.* The profit of the earth is for all.—*Ecclesiastes.* The best citizens spring from the cultivators.—*Cato.* The value of farm property in the United States, 1940, is $33,641,738,726. — *U. S. Census.* Millions for defense . . .

PATRICK Q. HENRY, *Editor*

JUNE, 1942

AS TO THE FUTURE

In these days, with the forces of destruction intent and quite successful on their tremendous task, it is sometimes hard to realize that the world is not going to disappear, no matter what the warrior folk do to each other. And that there are very likely to be some people left at the end of the battling to deal with the problems of reconstruction.

The immediate job, of course—except for a few completely decent men like John Haynes Holmes, who has the magnificent courage to hold his pulpit firm for sanity and for peace even in these times—is to get on with the business of destruction.

Join the Army or Navy. Make munitions or tanks. Take an automobile apart. Knit. Wear some sort of smart uniform. Cut down on sugar. Go easy on gasoline. Get a job in Washington. Or, like so many citizens, follow in the footsteps of our noble Secretary of the Navy and make bombastic and ill-timed speeches that can do us nothing but further harm.

Yes, get on with the business of destruction. But it isn't as easy as it sounds—and I hope that General Douglas MacArthur and General Skinny Wainwright, a subscriber to this magazine, will forgive me if they ever read that sentence. There are a great many people in this country, intelligent people too, who are finding it exceedingly difficult to obtain a useful spot in the war program.

The Army doesn't want them as privates and can't make up its mind whether or not it can use them as officers. The Navy cannot use them, unless they think that being a press-agent for Knox (alongside of Lt.-Com. Walter Winchell) is honestly helping to win this war. They don't see any sense in sitting up nights to watch the Washington planes fly by. They knit far less efficiently than do simple machines. They respect the soldiers in Corregidor and the sailors at Pearl Harbor far too much to be seen around the streets (and the hot spots of New York) in brighter uniforms.

What are these earnest and truly patriotic citizens to do? What are they to do pending their call to hurl a bomb at the enemy, pending their call to take some resultful part in the business of destruction?

"The Defender" believes that they can set quietly about the business of reconstruction now. "The Defender" believes that they can make a deeper and deeper study of the last war, until they understand clearly and without the shadow of a doubt what terrible harm it did thousands of miles from the battlefronts. What it did to our forests, to our soil, to our economy, to our people.

Already we are being asked to produce more and this must be right, for our soldiers and our people must eat, and those we have taken under our wing we have promised to feed as well. But are we going to do it in the manner of the last war, plow because the Government tells us to, mine our land for corn and wheat, cut down our timber, ruin our resources—and bring on another depression far worse than the last?

It seems to us that now is the time, now amid the quiet of our very useful farm, to plan for the future that must be re-fashioned at the end of this war. It will not be easy, for wars follow a familiar pattern and so does peace.

The same people are running this war, by and large, who ran the last. And we already see the way their minds want to run:

Haillie Selassie has been restored to the throne of Ethiopia. Poland has been promised restoration, that self-same Poland which took its slice of Czecho-Slovakia quite as greedily as did the German monster. Czecho is to be restored, though it proved beyond the shadow of a doubt in the years following Versailles that it is not strong enough to stand on its own feet. The little dukes and duchesses of Luxembourg have already been having dinner at the White House. . . .

No, no, no! We must not fall into the old familiar groove again. We must plan something better, immeasurably better. Let us be on with the war, yes, quickly, and for Heaven's sake efficiently, but let us not forget that there must be a peace to follow. And let us not believe the politicians when they tell us that the end of the war will be time enough to think about the future. By then it will be too late.

FARM LABOR

The farm labor problem, which we have had cause to mention before in these columns, is reaching most serious proportions. Unless the Government takes courageous steps at once to stop taking soldiers from the fields and stop farm hands from getting more lucrative work in the war industries, then all dreams of producing more this year than last will be gone forever.

Here is just one more recent example, taken from the "New York Times" of May 7:

"Broken-hearted South Jersey farmers, their women folk and their children labored ceaselessly in their asparagus beds in Cumberland and adjoining counties tonight, as they have all nights since May 1, trying to save their crops from rotting and going to seed.

"Warm showers today followed by high temperatures and high humidity forced asparagus to faster growth while county farm agents, State farm experts and Federal farm agency representatives desperately sought labor to help get in and pack the crop, of which a large portion is marked for Army and Navy consumption, and for lease-lend."

Actually, this is just one more phase of the great problem currently besetting our war effort, the problem named not production but *distribution.* We are producing the goods; we just haven't given sufficient thought to getting them to the places where they're most needed. Should this failure extend much further, then our war efforts will be seriously hampered—and a more conservative statement than that was never written.

CINCINNATI

"To insure peace and health and the satisfaction that we practical agriculturalists are striving to attain from life on our acres," said M. Raymond Dunn, secretary of the City Farmers Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, "a dependable source of water for our livestock, spray water for our fruit and vegetable irrigation system, or perhaps, the purely recreational value, is of tremendous importance."

Mr. Dunn put the reason why the Cincinnati club invited Virgil Overholt around in a nutshell, for Mr. Overholt is an agricultural engineer at Ohio State University and a specialist in what you might call the field of aquatics. He spoke at some length on May 5 on the subject of the building and preservation of an adequate water supply for the farm.

Nor did this put an end to the Cincinnati club's activity in May. On the 19th of the month Dr. J. H. Batsche appeared to present a digest on "Farm Dairy Inspection." Inasmuch as Dr. Batsche is the superintendent of the Bureau of Meat and Dairy Inspection in Cincinnati, it may be admitted at once that he had something important to say.

The first meeting in June will feature a program devoted to "The Farm Woodlot, Its Care and Management." The speaker will be Dr. A. G. Chapman of the Department of Agriculture.

The City Farmers Club of Cincinnati has two new members, as follows:

R. T. Heizer, of Covington, Ky., owner of 455 acres in Boone County.

V. Pierre Serodine, 7 West 74th St., Cincinnati, with 163 acres at Lawrenceburg, Ind.

ST. LOUIS

The Farmers Club of St. Louis is so busy with a number of campaigns there just isn't time to tell anybody what's going on. They're sure on the job just the same, their membership having grown from an original 50 to exactly 165!

Walter W. Head is president of the club, Edward D. Jones vice-president, Duncan I. Meier vice-president, Earl M. Page vice-president, and E. W. Mentel secretary-treasurer. The club boasts more vice-presidents than any other that we know of.

R. F. D.

PHOTOGRAPHY

To the Editor:

In your "Defender," I was interested in the article entitled "Photography," in which the writer was of the opinion that good draft horses should be photographed squarely from the side without placing their forefeet on higher ground, etc.

I have contended for many years that photography of purebred livestock was improperly used in showing the good and bad features of fine animals. I am therefore glad to see that someone else is of the same opinion. Frankly, I think it should be considered to be unethical for show stock, particularly beef breeds of cattle, to be shown in a show ring where the straw or other types of litter is knee deep. Some may claim, inasmuch as everyone does it, it is therefore a fair practice, but with this I do not agree.

I think all types of animals that come into the show ring or are offered for sale at public auction should be allowed only on level topography without litter of any kind. Only in this way can we get a fair look at the animal. Photographers should be prevailed upon to make their photographs without the litter.

I agree with the writer of this article —let's change it. Certainly it would be more ethical to show and photograph our stock without trying to cover up the faults that an animal has. We are only fooling ourselves when we do it.

CHARLES D. THOMAS, *President,*
The Tulsa Farm Club,
Tulsa, Okla.

TREE CROPS

To the Editor:

I enjoyed reading the piece called "Tree Crops" in your magazine.

I am a farmer and have a pecan orchard.

Thought you would be interested in knowing, and letting your reading public know, that I have invented a machine that will pick up from the ground pecans, walnuts and the like.

The Nut Harvester consists of a disk that rolls on the ground like a lawn mower, has no cogs, will work in rocks, grass, trash, plowed ground or wet dirt. A small harvester (one nut at a time) can be sold for 25 cents, larger ones for $5 and one 20 inches wide to use in level ground, $25.

If the demand is great enough I will manufacture these Nut Harvesters for the public, at present only using them for my own benefit.

The machine can be made of wood or metal. The ones I use are made of wood and put together without a nail or bolt or metal of any kind.

Tell John W. Hershey I will be looking for more good pieces from him. I like his manner of expression, it's different, you know.

DALLAS D. MCLEAN,
Austin, Texas

CHICAGO

The Chicago Farmers, that well-known group of city-farmers which was organized in 1935 with a membership of 33, has now grown into a large group of business and professional men—528 to be exact—and they proudly state that they own approximately 254,000 acres of farm land.

These men are becoming more and more aware of the importance that farming is playing in this war of today and are breaking their necks to be present at every luncheon meeting, rather than miss some given item which might prove beneficial to them.

Their meetings have, for the past two months, covered subjects such as: oats, cattle, agriculture as a whole, calfhood vaccination, corn, price trends and inflation, soybeans, and purebred cattle.

There has been such a demand for more knowledge regarding farming that meetings have been held every week for the past few months, with an overwhelming attendance at each meeting.

This conscientious group is doing their level best to keep the Illinois State Fair in existence by appealing to Governor Dwight H. Green, for its continuation. An announcement of the temporary location for the fair is looked for in a very short time.

Howard J. Gramlich, secretary of the American Shorthorn Breeders Association, led a most interesting discussion before the Chicago Farmers on March 15, speaking on "A Few Slants on the Tomorrow of Agriculture." Said he:

"With baloney bulls selling up to $200 per head on the market and scrub cows worth up to $150, there is no better time than the present to improve the quality of our breeding herds against whatever the future has in store for us. Good young stock can be purchased at a price not far from what the mature, poor type cattle will bring on the market."

Discussing possible future developments in American agriculture in the light of what took place following World War I, Secretary Gramlich said that he did not think present purebred cattle prices were out of line. With the present Chicago top on beef cattle at the $16 level, purebred cattle look like a good investment. The main reason for his belief, he said, is that purchases are on a cash basis. The boom that took place during and following the last war was due to a surplus of credit. Today there is little or no credit of this type available "and as long as we pay as we go, we can't be far wrong in our purchases."

One of the great differences between the situation today, and during the last war, was brought to mind by a "25 years ago" item in the "Drovers Journal," said the speaker. The item mentioned Dean Curtiss of Ames addressing an Iowa cattle feeders' day crowd. At that time Dean Curtiss told his farm audience that he was not so sure that 1917 was the best year to buy extra land, mortgaging the home place to do it. He advised farmers to improve the appearance of their farms, paint the buildings and modernize the house rather than buying land. For that statement Iowa real estate men tried to "get" Dean Curtiss. But what happened in the following few years amply justified his advice.

Mr. Gramlich recalled the days when the land boom was at its peak and when land values were going up $10 per acre per week until farms brought up to $600 per acre in the better sections of the Corn Belt. He recalled a Texas cattle feeder who in the fall of 1919 laid in feeder cattle at $100 per head, fed them $75 worth of cottonseed during the feeding period, and then in the following season sold them for $110 per head less than he had invested in the cattle and the protein feed.

Mr. Gramlich does not look for the great ups and downs of prices that marked the last war and the recession that followed. Holding prices in line will be a good thing for agriculture when American consumer demand is again the factor determining prices. "For doubling the price of a food item cuts consumption 50%. And even though this price is eventually halved it takes a long time to win back the lost market."

Today, more than ever before, American agriculture must be open-minded in meeting the problems growing out of the war, and the changes that will come after the war is won, said Mr. Gramlich. He brought out that many of the most important items on our homes and farms today are less than 25 years old. There is no reason to believe that the changes that will take place in the next quarter century will be no less radical.

"Twenty-five years ago there was no such word as 'radio' in our dictionaries. The rubber on our farm implements is a development of the last 10 years. Vitamins were first heard of a little more than 25 years ago and today the American public pays $150,000,000 a year for vitamin products. Hybrid corn, first developed before the last war, did not come into prominence until the last 10 years."

When the war is over, Secretary Gramlich believes, the farmer must cater more than ever to consumer demands. An inkling of what may be ahead is the fact that 95% of the beef going to the Army is boned. By leaving the fat and bones with the packer, rather than throwing them in a garbage can, there is a great economic saving. There is also the factor that the boned cuts occupy only one-fourth as much space in shipment, and in the refrigerator. Mr. Gramlich does not believe it unlikely that the general public will demand boneless cuts when the war is over.

After the war is over, he said, it is probable that the premium now being paid for weight on hogs will disappear and that the 200 to 225 pound porker will bring the top price because it will cut out the kind of pork the consumer wants.

He also believes it likely that the end of the war will see the problem of labor come to the front both for industry and agriculture.

Mr. Gramlich emphasized the fact that in the present war we are fighting for our American standard of living—the highest in the world. "America is the only nation the world has, where a middle-class family can own its own home, a car, a radio and a telephone. With one-fourth of the world's population eating with chop sticks and another fourth that does not even own chop sticks, but eats with its hands, we realize that our standards are at stake."

JOHN L. LEWIS IS BITTEN BY THE FARM BUG

CARTOON BY ORSON LOWELL

ALSO WORTH READING

Among the most recent activities of city-farmers is the planting of cork trees in California. We recommend to your attention the following item that the United Press recently carried under a San Francisco dateline:

"A scientific, systematic and statewide planting of cork oak trees has been launched in California with the intention of making the state the greatest cork producing region of the world.

"It is expected the program will add a new million dollar a year industry to the state's resources, but the first crop will not be harvested until 20 years from now.

"Spain and Portugal have been the world's greatest cork producing centers, but since the Spanish civil war in 1935 production has decreased so much that cork in the U. S. has become scarce.

"Normally the United States imported 260,000 tons of cork annually from the Iberian peninsula. California, with her vast wine industry, is one of the greatest sufferers from the present shortage.

"At the present time there are only two cork producing plantations in the state. The first dates from 1878 and the second, sponsored by the University of California, from 1904.

"Owing to the fact that a cork tree can be stripped of its cork bark only after 20 years of growth and then can only be stripped again every eight years, the planting is being undertaken on a most systematic basis over a period of eight years.

"Next year 1,000,000 trees will be planted and then an additional 1,000,000 for the next seven years."

LANSING, MICHIGAN

Dan McCullough, Lansing attorney, who was elected president of the Lansing Farmers' Club at its annual meeting in January, recently enlisted in the United States Army, and on April 12 was commissioned a captain in the Air Corps and called to Washington.

Vice-President Glen Cathey will pinch hit for Captain Dan for the balance of the year.

During Mr. McCullough's administration the club has grown considerably in numbers and has had some very fine and interesting programs. On May 4, Dr. C. F. Clark, Veterinary of the State of Michigan, addressed the members on diseases of cattle. About fifty members and guests were present.

The next meeting of the Lansing club will be held on June 1, and will be addressed by Prof. Elton Hill, of the Farm Management Department of the Michigan State College.

The Lansing club was organized in April, 1941, with a starting membership of nine. At the present time the membership totals 80.

PHILADELPHIA

The Quaker City Farmers come to the close of their first fiscal year soon, with a rather unique record of accomplishment. Some 85 city-farmers are now members. A highly successful meeting was held on May 14, when C. L. Goodling addressed the organization on "Silage," and two meetings are scheduled for June:

June 4, "Defense Gardens," C. H. Nissley; June 16, "Bee Keeping," E. J. Anderson.

On May 5 the club heard a discussion on corn. L. Wayne Arny, vice-president of The Quaker City Farmers, introduced the day's speaker, Lester Hugg, associated with the Hoffman Seed Company, of Lancaster, in furthering the company's hybrid corn production program, as being a person well qualified to present the picture of hybrid corn as relating to Pennsylvania farmers.

Mr. Hugg introduced his address by stating that hybrid corn got a late start in the Eastern part of our country in its development, primarily because the middle states, such as Illinois, etc., had more to gain by developing hybrid corn. Corn is a very important commodity in the middle states. Mr. Hugg went on to say that, historically, hybrid corn got its start in the East around 1901, first developed on sweet corn.

Mr. Funk, associated with the Hoffman Seed Company, which company has developed some of the most successful corn hybrids for Pennsylvania to date, was among the first in hybrid corn development. Hybrids were firmly developed by 1915. Since the East took the hybrid corn development first, it was later taken up by the West because, as Mr. Hugg said, it meant more to them than it did to the Eastern states.

Good hybrid corn seed companies stress research development primarily and their sales program secondarily. This is a very noteworthy procedure, as it is assuring the future a supply of good hybrid corn. Hybrid corn, in order to be successful, has to have research. Some companies develop hybrid corn seed for quick turnover and, consequently, do more damage to the market, as a result of this policy, than companies that are backed by good research departments.

As Mr. Hugg pointed out, farmers were very dubious at first of purchasing the hybrid corn seed, as they thought it was just another scheme on the part of the seed companies to compel them to purchase seed annually. Later on, they soon discovered that hybrid corn helps in promoting their welfare through a stringent hybrid corn production program. Hybrid corn has a great many more advantages over self-pollinated corn seed, something which many of us realize who specialize in planting only hybrid corn seed.

One of its tremendous advantages is that it has an excellent root structure, and storms do little or no damage to the crop. In addition to the root structure, a drought is not a serious handicap, as in self-pollinated seeds. The remainder of Mr. Hugg's address was accompanied by the use of moving pictures, showing in detail the development of hybrid seed corn, and, in addition, movies were shown of some of the pests that infect seed corn in general.

PLACEMENT BUREAU

We consider it part of our job to get people who want work together with people who want help—at no cost to either.

A lady of Quaker ancestry who knows how to make independent decisions, a graduate of Pratt Institute in 1941, seeks a job managing a home or institution. She understands the following subjects: foundation cookery, table service, quantity cooking, institution marketing, elements of nutrition, household chemistry, physiology, hygiene and first aid, bacteriology, house management, institution administration, restaurant supervision, psychology of human relations, accounting and food cost control; also agriculture and horticulture. She has a letter of recommendation from the Milbank Foundation, where she worked from 1937-1939, stating her to be "capable and trustworthy, efficient, businesslike, with a very pleasant personality." She is a widow without dependents, has a position at present, and seeks to better herself.

Here's a young lady in her early 20's who wants to earn her living with horses. She has had brief experience riding and grooming and wants to know if there is a horse establishment anywhere which will give her a start.

There is also a farm manager available: a graduate of a military college, draft deferred, who has had long experience in managing a farm-estate, who described himself as "absolutely dependable."

PAMPHLETS

The number of pamphlets which contain material of interest and use to city-farmers would, if laid end to end, reach right into the waste-basket. "The Defender" here proposes, from time to time, to rescue a few that deserve to avoid such a dire fate.

NATIONAL FARM CHEMURGIC COUNCIL BULLETIN ON KOK-SAGYZ—This pamphlet, which costs 25c, tells about the family *Compositae* as a practical source of natural rubber for the United States. It is written by Dr. Paul Kolachov, director of research and development for Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky., whose writings have appeared before in this magazine. Write the National Farm Chemurgic Council, 50 West Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

MORE PROFIT FROM YOUR FARM WITH INSULITE—A series of detailed drawings on how to build hog houses, a milk house with cooling tank, a dairy barn, a poultry house, a brooder house, a range shelter, with a full list of just what you have to buy to do the job quickly and efficiently. No farm should be without these. Write the Insulite Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

MYERS HAND SPRAYERS—Of course the F. E. Myers & Bros. Company makes all kinds of sprayers but their new booklet entitled "Myers Hand Sprayers" seems to us particularly useful. Write this company at Ashland, Ohio.

BALTIMORE

The Downtown Farmers of Baltimore, Md., having had a taste of public attention in "The Defender," got big league notice the other day in the famous Sunpapers. Here's what "The Sun" had to say in a story signed by Richard Rea Bennett:

"Every other Friday during the winter fifty to one hundred professional and businessmen gather for luncheon at the Merchants Club, on Redwood street.

"In the group are bankers, a judge, lawyers, doctors, engineers and businessmen.

"A speaker is introduced. His subject deals with some agricultural problem, directly or indirectly.

"His listeners—and they listen intently—are members of the Downtown Farmers' Club of Baltimore.

"The Downtown Farmers' Club was organized in 1939. It now has 150 members who, to be eligible, must be engaged in a profession or business and, at the same time, operate a farm.

"Some operate general farms; a good many, dairy farms; others raise purebred and thoroughbred stock—cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. Still others grow tobacco.

"Every branch of the agricultural industry is represented. Members use the club meetings as a clearing house for ideas. Speakers discuss the most advanced farm and farm management practices, markets and other problems which confront the farmer.

"Even the wives of the members have their innings four times during the winter, when dinner meetings are substituted for the usually exclusive masculine luncheons.

"Members of the Downtown Farmers' Club do not regard their farms as playthings. Instead, they look upon them as investments—besides, in many cases, serving as full-time homes—into which hard cash has been invested.

"And this hard cash is expected to bring a reasonable return, just as it is expected to do in any other business.

"Farm owners in this group use the same business methods in operating their farms as they do in their Baltimore offices. Their land is kept in a high state of cultivation. They use the best farm and management practices.

"Other farmers in the area benefit indirectly from these practices. They not only are welcome to inspect what is being done on the farms of the Downtown Farmers' Club members but their visits are encouraged. These efficiently run farms, in many respects, serve as privately owned agricultural experiment stations. Thus, in the long run, all farmers in the area benefit.

"Take, for example, the Downtown Farmers who are raising pure-bred livestock. Not only do they establish good feeding and breeding practices, but sell their stock to other Maryland farmers who want to improve their own animals in the hope of obtaining higher cash returns.

"The Shirleys—father and son—are a case in point. Both are members of the Downtown Farmers' Club. The father is Joseph W. Shirley, former chief engineer of the Bureau of Plans and Surveys and later chairman of the old City Plan Commission.

"The son is Joseph W. Shirley, Jr., a lawyer with offices in Baltimore. Together, they operate Chartley Farm at Reisterstown as Shirley & Son, farmers and breeders of pure-bred livestock. The son also is secretary-treasurer of the Downtown Farmers' Club.

"Farming is not new to the Shirley family; it runs strong through the Shirley strain. William Shirley, a great-grandfather of Joseph W. Shirley, Jr., owned a seventy-five-acre farm at what now is Green Spring and Shirley avenues.

"His son, Henry C. Shirley, after he had married, bought a ten-acre place just above that owned by his father. They were partners in Shirley & Son, a china and glassware importing business on Calvert Street. The son specialized in the raising of celery, and each day drove to his place of business on Calvert Street with his horse and buggy.

"The first World War came and passed. H. C. Shirley felt crowded as the expanding city moved closer to his place at Reisterstown road and Cold Spring lane. So, in 1919, he bought Chartley Farm, named after the old English estate of the Shirley family.

"His son, Joseph W. Shirley, went to live at Chartley Farm, but continued with his profession of engineering. When Joseph W. Shirley, Jr., grew up, graduated from college, married and decided he, too, wanted to live close to the soil, his father moved back into the old family home at Reisterstown road and Cold Spring lane, leaving occupancy of the farm to his son.

"Father and son talked the situation over carefully. They found the farmer was living in a changing world. Wartime grain prices were a thing of the past. The Shirleys doubted whether they could make their 300-acre Chartley Farm pay a reasonable return by general farming alone.

"They turned to livestock as an economic necessity, not as a fad. They decided to feed the grain they raised into beef cattle, thereby getting a top price for their feed. They realized that a poor grade of stock eats just as much as a good grade. So, they determined upon purebred animals, as they commanded a consistently better price in the market.

"They decided to raise Aberdeen Angus cattle, brought into Maryland for the first time in the early 1880's. This group of cattle of the 1880's was shipped out of the State about a year after it arrived because of some disease it had contracted.

"Angus cattle did not return to Maryland until the Shirleys, in 1927, started to build their herd. They started with a bull and two heifers, a scale sufficiently modest for any farm.

"The Shirleys now have 43 head of purebred Angus cattle at Chartley Farm. When they are selling fifty 15-month-old Angus cattle annually they say they will feel they have placed their livestock operation upon a sufficiently profitable basis.

"Maryland, the younger Shirley declared, is producing some of the finest purebred livestock in the United States. Only recently ranchers from Cuba purchased five purebred bull calves in Maryland for the purpose of improving their already fine herds. One of these bull calves was purchased from the Shirleys."

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have your own FISH POND

by A. B. Genung

WE had often wished there were a pond on the farm: the children be-
ause youngsters delight in play-spots;
ohn, the foreman, who really runs things,
ecause he, too, is young in heart and liked
e idea of an ice supply; I . . . well, for
st about all the others' reasons plus a fly-
d complex. We all had the urge for a
ond.

Of course, in my mind all the while the
ing was to be a fish pond, though I don't
call ever coming right out and saying so.
aybe one reason was that there wasn't
uch assurance that we could build a suc-
ssful pond, lacking a natural water
pply.

The project materialized very casually.
adequate plans beforehand. No expectations, so there wouldn't be any disappointment. Next time I would come out boldly, tell all hands I was starting to build a fish pond—in spite of hill or high water!

Incidentally, the place I am talking about is located in the Finger Lakes region of New York State, where streams and lakes abound in every valley.

Unfortunately, my farm, although it bordered a larger stream, had no brook to be dammed up. It didn't even have a sizeable spring. Our water supply came from a couple of artesian wells, and I looked over that water many a time, pondering whether it would maintain a respectable pool. That well water and a natural depression near one of the barns were the only possible assets that pointed in the direction of a pond.

Nevertheless, one autumn morning found the hired man and myself with team and scraper out in the little swale by the barns. The soil was clay and we knew it would hold water like a bowl. So we built up a bank across one end of the shallow basin and considered that we had a start toward a pond. About all that was done further at that time was to pipe the water into the upper end of the basin and wait for matters to take their course.

Eventually our clay bowl did fill up and ran over the outlet. We built a small ice house and that first winter put up a stock of splendid artesian water ice, which proved most welcome all the next summer. As I have said, ice was really the ostensible object when we started out—at least so far as the conversation went.

But the pond was by no means finished. The next spring moles went at the bank and riddled it sufficiently to let a good part of the water out. It became evident then that in order to have a real dam we must put in a concrete core; so this we did, digging a trench the length of the dam and pouring in the concrete. This stopped the moles and that next summer I was rash enough to put some fish into the pond. We put in sunfish, crappies, bullheads, a few bass and pickerel, as well as a stock of minnows and suckers for feed.

But, as perhaps you might guess, the pond was too shallow to winter the fish. It was only a couple of feet deep, on the average, and in a cold northern winter would freeze pretty well down toward the bottom.

Cattails lost no time in taking possession. They invaded the pond like parachute divisions, extending their foothold from the shoreline inward until they virtually filled the whole pool. I hired a husky fellow who put on hip boots and worked a week pulling cattails and piling them up on the shore, roots and all, for burning. But the next summer they filled the pond again, almost as bad as ever. I discovered that one could take a scythe and mow them under water, thus in two hours' time killing them as effectively as (*Continued on page 70*)

Having your own fish pond—complete with secluded island and bridge—isn't difficult when you take advantage of the author's experience on his farm in the Finger Lakes region

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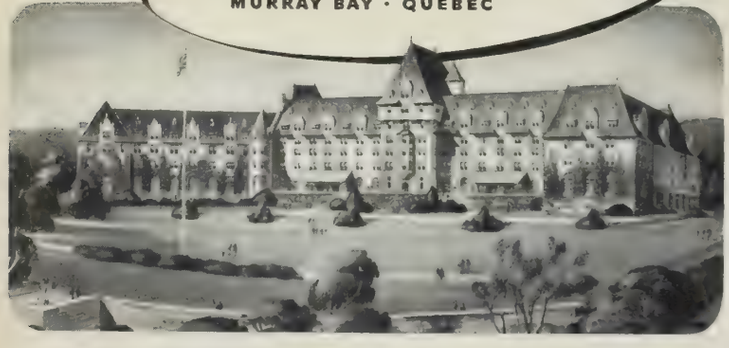

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Cellar and Pantry

by CROSBY GAIGE

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CONFESSES THERE IS MORE TO AMERICA THAN SKUNK HOLLOW

THERE are not many spots in these 48 States, to say nothing of the territories and island possessions, concerning which there is any real unanimity of sentiment or opinion. Most of us regard the whole picture with pride and affection. We think of it lovingly as our native land. We are all willing to open our mouths in public or in private and to sing about it.

Each one of us, however, with perhaps pardonable predilection, looks upon his own little neck of the woods as something particularly precious and distinctive and apart. As a native-born son of Skunk Hollow, N. Y., I quite naturally feel that Skunk Hollow has certain innate qualities that other places never had and never could have.

It would be indeed difficult to imagine a resident of Back Bay becoming lyrical about Council Bluffs, which, if I am not mistaken, is situated in Pottawattamie County, in the State of Iowa. I personally can listen dry-eyed while persons who have spent a two-weeks' vacation in Hollywood sing "California, Here I Come."

I can well understand how a resident of Bangor might look upon Los Angeles as an asylum for the insane or how people from the Middle West might regard those indigenous to the New England coast as dessicated codfish. Either point of view can be maintained with reason.

The lack of amity, understanding and brotherly love that exists between Floridians and Southern Californians is a matter that amounts to a public scandal. New Deal necromancy has never been able to breed sweetness and light between these communities.

When it comes to our own little backyards and wood piles we are potentially Nicolas Chauvins and say to ourselves *"Je suis français, je suis Chauvin."*

So far as I have been able to observe we have only a handful of national institutions concerning which there are no differences of opinion—Oscar of the Waldorf, Niagara Falls, the [1]Albany Night Boat, the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, Skunk Hollow and last, but definitely not least, the city of New Orleans.

Thus, deviously, we finally get down to the subject of this discourse—New Orleans. Every American with gastronomic leanings can justly feel that in New Orleans he has an American shrine in which he can feel a sort of pride of proprietorship.

It is indeed a unique distinction that invests this city on the lower reaches of the Mississippi with the loadstone of universal esteem. It is a high tribute to the town itself, to the folks that live there and to their gentle and intelligent way of life.

GOOD food in New Orleans is taken just as much for granted as the soft air of Louisiana, the weary flow of the great river or the waters of Lake Pontchartrain. There would seem to be a concentration of fine cuisine here in one spot that amounts almost to something in restraint of trade. I hope that Thurman Wesley Arnold will be kept too busy with other mischief to attack this Creole Trust of the Table.

I have just received a communication from Roy Alciatore, the present proprietor of the restaurant that took its name from Antoine of the same family just one hundred years ago. It goes under the title of "Simple Don'ts for Polite Dining." It may well take its place some day as a sort of *"Religio Coquui."* Mr. Alciatore speaks right from the heart and from his ample marmite. We may all be more discriminating diners if we give heed to his words.

Architecturally Antoine's is something that might have been dreamed-up by Pirate Lafitte as a fitting home for his later more conservative years. It has a steep gabled roof, balconies of wrought iron, lights from gas-burning chandeliers. It is averred that at midnight on All Saints' Eve you can hear the ghosts of Potter Palmer and Mrs. Leslie Carter ordering *Chevrettes Bouillies* or *'Ti Marmite Gombo* from ghostly waiters behind the wainscoting.

This may or may not be true. I would prefer to let distinguished

[1] Mr. Gaige obviously doesn't get around much, doesn't know the Albany Night Boat has been discontinued for years.

ghosts have their own privacies. If he order for *Chevrettes Bouillies* was given, however, here is indubitably the authentic recipe for their preparation:

One hundred fine river shrimps, a large bunch of celery and celery tops, two dozen allspice, two blades of mace, one dozen cloves, four sprigs each of thyme, parsley, and bay leaf, one red pepper pod, cayenne, black pepper, salt. Parsley sprigs to garnish.

Select fine, large river shrimps for his purpose. Into a pot of water put enough salt to almost make a brine. Add a bunch of celery and celery tops, chopped fine; two dozen allspice, two blades of mace, one dozen cloves, mashed fine; thyme, parsley, bay leaf, chopped fine; cayenne and a red pepper pod.

When this has been boiled so that all the flavor of the herbs has been thoroughly extracted, throw in the shrimps. Let them boil twenty minutes, then set the pot aside and let the shrimps cool in their own water. Serve in soup plates on a bed of cracked ice, and garnished with parsley sprigs. This dish is always served as a preliminary to a meal.

A great deal of salt is required in boiling, as the shrimps absorb but little, and no after-addition can quite give them the same taste as when boiled in the briny water.

Irwin Shrewsbury Cobb once wrote the following piece of nonsense:

"Once upon a time, being seduced by certain poetic words of Thackeray, I made a special trip to a certain café in Paris to eat bouillabaise. I found it distinctly worth while. Later I went to Marseilles, the home of this dish, and there ate it again and found it better. And then I came back to America and ate it at Antoine's in New Orleans and found it best of all."

I have dined often and pleasantly with Irvin Cobb. He was usually so busy talking that I doubt if he knew what was on his plate.

Now I must be frank and say that I do not like bouillabaise. Thackeray or no Thackeray, this dish has always seemed to me to be the last desperate remedy of a fish market when it is overstocked on Thursday and the customers had decided to have an egg on Friday. There is a lack of discretion about it—a fishy incontinence, that has planted in my mind the horrid suspicion that bouillabaise might well have been the reckless and promiscuous progenitor of the American clam-bake.

Well, I feel much better. It's a wholesome catharsis thus to purge the soul of ancient biles and rancors.

I started out to present Roy Alciatore's "Simple Don'ts for Polite Dining," but space being what it is it will be necessary to condense its content. The readers of this department who wish the entire text should drop a note to Mr. Alciatore at 713 St. Louis Street, New Orleans, La., enclosing a 3-cent stamp.

"When calling for the check at the completion of the meal, the only correct thing to say is, *'Garcon, l'addition s'il vous plait'* and if you are in a first class restaurant, the waiter will know what you mean, for

Antoine's in New Orleans might have been designed by Pirate Lafitte, but the food . . . ah!

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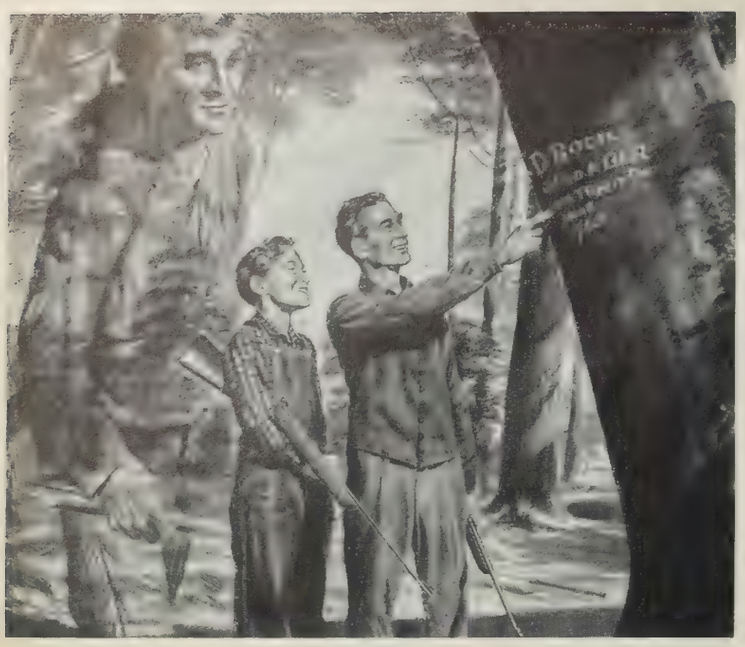

"You couldn't choose a better hero, lad, than the American frontiersman!"

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Dan may have been a little weak on spelling, but he was strong on character. Frontier life developed in Americans the love of liberty, the self-reliance and the resourcefulness which constitute our greatest strength today. The sport of hunting has helped keep those qualities alive, generation after generation.

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waiters in such places speak many tongues and have learned their avocation on both continents.

"But since calling for *l'addition* is the last thing that you do at a dinner party, it is best that we begin at the beginning. Cocktails? A misnomer in my humble opinion, that conveys no meaning. Webster defines the cocktail as follows: A short drink, iced, of spirituous liquor, well mixed with flavoring ingredients, commonly including bitters. Inadequate to say the least. The French word APERITIF means something. It is defined thusly: A little alcoholic liquor taken before a meal to STIMULATE the appetite. That word is perfect.

"Where shall we go for the aperitif? That, my friends, is not of the utmost importance, but rather, WHAT shall we have? This pre-prandial libation can be the making or the undoing of a well selected and carefully prepared repast, so it is well that we exercise good judgment in our selection of appetizers.

"The following simple 'DON'TS' I trust may be of some service to you:

"DON'T drink a gin fizz or any thick or sweet drink right before a meal. Such drinks may be delicious in their place, but they are decidedly out of place as appetizers. Would you drink a malted milk or a cup of chocolate just before dinner? The alcohol contained in the sweet and thick drinks makes little difference and does not offset the sugar. If the dinner is to include fine wines, what is more logical than to have an appetizer of such wines as French Vermouth, dry sherry, Dubonnet, or a combination of these wines. The aperitif BACCHUS, made with equal portions of Dubonnet and French Vermouth, with a small piece of lemon peel squeezed in, is ideal. Appetizers made with whiskey and other palate paralyzing fiery mixtures are absolutely taboo with discreet diners. A glass of dry champagne drunk "neat" is the only fool-proof aperitif.

"DON'T have your aperitif immediately before dinner, fifteen minutes or better a half hour should elapse between the aperitif and the first dinner course. This is important, so as to allow the aperitif sufficient time to perform its function. The serving of hors d'oeuvres with the aperitif is criminal, and serves no other purpose than to defeat the very purpose for which the aperitif was intended, by taking the edge off of the appetite.

"DON'T, if you can possibly help it, just drop into a restaurant and order a meal. If it is to be a good meal, and you know good food and you want it well prepared, go to the restaurant of your choice and make all of the arrangements with the proprietor or headwaiter a day or two in advance. This will give them time to purchase the best that the market has to offer, and likewise the Chef will have ample time to prepare each dish with the patience and skill which goes into the making of each culinary masterpiece. Order your wines, too, in advance, so that they may be brought up from the cellar to acquire the proper temperature if they be red wines, and if they be white wines so that they may be cooled to the right degree.

"DON'T let your guests do the ordering. When entertaining guests in a restaurant it is meet and proper that the host should do the ordering. If each guest orders for himself, the dinner is a failure at the onset. With uniformity in ordering, the proper wines may be selected to accompany each course.

"DON'T order wines yourself if you know nothing about them. The waiter or wine steward is trained in such things, and will be glad to select a wine suited to the particular type of food you have ordered. If you know wines, you will guard against selecting a wine from a bad vintage year. Ask to be shown the bottle before it is opened to satisfy yourself that it is the wine you ordered.

"DON'T demand music with your meals, because if you must have music to enjoy your meal, you are not a true gourmet. Table conversation is the only suitable accompaniment of good food. Dinner dancing is an abomination, and no true connoisseur would think of combining dancing with public dining. To enjoy your food you must be completely relaxed. To exercise while trying to assimilate food is extremely bad as any physician will tell you.

"DON'T go to a first class restaurant if you are in a hurry. Time is a necessary element in the proper preparation of food, and if you cannot spare the time, you are better off at the corner drug store where they will dish you out an already prepared sandwich in short order, and it will probably taste better than a complicated culinary concoction thrown together in less than the required time.

"DON'T make a wry face if your waiter suggests snails or sting ray. The escargots Courguignonne and the Rai au Beurre Noir of France are poems in food. Remember also that in various parts of the world, the following are classed as delicacies: Alligators, armadillos, bamboo chrysalides, buffalo, camel's hump, elephant's trump and foot, locusts and grasshoppers, kangaroo, parrot, opossum, cuttlefish, seals, snakes, whale fins, squids and countless other strange things.

"DON'T order an old and expensive wine with a plain and ordinary dinner. An inexpensive wine will do as well. Rare old wines should be drunk on special occasions, when the menu warrants a good bottle.

"And now we have come to the point when it is time to say,

"*Garcon, l'addition s'il vous plait.*"

LORENE SQUIRE

Guns & Game

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

TWILIGHT FALLS EARLY UPON THE LAND: A TRIBUTE TO LORENE SQUIRE

THOSE who live in sympathy with Nature are aware that occasionally in spring and fall there are days when twilight seems to come early upon the land. Meteorologists account for the phenomenon in terms of humidity and barometric pressures, but the country folk ask no explanation. A glance at the western sky is enough to inform them that this day is not like others, and they hasten to finish their tasks before the dusk descends upon wood, field and farmhouse.

So, too, in the lives of men such twilights occasionally fall.

A few years ago in "Guns and Game," we printed a short tribute to Lorene Squire and to her work as a photographer of American wildlife. We could not know then that her day was like one of those I have described, but so it was, for she died on April 12, her short life of 32 years abruptly ended by an automobile accident that occurred in Oklahoma, where she had gone to make pictures of prairie chickens.

Miss Squire was a great artist, a master of composition, and her photographs are distinguished for their dramatic beauty and absolute fidelity. She was also a great influence for good in the field of wildlife conservation. She delivered no preachments and passed out no tracts, but used her camera, and sometimes her pen, in ways to show us the significance of a great American resource.

Miss Squire's first published photographs and manuscript appeared in "Nature Magazine" in 1925. She was then 15 years old. In the years that remained to her she completed her education and set about to do her life work. Before it was finished she had covered the greater part of the continent making pictures that have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE and many other nationally known magazines as well as in exhibitions here and abroad.

She was the author, too, of one book, "Wildfowling with a Camera," published by Lippincott. A second book is expected to be produced by Scribner's.

Writing, except to her friends, she found annoying, but necessary. Her camera alone couldn't express her thoughts and her philosophy of life, nor did it adequately describe the people she met and the friends she made in her travels—the lonely Lapps with their reindeer herds, the Indians, the Esquimos, the traders and trappers, the guides and the fishermen. She knew them all—strange friends for a young woman of culture, but they were loyal, unselfish and courageous. She admired them; they helped her greatly and she had to write about them.

Her personal correspondence was fluent and effortless, but when writing for publication she developed a form of stage-fright and her manuscripts were done in agony of spirit. The result is a style of narration that is unique and singularly illuminating. It is her own, as of course it should be, and it reflects her own deep integrity and her love of Nature and of humanity.

Physically Miss Squire was slight, almost to the appearance of fragility. Her eyes were hazel, extraordinarily clear and beautiful. Her hair was black as an Indian's. It was impossible to guess the source of the fine steely strength that enabled her to endure the rigors that her spirit imposed upon her slender body, but it existed, for many, and perhaps most, of her pictures were obtained at the cost of long hours of exposure and actual physical suffering.

She would kneel motionless in icy water for hours at a time to get what she wanted. More often than not these cramped vigils went unrewarded for days, but she always tried, again and again, until successful. She had a quiet, unpretentious courage as great as any that I have ever seen demonstrated.

Once she lived for weeks literally in the midst of stinging, blinding clouds of Arctic mosquitoes, certainly the most aggravating, demoralizing and malignantly persistent form of torture ever inflicted upon man. Her reward for the misery endured then was the only group of photographs ever made, so far as I know, of the cygnets of the great whistling swans taken on their breeding grounds far away in the McKenzie Delta.

When "that girl," as Otiva, the guide, called her, had a picture in view, she became utterly oblivious of

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anything else. She was our guest in a goose blind in North Carolina on one occasion. Several times I called her attention to flocks of geese coming in low, behind my corner. After the first experience I both called *and* ducked, for she promptly proceeded to use my crouching form as a ladder to gain elevation from which to bring her camera to bear. As a result, with one knee firmly planted on my Adam's apple, she shot some of the best of her goose pictures.

Like many of us, Miss Squire discovered her admiration for the wildfowl while shooting at them. A relative, and he must have been rarely devoted to the child, used to take her gunning on the prairie sloughs of Kansas. Her skill with the shotgun seems to have left no impression of excellence in the mind of her experienced uncle, but it was during one of these trips that the conviction came upon her that she wanted, above all else, to photograph wildfowl. It was a "call," clear and irresistible, and it never left her for a moment afterwards.

Being human, Miss Squire probably had her moments of dejection, especially when she was struggling with her manuscripts, but she was always cheerful and responsive in her contacts with people. She loved especially the spontaneous jokes and humor that congenial folk are able to manufacture out of an atmosphere of mutual affection and understanding. It was delightful to be selected as the subject of her mischievous wit, and a "lecture" from her on the sin of being stubborn and full of error was something to remember and chuckle over. I ought to know.

When war broke out between Nazi Germany and the Old World democracies she was far away in the Hudson Bay country. Returning to the border she experienced difficulty in establishing her identity to the satisfaction of the Canadian officials and finally wired her family for assistance.

THE family gravely considered her predicament and wired acknowledgment of acquaintanceship, adding that she customarily photographed birds against shipyards, battle craft and other military backgrounds! The girl was allowed to return home, but it was a long time before her precious camera and film were released.

The common difficulties of travel were considerably increased for Lorene by her aggravating habit of leaving no forwarding address. Members of her family and her friends would receive urgent, growing-into-frantic appeals to locate and forward lost baggage and mail—appeals that often had to go unsatisfied, because she had failed to state where the stuff was to be sent.

But wherever she went she was surrounded by an invisible protecting mantle of friendship. Charlie Gillham, in Alaska, would be at pains to send her to some old duck-shooting guide whom he knew in Louisiana; and the guide, exercising in turn the proprietary right of his own friendship, would pass her carefully along to another able, honest and efficient person when she resumed her travels.

Miss Squire's home was in Harper, Kansas. Her family is a singularly devoted group of men and women who, like herself, are unselfish, patriotic and fearless Americans who adhere to a belief in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Some idea of their appreciation of the sacred right of each individual to determine and to do that which is worthy, may be gained from the circumstance that none offered serious objection to a career that inevitably carried the only daughter upon long and dangerous journeys. They believed the accomplishment to be worth the risk, and they still believe it.

"Twilight," as Lorene once described it, "is the time in a marsh when the silent reedy tangles awaken to life. From beneath the sedges wild ducks lift their wings to move out to the feeding grounds. Their voices, hushed all through the day, speak from the reeds and shallows. There are the long exclamatory quacks of the mallards, the soft clucking notes of the teal, the whistle of widgeon and the guttural calls of the diving ducks rousing in the marshes and moving on whirring pinions toward deep water. The herons, the watchers of the marshes, lift their wide, silent wings and glide leisurely away, flinging their harsh notes back over the reeds as they go."

It seems appropriate that her words, taken from an unpublished manuscript, should have a place in this brief story of Lorene's brief life, for it was her purpose while she lived to show in words and in pictures the beauty of the marshes, the most mysterious and fascinating of all natural environments.

Her last journey has taken her far beyond these earthly horizons, where now she is free indeed, free as the great swans of which she wrote, sweeping unencumbered along the pathways of the air. But again, as was her custom, she has left us unable to direct the accumulation of kindly thoughts and affection that, following her from place to place, has never yet quite caught up with her.

She has vanished as did the birds she saw disappearing into the evening dusk as it settled upon the marshes. But her work remains; that, and something else besides, for I know one old wildfowler, at least, who will never see the birds in flight above a slough at early twilight, without being aware of the near presence of a dear and gallant spirit, and who will hear, perhaps, some echo of a friendly voice mingling with the tunes the wind sings among the reeds and rushes.

Lipsticks and GASOLINE

(*Continued from page* 42)

bathroom is a delicate bit of attention.

Tone's Bittersweet is another preparation we like for looking like a stocking. Use one to four coats, according to the shade you normally wear.

On your legs Bittersweet actually takes on the high gloss of silk and you can fool any part of your public that doesn't check up on stocking seams. It has a nice way, too, of not streaking or smearing in your athletic moments. If you want to fake an early sunburn, put it on right over your face.

Don't undertake artificial stockings, unless you're willing to give a few extra moments along the way to leg groomings. Three tubes of Sleek, which manages to smell sweet and still be effective, should see you through warm weather.

Before you leave for the country, switch to a lighter foundation, so the powder won't cake when you're too far away from your dressing table for a quick change.

Lotions, as a rule, are lighter than creams and sufficient for warm days. One of the lightest, most pleasant—also new—is Revenescence lotion by Charles of the Ritz. It's a companion piece to that same wizard's slightly more stable Revenescence cream.

For you, if your skin parches under the sun, is Lelong's new cologne with a cream base. You can douse yourself with it after a hard set of tennis and no bad effects. The fragrances are Balalaika, Tailspin and Opening Night and the sculptured bottle is lovely.

Jeurelle's Flowers of Spring goes to the head of the class for bubble baths. It turns the water into a fragrant pool, soft as rain. The container is copied from an antique paperweight.

For your new summer perfume, sample A May Morning. It's by Esme, author of Green Eyes. We met it first in a May basket filled with lilacs, carnations and purple violets, and it manages to smell like the whole bouquet. Tiny flasks of the divine stuff with hand-shaped stoppers are the right size to keep with you in your handbag.

Besides yourself this summer, remember the hostesses who will come into your life. Any or all of these treasures are guaranteed to make you a Grade A guest.

Self-Sufficiency

(Continued from page 34)

A program of the planting of fruits of all sorts was immediately necessary. The list included early apples, pears, quinces, plums, cherries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries, boysen berries, raspberries, apricots and peaches. Nearly all of them require very little labor beyond the original planting; a few require spraying but for the most part they "just grew." There is no excuse for their absence on any self-respecting farm but shiftlessness and stupidity.

Yet most of them are missing on a high percentage of American farms, and on many farms old trees and bushes are dying off with no effort being made to replace them. To us at Malabar, the presence of fruit-bearing trees represented items ranging according to the size of the family from $100 to $300 which otherwise would have been spent in cash in purchasing tinned fruit. And remember that whatever is spent on buying food which can be raised on the farm will show up only as loss on the farm books at the end of the year.

We are the largest food-producing farm in the county. The range includes beef, veal, pork, lamb and mutton, broilers, capons, eggs, milk and cream. Automatically we had an abundance of all these things.

In the realm of vegetables we decided that in a case such as ours, individual vegetable gardens operated by the various families were a waste of labor and inefficient, and so an area of a little over an acre of good lush ground was set aside for a common vegetable garden. Cold frames were built at very little expense and the whole put in the care of one man who knew his business. That small area now produces all the vegetables which the various families consume during the summer months and all they want for preserving as well.

It includes also a much greater range of vegetables than appear in the ordinary farm garden. At present a quick-freezing plant in the neighboring town of Mansfield is utilized for the preserving of meats, vegetables and fruits, and eventually, as soon as priorities have vanished, we will set up our own quick freezing plant on a communal as well as commercial basis.

All of this adds up to farm profits. The land is there, wanting to be utilized for the production of food. If the food is purchased rather than produced, the money spent is simply loss on the investment in land. For our immediate household, farm products amounting to a value of something over $4,000 are consumed annually. We know this to the penny as we keep a very accurate set of books. What is gained in the quality of the food and in the variety and quality of diet is beyond estimating. On the whole the United States is a country of abundance, and for those in a position to profit by this abundance not to do so is criminal folly.

The problem of self-sufficiency in relation to livestock feeding and fertilizer is still one that is far from solution either by the Government or the average individual farmer. A stock farm is in a position to renew and refertilize itself constantly through the production of manure. There, again, general stock farming has a great advantage over the single-crop methods which are progressively depleting the soil.

The problem of protein supplement in feeding all kinds of livestock has not been solved on a basis of self-sufficiency. Protein supplement in feeding is somewhat a fad at the moment as was wholesale draining of land twenty-five years ago and the miraculous properties of soybeans more recently.

Agriculture, like other fields of endeavor, is subject to fads. Protein supplement at the moment is one of the biggest items in farm expenditures. It should be produced off the land itself; until it is, that expenditure can register on books only as cash loss.

AGRICULTURE is undoubtedly sick in this country, very sick. It is sick of extravagance and waste, of over-investment in farm machinery, of labor problems, of share-cropping, of erosion and single-cropping. The Department of Agriculture and the agricultural schools, with all their bureaus and theories and experiments, have on the whole overlooked many of the simple fundamental facts upon which sound agriculture is based.

Farming is closely related to Nature and dependent upon her and her own sound slow methods. It is a profession dependent upon soil and weather. The economy of agriculture is the simplest reckoning in the world. A man owns a piece of ground. The more he can induce this piece of ground to produce of everything, the better off he will be. If he has brains and ingenuity in addition to his piece of ground, he will be very well off indeed. Coddling and subsidy, necessary sometimes in periods of bitter crises, are no permanent solution but are on the contrary destructive.

In the end, the farmer must save himself. If he does not, he is doomed when other categories of citizens revolt against supporting him because he is foolish and shiftless. When that day comes we shall have either total economic collapse or factories in the field which means the dispossession of many millions of families who will have no place to go but on relief.

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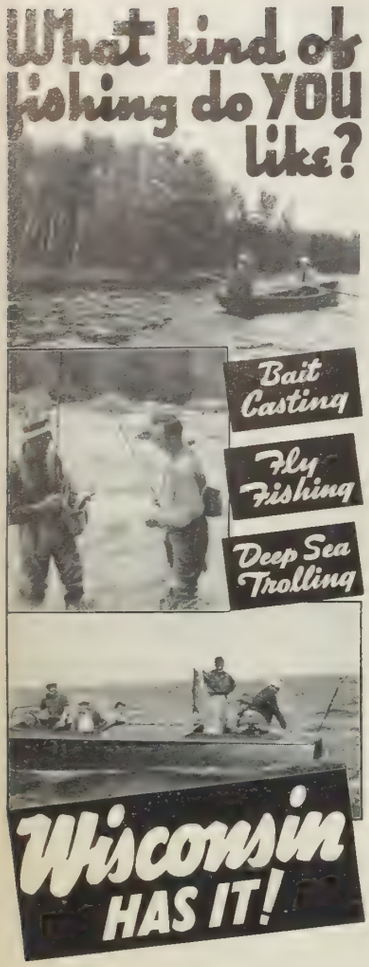

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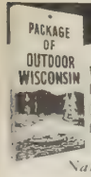

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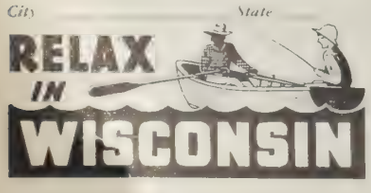

Rod + Reel

by CECIL HEACOX

YOUTH SCORNS THE ARISTOCRATIC TROUT AND GOES AFTER SUNFISH

SCHOOL'S out! Tunes of the hickory stick give way to the familiar song of the robin, prima donna effects of the warblers and the unforgettable notes of the wood thrushes. Hawkweed, buttercups and daisies paint the fields in great Gauguin-like splashes of reds, browns and yellows. Once more, it's vacation-time for the kids.

And vacation means fishing to many a youngster. Boyhood's inalienable rights: bare feet . . . freckles . . . the old tomato can filled with nightcrawlers . . . and stringers of "punkinseeds."

Youth, never a respecter of tradition, scorns the aristocratic trout with its techniques and complex ritual—the sunfish is boyhood's own piscatorial prerogative. Yes, sunnies belong to America's small fry. Ask any village truant officer.

Many a youngster's supper has grown cold and eons of anxious moments in the hearts of parents of young Waltons are due to this little member of the finny tribe. However, it is the true test of an understanding mother to realize the importance to her pride and joy of remaining at the "old fishin' hole" when the sunfish start taking hold. Countless times has mama been late to the Country Club dance because junior was missing long after the Uncle Wiggly bedtime story hour.

As far as we have been able to discover, there is only one exception to our thesis that the sunfish fits so perfectly into boyhood's picture. You will recall that young Hiawatha, suffering from a bad case of growing pains, disdained *Ugudwash* the sunfish when it grabbed hold of his bait:

"Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose Ugudwash, the sunfish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.
But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disk refulgent
Loud he shouted in derision,
Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sunfish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Young H. was after Nahma, the giant sturgeon, and not long after, you will remember, said sturgeon gave our little boasting hero the works—swallowing Hiawatha, birch canoe and all!

It is also no credit to Master H.'s fishing skill that he was angling for Nahma with hook and line: the sturgeon is notoriously uncoöperative to this type of fishing gear. A spear, or a few skeins of gill net, or even a set line, at strategic points would have brought in enough canapé-makings for a cocktail party at Gitche Gumee that, in itself, would have been worthy of an epic poem.

The sunfish is the bantam rooster of the aquatic world and fishing's patron saint, Izaak Walton, had the sunfish in mind, no doubt, when he said: "This is a diminutive gentleman . . . and worthy of your angle."

Yep, we know. With a two-ounce rod and a dry fly tied to a No. 14 barbless hook, you can actually make a sporty proposition of the sunfish when conditions are right.

But, damn it, such a heinous practice is *lèse-majesté* to the little fish who, perhaps, more than any other, has opened the door to the joys of angling.

The proper way to fish for sunnies is the way the kids do. Pick out a lazy bend in a stream or a quiet cove on the shore of a lake, preferably with a grassy bank and a tree to lean against where you can watch the bobber—by all means, use one—and dream and snooze. Snore, if you must. If you regret your wasted youth you can regain it by playing hookey from the office and fishing for pumpkinseeds. (Ed. Note —Your doctor would soak you a fat fee for this prescription, but *Rod*

WARREN BOYER

The right age to get started . . . and that goes for either the old man or that bright young Izaak Walton

and Reel offers the R without charge to COUNTRY LIFE readers.)

The private life of *Lepomis gibbosus* (Linnaeus) is in keeping with the affection and esteem with which he is regarded by all fishermen.

Some fish build a nest on gravel shoals, as the trout and bass; some deposit their spawn over aquatic vegetation, as do the pike; and some are so profligate as to cast their eggs indiscriminately upon the waters, as the cod, the alewife and the skipjack. But the little sunfish builds a real home. He is catholic in his tastes and the nest may be on clay, sand, gravel or on the roots of water plants. It is a circular depression excavated by a circular movement of the tail.

After a courtship as romantic as a Daphne du Maurier novel, the male fish becomes a most devoted father. If any silt or foreign matter covers the eggs while they are incubating, they will die and Papa Punkinseed continually aerates the nest with a steady fanning movement of his fins. Predators are also annoying—other fish evidently consider sunfish eggs epicurean tid-bits—but a six-inch sunfish has been known to put a two-pound carp to rout.

Bravo and salute, little sunfish!

TACKLE PRIORITIES

Guard your fishing tackle as you would your tires or your Flato knickknacks.

The War Production Board in its order L-92 stops the use of metals, plastics and cork in non-commercial fishing tackle manufactured after May 31, 1942. The only exception is fish hooks, which may be manufactured after June 1 at the rate of 50% of each manufacturer's production in 1941.

Since most sport fishing tackle cannot be made without the use of metals, plastic or cork, the W.P.B. order virtually ends production for the duration.

Explaining why the continued production of fish hooks is permitted, George Moore, Chief of the W.P.B. Sporting Goods Unit, said: "We wanted to take care of the fellow who goes out to catch himself a mess of fish every once in a while. With a hook, the man who fishes because he wants something to eat will rig up the necessary tackle simply by attaching the hook to a piece of string and using an old bolt for a sinker."

ANGIERS' BOOK CORNER

John Alden Knight, fly fishing's virtuoso, tells about every kind of line except the conga line at Copacabana in "Modern Fly Casting" (Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.75). Forward positive and negative curve casts, roll casts, Galways, windcheaters and bump casts are just a few which add both to better streamcraft and the richness of the fisherman's lexicon.

Both tyro and expert will find valuable hints by the man who has contributed the Mickey Finn fly, the parabolic rod and solunar theory to contemporary angling art.

The excellent photographs which clearly show the performance of the line in the various types of casts are just what a hackle-slinger needs. This is the sort of book you have to spread open on the lawn or beside a stream so why won't someone tell publishers that such a volume should be in a format which can be tucked conveniently in the pocket of a field coat? We'll say that again. It's a fetish with us. And another thing: A book cover is apt to get pretty messy after a day afield; the jacket, therefore, should be of a material which can be readily wiped off with a damp cloth. We'll repeat that again, too.

If you enjoyed O. Warren Smith's commentaries on the Waltonian sport which appeared regularly in an outdoors magazine, you will be glad to know that the best of these little essays have been gathered in one book, "Musings of an Angler" (A. S. Barnes and Company)—the firm which puts out a long line of books on various sports in their well known Dollar Library. When the author touches *l'esprit de conservation* he is really on the beam. Crotchety oldtimers will enjoy these stories which evoke memories of the rewards and disappointments of days astream. Interesting in a boring sort of way.

Oh, yes—two bucks on the barrelhead for this one.

FROM THE CREEL

From Keuka Lake, New York, Mrs. Veronica Chizzlbotum, President of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Hatchery Wagon Followers' Association, Local 23, writes:

"Dear Rod and Reel:

I think you should know that we girls in the Finger Lakes country still manage to get in some fishing in spite of first-aid and air-raid warden courses.

Perhaps you know about our divine lake trout. We noticed that these darlings—they're simply huge, really—bite best when the apple blossoms are in bloom. The balmy spring winds scatter the little petals over the surface of the water and put the lovely trout "on the feed" as Joe says (Joe's my husband).

I think it's awfully cute of them to bite then but not very smart because we girls sort of fit the season to our fishing—or vice versa—by taking along a box of confetti and scattering it around on the water.

Joe says he bets you don't know about this cute little trick and I should write you about it. We girls in the Auxiliary think that in order to catch a fish you simply have to know more than a fish.

Tight Lines.

VERONICA CHIZZLBOTUM."

(Ed. Note—It may be well to advise readers that Keuka Lake is in the heart of the New York wine country. In *vino veritas.*)

...which is the word to describe the flavour of

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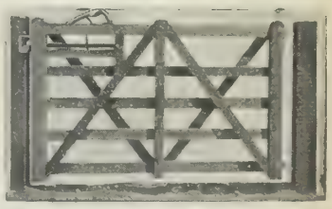

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Gardens

by DOROTHY NICHOLAS

OUTLINE FOR A FASCINATING ART: HOW TO GROW FINE ROSES

THE rose—queen of all flowers—also the queen of slave drivers, and the queen of snobs! The first statement I do not have to qualify because it has been proclaimed in poetry and verse down through the ages. No one has ever denied it and probably nobody ever will!

The other statements are not meant to sound unkindly because I adore roses—but I wish the proud beauties to know that I know their tricks and mean to expose them, so my readers will be prepared to be slaves (willing ones, of course) and also prepared for dealing with their snobbishness.

Let us consider their beauty first—and a proper setting to show it off. Primarily a rose garden should be formal—even a very small rose garden. Perhaps some of you will remember the tiny one exhibited at the New York Flower Show two years ago by Marshall Field. It was outlined in a circular shape by dense small-leafed evergreens. The grass paths were circular—the rose beds circular, a plain circle of grass in the center—everything on a diminutive scale, and *all* the roses were yellow. It was a shining example of taste and chic.

The plan shows another well designed garden, rather old-fashioned but definitely formal and the narrow tanbark paths are practical and afford no problem of maintenance. There is an edging of *Teucrium chamaedrys* which makes a tidy low border. This is a most useful plant with grayish foliage and makes a sturdy little hedge about six inches high.

The color scheme in this garden is simple and the varieties of roses used are all good reliable friends. Repeating the same varieties, and not attempting too much of a mixture makes the effect charming and harmonious.

The colors used here are white (Madame Jules Bouche), pale yellow (Duchess of Wellington), deep yellow (Mrs. Pierre du Pont), salmony pink (Betty Uprichard), pink (Butterfly), flesh pink (Lady Alice Stanley) and dark red (Etoile de Hollande). They are all H. T.'s, which means, as you probably know, Hybrid Teas.

This class of bush rose is the most popular, because it blooms recurrently throughout the summer, and does not give its "all" in June and then retire for the duration, the way old-fashioned roses have a way of behaving. To be sure the H. T.'s love their June also and bloom extravagantly during that month. They then take a little time off to catch their breath—bloom occasionally during the summer months and then come back in full force for their autumn splendor.

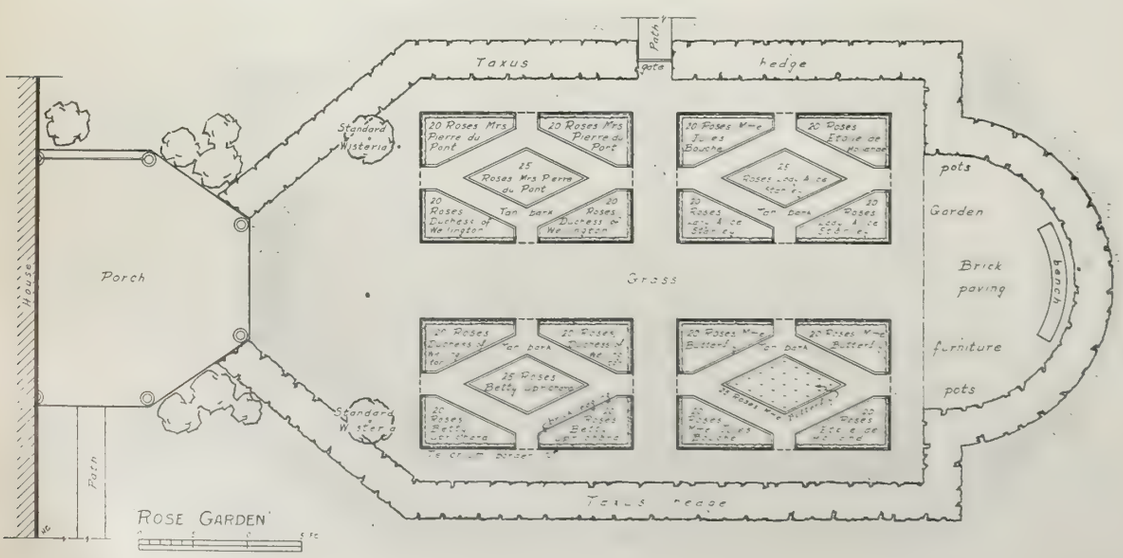
It is a staggering assignment to recommend varieties of roses because there are too many beautiful ones to choose from! Perhaps the wisest thing is to first introduce you, if you are a new comer in rose society, to some of the best known families and then take up later different varieties of those families.

The Hybrid Teas have already been mentioned, so need no further introduction. Hybrid Perpetual are the regular old-fashioned roses blooming only in June and early July. They make a wonderful splurge when in flower. They are a bit tougher about standing more frost than the Hybrid Teas and grow taller and bigger in every way.

Small cluster roses are known as Floribundas and Polyanthus. They are free blooming, recurrently flowering bushes, hardy, useful and come in lovely colors. The low-growing Polyanthus makes an ideal border and the taller type of Floribundas make a fine show.

The climbers are many and varied, and have come a long way in the past years as to beauty and quality. Gone are the days when one only sees "Crimson Ramblers" and "Dorothy Perkins" (often discolored with mildew) climbing over trellises. Now there are all kinds of glorious varieties—many with large flowers, on long stems with healthy, shiny foliage. There are also climbing Hybrid Teas which are forms of their bush cousins and bloom recurrently.

NOW these four groups are the only ones necessary to become intimate with for a formal rose garden, so I will pass up the large shrub type and a few others that are not of vital importance. To those who write in I will send a list of some of the fine standard varieties and a few of the new "sensations." It is hoped that this list will help my readers, if they are beginners, make a wise choice and not get completely bewildered by attempting to decide for themselves what to select from the hundreds of varieties listed in the beguiling catalogues. "That way madness lies" for a beginner—or for most anyone for that matter!



Speaking of catalogues one thing I beg of you. Only go to the best and most reliable of rose growers for your stock. Don't be tempted by bargains or cheap little "sidewalk" rose plants. You will live to rue it if you do!

Now when I said roses were slave drivers, I meant it when they were planted in situations not one hundred per cent to their liking. If you live in England, Maine, parts of California, or Murray Bay, Canada, you won't be "driven" at all—because the pretty dears have just what they want there, which is a cool, moist climate, and rich clayish soil. If a dash of cow manure and bone meal is applied they will thrive and probably not give anyone a moment's uneasiness. But how about the rest of us who live where the summers are warm and dry, and we want roses too! Well, we can have them, but we must be willing to roll up our sleeves and go to work, and what is more, never relax.

Roses demand de luxe living quarters. You might just as well humor them from the start, because it is the only way you will grow healthy roses. Never was the old adage "An ounce of prevention, etc.," so true as in this case. Commence with de luxe accommodations, the right soil and strong plants, and the chances are your battle is well on the way to being won!

So the first thing is to find a suitable location. Roses like protection from strong winds—but are definite in not liking a spot too closed in where there is no current d'air and they are subjected to blistering sun. They must, however, have *full* sun for at least half a day. They will not tolerate a sunken, boggy place where their feet are kept wet, which means they want good—very good—drainage.

They want a *deeply* spaded bed and a rich diet of clayish loam, oodles of well rotted cow manure, a dash of bone meal and a liberal supply of fine peat moss. That is what they consider a dainty dish, and as I said before, for goodness' sake humor them right from the word go.

Here I must mention their snobbishness. They prefer being alone, with the exception of some early modest little crop of flowers like forget-me-nots or pansies, that bloom at their feet and are pulled up after flowering. Personally, I am trying quite a shocking experiment this summer and am mixing quite a lot of other flowers with my roses. It may be a failure, but if anyone is interested I will report about it in COUNTRY LIFE this autumn.

Autumn planting is now widely recommended, but if that is not feasible get your plants in at the earliest possible moment in the Spring.

There is a lot to the handling and planting of the sturdy new bushes, and please do not ignore the instructions that the nurseries give when shipping your order. Among the

most important rules are the follow-
ng: Have the beds dug and ready
ar ahead of time to allow the ground
o become settled. Just before the
lanting date loosen the soil and
ave the beds raked nice and smooth.
e on the lookout for the box with
he royal travelers, and if possible do
our planting immediately. When
npacking have pails of water handy
nd put the roots in them so there
s not a chance of their drying out.
he nurseries pack so well and ev-
rything is so neatly tied up in wet
oss it would be a sad reflection on
ou if at the last moment the pre-
ious roots were allowed to become
ry. Cut with a sharp pruner or
nife any rootlets that have been
roken or bruised.

If the nursery has not already
one the necessary pruning, cut the
lant back to about 5 inches, leav-
ng several buds on three or four
anes. (This is Spring pruning; for
utumn planting leave the canes a
oot high and prune to 5 inches in
he Spring.)

Hybrid Tea Eclipse, one of the new Jackson & Perkins roses

Plant with the "bud" one inch be-
w the ground surface. The bud is
asy to locate as it is a definite lit-
e nubbin or bumpy swelling where
he top and root join. The depth
nd width of the hole must be deter-
ined by the size of the roots (al-
ays give them plenty of room); the
oil must be pressed firmly with the
ngers—a little soil at a time, around
nd through the roots, never forget-
ng that when the task is completed
at "bud" must be one inch down,
nd not two inches in the air or six
elow the ground!

Be sure the soil is well tamped in
o there are no air pockets, and leave
slight basin at the top, so that
hen plants are watered, which
hould be done immediately, the
ater soaks down and doesn't run
ff. Fill in the basins—and then
ompletely cover the small bushes
ith soil. Leave these funny small
ounds until the tiny leaves on the
ems start to break through and
hen smooth the soil down and make
he bed level and tidy. A fair rule
to place roses 15 inches apart.
There are exceptions, of course, when using extra small or extra large growing varieties.

Roses love attention, therefore be most careful to cultivate the bed assiduously. By cultivating I mean, as you know, stirring up the soil to a depth of about two inches. This forms the "dust mulch" which is so valuable to retain moisture in the ground. In a drought the roots of the bushes must be *soaked* once a week—but do not water when the sun is hot. Another thing roses love is liquid manure, obtainable by hanging a bag of cow manure in a large receptacle of water. When the water looks like good strong tea, use it on the bushes.

Now, alas—roses are subject to many pests, insect pests and disease pests. Very generally speaking, sulphur is used for disease and poison (arsenate of lead) for insects. Even if the plants look spotless and bugless, an occasional application of sulphur and arsenate is the best possible insurance against trouble. Minor troubles like aphis (plant lice) can be cured by Black Leaf 40 which is a nicotine sulphate preparation—but when it comes to the charming big rose bug, hand picking and annihilation in a small jar of kerosene is the only treatment.

We have in some parts of the country the Japanese beetle to plague us. Fortunately they appear after the June rose bloom is over—and disappear again before the Autumn show—but in between times they can make a rose garden look completely denuded. There are powders on the market that do some good if applied constantly.

I regret that it is impossible for me to go into half the detail necessary to tell all that should be told about growing fine roses. This is only an article and it requires a book! Therefore let me recommend wholeheartedly the book entitled "How to Grow Roses" by Pyle, published by McFarland & Stevens. It is practical, understandable for the beginner and delightfully written. It will fill in all the gaps about vital subjects I have only been able to touch on, and give you a great deal more knowledge besides. There are also many illustrations which are always most helpful. So don't fail, as the radio commentators say, "Don't fail to purchase this book today!"

Good luck, keep your eyes open all summer for varieties of roses that appeal. Try them in your own garden when the time comes.

DO NOT READ NOW

ANSWER

to question on page 74

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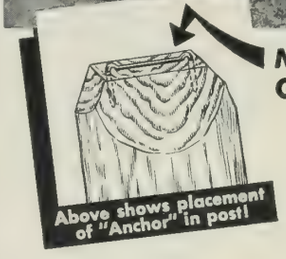

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NOTES ON Horses

by PETER VISCHER

KENTUCKY DERBY

My favorite press agent for a sporting event, for a reason that shall soon be obvious, is Frank G. Menke.

Now, Frank is a man of wide experience in sports; he has published encyclopædias of sport that would stagger an ordinary mortal. He is a man of ideas; recently he held the attention of sports writers the country over by letting them guess the result of a fight between Joe Louis and whoever was his current cousin, the correct guesser of said contest to receive a safety razor—Gillette, I believe—free for nothing.

Lately, Frank has been giving his time to publicizing the Kentucky Derby, and, lest you think that the softest of all assignments, let me hasten to add that he also is in charge of the press at that event, something else again in view of the untold thousands who try to squeeze themselves into that meager enclosure on one pretext or another.

This time he asked the newspapermen of America to guess the order of finish in the Derby and the time, the winner to receive a Defense Bond worth $125. Now, *there* was a contest and 516 writers, seers, experts, poets, and what have you rose nobly to the occasion.

Most of them obviously didn't give this problem all the thought it deserved; they simply made up their mind—206 of them—that Alsab was going to win. Another 131 voted for Requested, 64 for Bless Me, 38 for Sun Again, 23 for Devil Diver, 15 for With Regards, 12 for Apache, no other horse getting more than a quartette of votes.

Shut Out as a weanling

Out of all these friends of racing only four picked Shut Out and of these four only two thought Alsab would finish second. And of these two only one thought the time would be relatively slow. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, you're looking at him, so to speak.

Many thanks, Frank. I can use a bond or two much better than a safety razor; so help me, I'm still old-fashioned enough to be hacking away with a straight-edge.

THOROUGHBRED PRICES

What effect the war will have on Thoroughbred prices is a matter for lively discussion. It is interesting to note that the first big sales since Pearl Harbor brought encouragement rather than the opposite.

Col. Phil T. Chinn held the first big sale in conjunction with Warren Wright's Calumet Farm in Versailles, Ky., on April 24. In all 108 lots were offered for sale and they brought $55,225, an average of a little more than $511. The top price was $12,500, paid by the Military Stock Farm of John S. Wiggins and F. B. Koonts for the sixteen-year-old black stallion Zacaweista, by High Time out of the imported mare Lucrative, by Mordant. (Col. Chinn sold High Time himself for $50,000 back in 1931, when the celebrated Himyar Stud was dispersed; 133 lots then averaged $1,792.)

In California, two sales were held by Charles E. Cooper's Rancho San Luis Rey at Bonsall. In the first 27 head were sold for an average of $256. In the second 11 lots were sold for an average of $378. Mr. Cooper considered the sale good enough to encourage him to hold another sale on May 31, too late to be reported on in this issue. The top prize of the California sales, incidentally, was $1,075, paid for the black mare Mystic Moon, aged 11, by Bistouri, an imported stallion, out of Peter Tea, by Peter Quince, bought by Charles Latimer.

The sale of Thoroughbreds usually held at Pimlico the day before the Preakness resulted in 39 sales for $15,390, or an average of $395. The top price was $3,700 paid by Mrs. Raymond Feinberg for Preston M. Burch's three-year-old Pharien, by Pharamond 2nd—Siren.

OUR CAVALRY

One of the most progressive moves made by our Army in recent years was discontinued on April 9.

Up to that day we had developed ten regiments of "portee cavalry"—that is cavalry carried to the scene of operations in trucks, then unloaded and put to use when completely fresh. On that day the War Department announced that this type of cavalry had been discontinued, to be completely mechanized, releasing 5,000 horses for other purposes.

Opponents of portee cavalry said that it ceased to be cavalry when it had to be carried around in motor trucks. The answer to that one was something like this: "Well, you don't walk to the golf course just because you want a round of golf."

A MAD HORSE IS SHOT

The newspapers devoted considerable space last month to the story of a work horse that attacked a woman and trampled her to death when she came to say good-night to him one evening. He reared, pulled out the side of his stall, killed the poor woman, and ran off with seven feet of planking dragging from his halter.

An automobile posse of 200 men ran down the vicious beast, found him nibbling grass in the farmyard of a neighbor two miles away. They picked him up in their headlights, whereupon the horse went mad again and is reported to have dashed at his pursuers. A volley of shots halted him, concluded the story, and a second volley ended his frenzied career.

It is a sad story, yes. But wouldn't a horseman interpret it somewhat as follows:

"The horse may not have been vicious at all. The incident may have happened this way:

"The woman went to the barn at 9 P. M. If there was any light, it was probably poor. The horse, having had his evening meal, was asleep (or nearly so), for they do sleep standing up. She did not realize this and went boldly up, as she would have done in daylight, to pat him on the nose or neck.

"Not knowing what it was, the horse plunged back, breaking the plank loose, which may have struck the woman, knocking her down. Between the woman struggling under his feet and the plank striking him and making a frightening noise, the horse thought he was being attacked and naturally defended himself.

"When that scare was ended, the horse lit out and, after having gone two miles or so, got used to the plank dragging at the end of his halter. He calmed down. When the caravan caught up with him it is admitted that he was nibbling grass.

Shut Out as a yearling

"That he dashed at the caravan is unlikely, but it is a certainty that the headlights confused him and he did not know what to do. Had some horseman walked up to him then and spoken to him quietly, he would no doubt have responded just as quietly, grateful for help. He need not have been destroyed. Every horseman knows how panicky horses can get from fright and how easily they can be brought under control by proper handling."

BEAVER PHOTOS

Shut Out, winner of the Kentucky Derby, as a two-year-old, showing the development of this fine son of the great Equipoise

INTERNATIONAL POLO

Six international polo matches were played in Mexico City last month between teams representing the United States, Argentina, and Mexico.

It was the first time that the teams

f these three American nations had et in the New World and credit is ue for this to a man who is not nly President of his country, Gen. vila Camacho, but a good polo layer as well. The Mexican Federa- on of Polo was the official host nd all arrangements were carried it by them; they were perfect, ex- epting those relating to publicity.

All the games were well attended nd the crowds overflowed from the randstands and had to be kept in neck by soldiers on the very play- g field. They erupted onto it after ach game and carried the winning lexican players on their shoulders uring the two games they won from e United States and Argentine.

The Mexican team covered itself ith glory in putting up a splendid sistance against such high-goal vals. They have improved greatly nce Henry Lacey has been school- g them, but they still lack team- ay. When Captain Gracida was it in Major Nava's place, a bril- ant but individualistic player, the exican team won its two great vic- ries, as Gracida, Gracia and Gri- lva have played together frequent- . The playing field still leaves uch to be desired and should be ntirely resown.

The Argentine team played bril- nt polo and showed what team- ork can do. However, they did ot have their own mounts and were ccustomed to smoother fields. This not their alibi but the writer's own mment. The loss of their captain nd back, the famous Manuel An- ada, who broke his leg in the sec- nd game, was another handicap.

A handsome trophy was presented the conclusion of the series by the resident to Winston Guest, captain the U. S. team. Mexico won sec- nd place and Argentine was third.

The line-up was as follows: Bar- , Smith, Guest and Evinger for the nited States, Gracia, Nava, Ramos esma and Cisneros for Mexico, ex- pting the last two games when racida took Nava's place. Argen- na played the three Duggan broth- s with Manuel Andrada, whose ace was taken after the former's cident by Gougland. The United ates won one game from Mexico —2, and two from the Argentine, -8, 9—6. Mexico won one game om the United States, 6—5 and e from Argentine, 7—6. Argentine n one game from Mexico, 5—4. hus the ratio was 3, 2, and 1.

CHICAGO RACING

Arlington Park, the midsummer ecca of the sportively inclined so- ety folk, business leaders and ev- yday followers of the thoroughbred orse, is ready for Chicago's great- t program of racing.

It is going to be interesting to see st how this course fares with world nditions as they are, and Chicago, ne of the hubs of America's activi- es in the conflict that is on every ne's mind.

It will be Arlington Park's rich- est season since 1929, the best ever for Washington Park. The two tracks, operating in close coöpera- tion, have arranged a well-balanced program of stakes and overnight events which will have a gross value of approximately $1,300,000.

Racing

(*Continued from page 26*)

state—$1,822,832, and some mighty good racing too. The Wood Memo- rial, which Requested won to become the first horse to pass the $100,000 mark in 1942, was a thriller.

On May 11, Belmont Park opened. It was a magnificent spring day, warm and sunny, and a crowd of 17,800 turned out. A gala crowd, gay and smart, keen on their sport and grateful for an afternoon in such pleasant surroundings. The only re- minders of the war were a couple of ambulances, a handful of society girls in uniforms, some soldiers and sailors brought to the track appar- ently to provide company for the raft of models on hand.

The racing was first-class and pre- sented several interesting features, but to me the best of all was the extraordinary scoring of a double by Joseph M. Roebling with two young- sters he bred himself, by Case Ace out of his own mares, on his own farm not two hours away in New Jersey. Card Game and Lochinvar were the Roebling winners, both trained by Andy Shuttinger, who used to ride Man o' War.

The features of the Belmont open- ing were the Flash, for two-year-old fillies, and the Toboggan, for three- year-olds and up, each with $5,000 added. The former went to Pom- rose, running in the colors of George D. Widener, newly elected president of Belmont Park, now that Alfred G. Vanderbilt is trying to get into the Navy. The latter race, run once more down the much discussed Widener Chute which newspaper- men and spectators do not like, but which horsemen generally like very much—was won in gallant style by Victor Emanuel's Omission.

Considering that the Belmont opening fell on a Monday, both the crowd and the betting might be con- sidered tremendous. Again, racing does not seem to be suffering much in public so far and it is likely that the running of the famous Belmont Stakes, third in the great triumver- ate of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, and Belmont, will bring the greatest crowd in history to Belmont Park on June 6.

Amateur racing, mostly in the

Arlington Park

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countryside, seemed to be holding its own well. Certainly the Maryland Hunt Cup the last Saturday of April provided a race worthy of the best tradition of this grueling four-mile struggle, three horses coming down the stretch together in an exciting finish. The winner was Stuart S. Janney, Jr., on his own Winton, which he had trained himself and taken to three successive victories in the Maryland timber classics.

The hard luck horse of the season was undoubtedly the celebrated Blockade, three-time winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup. Blockade might have won the event for the fourth time when his rider made the incredible error of jumping the wrong panel at the eighth fence while floating along comfortably in the lead. A week later, in an exciting Virginia Gold Cup race at Warrenton, Va., Blockade fell and broke his neck.

SADDLES

(*Continued from page* 41)

against a piece of unyielding bullhide all day.

An old El Paso saddlemaker has perfected the best saddle cantle made today. He calls it the Komfort Kantle and it is not round but oblong; much wider—and lower—than most. This cantle is very slightly concave, "dished" they call it. A glance over your shoulder will indubitably indicate why a perfect fitting saddle has got to be dished out a bit. The convex bump directly across your hip pockets just naturally fits into this hollowed-out Komfort Kantle. A cantle should not be less than 14 inches in width and 16 inches is better.

Saddle cantles used to be high and well rounded. Somewhat after the style of Sir Launfel's cak, which had a form-fitting back 16 inches high designed to hold that dashing drag-on-chaser ahorse despite the thrusts of rivals' lances.

A high cantle is nothing less than a devilish monstrosity. For one thing it cannot slope backward, and a backward slant makes for infinitely easier riding comfort. Where once the cantle stood 5 inches to 7 inches in height, experience has shown that this piece is perfectly proportioned when it stands only 3 inches above the skirts.

Of course it's easy to get spilled out of a rig with a low back. A quick-stepping bronc can jump you clear out of the seat and put you behind the 3-inch cantle in a twinkling. This kind of a saddle, while the easiest riding of them all, is meant for *riders*.

If you are just a wee bit dubious about your hoss-forking abilities better choose another type of newly designed cantle known as the Form Fitter. This type of seat has a cantle 5 inches high, 14 inches wide and dished 2½ inches. The Form Fitter isn't made for comfort but it takes a snaky cayuse to spill you. Horse breeders use nothing but the Form Fitter and it's the best thing for topping off raw broncs.

You don't climb aboard this saddle; you sort of pour yourself into it. When your jughead stubs a toe, rolls three times and piles up against a windfall somewhere, you can depend that you and your close-fitting saddle, or what's left of the two of you, will still be with the hoss.

I have held forth at such length about the cantle I've most lost sight of the seat. We don't want to pass lightly over that part of the ensemble. In considering a new saddle, prop it up just as it will ride atop the horse. Is there an abrupt slope from the fork in front to the cantle behind? If there isn't, vaquero, shun that decoration as you would a tarantula. A saddle without a deeply angled seat, from fork to cantle, is an abomination in the eye of all horsemen.

The seat, to be a proper shape, should be fully three inches higher at the swell than in the very bottom of the cantle-well. Then, provided the stirrups are free swinging, as they should be, the body will balance in the bottom of the dished out saddle-back.

View your proposed new saddle from behind and above. Looking toward the forward end and just behind the swells you should see an abrupt taper in the tree. This is called "leg cut" and is absolutely essential to the attainment of an easy riding rig. If the tree is too broad where the thighs come in contact with the leather, you'll be in for hell.

Such a saddle will tire you frightfully before day's end and what's worse will, after a few hours, convince you that instead of smooth cowhide between your legs, some one somehow has slipped a couple of sheets of No. 3 sandpaper into your pants. Ample leg cut prevents the swell fork digging into the tops of the thighs, a not inconsequential item, particularly on a long viaje.

The heart of any saddle is the tree. If the cak doesn't contain a sound tree the rig isn't worth a plugged peso. The best of saddle trees are made of iron-tough wood, seasoned three years and painstakingly selected for absence of knots, checks and scars. Greatest fault of saddle trees is a proneness to warp. Woods having little tendency to twisting make prime saddle-tree timber.

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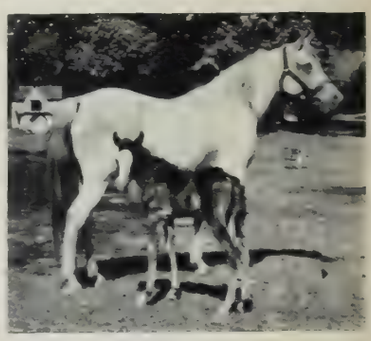

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After picking a good sound piece of timber the tree is covered with bullhide not cowhide, not steerhide but the epidermis from the Old Gentleman himself; and the older, tougher and meaner he was the better. The real secret of making a long-lasting saddle tree is in the bullhide covering.

It must be a hide of first quality, must be properly prepared and must be stretched over the wood while still green. It is then permitted to shrink about the wooden foundation, fitting so tightly as to appear growed there.

After evincing sagacious reticence toward all trees except those guaranteed and covered with bullhide, be just as painstaking about the length of the tree. Length of tree is the distance from fork to cantle and includes the total area filled and covered by your hinder parts. Best rule of thumb is to remember that an inch or so on the long side is a damn sight better than a seat too short.

Draw a bench up against the wall. Sit down upon the bench and crowd the hips against the back support. Hold a pencil upright between your legs and about two inches ahead of the crotch. Rise from the bench without disturbing the pencil. Measure from the pencil along the top of the bench to the wall.

A NUMBER of saddle makers are featuring extra low saddle trees. A low tree is dangerously apt to hurt a horse's back, particularly a caballo with high to medium withers. Low trees do not always provide for adequate slope from fork to cantle. Personally, I cannot see 'em. I prefer a medium high tree.

A good width of swell in the front fork is 14 inches. The swell should be generously undercut to allow plenty of thigh action. If the swell interferes with the thighs the monotonous thump-thump will get godawful tiresome over a long trail. The 14-inch swell is all you need to hold you in the cak if your hoss quits the ground, swaps ends or unexpectedly "breaks in two" with you. Less than a 14-inch swell-fork is just a decoration of no practical worth and swells of 16 inches and 18 inches are freaks.

Saddles are rigged double, seven-eighths, three-quarters, center-fire and Spanish. A double-rigged silla has front and rear cinchas. The other riggings utilize one cincha only. The various *nombres de partes* such as seven-eighths, center-fire and Spanish, are terms indicating the location of the cinchas, or more properly the rig rings

The Spanish rig places the rig rings in their most forward position. The seven-eighths rig see the rig rings farther back; center-fire rig is even more toward the rear, etc. For mountain riding a double-rigged cak is best. It will hold the saddle in place better than any other type of rigging. For roping the double rig is unbeatable.

However the three-quarter rigged saddle, for all-around use, is my favorite. This type of rigging will hold the saddle in good place on the cabello's back, and I can see little that is wrong with it.

Rig rings should be flat. Old fashion cincha rings were invariably round, made of brass, and made humps on the under side of the skirts. Frequently these badly fitting rings hurt the equine back beneath, and wore holes in the saddle skirts. Flat cadmium metal, nickel or bronze rings are best. Bob Crosby, topliner on the rodeo circuits, has his rig rings set below the skirts and thus eliminates these troubles.

Latigoes, the cincha straps, should be not less than two inches wide and of prime stock; billets the same. The rigging should be of the flat plate type. This style of rig eliminates the unseemly hump beneath the stirrup leathers and permits a good forward swing to the stirrups.

Rounded skirts look mighty fetching on a small hoss; big, square skirts are the only huckleberry on the big cayuse. Rounded skirts, in high favor these past dozen years, cut down saddle weight markedly. They are a good feature from that standpoint. Too, they will not curl after a hundred wettings, and I do not know but what a riding gear maybe looks a bit prettier, and racier, with the corners rounded.

On the other hand, square skirts distribute the rider's weight over a much greater area of the pony's back and that's mighty important if the horseman is a big hombre. Some riders like square skirts, others are just as emphatic about rounded ones.

For greatest comfort stirrup leathers and fenders should be in one piece. This style is called the Arizona fender and eliminates bulkiness and a lot of unnecessary chafing just above the instep, where the ankle touches the stirrup leather. Fenders should be not less than 8 inches wide and fully 18 inches in length to give good protection to the legs. Stirrup leather, if they are a separate part, should be 3 inches in width and reinforced to the lacing.

A stirrup leather must be free swinging. It should be swung to the tree in such a way as to permit the rider's leg to swing forward a full 12 inches. This forward-positioning of the horseman's feet shoves him deeply into the dished-out cantle and that is exactly what he wants. A straight hanging stirrup with no tendency to swing forward is undeniable assurance of a bum riding rig.

Do not pass casually over the selection of a pair of stirrups! These seeming inconsequential and more or less inconspicuous footrests, are going to play a mighty important role in assuring you of good riding comfort—or total absence of

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References: The Livestock National Bank, The Drovers National Bank and the Union Stock Yards & Transit Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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it! At least half your weight will, many times, rest in those rounded pieces of oak or iron. They had better be properly shaped.

Cowboys are much addicted to the use of round bottomed iron stirrups. Don't be misled by these sun-touched Saddlers of the Sage! There isn't any practical good in a round bottomed stirrup and they know it. A cowpoke eventually gets so that he can use any kind of a stirrup and do very nicely. But then he's almost half horse.

The best saddle stirrup is the Visalia type; with flat bottom, 3 inches in width, made of seasoned oak and brass bound. Iron stirrups made in the same pattern and leather covered are about as good. If a hoss piles up on you, the wood will generally break and free your foot, whereas the soft iron is dangerously liable to wrap about your boot and leave you hanging. Iron stirrups in winter are colder than the proverbial well-digger's fanny, so do not choose 'em unless leather encased.

Tapaderos, those ugly looking stirrup-covers, so frequently seen along the lower Rio Grande, are great medicine in heavy brush country. They are sure protection against wearing out a pair of forty-dollar boots kicking mesquite limbs out of the way, and in zero riding weather they are better than fair foot-warmers.

Greatest objection to the "tap" are their weight. Even the lightest of them, the monkey-nosed style, add pounds to the weight of the saddle.

Taps are assurance against sticking a foot through the stirrup if you have some trepidation about doing this. Cowpunchers, habitual wearers of 3-inch boot-heels never think of this possibility. The 3-inch heel just cannot be jammed through a stirrup —which is a hint to the wise.

If you are going to treat yourself to a new riding rig expect to lay at least a hundred bucks on the line for it. Good saddles, like good shooting irons, do not come cheaply. And if you are going to possess a saddle of your own—peculiarly yours because it is a custom-built to exactly fit you—by all means see that it is hand tooled. For a good saddle, like a fine double gun, should be tastefully appointed.

Linen—

(*Continued from page 32*)

both grew flax in the fields and processed it. Most of their products were used in the state itself. At the end of twenty years the state woke up to the fact that here might be virtually a "diamond in their own back yard" with the basis of a profitable and extensive industry.

In 1935 the Oregon Woman's Club began to promote flax-raising and obtained a promise of $66,000 from the WPA to build three farmers' coöperative mills, at Canby and Mt. Angel. To encourage these, not only was free instruction in flax-raising given by the state, but the Government paid a bonus of $4 to $8 a ton for fiber flax, over a period of five years. They went even further. At the request of a senator they appropriated $25,000 annually for studies in better processing methods. They were unwittingly preparing for the present shortage. These mills are now being run as paying businesses.

The Oregon acreage has increased from 2,000 to 3,000 acres per year, an average extending over the past six years, to 12,000 acres in the past year alone. Since this quantity was too much for the capacity of the mills already in action, new mills have been built at Springfield, St. Paul, and, more recently, Molalla.

Across the Oregon valleys is sweeping a tidal wave of flax—a sea of pale blue flowers, giving a promise of future plenty. As the acreage increases the country may have some assurance of meeting not only the requirements of the war but the needs of those mills producing cloth for commercial uses, as well as for dress linens and household fabrics.

The expanding Oregon crop is being cared for by more efficient facilities for cutting, harvesting and processing. We expect that a total of about 3,000,000 lbs. of flax, both line and tow, will be available in Oregon as a result of this season's crop. Very much smaller amounts will be available from other sections of the country, but they will increase this amount somewhat.

Remembering that conditions at present make it necessary for us to depend upon flax from Oregon, Michigan, Peru and the Argentine, it is hoped that those other states having suitable land—Minnesota. Washington and Wisconsin—will establish flax industries.

One of the most interesting developments at the present time is the substitution of hemp for flax, and its addition to flax in a combined product. England is finding this combination satisfactory. American thread manufacturers say that "American hemp when properly processed is suitable for use with flax or alone in the manufacture of yarns which in their opinion and based on experience, are suitable for use in place of yarns made entirely of flax."

While our government requires that a statement of any substitution be specifically mentioned in the sale of any flax product, tests show the combined product of hemp and flax to be equally strong and similar in appearance to linen alone. So while the customer will be informed of combined fabrics, he may be assured that manufacturers of linen products are doing their very best with the materials at hand and are trying to provide high quality materials, of equal durability and value to real linen.

This year in this country in addition to a greatly enlarged flax crop there will be a crop of American hemp far exceeding that of any past year. We expect that the hemp crop raised in this country during the present season will be at least double the amount of the flax crop. The total amount available of both domestic flax and hemp, however, will be considerably less than the amount available before the war. Requirements for the future must be met by increased flax acreage in the United States.

WHILE flax-raising in this country may be just beginning, and destined for rapid future growth, the important thing is that we do have soil naturally suited to its growth and that we can produce flax of excellent quality. We are fast learning to master better methods of processing.

Many of our thread companies are now using domestic linen and successfully so. One reports that it has used 300,000 lbs. of domestic flax for the making of all-American linen thread since July, 1940. Another states that "the better grades of Oregon flax compare favorably with the middle grades of Courtrai flax, although as yet we do not raise the highest grades that we were once able to secure from Courtrai and many years ago from Russia."

Both the Government, the mills and the thread companies agree that the successful future of our flax industries depends upon further mastery of better methods, the increased knowledge or instinct for selection in the trained fingers of linen workers, and the reduction of the processes of linen making to more swiftly moving results. These factors have long made it possible for Europe to reign supreme over the flax market. While we cannot gain in a few months what it took the continent years to acquire, we are making rapid strides and the future is most encouraging.

America's instinct for the adoption of more scientific methods has found its way to this movement. We are already relegating to machinery some of the slow processes formerly done by hand. Across the flax fields march machines that pull the flax plants ten times more rapidly than can be done by hand, the old European method. Flax farms, flax mills and thread companies are all cooperating to perfect processes.

Granted a favorable price for our gratifyingly good linen, it is reasonable to believe that the public and the commercial field will respond to a movement for the use of "All-American" linen.

War points the way to a more vital interest in our national resources.

Livestock

by GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

CANCELLATION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOW A BLOW TO AGRICULTURE

THE INTERNATIONAL

A discouraging note for those interested in livestock is to be found in the announcement recently made that the International Live Stock Exhibition, greatest of our annual shows and a lesson of inestimable value to all interested in animals, has been cancelled for this year on account of the war.

This event, generally held early in December in permanent buildings in Chicago, annually drew untold thousands from all parts of the country, to show their best stock, to compete against others in friendly rivalry, to study the methods used by others, to exchange views. It brought as well thousands of youngsters to give them their first important lesson in livestock problems.

That this show should have to be cancelled at the very time when our Government is saying that "Food Will Win the War and Write the Peace" is a little difficult to understand. Such a show as the International ought to be held come hell or high water, no matter what the general circumstances.

The reason given for the cancellation of the show is that transportation will not be available in sufficient quantities to permit the show to be representative of the best in American agriculture.

INTERNATIONAL SUBSTITUTE

A fat stock and carlot competition is to be held in Chicago late in the fall to replace the cancelled 1942 International Live Stock Exposition.

Officials of the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company said the usual prizes offered in the individual and carlot classes in past years at the International show would be offered. They said the competition would not increase the burden on railroads, because those animals must come to market eventually and thus no additional transportation would be required for the showing.

STOCK PURCHASES

Here is an interesting comment come to us from the Middle West:

"Auction sales held recently have shown a tendency toward falling off somewhat in attendance, attributable to tire conservation. One prominent Shorthorn breeder said he expects to see more joint sales instead of sales of one breeder's offering. He expects those sales to be held at points on railroads rather than out in the country. Accessibility will be a big point in attracting bidders and larger offerings will be another.

"Prices generally have been very good and the opinion generally is that purebred breeders are making money. Especially is this true of average and slightly better animals. Most of the beef people say, however, that very top quality individuals are not bringing prices commensurate with their real worth. One association man told of an Angus bull that went for $750 and should have brought $1500 at least and reasonably could have brought $2,000.

"This indicates two things: The breeders need more bidders of the COUNTRY LIFE class. Also, it indicates that right now is the time for action on the part of the man who really wants to build up his herd through the infusion of top quality strains.

"We heard complaints from serious thinkers to the effect that certain Eastern professional buyers have bought a lot of less-than-choice animals in the Corn Belt and sold them in the East as top-quality stuff —taking advantage of inexperienced buyers. One shipment of some carloads was made up in one such deal. True friends of this particular breed resent such dealings, realizing that eventually the breed will suffer.

"The beef business definitely has become a seller's market, with more stock wanted than is for sale. This is especially true of Milking Shorthorns. Fewer top-flight breeders and a rapidly growing demand have resulted in more sales by private treaty and fewer public sales.

"The Hereford seems to be spreading out geographically, although they apparently don't have a very aggressive association. I seem to see more white faces than in former years east of the Mississippi."

LONG MILKING LIFE

Not many months ago we made mention here of an extraordinarily efficient little booklet published by Purina Mills on the subject of goats and how to make money with them. A considerable number of COUNTRY LIFE readers wrote to Purina headquarters in St. Louis to get one of the booklets, apparently to mutual satisfaction.

There is a new booklet just made available by the same prolific source called "Building Your Herd for Capacity Production and Long Milking Life." It's a long title but it tells exactly what this booklet is about. More briefly put, it's called the "Purina Dairy Cycle Plan," and is described thus:

"It is built for the sound, thrifty, practical farmer who is making a business out of dairying. It carries through the whole life cycle of the animals in his herd—the dry cows, calves, heifers and milking cows. Through it all there is one underlying principle . . . the principle of building good, strong condition in young stock . . . and of maintaining sound, vigorous condition over the entire milking life of the mature cow.

"When we speak of condition, we do not mean mere body fat. We refer to inner health and resistance. A high reserve of minerals and vitamins. Firm, well-nourished flesh. Healthy, functioning blood. All of these things help keep a cow producing at her best, and also help her ward off disease, udder troubles, calving troubles, breeding troubles, so that it is possible to keep most *good* cows in the herd for several years of profitable production."

Here is the essence of the plan:

"1. DRY COWS. Condition built up for reduced calving troubles and extra milk after calving. After cows are dried off their body condition is built up for successful calving. The Purina Plan should put about 100 lbs. of weight and condition on a dry cow (more or less, according to breed and size). This has two results: (1) It helps keep down calving troubles. The cows are in better condition for calving than those fed on roughage alone, or on roughage and grain. Thus they are more able to calve normally, clean quickly, avoid serious udder cake and breed successfully when served again. (2) This extra condition is turned into milk after freshening and should add about 1,000 to 2,000 lbs. of milk to the next lactation period.

"2. BIG CALVES. Strong, vigorous and well-started at four months. Wherever a dairyman is able to raise his own young stock, the first thing he wants is to grow them into big, rugged cows—better than their mothers are. The Purina Cycle Plan gives calves the right kind of a start. (1) It puts on size and frame—not soft fat. (2) It helps keep down scours. (3) It grows calves bigger than average at four months old. (4) It allows you to ship lots more milk. Each bag of Calf Startena saves 4 cans or 40 gallons, and costs just about one-half as much as the milk is worth at present U. S. average prices!

"3. GROWTHY, WELL-DEVELOPED HEIFERS. Milking by 21 to 24 Months Old. The heifer growing part of the Purina Plan has been unusually successful in developing big, rugged cows with the size and capacity to milk heavily at an early age and stand up under the strain of high production for years to come. (1) It grows them big enough to breed early and calve early. Purina Plan heifers usually are big enough to breed 4 months earlier than average heifers. Jerseys freshen at 21 months old, weighing about 735 lbs., Holsteins at 24, weighing about 1,200 lbs. (2) It develops size so that well-bred heifers can milk heavily in their first lactations.

"4. MILKING COWS. In condition for capacity production *and* long milking life. Whether you raise your own cows or buy them, the milking part of the Purina Cycle Plan is aimed primarily at maintaining the body while producing to capacity. When you offset the strain of heavy milking with a feeding system that

Erica 4th of Cremona, sold for $3,750, with Burch Tennyson, Dr. R. E. Cooke, buyer, and B. A. Rucker, Jr., Cremona Farm manager

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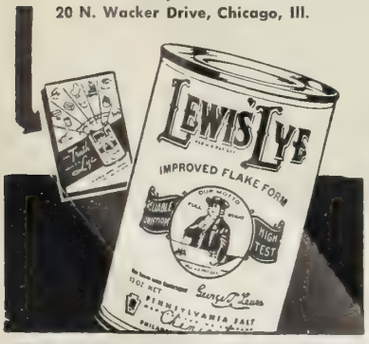

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contains the essential materials for vigor, resistance and condition, you go a long way toward accomplishing three things: (1) You enable your cows to milk very close to their bred-in capacity. (2) You help your cows to hold up well in production clear through the normal lactation period. (3) You maintain the vitality necessary to throw off many of the udder troubles, breeding failures and other difficulties which so often lower production or send good cows to the butcher. Thus the plan aims at long milking life for the good cows in the herd.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

The annual Maryland Aberdeen Angus sale, held at Frederick on May 4, was an outstanding event with a general average of $532.

The top selling bull, consigned by Andelot Stock Farms of Worton, Maryland, brought $1,600, going to Lee Showers of Pittsburgh, Pa. This bull, Elburn Andelot 2nd, a son of Andelot's great breeding bull Glencarnock Buxton, was grand champion of the show and the bidding on him was very spirited. The second high bull came from Blakeford Farms of Queenstown; this splendid young bull, a son of their senior herd sire, Andelot Pride Lad, went to Land's End Farm of Chestertown, Md., for $800.

The top selling female went to Dr. Robert Cooke of Eatontown, N. J., at a record price of $3,750. This was Erica 4th of Cremona, a daughter of the 1940 International Grand Champion bull, Glencarnock Eric of Cremona, and selling bred to the 1941 International Grand Champion Vintonier 4th. The second top female, going at an even thousand dollars, was the champion of the show and came from the Cold Saturday herd.

The principal buyers were Lee Showers, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Land's End Farm, Chestertown, Md.; F. H. Lubrecht, Hazelton, Pa.; Bay Ridge Farm, Annapolis, Md.; Clarence Wheelwright, Stevenson, Md.; Glen Angus Farm of Bel Air, Md.; Harmony Farm, Douglasville, Pa.; Dr. Robert Cooke, Eatontown, N. J.; R. O. Cook, of Hagerstown, Md.; Cremona Farm, Mechanicsville, Md., and other Maryland breeders.

Twenty-five head went to Maryland herds and 13 went to Pennsylvania. The balance went to New Jersey, New York and West Virginia. Buyers were present from all parts of the country, including several from Ohio and the Middle West.

The recent sale of Aberdeen-Angus cattle at "Ravenswood," the Virginia estate where Col. A. E. Peirce has his wonderful herd, was considered excellent by students of the breed. In all, 46 head were sold for an average price of $461, the best male going for $1,900 and the top female for $1,500, both to buyers from New York.

About a week before the sale, Col. Peirce sold four bulls, including one consigned to Cornell University, for an average price of $800. Had these been included in the sale, the average would have moved up considerable.

Myron M. Fuerst reports that the Eastern Angus sale at Ithaca was also good, 64 head averaging almost $400, which seems like quite a figure considering the number of cattle sold, let alone the fact that many of the animals were open females. The top bull brought $1,350 and the top female an even $1,000.

Embattled Warriors

(*Continued from page* 23)

revenues (although often these revenues were in fact long nonexistent), they receive from state forestry funds ten cents per acre per year. In return, whenever mature timber is cut, or thinning done, the state receives back a severance tax of 50 per cent.

Thus, out of the discard of lumbering's stock pile—what Conservation Director H. W. MacKenzie calls "our dismantled lands"—is being fashioned a new domain that is supplying labor, creating new recreational values, husbanding wildlife, and growing raw materials for labor and a circle of new industries which will avoid the follies of the old.

Restricting the use of county lands has proved profitable in a second way. In many instances, the costs of maintaining roads, plowing them in winter, operating schools, and, more recently, extending rural relief, have been several times greater than the county's tax income. In one classic instance, a rural region that paid a total of $276 for a year's taxes cost the county $21,602 for public services. Removing families scattered on cutover land, closing unnecessary schools, curtailing other services, and returning the land to trees, has saved—profited—Wisconsin counties many thousands of dollars, and reduced, correspondingly, the tax load on owners able and willing to pay.

Not all this new public forest land is set to growing trees. For example, in Washburn County several hundred acres of delinquent cutover are covered not with transplants but with water. Nancy Lake Dam, diverting spring floodwaters from the Totogatic River, has created a new lake. Connecting waters have been restored to old levels and ground water tables lifted. The net result is increased fish life in the waters, increased recreational facilities, and increased land values as shores become attractive sites for estates and summer homes. Once more the county profits through additional and sound tax return.

Ramifications of this interlocked state-county-private owner back-to-the-woods program are so diverse that it would take a book adequately to explore the subject. As a matter of fact, a small book[1] has been written to do this job. Anyone who reads it cannot fail to be moved by the author's deep feeling for the significance of the work he is doing (he is an active forester), and for his constant attention to human as well as natural resources.

The young trees that are pouring from Wisconsin's state nurseries include 13 varieties—Austrian, Norway, Scotch, jack and white pine; Norway and white spruce; black locust, white ash, red oak, Chinese elm, European larch, and tamarack. Norway (red) pine and jack pine have been planted most heavily.

During the past six years some 3,000 miles of three-row shelter-belts have been planted, and many miles of living snow fences. Serving more purposes than just protecting crops and dropping snow, these tree belts on farms and along highways conserve soil and moisture and provide cover for birds and small game.

Game and wildlife is being remembered in another way, which should interest many city-farmers. A food-plant nursery at Wisconsin Rapids, established in 1937, is growing more than a hundred varieties of trees, shrubs, and vines that bear nuts, fruits, and seeds relished by gamebirds, songbirds and animals.

In 1876, to commemorate the centennial of the Declaration of 1776, Walter Ware planted 1876 white pines for a stand on his Waushara County farm. Barn timbers were cut from this lot before the planting was fifty years old. Walter Ware was, of course, a "fanatic," and everyone said he was crazy. But while the neighbors celebrated the hundredth birthday of our independence with huzzahs for the past, Farmer Ware squinted into the future. His was the first tree plantation in Wisconsin, today a living textbook for every landowner in the state.

Since that day in 1876 we have come a long way. The program that I have described is only a part of the whole endeavor. There is no space here to tell of Wisconsin's Experimental Farm which produces for stocking several hundred thousand pheasants every year, among other activities, and which contains an inclusive arboretum (as yet unopened to the public) where trees and plants alien to the latitude are being toughened up for yeoman service in farm

[1] "The County Forests of Wisconsin," F. B. Trenk; Wisconsin Conservation Department, Madison, Wis. Free on request, as are also: "Forest Planting Handbook," "Forest Crop and Woodland Tax Laws." Available from the Extension Service, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, Madison, is "Rural Zoning Ordinances."

and field. Nor is there room to speak of the bird-food plantings being made in restored marshes, or of the unique Forest Products Laboratory operated by the federal government at Madison.

Conservation Director MacKenzie, a career warden who rose from the ranks to sit now at a desk in the state office building, high above the Madison lakes, sums up the program:

"County and state are engaged in a gigantic task to make again productive land that was stripped of all its wealth. This time we want no temporary prosperity, no boom years followed by decay and depression. We want permanent forests producing permanent crops of forest products on which permanent industry and permanent employment may be sustained. This is the opportunity which the forest movement offers."

At the Central State Nursery, a few miles south of Wisconsin Rapids, some 30 million young conifers are growing like garden vegetables in long, narrow beds, tended as carefully as though they were hybrid flowers. They are as thick as June carrots, but darker and more promising.

Spring planting is soon to begin, and a crew of nurserymen is digging a bed of white pines for shipment to some distant, waiting ground. The lifter, a thin blade pulled by a tractor, slides along under the beds, lifting the tiny tree-tops in a rolling green wave, loosening their roots. As you pull a handful of carrots, so the treelings are pulled, soil shaken from their roots, and tied in tight bunches.

Quickly the bunches are packed into wooden cases, covered with sphagnum moss, and very liberally watered. The cases are sealed with waterproof paper. Within a few hours they will be opened, miles away, the bunches lifted out, and another crew will set to work planting—sometimes in plowed furrows, sometimes in scalped plots, most always at six-foot intervals, 1,210 trees to the acre.

Then the youngsters will be left to the goodness of God. No one will brace them against the wind, no one will sprinkle them in drought or shake a clinging winter's snow from their bending tops; no one will guard them from a browsing deer or the boot of a careless hunter. But they are tough, stocky youngsters, born of good parents, hardened in transplanting, and an amazing number of them will survive—an average of 86% and, in some regions, as high as 94%.

As the years tick by, they will lift their needled branches, always higher, always stretching wider. In ten years the reaching limbs of one will be nuzzling those of its neighbors, higher than a man's head; and the land beneath will be soft and brown with fallen needles.

If no fire is loosed to destroy them, they will keep on growing taller, year by year, dropping their lower branches as they rise. And some day, when foresters and farmers are dating their reports with a 2000, these planted lands will lie cool and dark beneath the crowns of forest giants. The little carrots, their boles now soaring a hundred feet and more into the sky, will have grown to be trees.

THIS KIND OF FARMING PAYS!

(*Continued from page* 28)

"Conservationists must take an aggressive role in this war. If we do not, it will be our fault and our failure. Conservation is not merely a peacetime philosophy. Careful use and efficient management are even more important in a nation at war.

"Conservationists have discovered knowledge that can help the United Nations. I can tell you with absolute assurance that there is no surer way, no more practical way, to make fields and pastures produce more than to follow certain proved practices. Such practices have increased corn yields as much as 300% and at the same time have protected the soil from waste and depletion. Contour cultivation has increased potato yields as much as 44 bushels per acre. Crop rotations have increased cotton yields 400 pounds per acre. Conservation management of range lands has doubled the calf crop while increasing the weight of calves by 200 pounds.

"And so the records go—on wheat, tobacco, sheep, fruit crops, hay, milk, woodlands. Everywhere the result is essentially the same. Increased yields; less effort in plowing; savings in labor, power, feed and fertilizer.

"There are few acres on any farm in America that cannot contribute something to the national economy. Let's put all our idle land to work. Land in trees, land in wildlife production, land in soilbuilding crops for production next year—*these lands are not idle.* Let's put each piece of land to its best use. Grow hay in the draws. Build stock-water dams in the gullies. Plant field borders for wildlife production, insectivorous birds and fur production. Direct terrace water into fish ponds and fertilize these ponds for maximum fish production. All this adds up to more farm products, more war products, more strength behind our armies, our navies and our air forces—our nation and our Allies.

"We've got to be ready for a long war and for a huge job feeding and rebuilding a war-torn world. We've got to be ready to run our agricultural plant at full capacity—to produce more, continuously more, year

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Distinguished!—Korok wears the Merit Citation of the Laboratory School of Industrial Design—and it was the *only* silo chosen for the New York World's Fair!

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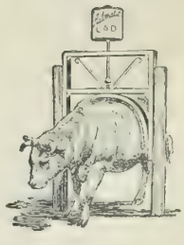

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Saves Feed.
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after year. We shall need all the ability and ingenuity we can summon to keep that plant in topnotch condition, at peak efficiency, with minimum wear and tear.

"In no other way can our nation be strong and sure of success in these sorely troubled years and in the years of worldwide reconstruction to follow."

(*Continued from page* 51)

could a man in a week of pulling the roots, and a lot cheaper.

While I had a nice little ice pond, it simply wasn't a fish pond.

So the next spring we drained the pond and left it empty. That summer, after the bed was dry and hard, I engaged a power shovel and really went at the business of making a fish pond. We enlarged the pool until it covered an acre or more. Along the end next to the dam and in places along the sides we carved out broad areas six or eight feet deep to serve as winter quarters for fish.

In the center we built an island, gouging out a deep channel around it for winter quarters. The building of this island killed two birds with one stone: it gave me the secluded nook I wanted for picnics and quiet retreat; it disposed of a large amount of dirt from the central part of the pond without the costly business of hauling it away in trucks.

After the excavating was finished, we spread loads of gravel in two or three places for spawning beds. We planted a number of logs, parts of stumps and the like, for cover. Incidentally, I learned something there and then about the floating properties of wood. We made a special point of going back into an old swamp and snaking out ancient pine logs that must have been buried a hundred years.

I was certain that they were water-logged and would lie peacefully on the bottom of the pond. But just to make sure that they would stay put, we drove heavy stakes and chained or wired the logs and stumps to these. Believe it or not, when three to six feet of water covered those logs, virtually every one of them pulled their stakes or broke loose from their anchors and came blithely to the surface, where they still repose, giving the pond a wild, woodsy appearance that suits me.

We planted water weeds. We smoothed down the banks around the pond and planted young trees—spruces, pines, hemlocks, and an occasional willow, red ash, hard maple and other varieties for summer shade and autumn color.

Of course there had to be a bridge to the island and we built this while the pond was still dry, setting sections cut from old telephone poles for the supports. Over in one corner by the dam we built a little dock, headquarters for the boat, which of course the children were already clamoring to launch.

After planting other flowers, shrubs and water weeds that seemed to belong to the picture, we turned on the water and waited for our tiny lake to fill.

It was a month or more before the water had risen to the overflow point. Meanwhile, I had been away and never shall I forget the thrill when I returned and strolled out to see the waves ruffling themselves across the surface of my pond quite as authentically as though nature herself had done the job.

Well, I had then what I considered to be a body of water that would grow fish. Of course I had hankered for a trout pond—what northern devotee doesn't?—but there simply wasn't a water supply big enough to maintain the cold temperature, at least in a pool of that size, that trout must have. The trees which we planted around it were taken from my own woodlot, and now after three years these begin to give an idea of the forest-like setting that they will add with a few more years' growth.

For two years I let the pond stand, growing water weeds, insect life, and otherwise assuming the character of a natural body of water. Meanwhile, I deposited numerous hauls of minnows, suckers, and other small specimens for feed. Last year I stocked it with large-mouth bass. My choice would be small-mouths but the fish culture men tell me that the large-mouth is the best bet for a rather warm water pond of this kind.

Two years ago I started planting water lilies of various colors, including native white and yellow ones imported from small lakes in our own Finger Lakes region. They are rapidly filling in around the shore line. If you are the kind who gets a kick out of a lovely water lily that has just opened up to the morning sun, floating in its setting of green pads, you will understand about this feature of the pond.

Lately the pond has been invaded by a new enemy—muskrats. Now, of course some nature lovers might welcome these visitors; but to me they are a nuisance. It is amazing how much disruption two or three pairs of ambitious muskrats can cause in no time at all. They bore into the banks, the dam, the island; they go about building a messy winter abode with the greatest enthusiasm; they keep the water roiled up until you couldn't see a bass—nor a goldfish, for that matter—on the surface in bright sunlight. They are a mess!

Now of course this pond isn't a pretentious thing. It didn't cost a lot of money—less than $200, all told. But it is easily the most interesting and charming spot on my farm. All summer we have picnic dinners on the little island, where there is a fireplace together with rustic seats and logs set in the circle of young spruces which are walling out the rest of the world at the rate of about a foot growth a year.

Being close by, there is hardly a day that this tiny lakelet doesn't give me some moments of fun. Just to stroll around it after supper, taking quiet inventory of the trees, the dragon flies, the purple loosestrife (which we lugged home originally from the Seneca River in a fish basket), blue lobelia, pale yellow evening primrose, the old king bullfrog under the willow, the turtles dropping pell-mell off their logs, and last but not least, the spreading ripples as a few young bass go after the darting flies—all adds up to some kind of soothing medicine for nerves and spirit that one can't get out of bottles.

Well, such is the story of one farm play-spot. Simple pleasures indeed, and for simple people. But you would have a hard time trading a long and varied list of other play-spots for it. And if my fly-rod gets the action here that I expect it will by summer the story, for me, will be complete.

AMERICAN GOOSESTEP

(*Continued from page* 44)

that taken from a bird not so fed. It is this care and attention given to their birds that enabled Hungarian producers to create such an important industry.

Aside from the great appreciation the world's gourmets have for *pate de foie gras* and other goose liver delicacies, it is important to mention the value of goose liver in the field of nutrition and medicine.

The goose, as has been pointed out, is a vegetarian and consumes vast quantities of vitamin A containing grasses and grains. Almost all the Vitamin A is stored in the liver, hence liver is an exceptionally good source of this vitamin. Goose liver is also rich in Vitamin B_1 (thiamin) and G (riboflavin), also some Vitamin C and Vitamin D. The goose liver is also rich in iron and copper.

Today imported goose livers are scarce and the supplies in retail establishments are bringing high prices. During the summer of 1941, a well-known New York delicacy store had the following prices marked on tins of "Natural Goose Liver in Pure Goose Fat," a product of a Hungarian firm:

9 ounces	$3.25
13 ounces	$4.00
1 pound, 13 ounces	$7.95

nd on "Goose Liver Bloc Truffled" ade by the same firm:

13 ounces	$1.00

Today, a year later, these same roducts bring a minimum of $20.00 er pound, *at the rate of $1.25 per unce!*

The extent of this business in the nited States can be gauged from e fact that before the war our im-orters brought in 15 different brands om Strassbourg, Budapest, and her European sources of supply. he total business represented a m in excess of $1,000,000 per year. Goose feathers in commerce make large and important industry. hey are light, elastic, soft, free of atting. The feathers taken from e Embden breed are most esteemed ecause their color is snow white, ner and glossier than the feathers other breeds. The loss in clean-g is about 20%, whereas that om other breeds is from 30% to 0%.

Goose feathers are used for bed-ng, pillows, upholstery, in millin-y for hat trimmings, artificial hristmas trees, window decorations, tificial flowers (a very big item), wder puffs, cigar holders, tooth-cks, writing pens, holders for the ble and camel hair brushes used artists, shuttlecocks in the game badminton, fish lures, etc.

The extent of the import business feathers can be understood from e 1940 report of the Bureau of For-gn and Domestic Commerce, cover-g 1939, when the United States nported 9,455,374 lbs. of crude athers, valued at $2,691,545. By 940, our imports from Europe had ready been cut off, but in 1940 hina supplied us with 7,930,482 s. valued at $1,973,826. Since earl Harbor, our source in Asia as been severed.

Our country's limited production goose and other feathers has cre-ed a serious problem for our gov-nment's needs, so increased pro-uction of this vital material for my sleeping bags is a patriotic ity.

Goose skins have always been used r making a delicious, crispy article nown as "cracklings," but one large ncern in New York finds another e for it. This is from a letter they rote me recently:

"We are the largest manufacturers of wder puffs in the world. For many ars we have purchased the downy ins of the goose from France. With nditions as they are, we are looking r a domestic supply. . . . We do a emendous business on this puff and ually we require over a million goose ins a year. I am certain that we can e your entire supply of goose skins r which we will pay a good price."

Rendered goose fat, known to any people as "schmaltz," is ex-uisite in taste and very highly re-arded by cooks and consumers. It used extensively in cooking, for astry shortening, and as a bread read. In the drug trade it is rec-mmended in the treatment of croup, and a substantial amount of it is used in the cosmetics business.

The breast of the goose is highly flavored, and it makes one of the popular items in the finest delicat-essen stores in European centers. The breast is spiced and smoked, and named "Pomeranian Goose Breast."

Geese are dark meat birds and dark meat birds are relished by great numbers of people. The pro-nounced delicious flavor of goose flesh is due to the fat which per-meates it. Flesh in the fatted fowl is very tender and tasty.

Some people object to goose "be-cause it is greasy." Good roasting can eliminate this objection but it is important to say that the reason why *any* ripened fowl is finer in flavor is that fat takes the place of water in the tissues. This, when prepared, melts and softens the flesh, whereas water evaporates and leaves it dry, and harder. White meat is looser in texture, with more nuclei, and less connective tissue, and less fat, and therefore more easily digested.

In Europe, hotels, restaurants and food markets buy a large amount of goose flesh. There is always a de-mand for goose in the food markets and the practice of selling parts of the carcass is general. A housewife can step into a market and purchase any or as many parts of the goose as she desires.

One Hungarian factory puts up boneless roasted goose, fricasse of goose giblets, gooseleg with barley, ragout of goose giblets with rice, goose flesh paste, canned stuffed goose neck, etc., all neatly packaged in attractive jars or cans to please the eye as well as the palate.

From the province of Perigord, France, comes a curious, but world-famous fungus reproduced by spores called truffles. Botanically, the French variety is known as *Tuber melanosporum*. This fungus grows in clusters underground without shoots or roots. They are potato shaped varying in size from a gar-den pea to 3 or 4 in. in diameter. While underground they exude a very delightful aroma, and trained dogs and hogs are used to locate them.

These truffles are harvested in the fall and winter. The flesh is meaty in character like the mushroom. They are packed in jars, cans, bot-tles, and are sold for several dollars per pound. They are regarded as a delicacy and are used for garnishing and dressing. All attempts to grow them commercially in other parts of Europe and even California have failed.

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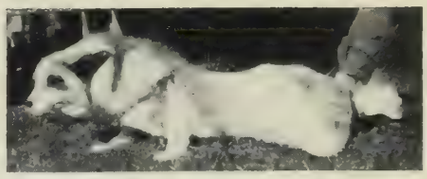

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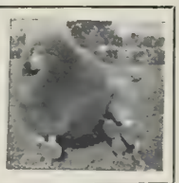

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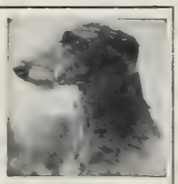

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NOTES ON TRAINING DOGS...AND WHY NINE OUT OF TEN CAN DO IT

THIS is the time when people who own field dogs start wishing their dogs were trained or in training for the field trial and shooting season which will be upon us before we know it. The provident ones have been working on their young dogs all spring. Yard-breaking them. Teaching them to retrieve, getting to know them, gaining their confidence.

However, the vast majority of people feel that training a dog is completely beyond them. They either send their dogs to a professional trainer or don't do anything about them at all, so that many a promising young bird dog has never had a chance to prove himself worthy of his heritage.

Now, there isn't anything wrong with sending your dog to a professional to be trained. As a matter of fact it is to be strongly advised if you have an excitable, impatient temperament, haven't the time, or require more advanced work. But you are missing a great deal if you don't at least start your dog, and in nine cases out of ten there is no reason why the owner can't do the complete job.

If you do, you will find when your setter or pointer is finally stanch on his point, or your spaniel bustles a pheasant out of the brush and hups and stays hupped until you send him on, or your retriever brings back a difficult runner in style that there is no sporting thrill quite like it.

How to train your dog? When and how to start? Well, no two trainers agree exactly on this. They all say you should start at different ages, use different commands and discipline. However, there are some cardinal rules that everyone who has ever trained a dog will concur on. These are patience, patience and more patience. The use of simple words of command, and the insistence that a command once given must be obeyed. This last is very important, for once you let a dog get away with disobedience it takes a long time to correct him.

You don't have to treat a dog harshly while he is in training. Kindness, simple easily understood orders and scoldings rather than whippings for disobedience are the rules.

Every book on dog training deals with someone's pet system, which, while it undoubtedly works for the author may not necessarily be made to order for you, or your dog's temperament. For this reason a brief digest "The Do's and Dont's of Field Training," carefully compiled by A. M. Lewis, chairman of the American Spaniel Club, is something which every amateur trainer of field dogs should see.

Intended principally for spaniel owners, this little pamphlet is so full of common sense that it applies almost equally well to all sporting breeds. After all, dogs are dogs and the fundamentals of teaching all the breeds are pretty much the same.

In this leaflet it is pointed out that "The first thing to teach a puppy is to sit down and remain down. There is a great similarity between training a dog and training a soldier. The secret is discipline, and discipline is based upon a number of words of command which convey instant meaning. Orders must be given with the precision and sharpness of a drill sergeant on parade and they must be enforced from the very start!

It goes on to say "There is far too much cruelty in training dogs. There are enough dogs available to permit us to discard those that cannot be won by kindness. To gain the confidence of the dog a few tasty pieces of biscuit introduced at odd times on visiting the kennel will soon lead to satisfactory results."

Mr. Lewis lists nine points, as follows:

"1. Get a good puppy from Field stock.

"2. Avoid shyness and nerves.

"3. Live with your dog and become familiar with his character and temperament.

"4. Avoid useless punishment.

"5. Remember that dogs, like humans, have their good days and bad.

"6. Never give a command without requiring the dog to obey it.

"7. Make the training pleasant, not boresome; be gentle in voice and action, but be sharp in your voiced commands.

"8. Never lose your own temper.

"9. Gain the confidence of your puppy; have him happy when he sees you start with him into the field.

"Assuming you have digested these

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ne points, then start your puppy aining by permitting it to run as r as it will, for you are intent upon tting it to go out. Then teach it return to whistle. My theory is at no puppy should be seriously ained until it is almost a year old, r many good prospects are ruined over-training when too young.

"All that is necessary is to gain solute control and steadiness, the st is easy.

"A dog cannot be over-trained if roperly trained. That is to say, he nnot learn too much.

"To be under complete control, a g should be able to be guided by s handler up to any distance with- hearing of voice or whistle.

"A perfectly trained dog is one hich never ceases to use his nose d quarter his ground unless and til his handler signals that he ishes to direct him elsewhere.

"In developing a dog's nose and in aching him to retrieve, use a dum- y, which can be made of heavy nvas filled with sand. It should be sufficient size and weight to get e dog accustomed to carrying ob- cts of proper size and weight.

"Never chase a dog with the dum- y and never throw the dummy after ey have had a lot of experience ith it, drop it or hide it.

"Teach the dog to jump fences ith and without dummy and use e command 'Over' when so doing.

"When a dog gets the dummy, use ur whistle to bring him in.

"Never look into a dog's eyes as it retrieves.

"Train your dog first, then give him game and shoot over him. Never use game in early training.

"Avoid the use of the same birds with the same dog.

"Don't use bloody game.

"Never send a dog to retrieve a runner while the runner may be seen.

"Always take the bird from the dog with one hand, palm upward.

"If dog will not let go, say 'Drop it.' Never snatch.

"Always carry water for dogs when you are in the field.

"The common terms used in training are generally 'Heel,' and point to your heel. 'On,' when at liberty. 'Over,' to go over a fence. 'Back' to return. 'Out,' to go further. 'Go on,' to hunt. Whistle one blast to attract attention; two or three to come in.

"A Spaniel should range from 30 to 35 yards.

"These represent only the highlights of training. There are many books on dog training available which give in complete detail the procedure to be followed.

BIGGEST OUTDOOR SHOW

The North Westchester Kennel Club show, headed by Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, to be held at Katonah, N. Y., on June 13, will no doubt be the biggest outdoor show of the year. A total of 36 specialty clubs, featuring 34 breeds, will combine to make the event outstanding.

Among these will be some of the largest specialties to be held in America — the German Sheperd Specialty; two Doberman Pinscher Specialties, which will unite for this occasion; the Dachshund Club of America Specialty, which will probably feature the largest entry at the show, and the Bulldog Club of America which expects at least a hundred dogs. Of particular interest is the Alaskan Malamute Specialty, which is the first of its kind, and also of particular interest, because of the times, is the sponsoring on the part of many of the specialties of obedience work.

The proceeds of the show will go to the Navy Relief Society.

FREE WHEELING

(*Continued from page* 30)

boom in bicycles is one of the first. It is expected to influence the habits of the nation. Since we started making lightweights, our export trade zoomed upward until the war. From 1936 through 1938 we exported 9000 bicycles—more than in the previous ten year period; in 1939 alone we exported 18,000. Besides, lasting dividends in health and fun, the comeback of bikes may pay off in export dollars. Plus a home market re-educated to bicycle transport, manufacturers may profitably look ahead. Bikes are popular in Central and South America. Trade experts in the Department of Commerce expect big things of the industry when the war ends. The wheel has come full circle. Bicycling's "good old days" lie straight ahead.

Of course the real and ultimate effect of the return of the bike is hard to predict but not unpleasant to think about. Frank Crowninshield, editor of the lamented "Vanity Fair" and himself a cyclist of the golden era, wrote recently in "Vogue":

"It may well be that, if we are forced to rely on bicycles alone, we shall even recapture the spell and the flavor of the 'Nineties. And how pleasant it would be, once again, to ring our bells—or blow our horns—as we round the sharp and wooded country corners: to take the family for a ride—with grandmother in her tricycle (the one like Queen Victoria's); to decorate our handlebars with colored ribbons; to hear our loved one breathing hard in the seat ahead of us (for ladies always went first in our family 'double'); to wear, if a male, a red and black jockey cap, sponge-bag trousers, a striped blazer, and a well-trimmed beard; and, of course, to take Junior with us, bent over his 'Little Giant.'"

The Young Sportsman

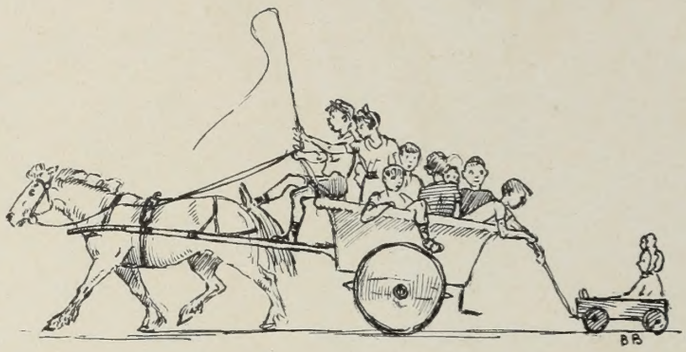
THIS is a good page. John Mayer's well constructed and well composed "Observation Post" is this month's $5 prize winner. Running him a close second was 10-year Elenita Quintero. I like her style immensely and feel safe in predicting that if her will to work is equal to her talent she should go far. Jinxie Ingels's shetland pony, Jimmy Boomer's snip eared horse, Jerry Giovinazzo's petrified elephant, and Adam Ejk's ploughing pony all have real merit of a special kind.

In fact all the artists represented this month are to be congratulated.

Suggested subjects for next month are "Helping on the Farm," "Home Defense," "The Spy."

Remember all contributors must be under 18 years of age and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent that it is your own original work.

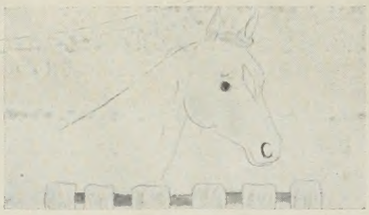
WHAT IS WRONG?



Answer will be found on page 61

NOTICE: Will Jill B. Landreth, whose drawing appeared in the January issue, please send us her correct address.

Drawn by Adam Ejk, S. Plainfield, N. J.; aged 9



Drawn by Sue Saunders, Roswell, N. M.; aged 13

Drawn by Elenita Quintero, Santa Barbara, Calif.; aged 10

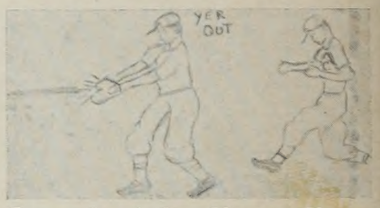
Drawn by Bill Field, Santa Fe, N. M.; aged 8

Drawn by Madeleine Lang, Oak Park, Ill.; aged 14

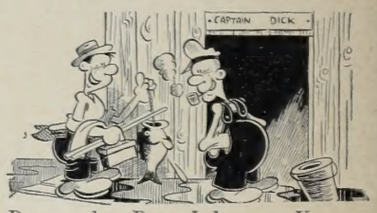
Drawn by Jerry Giovinazzo, Staten Island, N. Y.; aged 16

Drawn by John Mayer, N. Andover, Mass.; aged 14

Drawn by Ronny Shapiro, Newburgh, N. Y.; aged 11



Drawn by Arthur Murray, Upper Darby, Pa.; aged 14



Drawn by Don Johnson, Kansas City, Mo.; aged 17

Drawn by Margaret Hartshorne, Asheville, N. C.; aged 12

Drawn by Jinxie Ingels, Centerville, Md.; aged 14

Drawn by Jimmy Boomer, Lincoln, Neb.; aged 10

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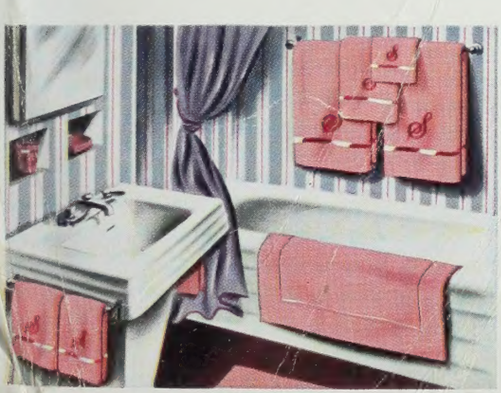
Cannon towels are good outdoor sports, too!"

Outdoors or in, Cannon towels are always "good sports" . . . and being so is extra important these days when all must stand up to new, greater demands. Cannon towels are built to "take it," to survive a he-man's hearty rub-tugs, and endless launderings. Yet Cannon towels are gentle and relaxing to the touch, too. A happy blend of beauty, softness, strength. Definitely thoroughbreds. Now that care-in-buying is a national wisdom, it is significant that these *long-wearing* Cannon towels are preferred by the vast majority of American home-makers.



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by Adam Ejk, S. Plainfi
N. J.; aged 9

"It's the flavour"

Drawn by Jerry Giovinazzo, S
Island, N. Y.; aged 16

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